

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

SOMETHING FOR THE HOPES.

NOW that warm weather has really come we can all find plenty of flowers. Those who live on timber land can gather pale, delicate blossoms, that have never known sunshine, while those whose homes are on the open prairie find plenty of bright hued flowers. Do you know what the science that treats of plants and flowers is called? It is Botany; and surely no finer pastime can be devised for the little folks (and older ones too) than the study of plants.

If you ever noticed the stump of a tree, that had been lately cut, you doubtless saw numbers of little rings. In the center was a little round piece. This was the size of the tree the first year of its life. Around this is a larger, forming the first ring. This shows just how much the tree grew the second year, and, as each year is represented by a layer, by counting the layers and adding one to the number for the piece in the center, you will have the age of the tree. This tree, you see, grew by additions to its outside, so it is called an outside grower or exogen.

Now, cut across a corn-stalk, or a stalk of sugar cane or sorghum, and see what you find. The center is not at all like the center of the tree, but is composed of pith intermixed with strings of woody fiber. In hot countries trees grow that have the same formation, such as the palms, and, as they increase in size by additions to the inside, they are called inside growers, or endogens.

Now, as all the plants that have ever been examined grow by one of these two ways, we may say all plants are divided into two great classes, exogens and endogens. If you will notice the leaves of the oak or hickory tree, which you can see by its stump is an exogen, you will see that the veins in them form a net-work. So they are said to be net-veined leaves. Look at the veins in a leaf of corn, which you remember is an endogen, and see how they run from the base to the apex, or top of the leaf. As they all run in the same direction they are said to be parallel, and the leaves having such veins are called parallel-veined leaves. By examining great numbers of plants it has been found to be almost universally true that the exogens have net-veined leaves, and the endogens parallel-veined leaves.

Did you ever notice an apple blossom, and count the petals or flower leaves? If so, you know that there are always five. No more and no less. Now look at the leaves of the apple-tree. They are net-veined, and by the stump you know it to be an exogen. By looking at great numbers of plants it is found to be a general rule that the flowers of exogens are five parted. Did you ever

see a lilly? Its leaves are parallel-veined you know, and its flowers three parted, or some multiple of three—often six. By looking at the stalk of the lilly you see it is an endogen. So we conclude, after examining a number of endogens and finding their flowers three parted, that, as a rule, endogens have three-parted flowers.

Now, let us take a look at the seeds of each of these great families, the exogens and the endogens, and see if we can discover any difference between them. Take an acorn, carefully remove the shell, and you have the kernel. It is in one piece, but, with very little trouble, you can separate it into two pieces, without breaking it. So you see it is two lobed. An oak is an exogen, you remember, because it grows from the outside, and you have found its seed to be two lobed. This is true of the whole family of exogens. The seed of corn, as you well know, is the kernel. You cannot separate it into two pieces without breaking it; so we say it is one lobed. Now corn, you remember, is an endogen, because it grows from the inside, and we have found its seed to be one lobed. What is true of the oak and the corn is true of each of the families to which they belong.

Now let review what we have learned. An exogen is an outside grower. Its leaves are net veined, its flowers five parted, or some multiple of five, and its seed two lobed. An endogen is an inside grower. Its leaves are parallel veined, its flowers three parted, or some multiple of three, and its seed one lobed. Now see if you can tell whether grass and wheat are exogens or endogens; and whether the rose belongs to the same family with them. Keep your eyes open and study on what you see, and you will gain much useful information. Your sister,

CORA, Decatur Co., Iowa. LIDA HULSE CAMPBELL.

WHAT AILED A PILLOW.

WHILE Annie was saying her prayers, Nell trifled with a shadow picture on the wall. Not satisfied with playing alone, she would talk to Annie, that mite of a figure in gold and white—golden curls and snowy gown—by the bedside.

"Now, Annie, watch!" "Annie, just see!" "Oh Annie, do look!" she said over and over again.

Annie, who was not to be persuaded, finished her prayer and crept into bed, whither her thoughtless sister followed, as the light must be put out in just so many minutes. Presently Nell took to floundering, punching and "Oh, dearing." Then she laid quiet awhile, only to begin again with renewed energy.

"What is the matter?" asked Annie, at length.

"My pillow!"—tossing, thumping, kneading. "It is flat as a board, and hard as a stone; I can't think what ails it."

"I know," answered Annie, in her sweet, serious way.

"What?"

"There's no prayer in it."

For a second or two Nell was still as a mouse, then she scrambled out on the floor, with a shiver, it's true, but she was determined never afterward to sleep on a prayerless pillow.

"That must have been what ailed it," she whispered, soon after getting into bed again. "It's all right now!"

I think that is what ails a great many pillows on which restless heads, both little and big, nightly toss and turn; Nell's remedy was the best, the only one. Prayer made the pillow soft and she sank to rest as under a sheltering wing.—*Early Dew.*

LOCUST EATING.

WE read in the Bible that the food of John the Baptist was "locusts and wild honey." A great deal of pains has been taken by commentators to prove that this food was not the insect that we call locusts, but the fruit of the wild carob tree, that John ate with the honey that he found in the wilderness where he lived. But I do not think that any one who has traveled in Arabia, or found rest and shelter in an Arab's tent, or who has been a guest at his hospitable board, would thus judge of what the Bible means by "locusts." In Turkey, Persia, Arabia, and in all that region of country, locusts—genuine, bonafide locusts—have been eaten from remote antiquity; and to this day, they form an important item of the food used by the common people. The Bedouins collect them in immense quantities, and, after partial drying, pack them in sacks. Then, at their convenience, when the season for collecting is over, they steam the insects in close vessels over a hot fire, winnow them in broad baskets to remove the legs and wings, and then pulverize between flat stones. When wanted for food, they are only moistened with a little water, just as the Arabs do in preparing their date-flour, and then the repast is all ready. The Turks eat locusts in the same way; and by very many other Orientals they are regarded as the choicest of dainties. The Moors boil or fry them, seasoning with salt, pepper, and vinegar; and they pronounce them even superior to quails and pigeons. The Hottentots make from the eggs a delicious soup; they also roast the locusts over a slow fire, and eat them as we do caramels or bon-bons. Dr. Livingstone says that he used them at first

from necessity when deprived of all other food, "but, strange to say, grew daily more fond of them, and at last preferred them to shrimps or oysters."—*Selected.*

WHO WAS CASABIANCA?

THE school-boy who does not know Mrs. He-man's poem, beginning, "The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck," has, says the *Youth's Companion*, certainly missed a treasure and a favorite. The history of the "boy" thus immortalized, is not generally known. Owen Casabianca was a native of Corsica, on which island he was born in the year 1788. His father was Louis Casabianca, a distinguished French politician and naval commander, and the friend of Napoleon, who, you will remember, was also a Corsican. He was captain at this time of the Orient, one of the largest vessels in the French navy, a magnificent ship of war, carrying 120 guns and 500 seamen. Of Casabianca's mother we know little, save that she was a young and beautiful Corsican lady, and devotedly attached to her son. Owen was her only child, a handsome, manly little fellow, with her beauty in his flashing eyes and dusky hair. She died while he was yet very young, and when the green sod was placed above her grave, the boy left the pleasant valley under the smiling hills of Corsica to go with his father, and tread the hard deck of a war vessel.

Mere child as he was, Casabianca soon grew to love his father's dangerous calling, and became a favorite with all on board. He was made a midshipman, and at the early age of ten years participated with his father in the battle of the Nile. The ship caught fire during the action. Soon after, Capt. Casabianca, the father, was wounded by a musket ball. Not yet disabled, he was struck in the head some minutes later by a splinter, which laid him upon the deck insensible. His gallant son, unconscious of the chief-tain's doom, still held his post at the battery, where he worked like the hero he was. He saw the flames raging around him; he saw the ship's crew deserting him one by one, and the boy was urged to flee. With courage and coolness beyond his years, he refused to desert his post. Worthy son of Louis Casabianca, he fought on and never abandoned the Orient till the whole of the immense vessel was in flames. Then, seeking refuge on a floating mast, he left the burning ship behind him. But he was too late. The final catastrophe came like the judgment doom. With an explosion so tremendous that every ship felt it to the bottom, the Orient blew up, and from among the wreck the next morning was picked up the dead, mangled body of the young hero whose story romance and poetry cannot make more heroic than it was.

AUDIE'S DISH OF STRAWBERRIES.

AUDIE is a big, little girl; that is, she is large for her age, for though she is only a little over five years old, she is quite large. She likes fruit of all kinds, but is quite fond of strawberries. One day her pa bought at the store two boxes of nice, fine strawberries and some smoked fish, and meeting Audie on the road, the little girl offered to carry them home; so her pa gave them to her and she started off with them quite gaily. When her pa reached home, he soon was ready and waiting for his supper, when Audie's ma came in with the berry boxes, and leading the little girl by the hand brought her to her pa.

Audie's pa had never whipped her, and now he hardly knew what to do; but he took the boxes in his hand and began to question her. The paper in which the boxes was wrapped had been torn open, the berries in one had all been eaten up and part of the other; and the fish she had left somewhere on the road home.

Audie's pa sent her first to find the fish, he then punished her severely, and her ma gave her

no berries for supper. The next evening when the family were at supper, and the little girl was eating her dish of berries with apparent relish, her pa asked her which were the best, the berries she was then eating, or those she had eaten the evening before. Audie did not answer for awhile and then said, "These are."

So it is, little Hopes, "stolen waters" and "bread eaten in secret" may be "sweet," but that which is eaten without fear is the "best;" so Audie, though she acted very naughtily in not carrying the berries and fish home and giving them to her mother faithfully, as she was told to do, was right when she said that the berries eaten at the table without the fear of being caught in doing wrong, were the "best."

AN UNCLE.

THE RIVER SIDE.

O, picture fair, for artist hand,
The river side, majestic, grand;
The rippling waves which sometimes roar,
The stately trees just putting forth,
Stand like mute guards along the bank,
Half decked in green, an even rank;
O, lovely spot, by breezes fanned,
Like some romancist's fairy land.

Ah, view the scene; see piling high,
The hills beyond against the sky;
See fields of wheat and orchards fair,
And watch the farmer labor there;
Look now, and see the noisy flock
Of black-birds pass that seem to mock
Each other, as they swiftly fly,
Beyond the reach of watching eye.

O, view the scene in sunlight glow.
As clouds above their shadows throw
A momentary passing shade
Of leaden hues that quickly fade,
And hear the birds sing long and loud;
Ah, boast not of thy palace proud,—
Nay, tell me not of fame, of gold,—
Of lands where richer scenes unfold.

Of mountains high where lasting snow
Gleams pure and white o'er vales below;
A land of sun, a land of light,
Where all is lovely to the sight;
O, tell me not of lands so fair,
Of waters pure and purest air,
Nay, tell me not; for, ah, how grand,
Are scenes in this dear chosen land.

Yea; here are scenes and here are ties
That deeply in my bosom lie;
The river side, the merry birds,
That sing as sweetly as e'er heard;
The waving trees, each flower small:
Yes, hidden ties within them all;—
Then tell me not till all have died,
I'll e'er forget the river side.

O, tell me not of other lands,
Where gold extends her magic wand,
For here to-day I view with awe,
A land prophetic ancients saw;
A land that's dearer far to me
Than treasures from the foaming sea;
Nay, tell me not, for here shall stand
The refuge of fair Zion's land.

SISTER ISA.

THE EYE AND THE HEART.

I WAS so glad to see and to get one of our *Hopes* last Sunday in our Sabbath School; it reminded me of the joys of my own two boys, when they used to bring home to me their papers some time ago. If you were to ask me why I like our dear *Hope* so much, I would say, because it is trying to lead every little boy and girl to Christ, and you would say that's a right good reason. I saw a little girl hold out her hand for the *Hope* once, and when she received it her whole face was so full of joy and her eyes were so bright that any one could have told that her heart was happy too. Now when you look at a boy's eye you can generally tell how he feels in his heart; and that makes me think how closely connected are the eye and the heart; for the one seldom acts without the other. I was visiting our large city hospital the other day on business, and I hardly noticed a single sick person there,

in all the beds I passed by, because I did not look at them much; but after a little while I looked at one in the corner of a very large room; and it had a poor little sick boy, one about seven years old in it. He was a little orphan, one without father or mother, and I expect that he will soon die. I stood and looked at him, not only with my eyes but my heart too; and I think you would have done so too; for, as I saw him with my eyes, O how sorry for him was I in my heart; and don't you think there was a close connection then between the eye and the heart. But how good God is, who has given us both, the one to help the other, and what we have to do is to try and use them right so that we may not only grow great but good. But there are some boys who seem to care very little how they use them, or whether they use them for themselves or any one else. All such boys should read the Bible and see how Jesus used his eyes. He used to talk of wayside wells because he saw them; and of mountain lilies, of flying clouds, of vineyards, of harvest fields and of everything that met his eyes; and he used to talk about them to others, and in that way he used to reach both the eye and the heart. When I was in London I went to see a number of beautiful pictures in a place they call the National Gallery, and the very first one I looked at was a very large picture representing Jesus curing the man of leprosy (Luke 5: 12, 13). Some ladies were standing looking at it too, and as they looked tears filled their eyes, for they could not suppress them. Christ was made to appear so divine that even the very picture that they looked at with their eyes touched their heart.

Some people call the eyes the gates to the soul, and, if they are, I think it would be well if we were to use them always for our very best good, for every thing is best if kept in use. I once saw an old gate that was used so little that its hinges were almost rusted through, just like some wicked and lazy men, who, rather than work and do good, sit still and rust out.

When we devote our youth to God,
'Tis pleasing in his eyes;
A flower when offer'd in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice. W. STILL.

HOW BUTTERFLIES ARE MADE.

"THERE, I have caught him at last! What a beauty! and I never could catch a butterfly before."

The words were uttered in an excited tone by little Katie Kirkham, as she grasped in both her hands a lovely butterfly which she had been chasing in the garden for nearly half an hour.

"What have you there Katie?" asked her father, looking up from his book; "let me see."

"A butterfly papa," replied Katie, running to the garden chair where her father sat. "I am afraid it will fly away if I open my hands." She cautiously unloosed her grasp, and Mr. Kirkham took the little creature in his hand.

"No, Katie, it will never fly again. That little glad life which was passed so happily in the sunshine, is at an end forever. You have crushed it to death."

"O, papa, I didn't mean to! I only wanted to catch it. I didn't think about its being happy."

"But your not thinking has taken away a life that you never can restore, if you try till your hair is gray. How did it become a butterfly, Katie?"

"Why, God made it, of course; He made everything."

"Yes, but how did He make it? What was it before it was a butterfly?"

"I don't know. Was it anything, papa?"

"I will tell you something about its history. First of all, another butterfly laid a tiny egg, several eggs in fact, but we have only to do with one. Well, from this egg there came in time a wee little grub, and the little grub crawled about and nibbed cabbage leaves till it grew into a fine large caterpillar. Well, our friend the 'ugly

caterpillar' had rather a dull time of it, only able to crawl along; it could not fly about, you know, like the butterfly. But at last it found a new occupation; it began to spin for itself a silky case, or tied itself to a twig by a silky cord, and here it lay or swung for some time in what is called the chrysalis state, till, when the bright, warm weather came, the cocoon burst, and out flew a beautiful butterfly."

"O, papa, how wonderful! I had no idea a caterpillar could turn into a beautiful butterfly. Do you think it remembered while it was flying about, that it once was a caterpillar, only able to crawl?"

"No, I don't suppose it did, dear; it could not think, you know, either about the past or future; it only enjoyed the sunshine of its little hour. But now look at the wings. What are they made of?"

Katie looked, and gently touched the wing. "How soft and downy it feels! what is it, papa?"

"Feathers. We will look at it under my microscope, and then you will see that the wings are covered with very small but quite perfect scales. Come into the library, we have just time to inspect it before dinner."

Katie followed her father into the house, and watched while he put the butterfly under the microscope, and then eagerly looked through the glass. "How beautiful," she cried; "they are real little scales! Papa," she added, turning round, "how wonderfully wise and kind God must be to take so much trouble over a little butterfly!"

"Ah! my child, I am glad you have found that out. You speak very differently from the careless way in which you said just now: 'God made it, of course; He made everything.' The earth is full of His wonders. If you keep your eyes open, you will find His wisdom and love displayed in everything that lives. But there is the dinner-bell, so you will have my text without the sermon."

"Well, papa," said Katie earnestly, "I never will kill or hurt any living thing again, at least, not on purpose; and I shall never see a butterfly without thinking about how it was made."—*Early Days.*

LAURA AND HELEN.

Concluded.

CHAPTER II.

I LEFT the abode of death and hardly knowing whither I went I walked on to the school house, and saw for the first time Laura's seat vacant, which was next to mine. My suppressed feelings would burst forth, and laying my head upon my desk I sobbed aloud. The teacher soon came and called the school to order, and immediately announced to the scholars the sudden and melancholy death of Laura Arnott. Most of them were filled with surprise and for a moment exclamations of amazement were heard all around the room. Miss Walton read an appropriate chapter from the Bible, and then we all knelt in prayer and when our teacher spoke of the lovely one who had so suddenly been called from among us, there was a simultaneous burst of grief from every heart. There was not one who did not love Laura Arnott; not one who could not recollect some act of kindness she had shown them; and we were all mourners together. The school was dismissed without any recitations, and we were all told to meet there in the next afternoon to proceed together to attend the funeral of our friend and school-mate. Never shall I forget that sad and mournful scene, and yet we were mourners only for ourselves. We felt assured that she was happy, and that her sweet voice, though never again to sound upon our ears, was now singing the praises of the Lamb amid the shining ones around the throne. Our minister made a most solemn address to us, and then the bearers took up the coffin and the long procession wound its way to the graveyard. As we stood around the open

grave, before the coffin was lowered, we sang the following verses, written by one of our number for the occasion:

Sister, thy short life is ended,
All its hopes and joys are o'er;
Every earthly tie is ended,
Playmate—schoolmate—friend no more.

Thy last warning has been given
To thy gay companions here;
Thy last prayer gone up to heaven
For each friend to thee so dear.

Here we come to lay so lowly
Thy loved form beneath the sod;
Thou art with the blest and holy,
Thou art happy with thy God.

As dies the tender fleeting flower,
So from amongst us thou hast gone;
Thy prayer went up from earth one hour
The next thou stoodst before the throne.

Father to us may grace be given
That each one here may meet her there;
May our last thoughts be fixed on heaven
Like her's our last words be of prayer.

We left the coffin in its last resting place, "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust." Days and weeks passed on, and was Laura Arnott forgotten? No, we could not forget her, and yet the impression made upon our minds by her death was not as lasting as even we ourselves supposed at the time it would be. The living did not lay it to heart. We needed another warning, and it came. The annual examination was approaching and all were busy in preparation. Each one had an eye to the prizes and great was the strife, and in some cases bitter were the jealousies among the scholars.

No one made more diligent preparation for examination than the beautiful Helen Campbell. She had always been one of the best at school and had shone the brightest at our examinations; but now she was to leave and she determined to excel in every branch and end her school days loaded with the highest honors that she could attain. Her wish was gratified, the highest prize was hers; and at the musical exhibition her appearance was exceedingly brilliant. All eyes were fixed upon her, every voice was loud in the praise of the beauty, the talents, the accomplishments of Helen Campbell. But how vain are beauty and accomplishments; how worse than worthless are talents, unless directed to the end for which they were given. Had Helen but taken half the pains in making preparation to appear before her heavenly Master that she did for the school examination, how different might have been her end. After the examination Helen complained of a headache. Her mother said she had studied too hard and wished her to go to the Springs for recreation. But Helen said, "Wait till I feel better, I am not fit now to enter into the gayeties of a watering place." But the pain in her head grew worse and she was soon confined to her bed. Her mother was afraid of alarming her and did not for several days send for a physician. In the meantime to amuse herself and relieve the dull hours, Helen read all the novels she could persuade her gay companions to bring her. At last, after a wakeful, feverish night, her mother was shocked one morning by perceiving that her mind wandered and before night she was raving in delirium. Days and nights passed, sleepless and full of anguish; not one bright interval had the poor sufferer—not one moment to lift a prayer for mercy.

Helen Campbell died, and again we stood around a coffin and a grave. But Oh, how different our grief now. We felt that we ought not to have shed a tear over the grave of Laura Arnott; for it was lighted with beams of hope; and we felt too, that her spirit was among the blest; but no beam of hope penetrated the darkness of the grave of Helen Campbell. Our minister could not say thus, "Be ye also ready;" for had we not every reason to fear she was not ready. Do you say that you cannot be reconciled to the thought that one so lovely and amiable must be doomed to everlasting misery. What does the

Bible tell us? Read the parable of the rich young man, of whom Laura Arnott spoke to Helen Campbell. Does it not plainly teach us that lovely and amiable tempers and outward purity of life will not save us, and though we are not told whether this young man ever afterwards repented, yet we are told that at the very time he appeared so amiable and conscientious, Jesus said unto him, "One thing thou lackest," and this was the all important thing.

Will the youth who have now read this story, go away as many of us did from the grave of Laura Arnott and try to banish the warning from his or her mind. Will they say, "Oh it is not likely I shall die suddenly. One of these days I mean to prepare for death." Have you never noticed how every newspaper has its accounts of disasters by land, by sea, by lightning, and by thousands of other causes; what numbers are thus hurried into eternity, and how many of those do you think had any idea they would die soon. One moment they were full of plans for this life, and the next trembling and astonished they stood before their Judge. If you do not travel, are you safe at home; are you secure from sickness. You may feel bold when in perfect health; but has not your cheek grown pale and your heart sank within you, when troubled with a headache or during a terrible thunder storm.

God grant that when the hand that now writes these lines is motionless, and the eyes that read them are closed in death, we may meet at his right hand. And O, may we meet many there who through our influence have been led from the paths of sin into the narrow road to heaven.

Selected by Annie E. Ebeling.

DON'T LEAVE THE BARS DOWN.

DID you ever pass through a day when every thing seemed to perplex and annoy you? If so, did you think of the cause of it?

I am going to tell you of one day in my experience. My husband was away from home, endeavoring to preach the glad tidings of the gospel. Now, I have always felt it my duty in his absence to keep up our family worship, for many reasons, but this morning that I speak of, I did not awake as early as usual, and, by the time I got the cows milked and breakfast ready, the morning was pretty well advanced, and gave tokens of a scorching day, such as are very frequent away up here among the high hills of California. I had a large washing to do, so I said to the children: "We will not have prayers this morning; it is so late, and I want to get this washing out before the heat of the day." But something seemed to whisper within: "Perhaps you would get along just as fast if you would read and pray before going to work." Then another voice, (I don't mean an audible voice) said: "One hour in the morning is worth two in the middle of the day, and it is not much to neglect it this once; there are lots of sisters who do not pray at all in the morning." Then I thought: "Well, I don't feel like praying this morning any way." "In that case," resumed the last voice, "it is better not to, for without the feeling it is only a form, and had better be laid aside, so you need not trouble yourself any more about it." This would have been quite satisfactory had not the first voice seemed to say: "I am sorry."

Now this inward strife left an unpleasant influence; I felt dissatisfied with myself and every thing around me. I could not begin to give in detail all that happened that day, but it was one of those days when all things seemed combined to work against you. The children had mislaid their school books and could not find them without my help; they had broken the strings off their sun bonnets and had not spoken of it, until it was time to put them on for school; buttons were off their stockings, and boot-laces were broken. I drew a long breath of relief when they were off for school, and turned again to my tub; but, glancing out of the window, I saw old mother pig

with her thriving family of eight half-grown children, breakfasting off our barley. How I did wish neighbor B. would take care of his pigs. The barley was quite a distance from the house, and I had a long chase in the sun before I could get them out. Did you ever chase pigs until you were out of breath, (to say nothing about being out of patience), and well nigh exhausted, and then getting them within a few steps of the gap, through which you wanted them to pass, see them all of a sudden stop, look up at you, from their mean little eyes, give a snort, run backwards a step or two, as if to gain strength, then make a bold push past both you and the gap, back to the very spot they started from? If so, I hope you did not think anything naughty. As for me, I felt fully convinced that the herd of swine into which the evil spirits entered, were not all destroyed; but some had escaped, and their race had been perpetuated to this day. I had not been in the house long before our cows got into the corn. Then followed another thorough heating of body and mind before they were got out. Next Bro. P's horses were in the wheat, and so one thing after another kept me in what is called hot water all day long.

It was five o'clock when I hung the last of my clothes on the line, and when the weary day was over I sat down tired, and out of patience. Yes, and I had been out for a long time. The small stock that I began the day with was entirely exhausted long before noon. While I sat thinking what a dreadful day it had been, the same gentle voice that would have persuaded me in the path of duty in the morning, whispered again: "You left the bars down this morning, and the tempter came in, and he has kept you on the chase all day. If you had commended your ways to the Lord, asking him to be with and assist you in the duties of the day, you might have escaped much of this day's evil, or at least had strength given you to encounter them." "Oh," I thought, "that is very true; I will not attempt to save time that way again; and I will write and tell the little Hopes what a miserable day I have had, and warn them not to commence a day relying on their own strength."

How is it with you little Hopes, one and all, do you kneel in the morning, and ask your heavenly Father's watchful care over you through the day? How necessary it is that we should do so, in order that we may escape the snares of that evil one who is ever waiting for an opportunity to destroy our peace.

SISTER EMMA.

Correspondence.

SOLDIER, Monona Co., Iowa,
June 15th, 1877.

Dear Hopes:—I have been very busy, and I must own that I have been negligent about writing, more so, I hope, than I shall be hereafter. I trust to be able to stand the trials and temptations of this world, although they are sometimes pretty trying to me; but, as I think that others have greater trials than I have, I still have hope of being able (by the help of God) to overcome any difficulty that may present itself.

Dear Hopes, let us ever try to keep ourselves unspotted from the world. Let us not be too ready to yield to temptation that may arise; and let us, on the other hand, ever pray for the welfare of the children of God, and strive to be one among them. Our branch is in a fair condition. We were in hopes of having a Sunday School organized this summer, but, as yet, have none. We are so scattered that it would be quite inconvenient, but I feel like doing the best we can, and sincerely hope we will have one before long. Ever praying for the welfare of Zion, I remain as ever your sister in Christ,

SARAH J. BALLANTYNE.

WEST CLARKSVILLE, N. Y.,
June 1st, 1877.

Bro. Henry and Readers of the Hope:—I have never seen any letters from this place; and, as I think so much of our dear paper, I will try to write you a few lines. I can say I am trying to do the will of my Father which is in heaven. Dear children, let me say a few words to encourage you to live faithful. I believe this to be the work of God, and I believe the great day of the Lord is drawing nigh. If we spend all of our lives in his service then when Jesus comes

he will not be ashamed to own us as his children. I believe it to be the duty of every one to live every day and hour in the service of God. I ask an interest in the prayers of all his people, that I may prove faithful.

LIZZIE A. CHILDS.

ETNA, Missouri, June 14th, 1877.

Dear Hope:—I am eleven years old. I am going to school, and have been for a month. I am going to Sabbath School, and trying to be a good girl, and I hope to continue. I am not a member of the Church, and my mother belongs to the Baptist Church. Many of the rest of our family belong to the Church. I have two brothers and two sisters. We live so far from the Saints that I have often wished that I lived nearer, so that I could go to the meeting and Sabbath School. All my mother's people belong to the Saints.

LUCINDA F. ROUNCEVILLE.

MILLERSBURG, Ill., June 17th, 1877.

Dear Hopes:—I have just been reading the Correspondence column in the last number of the Hope, and often when I read your letters I wish that I could see you all, there are many whose faces I have never seen whose names are very familiar; and, as I cannot see you all now, I thought I would like to have a friendly talk with you, through the columns of our little paper. I have been a member of the Church for about six years, and I have had many strong testimonies of the truth of the Latter Day Work, and of the goodness of God; and it is my desire to be ever humble and faithful; and I have a hope that if I am I shall meet you all in "The sweet by and by." Dear Hopes, let us not be weary in well doing, but seek to do all the good that lies in our power, and I pray that the peace and blessings of our God may abide with us all, and that we may be worthy to enter into that rest that remains for the people of God. From your sister in Christ.

V. I. VERNON.

PAICINES, San Benito Co., Cal.,
May 21st, 1877.

Dear Hopes:—It is not because I have forgotten you that I have not written, but because I feel my inability to write any thing of interest. I love to read the letters from the Hopes, and see that they are trying to do their part in letting the light shine; and we should all be willing to cast in our mites, if they are ever so small. Yes, I feel that we should try to live faithful, for we can all see that the time is near at hand when he that will not take up his sword against his neighbor must needs flee to Zion for safety; we can see by the signs of the times that the second coming of our Savior is near at hand. I desire an interest in your prayers that I may be among the number that will be able to stand when he appeareth. I remain as ever your sister,

ALICE LAWN.

GRAND PRAIRIE, Noble Co., Minnesota,
June 2d, 1877.

Dear Hopes:—I feel so interested in our dear little paper that I will write a few lines. We are living on a very nice prairie, and crops look nice. I do not belong to your church yet, but expect to soon. We have sent for Elder Derry, and five dollars to pay his fare here. I expect to be baptized, and three or four more. My best wishes to all the Saints and the dear little Hopes.

EMMA STILWELL.

EATON RAPIDS, Mich., June 8th, 1877.

Bro. Henry:—No elders have been here since Bro. Duncan Campbell, who preached here twice last summer. He afterward wrote to us, but sickness in the family prevented our replying. My father is superintendent of a Sabbath-school in this neighborhood. This is a good place for preaching, and we wish that some elders would give us a call.

MARY HOLBROOK.

SHARPSVILLE, Lapeer Co., Michigan,
June 17th, 1877.

Dear Hopes:—I am fifteen years old. I like our little paper very much. In the June 15th, number I was just reading about "What came of trying," and I think it a good piece. The name of our branch is the Union Branch. It was organized by Elder Robert Davis. I was baptized over a year ago. I hope you will pray for me. Your unworthy brother,

PETER HINDS.

SOUTH BEND, Neb., June 19th, 1877.

Dear Hopes:—I could not do without our paper. Brother R. C. Elvin was here and preached twice. We have meeting every Sunday. Pray for me. I still remain your sister.

SARAH A. ARMSTRONG.

PATTONSBURGH, Davies Co., Mo.,

June 13th, 1877.

Bro. Joseph:—It has been sometime since I wrote to the Hope. There is no branch of the Church here, and it is very lonesome, as we have just moved from Crawford county, Iowa, and have always been used to going to church and Sunday-school. We are trying

to do the best we can under the circumstances, and it is our desire to serve our Lord and Master, and if we live faithful to his commandments we shall come off conquerors in the end. There has never been any Latter Day Saints in here until we came, and we do not expect to stay longer than till fall. I hope that all of you will remember us in your prayers.

Your sister,

ELLA HERR.

Puzzle Corner.

Answers in One Month.

WORD PUZZLE.—No. 12.

My first is in dog but not in pup.
My second is in ale but not in cup.
My third is in vine but not in grape.
My fourth is in ink also in sink.
My fifth is in sake but not in flake.
My sixth is in horse but not in colt.
My seventh is in screw but not in bolt.
My eighth is in hen but not in egg.
My ninth is in rope but not in keg.
My tenth is in yard but not in fence.
My eleventh is in boy but not in girl.
My twelfth is in safe but not in hurl.
My thirteenth is in young but not in old.
My fourteenth is in song but not mould.
My whole is a well known Elder in the Church.

MARY E. MONTAGUE.

ANAGRAM.—No. 10.

Nda eh ahtt htcarches hte aethrs tokwnhe hwta si eth dinm fo hte Prsiti aeusboe eh khaemt iostrneicsne orf hte Tnsais rincagdcoc of het lwl fo Odg.

TICVOAIR LWJELE.

Answers to Puzzle Corner of June 1st.

- 1 To Word Puzzle, No. 10.—Edmund C. Brand.
- 2 To Enigma No. 8.—Canooq, Drummond, Greece, St. Augustine, Virginia, Leaf, Diamond, Utah, St. Helens, Austria, Gad, Manasseh, Og, Sabeans, Gold, Love, Vulture, Catarrh, Higher. Whole: A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold.
- 3 To Anagram, No. 8.—We are not expected to be exempt from evil, but, dear Hopes, let us strive to gain the glorious crown of the righteous in the next and better world. FLORA.
- 4 To Word Square, No. 2.—Iowa, Owen, Went, Acta.
Victoria Jewell answers 2 and 3; Geo. E. Ward, 1, 2, 3; J. W. Wight, 1, 2, 3, 4; S. J. Ballantyne, 3; Wm. R. Cadman, 3; Lewis O'Brien, 3; Sadie E. Cadman, 3; Wm. H. Mitchell, 3.

"PRAY ON MY PLATE."

"A BRIGHT little three year old," says the Christian at Work, "was seated in a high chair at the dinner table. Mamma had placed him snugly up to the table, pinned on his bib, and succeeded in getting the little mischievous hands quiet and making him 'hush,' when father proceeded to ask the blessing. While this was in progress, our little chubby made a discovery. It was that all the plates on the table, except his own little plate, were in one pile at 'papa's place,' and, as it seemed to him, were put there to get the benefit of the solemn ceremony. So, scarcely waiting for the 'Amen,' he held out his own plate in both hands, saying, 'Please, papa, pray on my plate, too!'"

THE SAINTS' HERALD.

The above publication is issued semi-monthly, at Plano, Kendall County, Illinois, by the Board of Publication of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, \$2.15 per year free of postage. Edited by Joseph Smith and Henry A. Stebbins.

1 July 77.

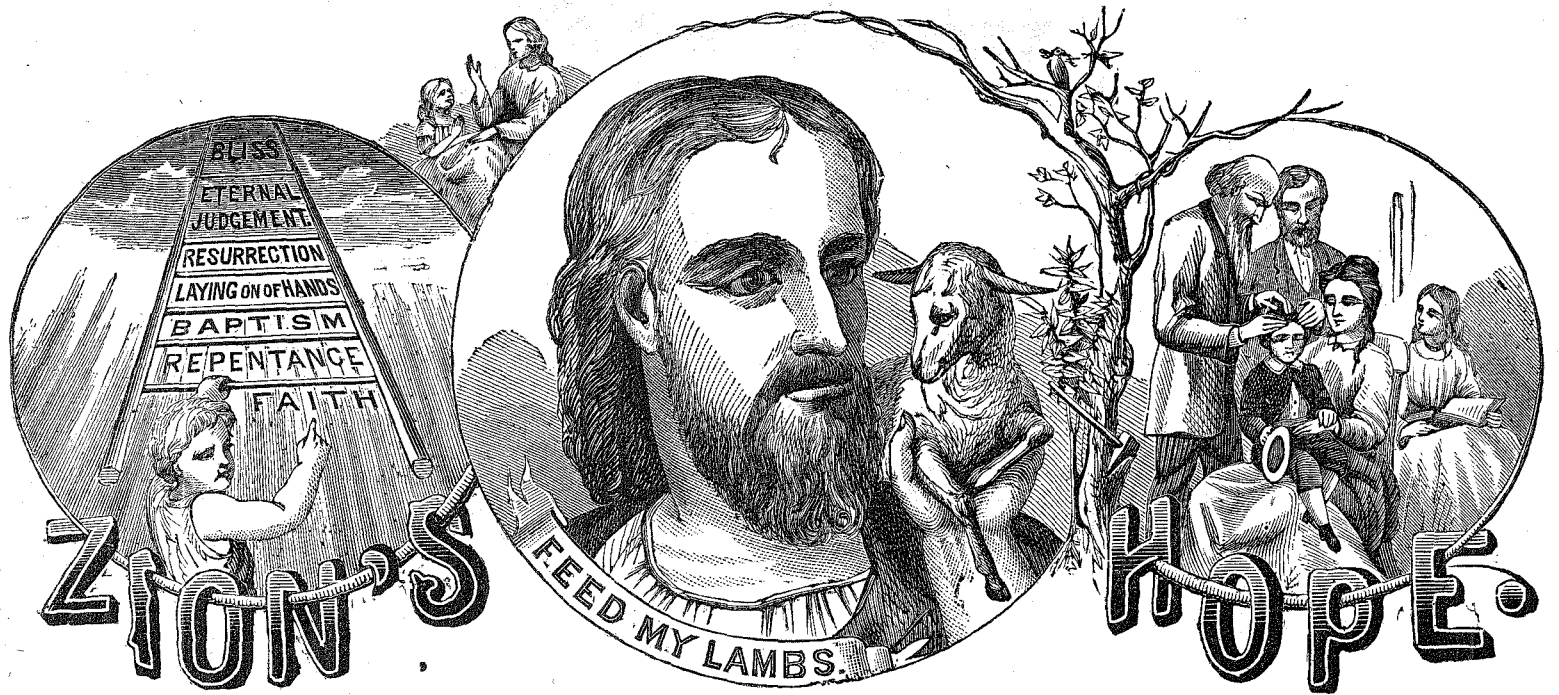
A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue. Owing to the fact that we make nothing on the Hope we would like to see subscriptions paid up as early as possible, and delinquent ones especially. With the small margin to work upon, the cost of paper and postage for papers sent on credit for a few issues or for months, forces us as a general rule to discontinue sending it when the time is out, at which we hope no one will take offence but watch this notice hereafter for the blue mark.

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Superintendents and Teachers of Sunday schools, Book Agent 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."

BOOK OF MORMON.

Book of Mormon! How I love thee,
How I love to read thee o'er;
Thou wast written by the ancients,
Who have passed to yonder shore.

They, like us, were only mortal,
They were tempted off, and tried;
But they knew of that blest country,
Where the martyrs tears are dried.

For our profit they have written
Words of faithfulness and truth;
And they teach us of our Savior,
As he taught them on this earth.

God has greatly blest the nations,
In the bringing forth of thee;
Thou art given to us in plainness,
And the wicked have no plea.

May we all true wisdom cherish;
May we all with truth unite;
May we ever have his Spirit,
That will lead us in the right.

May we search thy sacred record;
May we see thy truth and light;
May we tread the path of virtue,
And not walk in error's night.

Pray to God, and pray unceasing,
For an evidence for thee,
That we may rejoice in glory,
With God's children, when they're free.

SISTER ADDIE.

EDITORIAL CHAT.

THE story of Floy in this issue we cut from the *Musical Million*, and we think that it will please the Hopes.

Floy's papa was a lawyer, and like many other busy men of this busy age, he seems to have had only a vague idea of the Bible; and no knowledge of the sublime truths in it, or of the wondrous dealings of God with his people, as illustrated in this story of Joseph, the son of Jacob, or, as the Book of Mormon calls him, Joseph of Egypt, whose decendants came and settled on this continent, according to the promise of God to him by the blessing of Jacob and of Moses, as found in Gen. 48th and 49th chapters, and in Deuteronomy 33d chapter.

Floy makes the story of Joseph's history and adventures seem fresh and new as told by her to her papa; and she did her best to defend the great fact of there being an allwise God to rule and govern in love, and also she spoke good words for his word, the Bible. You can read it, and then read it as it is written in the Bible, and get your own scripture-loving papas and mammas to read and explain to you the promises made to Joseph found in those chapters, and as further spoken of in the Book of Mormon and their fulfillment made more plain, as in 2 Nephi 7:2. You can thus see more clearly than Floy could the designs of God in the history of these great events, and be glad of the more light which we have been favored with, even we who know that we are living on the land of Joseph, and in a day when God is fulfilling his declarations most wondrously by judgments on the nations, and by blessings to those who love and serve him.

"Anon's" article "The Age of Reason" we had overlooked, but will give it place next time, as well as the essays spoken of elsewhere.

THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE.

PERHAPS in all the annals of history, there was never an event so novel, and yet so powerful in its influence, as that of the "Children's Crusade;" and yet in the more stirring events that followed, the efforts, trials, and persecutions of these little ones, seem to have been lost in almost utter oblivion.

About the year 1212, all Europe was aroused by the united efforts of these children. From the northern borders of Germany to that of sunny France, the call of the children sounded, re-awakening the people to their sense of duty to the Cross and to the Holy Sepulcher. Crusade after crusade had been projected; armed men of battle crowned with all the victories of war, had been enlisted in the grand cause, and yet the land of the Saviour still remained in the hands of Paganism, and the rescue of the Holy Land was a thing yet to be accomplished. At this time Catholicism never seemed on firmer basis. The power of Innocent III. was felt and acknowledged all over the civilized world, while kings obeyed the orders of the Pope.

Though the zeal that had characterized the former crusade had greatly abated, yet Innocent still persevered in his determination to rescue the

fallen land; hands still paraded the streets of the city, calling the attention of the multitude to the necessity of the cause; priests still exhorted the people to assist them in their work. In the northern part of France, nestling among its hills, was the little city of Cloyes, hitherto hardly known to the people, except as a market place, and the home of the shepherds who tended their flocks on the surrounding hills. Here it was that Stephen of Cloyes lived, the child-hero of the thirteenth century. The boy must have possessed a surname, yet history has always connected him with the home of his childhood; and thus the fame of the town has been established.

One of the wandering bands of exhorters passed through the city, and Stephen, chancing to hear his words, was imbued with all the enthusiasm of the priest; he returned to his flocks with new ideas burning in his brain,—the thought that the Holy Sepulcher was desecrated by heathen hands, filled his mind with horror, and the hope that something might be accomplished for its rescue, seemed a reality. While still pursuing his calling, growing more and more interested in the crusades, he was one day met by a man purporting to be the Saviour, who, noticing Stephen's ardor for the cause, visited him, and commissioned him to be the leader of a crusade of children, holding a letter for the king, commanding him to assist the young ambassador in his project. Stephen was but a child; his feelings had been carried away to such an extent that reasoning would have been of no avail. No time was lost in carrying out the commands that had been given him. Not far from Cloyes was the little city of St. Denys, noted for years as a place to which the people from all the surrounding districts came, to worship the remains of a wonderful saint. Here it was that Stephen commenced his labors, preaching to the multitude from the church steps, and wherever he could collect his little congregation. The news of his vision, and the wonderful commission bestowed upon him, spread throughout all the land; people came from far and from near to listen to his words, and going away, told it to others, who hearing the wonderful story, traveled to the famed city. Now with the pilgrimages were gathered children of all ages and rank; little ones of nobles came to listen, only to go away infatuated with the idea. Is it any wonder that within a few months' time the news had spread through France and Germany, so that there was hardly a child who was not imbued with the grand scheme? The name of Stephen was on every tongue, and his fame almost equalled that of the saints; he too had his ambassadors, who traveled from place to place, sounding the

call for the children to join him in the grand movement.

The chief leader of the band in Germany was Nicolas, who collected an immense army together for the crusade, whose trials and sacrifices far exceeded those of the French children. Such was the infatuation, that as the army collected, and they would pass the homes of children with their gay banners and bright ensigns, children could not be restrained, either by home ties or filial affection, or if any attempt was made to check them, they would pine away, seemingly without hope; but on the other hand, if allowed to join their comrades, their joy knew no bounds, and they would go on their way, singing and waving their banners, as if victory was now theirs. In an incredibly short space of time, an army of German children was collected; the zeal of the latter seemed even to exceed that of the French; more time was consumed in collecting their forces, so that it was much later when the German children commenced their pilgrimage. It was a singular and novel sight—several thousand children starting out on their journey, with high hopes, and nothing but their faith in their Saviour, to rescue the Holy Land with their childish hands! What a contrast between this army and that of former crusades! What a difference between armed men in uniform marching to music, and an army composed of children commencing their march to the sea, singing their songs and waving their banners so joyfully! We will not mention all the details of their journey or the sufferings they left behind them; but merely touching on the terrible trials they endured and the great loss of life pass on to the result.

But one little touching incident must here be mentioned. Among those infatuated with the crusade was a child of twelve summers, whom we will call Hans. Born of noble parentage and surrounded with all the comforts and luxuries of life, he was not one to commence a journey which would be characterized by privations and years of suffering; yet heedless of advice, and infatuated to such a degree that reasoning was of no avail, he joined the ranks; not even love for Mina, his little friend, could persuade him to remain. Not so with her! When the band of gaily-dressed children came trooping past her fathers castle, her bright eyes at once espied her boy lover, and seizing her wrappings she rushed out to meet him, and took her place by his side; the tears and entreaties of her mother, the commands of her father, were unheeded, but joining her little companion, she passed out of sight, ah, forever! The journey of the German children was finally commenced under the leadership of Nicolas; at first all seemed to prosper. The children marched on, singing their songs with zeal, and feeling high hopes for the result; the distance to the sea was unknown to them; neither was the best route taken, but blindly marching on, they knew not of the sufferings yet to be endured. Soon provisions began to grow scarce, and they were obliged to beg on the way; the nights were often spent in the woods, and children unused to exposure sickened and died, even thus early in their journey. Along the Rhine, about this time, were built on its very edge, or overtopping its waters, gray old castles, such as we read of in many a story book. Nothing now remains to mark their site but a few crumbling stones, which a guide would tell you were the ruins of these castles. The route of the children lay along these banks, and many a bright-eyed little one was captured and confined in the dungeons for the rest of his life. They had traveled many days and nights; a number of their band had perished, a few had abandoned the cause, and yet the spirits of those that remained flagged not, till they reached the Alps. Now came the suffering, the misery to be endured, to climb the mountains which older and stronger people would have shunned; and yet the idea of abandoning their project never entered their minds. Half their number perished from cold and hunger, while ascending the

mountains; they lay scattered around on the snow for miles, and after the army had passed many a little unfortunate was found frozen to death! Among these were Hans and his little friend Mina; insufficiently clothed and fed, they finally lay down, clasped in each others arms, and slept the sleep that knows no awaking. Finally, the few that remained reached the summit of the Alps. What was their joy, in the distance to discern the sea, waving and surging as if inviting them to cross its waters! Believing that, like the children of Isreal, a path would be made through the sea, whereby they might march over, they considered their trials now at an end; and when they reached the banks of the Mediterranean, all they would have to do would be to cross over to the Holy Land. Imagine their delight, as they saw the waters spread out before them, and their hopes so near fulfillment. The journey was continued until they reached the city of Genoa; now, owing to the previous wars with Italy, they were refused admittance within its gates, but finally, pitying their youth and distress, they were allowed to stop over night. This mercy they gladly accepted, and the next day found them bright and early standing on the bank of the sea. Imagine their disappointment as their hopes all vanished, and they waited in vain for the separation of the waters! The waves continued their ceaseless flow, and the little ones, crushed to the very earth, turned their back on the sea. The project was at last abandoned! Many remained in sunny Italy, only to grow into useless men and women; others rose to distinction; a few turned their faces with a sad, regretful look homeward, and though but a small number reached their destination, yet, there were enough to tell the sad story to heart-broken parents, of the fate of their little ones, never to be seen again this side of the grave!

We will return to the army under the leadership of Stephen. They gathered their forces together, in the same manner as the German children, but their trials were not so great. Stephen, as the leader, was said to have ridden in a chariot drawn by fine horses, and attended by his servants, in state. Honors were paid him as subjects to a king. As in the other band, there were frequent dissensions, though Stephen seldom lost his control. This army was better provided for the necessities of the journey. The country through which they traveled, was a sunny, luxurious climate; yet notwithstanding all their advantages, many perished from fatigue, but far more of their original number remained, when they reached the sea, than of the German children. They finally entered Marseilles, after a much shorter journey than that of their companions, and were received with favor by the people; but here the same disappointment awaited them. The sea did not separate as they expected, and how could they be conveyed across? At length two merchants, Hugo Ferrues, and William Porcus, volunteered to convey as many as possible in their ships. Seven hundred children enlisted again in the cause, and unmindful of the terrors of the sea, went on board under the care of the merchants.

Here their story ceases for many years. The last that was seen of the crusade was seven ships sailing out of the harbor. Mothers waited in vain for some tidings of their little ones; but it was not till many years after, that a returning priest told the story of their sad fate. The voyage at first proved prosperous. All went well, and the hopes of the young crusaders again beat high; but a storm overtook them, and several of the vessels were lost. One or two succeeded in reaching a channel, where the waves passed them untouched, but the fate of those on board was more terrible than those who were shipwrecked, for it was found that their care-takers were impostors; and the channel they had sailed into, the harbor of the island of San Pietro, where they were sold as slaves to the inhabitants. Of their future lives little is known save that their masters were often exceedingly cruel, that many

died for want of care, and that the remaining few at last, too, found rest in the grave. Alas, for the terrible story! None but this one priest remained to tell the sad tale. All remained steadfast to their faith, though some became martyrs to it. There was yet another branch of the crusade in Germany, but all trace of its history seems to be lost. Its fate is supposed to have been similar to the other. After many years had elapsed, a church was erected on the island as a monument to the children; and travelers state that its ruins still remain, to mark the grandest crusade ever undertaken.

A PUZZLING QUESTION.

WE submit the following letter to the consideration of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children:

My big sister, Fanny, sometimes reads me your stories, and I think they are lovely, and she read me a letter that a little boy did write to you, so I thought I would. Only I can't write, so my cousin Annie is going to write for me, and I am going to tell her what to say; that's dictating, for that's what my papa does when he walks up and down the study and Miss Lucy writes down what he says. I want to ask you a question. I want to know why all the big folks get all the little folks to do errands for them all the time? Allie sends me in the house to see if it's most dinner time, and Katy sends me up stairs to tell mamma the butcher has come, and mamma sends me to the laundry to tell Norah that the Baby's woke up, and 'fore I can get there Harry, that's my great big brother, tells me to run up to his room and bring down his flute, and Fanny wants her strong eye-glasses from her room, quick so that she can see what boat is coming down the river, and papa comes out of the library and wants me to take the morning paper up to grandma, and when I'm all tired out and want Allie to go in and get my reins for me they all say, "O! go and get them yourself, you're a big boy." The bigger I get the more I oughtn't to get them myself. Allie gets me to get his things, and Fanny gets Allie and me to get her things, and Harry gets Fanny—no! he doesn't get her so much 'cause she's a girl,—I s'pose—but Allie and I have to run awful for him; and papa and mamma they send all of us; only it's harder for me, don't you see? For I have to run for them all, and my legs are awful small—Norah says so—and I s'pect it's because I run errands so much. I didn't want to say anything to them about it, 'cause they might think I didn't love them, and didn't want to do something for them, only it seems kind of funny that the fellows that's got the shortest legs have to do the most running. You needn't think I've got cross and ugly fathers and mothers and brothers and sisters, one of my sisters is littler than I am, so she can't send me on any errands, but I have to go and get her ball when she rolls it way off, and run down stairs and get the things she pokes through the balusters, Norah sends me, for I haven't. They are just splendid, and I've got the best grandpapa in the world. He's better'n all the goodest grandpapas in the world squeezed up into one. He don't send me so much errands as any body else, and he's got the greatest lot of funny things you ever saw, and he lets all of us play with them; and I have the splinddest time when I go to see him.

Do you 'spose the reason the big folks get the little folks to do their errands is that the big folks' legs got all tired out when they were little? I hope mine won't be, for when I grow up and have lots of little boys and girls, I'm going to let them play and have a good time, and I won't have anybody make them run all round doing errands for well folks, just when they are building a nice bridge out of blocks, or drawing a picture on a slate, or anything like that.

I wish I could write and I'd tell you lots more, but I think cousin Annie—she says she has to

do lots of errands too—don't like to write very well, and she's awful, I mean very, slow, and I 'most forget what I was going to say before she gets it written down, I can print, but I 'spose you wouldn't pay much attention to a printed letter 'cause you'd know it came from a little boy and would think it wasn't important. My papa throws letters that he don't think are important in his waste basket—the new one that mamma fixed up pretty. Yours truly,

REGINALD VAUGHAN.

P. S.—This isn't grumbling. I thought I'd tell you 'cause mamma don't pay any attention to me when she says I'm grumbling. Cousin Annie says I didn't tell you about Carl. He's my little brother. Sometimes he does errands for me, and he does lots of errands for all the other people, but he's too little to think much about it. I guess I won't send him any more times though. If you print this in the big folks' part of the paper, right on the front page, perhaps my father might see it, and all the rest, and then 'twould make them think not to send me so much, but I 'spose they do think all the time, though, 'cause they're always telling us we ought to think—I mean Carl and me. I guess Cousin Annie signed my whole name, but I guess you better put it just

R. V.

You know that stands for Reginald Vaughan.
—Selected.

FLOY.

Bang! went the front door. All the people in that house knew that Floy was coming; she always banged the door. In she came like a little north wind, swinging her white muff by one tassel, her blue velvet hat on one side, two locks of yellow hair blown down in her eyes. She went straight to her papa's knee and perched herself on it, and went to work with her little tongue.

"Papa, see my picture! that poor old man on the bed is named Jacob, and he is dying, and here are all his children; they feel bad. One of them is named Joseph. That's Joseph, that handsome one, with a chain around his neck, and a kind of a thing like a crown on his head; he was rich, papa, and just as good to his brothers, after they had treated him so badly. Should you think he could have been?"

"I am not sure that I know what you are talking about. How did they treat him?"

"O, why! they took his pretty coat away, and all his clothes, and then they put him in a hole in the ground, but, after that they took him out, and sold him for a slave. And there came one day when all his brothers were so hungry. The corn didn't grow, 'cause it was so hot, and they hadn't any bread. And their father sent them down to a big city to try to get something to eat, and don't you think; they went right to their brother! But they didn't know him; but he knew them, and he gave them lots to eat, and some to take home, and he sent for his father and all his brothers to come and live with him. Wasn't that grand?"

"But I thought he was a slave?"

"Oh, he was, at first; but God took care of him, you know, and he let him out of prison. They put him in prison. He wasn't naughty; but they were just mad at him. God let him out, though, and the king made him ruler over all the things. And oh, there's lots more, and it's so nice. And now his father is going to die, and he is saying good-by to them all. That was our lesson to-day, and it was my turn to bring home the picture. Aren't you glad I brought it for you to see?"

"What a tongue!" said papa. Do all the little girls in your class talk as fast as you do? What about it all! What is the use of your going to Sunday-school to be told fairy stories?"

"Why, papa, it is in the Bible; and it is a little bit like us."

"Yes, papa, and me, too. Joseph was a slave first, you know."

"Well, are you anybody's slave?"

"Yes, papa, I do think Satan makes a slave of me a good deal of the time. He makes me do a lot of things that I don't want to."

Then how Floy's papa laughed. "What nonsense!" he said.

"Don't you believe it, papa?"

"I don't believe you understand what you are talking about."

"O, but I do! I know Satan very well indeed, and he knows me. He tells me to do lots of things, but I ain't going to mind him; and pretty soon God will take me off where he can't touch me any more. Did he ever try to find you, papa?"

"I don't know; I never saw him looking for me. How does he look?"

"Oh, papa! why, I don't know. I can't see him; nobody can."

"Then how do you know there is such a creature?"

"Why, it tells in the Bible. Why, papa, there's lots of people that I never saw; don't you know? I never saw Uncle Frank, but I know he lives in California."

"Yes, but I've seen him, and told you about him."

"Well, God has told me about Satan ever so many times."

Papa laughed again. "All right!" he said, "go on with your story. What happened after this old man died?"

"Oh, I don't know! that's to come for next Sunday. I'd like to know one or two things right away; it seems as if I couldn't wait. Can't you tell me a little bit about them?"

"I? Bless your heart! You know twice as much about it now as I do."

"Oh, Papa Lewis! and it's all in the Bible!"

"Well," and Mr. Lewis laughed, "the Bible is a big book. Do you think I know it by heart?"

"No. But then, I should think you would know about this story; it is so nice. Can't you just tell me whether he died then?"

"I haven't the least idea."

"But, papa, the Bible isn't so big a book as that great brown law book, and don't you know I asked you if you knew it by heart, and you said, 'Pretty much.'"

"Oh, well, that was my lesson, that I had to learn; because I am a lawyer, you know."

For about one minute Floy was still, then she said: "But, papa, Miss Warren says the Bible is God's letter that he wrote to everybody. Don't you have time to read letters?"

"O, what a child!" her papa said. "Do go to mamma and have your things taken off, and rest your tongue." And as she went away, he said: "I do believe that Sunday-school will be too much for me."

THE ECHO-BOY.

A LITTLE boy once went home to his mother, and said, "Mother, sister and I went out into the garden, and we were calling about, and there was some boy mocking us." "How do you mean, Johnny?" said the mother. "Why," said the child, "I was calling out, 'Ho!' and this boy said 'Ho!' So I said to him, 'Who are you?' and he said, 'Who are you?' So I said, 'What is your name?' He said, 'What is your name?' And I said to him, 'Why don't you show yourself?' He said, 'Show yourself.' And I jumped over the ditch, and I went into the woods, and I could not find him, and I came back, and said, 'if you don't come out I will punch your head; and he said, 'I will punch your head.'"

So his mother said, "Ah, Johnny, if you had said, 'I love you,' he would have said, 'I love you.' If you had said, 'Your voice is sweet,' he would have said, 'Your voice is sweet.' Whatever you said to him, he would have said back to you." And the mother said, "Now, Johnny, when you go on and get to be a man, whatever you say to others they will by and by say back to you;"

and his mother took him to that old text in the Scriptures, "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."—Selected.

THE 4th WITH THE "RISING STAR," AT PLANO, ILL.

Bro. I. N. W. Cooper, Superintendent of the Rising Star Sunday School, and his assistant teachers, thought that it would be pleasant to take a day in the woods, on the 4th. So they held a meeting for consultation and decided to hold a basket picnic in Mr. Wm. T. Henning's woods, about a half mile from the meeting-house.

The School and the Saints who were to accompany it to the grove gathered with their baskets at the church at about half-past nine in the morning, and from there went to the wood.

The day was warm, and a cloud in the east threatened rain, and it was for a time a question whether we should unpack the baskets, and carry out the programme, or return to town and our homes; but it was at last decided to go on. The sky soon cleared and we had a wondrously beautiful day.

At nearly 10-30, brethren Cooper and Pitt gathered the company in groups and a circle, and the exercises began.

The following is the programme.

Our "Country's Natal Morn," quartette, brethren I. N. W. Cooper and F. G. Pitt, sisters Julia Muir and Amanda Hoagland.

Prayer, offered by Bro. J. Smith.

"Whosoever will may come," by the School and company.

"Meditation," essay, by sister Mary Cazaly.

"Yorktown chorus," Patriotic song, duet by brother Cooper and sister Hoagland.

"Fourth of July," essay, by sister Hattie S. Stebbins.

"Flag of our Union," solo and chorus, brethren Cooper and Pitt, sisters Muir and Hoagland.

Address, "This Land designed of God to be a land of Freedom," by brother Henry A. Stebbins.

Address, "Hatred of oppression one reason for our being Free," by brother J. Smith.

"America," song, by the School and company.

These exercises occupied nearly an hour and a half; and at their conclusion, the cloths were spread, the baskets opened, the groups gathered, the benediction pronounced and for an hour there was a feast; and such a happy one too, it was.

After the dinner the fun began, swing, croquet, quoits, jumping, blind Buff and Davy, and a general game of romps ensued; the children were happy, the youth radiant, and the old folks young again; the "gravest seignior" in our midst was gay.

The day passed, and not a thing occurred to mar the festivities, our only regret being the absence of some by reason of sickness, and a few by reason of misunderstanding.

At the close of the exercises brother Cooper thanked the scholars and teachers for the cordial manner in which they had co-operated to make the occasion so pleasant, and the scholars for the good attention they had given to what had been said and sung.

The singing was good, the essays excellent, and the day perfect. It was an enjoyable affair.

The essays of sisters Cazaly and Stebbins, read on the occasion, will appear in the next issue of Hope.

ISN'T IT WORSE FOR A MAN, FATHER?

IT is two years since I left off the use of tobacco. I certainly did enjoy my cigar. I prided myself on my fine Havanas, and might have been seen almost any morning with one in my mouth, walking down to business and puffing away in a most comfortable manner.

Why I left off was this: I had a little son about six years of age. He almost always hurried to be ready to walk down with me as far as his school. His bright face and extended hand were

always welcome, and he bounded along beside me, chatting, as such dear little fellows only can. The city has in it many uncared-for boys, whose chief delight seems to be to pick up pieces of discarded cigars and broken pipes, and with their hands in their pockets to puff away in a very elegant manner. One morning it seemed as if little Edgar and I met a great many smokers. I became very much disgusted, and pointed them out to little Edgar as sad warnings of youthful delinquency, talked quite largely, and said the authorities ought to interfere and put a stop to such a public nuisance.

A little voice, soft and musical, came up to me, as I gave an extra puff from my superb Havana. A bright little face was upturned, and the words, "Isn't it worse for a man, father?" came to my ears. I looked down on the little fellow at my side, when his timid eye fell, and the color mounted to his boyish cheek, as if he had said something bold and unfitting.

"Do you think it is worse for a man, Edgar?" I asked.

"Please, father, I think the boys would not want to do it if the men did not do it."

Here was the answer. I threw away my cigar, and have never touched tobacco since in any form.—*Christian Weekly.*

A BRAVE BOY.

SEVERAL boys were playing with their tops, and one of the number feeling chagrined at his inability to come up to the mark of his playmates began to swear roundly.

Our hero, a Sunday-school boy, promptly said, "Johnnie, if you swear I won't play with you!"

Johnnie very curtly answered, "I don't care, and I'll swear as much as I'm a mind to."

Willie said "Well, you'll swear without me," and, picking up his tops, he put them in his pockets, and moved on for home,

Johnnie saw Willie would do as he said, and feeling somewhat ashamed at his conduct, called out "Willie, if you'll come back and play, I won't swear any more!"

Willie came back, and saying, "Johnnie, my Sunday-school teacher says swearing is very wicked and wrong, and I darn't play with any boy who is wicked!" resumed his play.

Here is a little hero, who is not afraid to stand up like a brave soldier, for the cause of pure speech and right morals, and the support of the Ten Commandments.

GOOD WORDS.

DEAR HOPES:—Live to be useful; live to accomplish the purpose for which you were created, and quietly and steadily go on trying to do your duty, for those who are enabled through grace to shine as lights here shall in the world to come shine as suns forever and ever.

The paths of duty and of pleasure meet, though often we tread them with unwilling feet.

Look not mournfully into the past; it comes not back again; but wisely improve the present.

If you cannot be like a great river which brings great blessings to the world, then you may be a little rivulet singing merrily all day, and giving a cup of pure cold water to every thirsty one who passes by. A. HOLT.

A SAFE RULE.—It is the best and safest rule to walk by, to be severe and right in judging ourselves, and to be very meek and charitable to our brother.

For two friends, a needle's eye is big enough.

Correspondence.

GOOD INTENT, KAN., June 17, 1877.

Dear Bro. Henry:—I was thinking about the glorious work that we have embraced, and of how kind and good our Heavenly Father is to us, in giving us health and strength, and all that is requisite and good. It is in Him we live, move, and have our being. He is the giver of every good and perfect gift; and how

little I do for Him in helping to forward his cause and sustaining the *Hope*, the little paper I do so love to read. I have often thought I would like to write like some of the Hopes, but never felt competent to do so.

But my determination is to do all the good I can. And strive to keep the Spirit of God ever burning in my heart. For without God's help we can do nothing. I know we all have our trials and troubles, but if we pray to our Father in heaven with an humble and earnest spirit he will be sure to comfort and help us on our way. O, how grateful we should be that we have such a friend.

I feel thankful that I am a member in this Church, and my desires are to live upright and just, that I may have my mind centered on heavenly things, not on this world's goods. We had a testimony meeting today, and although we were but few in number we had a good time. Thank God for that promise, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there I will be, and that to bless." My heart overflows with gratitude and love to him who put that desire in our hearts to meet together to sing, and to praise God. I close with regard to all the Hopes, and remain your Sister in the bonds of truth,

L. L. MUNN.

TABOR, IOWA, June 17, 1877.

Brother Henry:—I am only ten years old, and I am not yet baptized, nor my little sister; but I want to be baptized this summer. I go to Sunday school, and we have about twenty-five scholars. I go to school and read in the fifth reader, and I am in the third part of arithmetic. My school will be out in two weeks. Good bye,

M. W. GREEN.

INDEPENDENCE, Jackson Co., Mo.,
June 23, 1877.

Dear Hopes:—Some time has passed since I wrote you a letter. I love to read your paper very much. I like the stories sister "Lena" writes, and hope she will continue writing; for I love to find one in every paper. This branch of the Church is doing well. Several families of the Saints have come here since I last wrote. They are going to have meetings in town. Elder Cato and wife were there. He preached a good gospel sermon. Elder Brackenbury often preaches. The crops are doing well. There are no grasshoppers here this summer. I give my regards to all with a kind adieu. MARY H. EATON.

GLEN EASTON, Marshall Co., W. Va.,
June 22, 1877.

Dear Hopes:—I have not written a letter to the Hopes for a long time; but I have not forgotten you. I love to read your letters very much. I was baptized June 19th, 1877, by Elder James Craig. He has baptized ten; and many more are convinced, and I think that ere long they will come and obey also. I want all the Saints to pray for me, that I may hold out faithful to the end. I have been wild and wayward, but I am determined, with God's help, to try and serve him, so as to dwell with him forever. I hope to hold out faithful. Your sister in Christ,

ANNA E. EBELING

Puzzle Corner.

Answers in One Month.

ENIGMA No. 9.

I am composed of sixty-three letters.
My 39, 19, 23, 7, is a flower,
My 13, 20, 22, 35, 17, 55, 52, 4, is a wicked act,
My 43, 35, 55, 18, something essential to the growth of every thing,
My 34, 15, 18, 55, 22, 31, a man's name,
My 37, 49, 38, 25, 43, is an article of manufacture.
My 5, 16, 4, 42, 21, 62, 27, is a branch of study,
My 14, 29, 28, 8, is an article of dress,
My 1, 53, 34, 11, 63, is an infinitive verb,
My 12, 24, 25, 54, 34, 44, 43, is a noun,
My 34, 47, 62, 55, 3, 54, is a town in Georgia,
My 30, 11, 56, 57, 58 and 59, 39, 25, 40, 60, are two things Christ brought to the people,
My 34, 5, 36, 6, 9, 52, a town in Ohio,
My 10, 48, 11, 18, 26, a kind of rock,
My 49, 47, 10, 47, 33, 51, 40, 40, 61, was an eminent man in our revolution.
My 2, 38, 18, 19, 39, is something for which we should strive,
My 45, 4, 51, 18, 5, 52, 34, 9, 29, 46, a river in Virginia,
My 60, 5, 18, 52, 11, 32, 47, 49, is a city in Missouri,
My 50, 25, 56, an insect,
My whole a passage from the Bible.

WORD PUZZLE.—No. 13.

My first is in James but not in Charles.
My second is in John but not in David.
My third is in Samuel but not in George.
My fourth is in Walter but not in Frank.
My fifth is in Joseph but not in William.

My sixth is in Henry but not in Ward.
My seventh is in Sunday but not in Monday.
My eighth is in man but not in boy.
My ninth is in Smith but not in Hall.
My tenth is in Tom but not in Mark.
My eleventh is in Ruth but not in Paul.
My whole is the name of an Elder.

T. R. BARDSLEY.

ANAGRAM.—No. 11.

Ey rea fo odg, ittle drenlich, nad aveh
Omerevc meth; ebacsue rgaeter si eh hatt
Si ni ony, anth eh hatt si in het drowl.

SSAEMIL R. NERK.

SCRIPTURAL WORD PUZZLE.—No. 1.

My first was the son of Nun.
My second was the son of David.
My third was the daughter-in-law of Naomi.
My fourth was a King of Judah.
My fifth was a son of David.
My sixth was among the herdsmen of Tekoa.
My seventh was of Jeremiael.
My eighth was a Tishbite.
My ninth was the son of Jonathan.
The initials of the whole forms the name of a city.

FLOBA RUSSELL.

Answers to Puzzle Corner of June 15th.

- 1 To Word Puzzle, No. 11.—Gordon E. Deuel.
- 2 To Scripture Enigma, No. 4.—Hoof, Apollos, Isaac, Horeb, Sarah, Bethel. Whole: Hope of Israel Sabbath School, at Magnolia, Iowa.
- 3 To Anagram, No. 9.—
Suppose the glist'ning dew-drop
Upon the grass should say,
"What can a little dew-drop do?
I'd better roll away."
The blade on which it rested,
Before the day was done,
Without a drop to moisten it,
Would wither in the sun.
J. E. MONTAGUE.

4 To Puzzle, No. 6.—Jonah in the whale's belly.

The following sent correct answers to the numbers given:—Sarah A. Armstrong to No. 3; Isabella S. Barker 3; J. W. Wight 1, 2, 3; T. T. Thomas 4; J. C. Hidy 3, 4; Jennet Archibald 3, 4, John Marriott 3, 4; Elizabeth York 3, 4; Joseph York 4; Franty Lakeman 3; Lizzie Wipler 4.

Bro. T. T. Thomas, of Lucas, Iowa, sends the following answer to No. 4, whether original or selected, we do not know:

That man you said of Adam's race,
Who had to live in such a place,
He had a free passage to the shore,
By that great whale in time of yore,
His name was Jonah, a man of God,
Was landed safe upon the sod,
By that great power set in the fish,
As I presume against his wish.

The Workshop.

TEA CAKE.—A splendid cake is made as follows: Four eggs; nice brown sugar, two cups; saleratus, one tea-spoonful; sour milk, three cups; melted butter, one cup; a tea-spoonful of lemon. Put the eggs and sugar in a suitable pan, and beat together; dissolve the saleratus in the milk, and add the sugar; put in the butter and lemon; also, stir all well; then sift in flour enough to make the mass to such a consistency that it will not run off the spoon. Bake rather slowly.

THE SAINTS' HERALD.

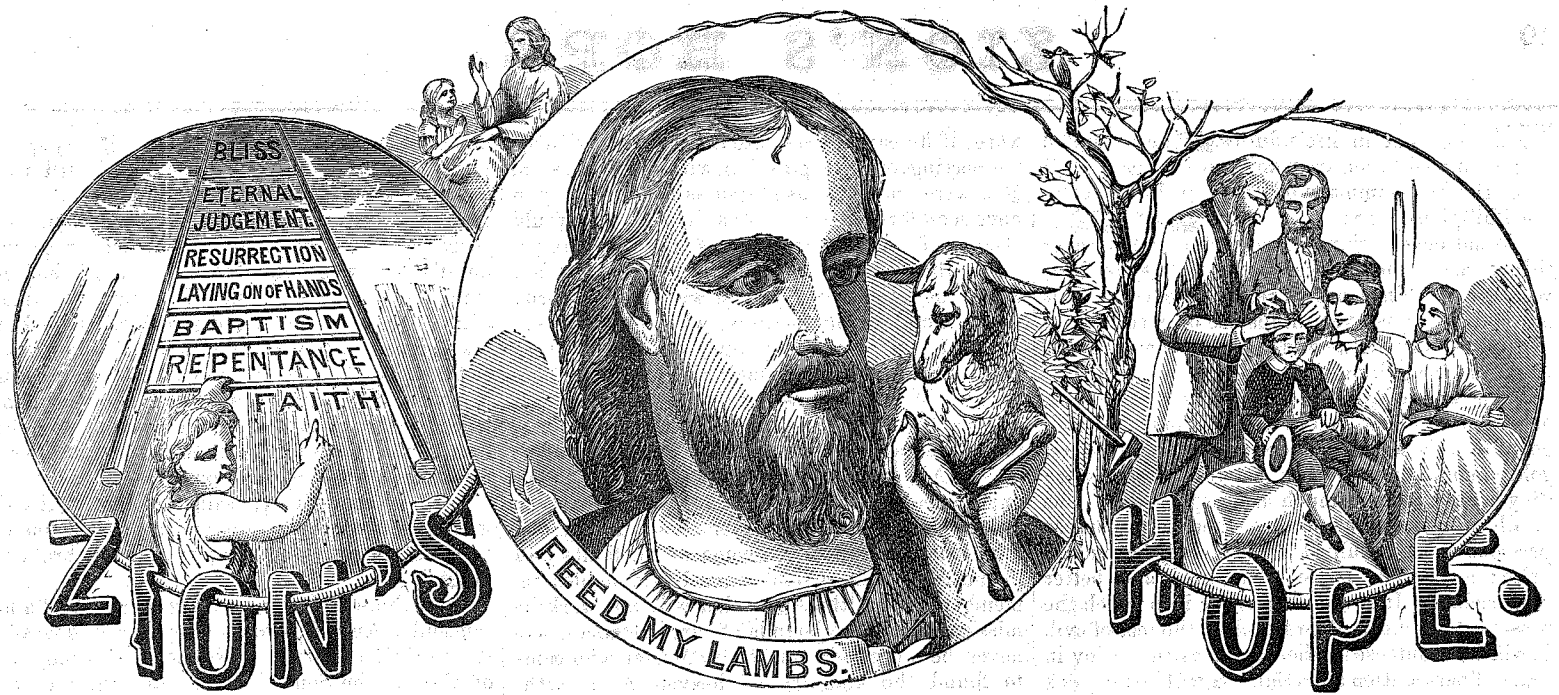
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15 July 77.

A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue. Owing to the fact that we make nothing on the *Hope* we would like to see subscriptions paid up as early as possible, and delinquent ones especially. With the small margin to work upon, the cost of paper and postage for papers sent on credit for a few issues or for months, forces us as a general rule to discontinue sending it when the time is out, at which we hope no one will take offence but watch this notice hereafter for the blue mark.

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

THE FATHER'S DYING PRAYER.

They were gathered in the twilight,
Round their dying father's bed;
And they listened, closely listened,
To each word the good man said.

He was talking to the Savior,
In a voice so low and sweet;
Casting earthly cares upon him,
Pleading humbly at his feet.

"Take me to that land," he whispered,
"Let me lean upon your breast,
'Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest."

"I am weary, O, so weary,
And I long for endless day;
And the presence of my Savior,
Who has blessed me on the way.

"For the road has been so rugged,
And the way, so very steep,
More than four score years I've traveled;
Savior now I long to sleep.

"Thou hast promised, blessed Jesus,
If we but abide in thee,
Thou wilt never, never leave us,
Though unworthy we may be.

"Jesus thou alone art worthy,
And on Thee my hopes depend;
In that land where all are holy,
Their my joys will never end;

"For my life is almost ended,
But I'll trust Thee evermore;
I shall meet Thee, blessed Jesus,
When I reach the other shore.

"There forever I will praise Thee,
In that land of endless joy:
For a crown of life thou'lt give me
That no time shall e'er destroy."

DAISY CHILD.

"THE FOURTH OF JULY."

BY quoting the odd remark of a man I have heard of, I will begin by saying, as he said, To-day is the "Fourth of Independence." In the minds of us, as children, this day was associated with the booming of cannon, and the pealing of bells at sunrise. Later in the day with music, parades, picnics, speeches, etc., with a winding up scene in the evening by a display of fire-works, and by other amusements; and, I have read that, either from other motives or else to contribute to

the general hilarity, the eagle condescended to scream, yet I never heard him on the Fourth, nor on any day, however much others may have been so favored by him.

But, after our childhood, and as we grow older, and read the history of our country, this day we celebrate because of greater significance to us, and we were led to admire the heroic spirit of those who declared their freedom, so many years ago, from the oppression of the so-called mother-country. She, no doubt, thought that she had a very rebellious daughter, and that the Boston tea-party was an uncivil if not an unsocial one. But the spirit of freedom is the same everywhere, whether it finds a resting place with those who dwell upon the mountain-tops, or with those in the valleys far below.

Of the events preceding the Declaration of Independence it is needless here to enlarge upon the sufferings of the Colonists, neither upon the war itself. I need not speak of its incidents and perils; of the many battles fought in the sacred name of Liberty; of Washington crossing the Delaware on that dark and stormy night, in perils from ice and tempest, when those soldiers, who were hungry and ragged, could be traced by their blood-stained footsteps as they marched along, thus poorly protected from the inclemency of the season. But many of them, no doubt, were sustained by that higher power, whose sympathies are on the side of freedom. Of this experience, and of their thrilling incidents it is needless to speak; for are they not written of in the books of the history of our country?

That the signers of the Declaration besought divine aid, is a matter of history; and that their prayers were answered we doubt not; for we fail not to see the hand of the Lord guiding them, and by his Spirit moving them to assert their rights, any more than we fail to see the inspiration of a Columbus by the same power, to make a path across the Ocean, which led him to what seemed a new world, (although recent discoveries lead us to the conclusion that it was not a new world), or in our own time, a Morse to invent or perfect the telegraph.

The signers of the Declaration helped, unknowingly, to fulfill a prophecy, which we as a people believe, that no king should rule over this choice land; and later the downfall of poor Maximilian in Mexico, seems to point to the wonderful fulfillment of the same; for, step by step his dominion might have extended until our land, which was bought by the blood of true-hearted souls, might have been overcome by them, and we have been no more a free people.

One thing I forgot to mention, that the battle

of Trenton, New Jersey, is still fought over by the people of that region, every winter, I believe; thus bringing to their minds the important events and great victory of that day. Many wars have vexed this land since the Revolutionary War, and with them we are familiar. There have been Indian wars, and a war with Mexico; but for a long time after that, peace seemed to reign, and we were left to enjoy this day in security, until a cloud appeared in the South, which grew larger, and came nearer, until our civil, or, as some one has remarked, our uncivil war, came upon us. But that which we deem to be the cause, again triumphed, and peace, in a measure, once more settled over the land, and the arts and sciences have flourished, which last year culminated in a grand World's fair at Philadelphia, to which all nations were invited, and where one could not but feel a just pride in viewing the beautiful buildings, as well as the displays of invention and of art, and the system of order maintained throughout. So may we go on until that day which shall usher in a "thousand years of peace," unlike the day we are now met to celebrate; because that was the commencement of a hundred years of political war and strife, but then shall the King come whose right it shall be to rule over all nations, tongues and people in peace and righteousness.—*Composed and read at the Plano Rising Star S. S. Celebration, July 4th, 1877, by Sister HATTIE S. STEBBINS.*

MEDITATION

AS I sit by my window looking into the canopy above me, and at the setting sun in the west, the scene is a beautiful one. And while I admire, with my heart, soaring far above this earth and the things therein, a group of little ones suddenly appear, and then I am brought to remember the task that has been appointed me, that of writing an essay for the Sunday School picnic. And I will make an effort to do it, but do not be disappointed if you are neither benefitted nor entertained. In this age of hurry and confusion and money-making, the world is too little given to thought, while much of the thought that is indulged in is on subjects that are at best worldly, and sometimes sinful. To be alone, engaged in examination of self, or meditation on God's goodness, and our own needs, will often be found profitable. Seclusion may sometimes be obtained in the open air, as well as in the inclosure of a room; indeed, amid the works of God's hands,—the fields, the brooks, the forests, the rocks,—the heart often seems nearer to the Creator of them all, than it does when surrounded by walls. From meditation on subjects good and pure every heart must come better pre-

pared to engage in life's duties. The profitable themes of meditation are many and various. Paul gives the best summary of them in his letter to the Philippians, 4: 8:

"Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report: if there be any virtue and if there be any praise, think on these things."

What we are afraid to do before men we should be afraid to think before God. There is much good in this world. There are many treasures, gold, gems, titles, honors, estates. Eagerly are they sought for and much are they prized. But of all the possessions of men there is not one so precious as an unsullied name. It is beyond all price; more to be desired than gold, and better than riches. It is a strong tower into which the possessor can run, and be safe from the fear of evil. It will be a defense in the day of battle; a joy in times of persecution and trial. It will bring quick sympathies and loving favor in seasons of sore calamity, and when the heart is fainting unto death. Let him that hath it keep it well, and cherish it as he would life itself; for life without honor shall be but a bitterness and a curse. Dear Hopes, see that you all obtain, and keep a good name.

Just here a gentle hand is laid on my shoulder, and a sweet, cheerful voice is addressing me; and, as I raise my eyes to the face of the speaker, I feel there is a power in the direct glance of a sincere and loving human soul, which will do more to dissipate prejudice and kindle charity than the most elaborate arguments. I feel to say, God bless the cheerful people, man, woman, or child, old or young, illiterate or educated, handsome or homely. Over and above every other social trait stands cheerfulness. What the sun is to nature; what God is to the stricken heart, which knows how to lean on him, so are cheerful persons in the house, and by the wayside. They go unobtrusively, unconsciously, about their silent mission, brightening society around them with the happiness beaming from their faces. We love to sit near them; we love the expression of their eyes, the tone of their voices. But how different we feel towards a grumbler. You know there is a class of people who contrive to get hold of the prickly side of everything, to run against all the sharp corners, and find out all the disagreeable things. Half the time spent in fretting would often set things right. You may as well make up your mind to begin with, to know that no one ever found the world quite as he would like it; but you are to take your share of the troubles, and bear it bravely. You will be very sure to have burdens laid upon you that belong to other people, unless you are a shirk yourself; but don't grumble. If the work needs doing, and you can do it, never mind about the other boy or girl who ought to have done it and did not. Those workers who fill up the gaps, and smooth away the rough places, and finish up the job that others have left undone, they are the true peace-makers, and worth a whole regiment of growlers. Do you know that life is pretty much as you make it? You can make it bright and sunny, or you can make it dark and shadowy. This life is meant only to discipline us, to fit us for a higher and purer state of being.

Now, dear children, do not be impatient; no matter if things do sometimes go wrong. Don't give the ball a kick, and send it into the nearest mud-puddle, because it won't always go straight when you throw it. Don't send the marbles against the fence, and break your best glass ally, because your clumsy finger could not hit the center. Don't break your kite string all to pieces, because it won't bring your kite down from the tree with the first jerk; it will take you full three times as long to get it down afterwards. Don't sulk if your playmates do not wish to do just as you think they should, while at play. Don't give your little brother an angry push, and a sharp

word, if he can not see into the mysteries of marble-playing, or of hoop-rolling, with the first lesson. You were once just as stupid as he, though you have soon forgotten it. What in the world would become of you if your mothers had no more patience than you, if, every time you came to her when busy, she thrust you off with a cross word? Dear, kind, loving mothers, who never cease to think of you, to care for you; who keep you so well clothed, and make such nice things for you to eat. What if she were to be so impatient that you would be half the time afraid to speak to her, to tell her about your troubles in school and at play. Ah, how you grieve that mother by your impatience and crossness!

Dear Hopes, let us think of these things; and ask God to help us to overcome all our faults, and to cultivate that which is good and noble; remembering that the spirit that will not work its mission within the bounds of circumstances, will never be a true servant of the Master who came to found the kingdom of heaven upon earth. Let us then multiply our efforts and our prayers for the good of others. Are not the "golden candlesticks" intended to receive and to defend the light of truth. May we with the Poet say:

"Let us gather up the sunbeams,
Lying all around our path;
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff;
Let us find our sweetest comfort
In the blessings of to-day;
With a patient hand removing,
All the briars from the way."

—Composed and read at the Rising Star S. S. Celebration, Plano, July 4th, 1877, by Sister MARY J. CAZALY.

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 seven year old, named Alice. There was some slight detention about opening 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 never looked on before—a short procession of six policemen, two of whom marched 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 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 he would have to be sent up strongly guarded, for it had been suspected that some of his comrades would try to 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 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 all his life would be shut up in a gloomy prison. No matter how long he might live, even if he should become an old, old man, he could never walk in the bright sunlight a free man again.

All at once the prisoner looked at her, and then turned suddenly away. But in another moment glanced back, as if he could not resist the sweet pity of that childish face. He watched it for an instant, his own features working curiously the while, and then turned his head with an impatient motion, that told Alice she had 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; only 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 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 such a different man from what they had expected.

"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 heart."

Ah! there is power in the tender pity of a loving soul. And there are none so low, so degraded, so utterly lost, as to be beyond the pitying love of Christ, the Son of God. Let the fact that Jesus pities us, even while sinners, melt our hearts to tenderness, and turn our feet into the ways of life and peace.—Morning.

CHARACTERISTICS OF A TEACHER.

"WHAT are in brief the characteristics of a good Sunday-school teacher? He is a true Christian and always seeks wisdom and direction of God. He also seeks the counsel and help of his pastor and superintendent, as well as of good books and periodicals. He has faith in and love for his work, and gives himself to it. He is regular and punctual in his attendance, and enters the school-room in the spirit of prayer. He knows his scholars by name and where each one lives, and always kindly greets them in the class and out of the school. He acquaints himself with their dispositions and wants, shares in their joys and sorrows, and ever aims to secure their confidence. He helps them to understand their lessons, and, if any are slow of comprehension, he has patience with them. He is firm, but not rash, in enforcing good order. He prays for his scholars, and teaches them to pray. He endeavors to have them attend the preaching service, and to impress them with the true idea and importance of worship. If they are absent from the school he visits them, and if he finds them sick, he comforts them and directs them to Jesus as the great Physician and Savior!"

OLD TIME CUSTOMS.

THE "Parish Visitor" tells of several curious customs which were in use in New England soon after its settlement, two hundred years ago.

"One of them was that everybody should attend church; and they had men appointed to go to every house in the neighborhood and see if any were staying at home without a good excuse. If they found any such they were punished for it. Sometimes by a fine, sometimes by being put in the stocks, and sometimes by being shut up in prison. Another rule was, that if any one committed an offence, he had to go to church and stand in some conspicuous place during the whole service, with a big placard fastened on him, and on the placard the offence was printed in great, big letters. For instance, if John Smith had been guilty of falsehoods, then John Smith had to stand up in church for an hour or two, with a great piece of paper pinned on him, and on the paper was printed—John Smith is a liar!

"If we had such a custom now, what lots of persons would be standing up every Sunday in our churches.

"Another custom was, for old people to sit by themselves, the young people by themselves, and the children sat on and around the stairs of the pulpit and of the gallery. Near them were placed persons called constables. Each constable had a long pole. On one end of it was fastened a rabbit's foot, and on the other end a rabbit's tail.

If the constable saw any of the old ladies nodding, he took his pole, and with the rabbit's tail tickled her face till she woke up. If he saw any of the urchins nodding or fussing about, he took his pole with the rabbit's foot gave him a good crack on the head, which very soon brought him into a state of wakefulness and quietness. How funny it would seem to us to see persons walking about in our churches with long poles, tickling the faces of the old ladies and punching and rapping the heads of others to keep them awake. It might help the ministers a little, especially Sunday afternoons.

"Another custom was—and a pretty good one it was too—if any person, particularly a woman or a girl, got into the habit of scolding, or of using the tongue too much, they first tried ducking such an one in cold water; and if that did not cure the habit, then they put split sticks on their tongues and kept them there until they were willing to hold their tongues. It would seem very odd to see our young ladies going about with split sticks on their tongues!"

AGE OF REASON.

To the Young Saints:—A lad went to the mill on horse-back, carrying his grist in one end of a sack and a rock in the other end to balance. On being reproved by the miller, and advised to divide the grist in the sack and throw away the rock, he excused his own stupidity by saying: "My father and my grandfather did so, and as I'm no better than they, why should I not do so too?" Had the wisdom of the miller been possessed by the father and grandfather of the lad, then undoubtedly he did well in holding to the traditional custom handed down by them. But humanity is fallible, and the tradition was unwisely honored. With Divinity alone dwells infallibility; therefore, let us look into the merits of the traditions we hold to be of Divine origin.

In searching the Divine Record, we find that when the wisdom of our Savior's conduct was called in question by the world's critic, (to whom he brought a grist of divine knowledge), he like the lad in the story, although more wisely, replied "I do nothing except what I see my father do." Again, he says, "I work because my father hath worked hitherto." Herein is wisdom, that we follow the example of our Great Teacher in this matter, and hold fast those traditions which we have received from Him; for they are divine, even as he (Christ) was divine. If then these traditions be pure, or unmixed with those of frail, fallible, or designing men, we are safe in believing, defending, and practising them. The traditions of men often vary, are changeable, or contradictory in themselves; and, after a long interval of time, these discrepancies are so apparent that one is loth to accept them, in fact can not but *cum grano salis*—that is "with a grain of salt." But you see the beautiful harmony in the traditions divine. He, who gave them in the beginning, has not left us without a test, or touch-stone, with which to try the bungling work of human tamperers with the word of God, and also reveal the beauty, strength, and wisdom contained therein. What the Son received of the Father was divine, infallible, and true; what the apostles and disciples received of the Son was also divine; for Christ says: "What I speak I speak not of myself, but of the Father which sent me." So also that received by the believers after Christ's ascension, by means of the Holy Spirit, was divine, for our Savior says, "He, the Comforter, shall take of the things of the Father and show them unto you."

Then, although for a time the world lost the test of truth, the touch-stone of the Spirit, and held only mutilated and conflicting traditions, yet God has in mercy rewarded the earnest searchers after the "old paths," the pleasant way of truth divine, and again given knowledge by precept and line, so that we, who have made covenants in sincerity, with pure purpose of heart, now hold

again the trust-worthy tradition of our fathers. Having then, dear Saints, such foundation immovable for our faith, we are left without excuse if we hold them lightly and carelessly, or if we do not the things of the law therein contained. Now, dear young Saints, shall not we follow the example of the lad in the sketch, and honor the teachings of our Father, who has wisdom, and knows our desires, works, efforts, failures, etc.? He has been exceedingly merciful towards his erring creatures, and has leniently looked upon our many follies, short comings, and disobedience.

Brethren and Sisters, let us try and associate the requirements of the Gospel of the Apostles' day, with its requirements in our own time. Look upon those ancient Saints as brethren and sisters, as those near of kin, not as paper personages, set as mere historical puppets, but as living, breathing men and women, who needed divine aid and assistance as we do, and the strength, knowledge, and consolation of the same Spirit which gives us our life, wisdom, and strength. As they labored for the work of Christ, so must we. They obeyed the word of exhortation to prayer, fasting, assembling with the Saints to speak often of the wonderful works of God, and to be diligent in ministering to the Saints in word and in deed, encouraging them in their warfare. So must we, in order to keep our covenants in the letter and Spirit in which they were made. The time is short and fast rolling away; we can not recall our actions, nor change the record we have made. Let us be sober, earnest, and keenly alive to the fact that we who are young must soon take the burden of the harvesting of souls upon ourselves. Prepare then, dear brethren, for earnest service in the field by earnest thought, study, and Saint-like living. Then our reward shall be glorious, and in Zion we will remember and be glad that we worked for the salvation of men, and kept the tradition of God, and followed the example of Christ in laboring because our father did.

TIPTON, Iowa, June 16th, 1877.

ANON.

FULL TO THE BRIM.

"MAMMA, how can I keep bad thoughts out of my heart? I want to know, for I can't help ugly thoughts from coming up when I can't have things my own way. Sometimes I feel a wicked feeling towards Nannie Dupee when she spells the word I miss, and goes ahead of me. I don't want to feel so, for I know she has the right to turn me down when I miss, and then I love her every other time. Bad thoughts will come about my teacher when my work isn't good, and mamma, I can not help it, though I know it is wrong. Do tell me how to keep the bad thoughts away," said Amy, a bright little girl who wished to do right, but like all other little girls, could not always do it.

"There is but one way to keep wicked thoughts out of the heart, and that is to keep the heart full of good thoughts and feelings towards every one; for if the heart is full there will be no room left for them, and they can't get in," said the mother.

"That is it, mamma, I see exactly how it is. It is just like this glass full of water. I could not put in another drop because it is brim full. I shall fill my heart brim full of good feeling towards everybody, and then I would like to see bad thoughts get in."

GRASPING FOR WEALTH.

HOW apt we are to take the wrong view of life, and to waste our energies and destroy our health in endeavoring to accumulate wealth, without thinking of the present reasons for happiness which we are throwing away so carelessly. It is not wealth or high station that makes us happy, for many of the most wretched beings on earth have both. It is the radiant and sunny spirit that knows how to bear little trials and to enjoy little comforts, and thus to extract happiness from every little incident in life.

ANNIE HOLT.

"I CAN'T HELP IT."

THAT was what Harry always said when he was told of any of his bad habits: "I can't help it," which really meant, "I don't wish to help it;" because we know well enough that we can every one of us "help" doing wrong if we try in the right way.

Once Harry came upon an old story in a worn, soiled book, which he routed out of a chest in the lumber-closet, and this story set him thinking, as it may, perhaps, set some other young folks thinking about the reasons why it is necessary to resist what is bad in its earliest beginning:

"Long ago there lived an old hermit who had left the busy world for a cell in the desert, and who was reputed to be learned and wise.

"Many people used to visit the lonely man that they might receive his advice, and once a youth came to him who begged to stay with him for a time as his pupil.

"The hermit consented, and the first day he led his young companion into a small wood near by his humble dwelling. Looking round, he pointed to a very young oak-tree just shooting from the ground.

"Pull up that sapling from the root," said he to his pupil, who obeyed without any difficulty. They went on a little further, and the old man pointed to another tree, but also a young one, whose roots stuck deeper. This was not so easy to pull up as the first had been; but with several efforts it was accomplished.

"The third had grown quite tall and strong, so that the youth was a long time before he could tear it up; but when his master pointed to a fourth, which was still larger and stronger, he found that, try as he might, it was impossible to move it.

"Now, remember, and take heed to what you have seen," said the hermit. "The bad habits and passions of men are just like these trees of the wood. When young and tender they may be easily overcome, but let them once gain firm root in your soul, and no human strength is sufficient to get rid of them. Watch over your heart, and do not wait till your faults and passions have grown strong before you try to uproot them."

That was the end of the story; but, as I have said, it set Harry Day thinking, and when "I can't help it" was rising to his lips he was ashamed to utter it. So he set himself to the work of mastering his temper, his idleness, and all that conscience told him was amiss. Though this is a work that is not done in an hour or a day, a month, or even a year, it will be effected at last (perhaps after many failures) by prayer and by perseverance; nay, it must be done unless we wish to become the servants and the slaves of sin.—*Set.*

BROWNIE IN TROUBLE.

A HORSE was prancing over the fields one day, when he fell into a ditch and could not get out. He was in great trouble, and his mates stood around in a fright, for they could not help him either. But old Whitey thought of a plan that he knew would work. He bounded off to tell his master, who was a quarter of a mile away. He pulled his sleeve, and then walked away, but the master did not follow, so he tried it again, making such an unusual sound that the man knew at once he wished him to go to the pasture. So he started, and soon found out the trouble. Old Whitey got there before him, and kept calling as loud as he could. If he had known how to talk he would have encouraged Brownie by the news that his "master was coming." When the poor horse was helped out, and stood on firm ground again, you should have seen how Whitey rubbed his master's arm, as if to say, "Thank you, thank you!"

Some animals are unkind to each other when in trouble, but it is only the lower orders of them. The higher the intelligence, the more sympathy and kindness do they show when another suffers. It is the same with people. It

shows a coarse, low nature to make sport of anything that gives pain to any one. A refined, noble nature is quick to sympathize with, and prompt to help any one in need of such comforting.—*Child's World.*

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

Do not tell me of to-morrow;
There is much to do to-day,
That can never be accomplished
If we throw the hours away.

Every moment has its duty:
Who the future can foretell,
Defer not till to-morrow,
What to-day can do as well.

CHATTERBOX.

BRUNO AND DON.

THERE lived some time ago on Staten Island an old Judge, who owned one of the finest saddle-horses in those parts. He used to ride the Don a great deal, and was always accompanied by his great black Newfoundland dog Bruno, also a thorough bred. The most perfect understanding existed between the three, and certainly neither the horse nor the dog ought to have been called dumb beasts, for as soon as they got sight of their master, one began to whinny, and the other to bark a furious welcome. When the Judge was in the saddle he let Bruno stand up just once and catch the rein, to which Don submitted as a matter of course, then bounded on ahead, after looking back to see that they could get on without him.

The Judge went to the city every morning, and used to ride to the ferry, and then he would put the rein in Bruno's mouth and let him lead the horse back to the stable, nearly a mile distant. It was a sight worth seeing to watch these two on the march. The sense-of-duty expression on the dog's face, and the gentle acquiescence beaming from the Don's "meek brown eyes." Many persons used to stop in the street every day to observe them. Whenever a wagon passed them Don's training invariably made him turn to the right, and Bruno would look at him with respectful admiration, because his larger friend knew one thing better than he did. Mischievous boys tried sometimes to get a ride, but Bruno never allowed it. He would drop the bridle, put his paws on the rash youth's shoulders, usually upsetting him, while Don stood still waiting for the signal to go on.

One day two boys, more daring than the rest, determined to mount! The Judge had warned everybody never to attempt this; but Harry Clarkson, the braver spirit of the two, made up his mind that he would cure these beasts of their nonsense; so he got his friend, Charley Simpson, to help him, who undertook to manage Bruno while he was mounting. These boys walked suddenly up to the dog and ordered him sharply to stop. Bruno's eyes flashed, and he growled as audibly as he could with the bridle in his mouth, but kept on. Charley was then cowardly enough to strike him a severe blow with his cane on his mouth, which compelled him to drop the bridle, but the boy had now enough to do to protect himself, while Harry seized the reins and tried to mount. Bruno stopped his onslaught for a moment, after tearing Charley's coat nearly off, and looked Don full in the face, as much as to say: "Surely you will not allow this insult." Don returned the glance, but stood still, instead of turning around and around, as he usually did when impertinent strangers tried to back him.

Bruno was evidently perplexed and mortified at Don's want of spirit, but he kept silent. Harry got into the saddle without trouble, gathered the reins up gingerly, and was just starting off when Don put his head down suddenly, lashed out furiously, and his rider was in the ditch in a moment. Charley had to run to his friend's rescue, and Bruno, waving his long plumed tail in triumph, sounded one pean of victory, caught

the dangling bridle in his mouth, and went quietly home.

Harry and Charley tried to do so also, but a crowd had gathered to witness the combat, and the discomfited boys retired amid jeers and laughter, fully resolved for the future to let the old Judge's horse and dog alone.

DISCONTENT.

HOW often are we disposed to murmur and complain when only little trials are thrown in our way. At such times we should stop and consider the many things the Saints of old had to endure, and we would see that our trials are as nothing compared with theirs. And how often at school are we heard to say, "O, dear, I can not get this lesson, for I have tried and tried, until I am perfectly tired and sick of it, and I won't try again." Whereas, if we would but heed that verse which says,

"If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try again,
You will conquer, never heed,
Try try again."

and confine our minds entirely to it, and in how short a time would we find that we had accomplished what had before seemed to us such a task. But how few of us there are, I fear, who can say that we do heed it. But, dear Hopes, let us strive to be more diligent in our duties in the future, and pray to God for help to resist every temptation, that we may prepare ourselves to reign with Christ when he comes to make up his jewels.

STELLA.

Many a child goes astray, not because there is want of prayer or virtue at home, but simply because home lacks sunshine.

To be truly happy, forget your unhappiness in ministering to some one more miserable than yourself. Whoever carries coals to another will warm his own hands.

Correspondence.

MILLERSBURG, Illinois,
July 10th, 1877.

Dear Hopes:—As I have a few leisure moments, I will improve them by writing a few words for the *Hope*; for I very seldom see a letter from any one in our village. I think that I have been too negligent about writing for the dear paper that goes far and wide to our beloved brothers and sisters; and which so fills each heart with gladness. To peruse its columns impresses me with the thought that each person should improve every moment of his life in the cultivation of his mind and heart. I know that very many of us are apt to put off until to-morrow what we can do to-day, and too often we think there will be plenty of time in the future; but when that time comes there is something else to divert our minds. And so it may be all through our lifetime, if we do not apply ourselves to the present. We should keep constantly in our minds the thought, that God is the one to whom we should look for knowledge; for he has said, "Ask and ye shall receive; seek and ye shall find." O, if we could always remember this, what a benefit it would be to us, in times of trial and temptation. I ask an interest in all your prayers, that I may be more humble and true to the work that we are engaged in. And I desire that we may all try to live so that our walk and conversation may be pleasing in the sight of God. I remain your sister in Christ,

E. J. MILLER.

BLUE RAPIDS, Kansas,
July 9th, 1877.

Dear Hopes:—I was baptized on the 26th of last February. I am trying to live so as to meet all the Saints in Zion, and I feel happy in trying to keep God's commandments. May all the Hopes try to live right. We have a Sunday-school at nine o'clock in the morning, and prayer-meeting twice a week. The Saints feel quite well. Pray for me that I may prove faithful.

A. N. GOBLE.

RIPPET, Green Co., Iowa,
July 8th, 1877.

Brother Henry:—I feel my inability in writing, yet I have a deep interest in the *Hope*, and in the brethren of Christ. Although I was raised in my shoulders, and with the aid of Him who aids all prejudice against the Latter Day Saints, yet I now feel that theirs is the only true Church on earth. I feel myself a mere babe, but yet wish to be a true disciple of Christ. I have taken this good name upon

that ask, I will try not to add a spot to its name. I crave the prayers of the little Hopes, and also of the older Saints, that I may not be among those that are weighed and found lacking. Though we are all strangers now, yet may we all meet in that beautiful kingdom that is to come. Yours ever,

CELESTINE R. SCOTT.

CLYDE, Jasper Co., Iowa,
July 10th, 1877.

Dear Hopes:—It is a great pleasure to me to read the *Hope*, and the little letters in it. No one has written lately to it from this branch. We have meeting every Sabbath. I have a desire to serve the Lord. Your brother in Christ,

JOHN C. HIXY.

Puzzle Corner.

Answers in One Month.

WORD PUZZLE.—No. 14.

I am composed of fifteen letters.

My first is in maize, but not in corn.
My second is in leaf, but not in thorn.
My third is in church, but not in steeple.
My fourth is in heaven, but not in people.
My fifth is in hard, but not in soft.
My sixth is in rick, but not in loft.
My seventh is in stick, but not in block.
My eighth is in mark, but not in steck.
My ninth is in hymn, but not in book.
My tenth is in image, but not in look.
My eleventh is in harm, but not in hurt.
My twelfth is in Sarpy, but not in Burt.
My thirteenth is in tent, but not in door.
My fourteenth is in window, but not in floor.
My fifteenth is in gun, but not in rod.
My whole is a well known servant of God.

C. H. KENNICUTT.

ANAGRAM, No. 12.

Delgewonk dan Odismw raf mrfo nibeg-neo,
Ahev testofim on nictonneco. Wonledgek wedlso
Ni deahs lepetre htwi hthgtsou fo herto mne;
Diswmo ni dmisn envettitia of reihit wno.
Lowndegke— a dure profibaleunt sams,
Het reme temaliars thiw hheiv Odwmis bdlisui,
Liti thdsomoe, nda dsqrean, dna ttdfite of tis lpee a
Odes tub curbeemow hti mses of hencir!
Gedlkwnoe si rdjou htta eh sha dnrlae os chum,
Misodw si bhlmeu ttha eh nkwsno no rome.

ANTHYC H. NETTICUNK.

PUZZLE.—No. 7.

Two shepherds met while traveling with their sheep. One said "If you will give me one of your sheep I will have as many sheep as you." The other answered, "If you will give me one of your sheep I will have as many again as you." How many did each have?

C. H. KENNICUTT.

ENIGMA.—No. 10.

I am composed of sixteen letters.
My 1, 7, 15, 16, 8, a wicked ruler.
My 15, 13, 10, 11, one who gleaned.
My 3, 16, 5, 6, preached righteousness.
My 2, 4, 14, 9, 7, the name of a girl.
My 12, 5, 15, 10, 6, 2, one who served the Lord.
My whole the author's name.

Answers to Puzzle Corner of July 1st.

1 To Word Puzzle, No. 12.—Davis Henry Bays.
2 To Anagram, No. 10.—And he that searcheth the hearts knoweth what is the mind of the Spirit, because he maketh intercession for the Saints, according to the will of God.

VICTORIA JEWELL.

Julia Frost answers No. 2.

THE SAINTS' HERALD.

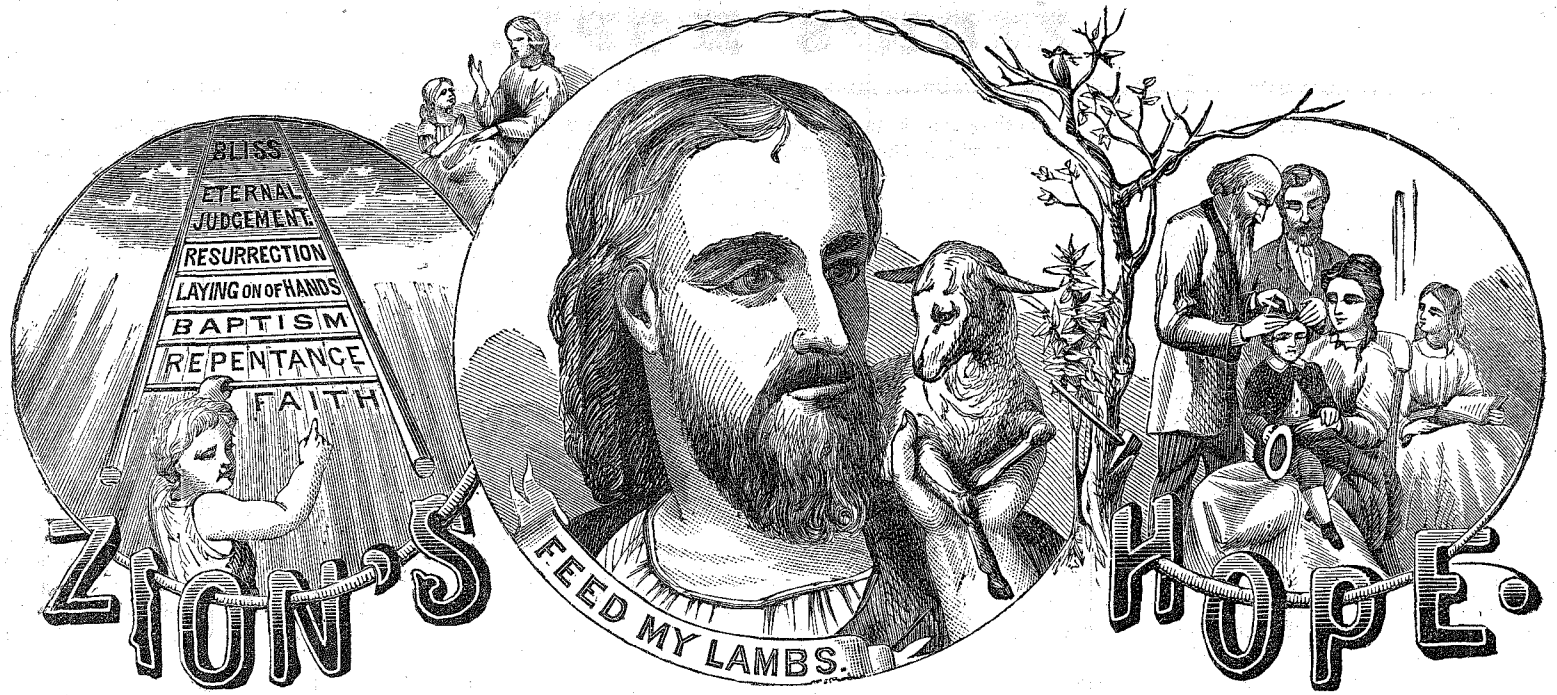
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I August 77.

A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue. Owing to the fact that we make nothing on the *Hope* we would like to see subscriptions paid up as early as possible, and delinquent ones especially. With the small margin to work upon, the cost of paper and postage for papers sent on credit for a few issues or for months, forces us as a general rule to discontinue sending it when the time is out, at which we hope no one will take offence but watch this notice hereafter for the blue mark.

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

THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

Be strong in the Lord, and in him put your trust,
Don't look unto man, God *only* is just;
Rejoice then, dear children, whatever betide,
In one way or another the Lord will provide.

Be upright and honest, be faithful and true,
And then he'll assist you and strengthen you too;
Be constant in prayer, and in him do confide,
In one way or another the Lord will provide.

Let faith and works in true harmony blend,
And prove to the world, that God will defend;
Seek not your belief, nor your talents, to hide,
For if you are faithful, the Lord will provide.

Be steadfast, ye Saints of the great latter day,
Rejoice and be glad, all ye isles of the sea;
Be *steadfast, enduring*, and in God do *confide*,
And then for your wants he will *surely* provide.

Be ever ready the "cause" to defend,
And pray the Lord's Spirit each word to attend;
Do this, and the honest in heart will decide,
That His word is enduring and the Lord will provide

Then honor and praise to "Our Father is due,
For that peace of his Spirit he gives unto you;
Remember the promise to those who abide,
In *power* and great *glory* the Lord will provide.

SISTER ADDIE.

A WORD FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

YOU have read in the Bible that beautiful story, in which Christ is represented as taking little children in his arms and blessing them. How your little hearts swell as you read that sublime sentiment, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." And when you think of his loving words, you wish that you had been there to enjoy the privilege of his fond and affectionate embrace.

Well, you have yet the privilege offered to recline upon his bosom, rest in his smiles, and enjoy his undivided love; and if you will listen, I will tell you how to obtain so glorious a privilege:

"Come, ye children, hearken unto me; I will teach you the fear of the Lord."—Ps. 34: 11.

"The fear of the Lord tendeth to life: and he that hath it shall abide satisfied; he shall not be visited with evil."—Prov. 19: 26.

I do not want you to understand that the fear of the Lord means a dreadful apprehension of some evil at his hand; or that you are in any danger of his injuring you; for "God is love," and it would be contrary to his nature to hurt

any one. On the contrary it is his delight to bless and do you good.

The fear of the Lord, means a due reverence, respect, or esteem for him as our leader and preserver, whom we ought to worship.

You are not afraid of your parents, for you know that they love you, and are not desirous of doing you any harm. But you reverence them for their superior wisdom and goodness, and love toward you. You reverence them because you love them, you would not do anything contrary to their wishes, but would delight to abide in their counsel, that is, do as they tell you, knowing that they know best what will do you the most good. You also admire their goodness, wisdom, love and truth, with every other excellence that you see in them, and desire to be like them, for you know that any thing contrary to these virtues, is not good, and consequently will only bring evil results.

This then may be said to be fearing your parents, and the fear of the Lord is like unto it. But, as the Lord is greater in wisdom, power, goodness, love and truth, so our reverence, esteem, honor, or fear, must be greater for him than for our parents.

As the blessings which he proposes to bestow upon you, are as much greater and better than the blessings which our parents can bestow, as the heavens are greater than the earth, so must be your fear toward him. And as he is the only being who can give you these blessings, you must be desirous of pleasing him more than all besides, and give him all your love and service in return. Hence it is high time you began to fear the Lord, that you may grow up in his fear, and be like him.

"The fear of the Lord tendeth [that is, leadeth] to life," and I am sure you want to live; but I must tell you what this word "life" means.

It means something more than existing, or staying on the earth. It means the power to possess, control, and enjoy all things which God has created and prepared for us, both which are on the earth and in the heavens, until we are full of blessings, earthly and heavenly. For the wise man saith, "He that hath the fear of the Lord shall abide satisfied." "He shall be full, he shall not want any good thing." It includes power over disease, pain, sorrow, and every evil that now afflicts mankind, yea, even over death itself. Who would not have the fear of the Lord, since it brings all these blessings and enjoyments? I am sure every child reader of the *Hope* would love to enjoy such blessings. Then let the fear of the Lord be in your hearts, for it tendeth to life; yes, to life eternal.

Perhaps some of my little readers are saying, "That is beautiful indeed! When I grow up to manhood I will serve the Lord." I want to tell you, my little dears, that it will be dangerous to put off serving him until that time. You may not live to become men and women; and I am sure you would not like to die without fearing, or loving the Lord, because there is no promise of eternal life to those who never feared him. Again, if you live to manhood without his fear in your hearts, it would be very hard for you to serve him then. A thousand cares and troubles will perplex you, pain and anguish may overwhelm you, and prevent your fixing your mind on God and sacred things. Besides, the human heart, like a flower garden, is liable to be overgrown with weeds, or evil principles, until there is no room for the lovely flowers to spring forth, and bud and blossom, unless it is properly tended and cultivated in the spring-time of the year, or the morning of life; for these weeds, or evil principles, are of hasty growth, and take deep root, and rob the garden, or the youthful heart, of the strength and richness which God has given to it, and however desirous we may be of bringing forth fruits and flowers fit for our heavenly Father's mansion, our strength is gone, our days are past, the flowers, or virtues, have not the beauty and fragrance of youth, and are but a poor offering for such unnumbered blessings as God has bestowed upon us.

My dear children, can you make one blade of grass? Can you deck the lily in its snowy robe; paint the lovely hues of the violet; give the fragrance to the rose; the solidity and symmetry to the oak; create one ray of light to shine upon the eye; form one grain of wheat; call from heaven one drop of dew; give fertility to the earth; in fine, can you by your own hand sustain your own life, and make all things work together for good? You know you cannot; and yet you could not live one moment without these, and ten thousand other blessings, which God bestows on you; and all he asks in return is to love and serve him, with those powers he has bestowed on you. Will you treat his kindness with contempt? Will you spurn his blessings, as though you needed them not? If so, where will you hide your heads when he calls you with all mankind to judgment, to give an account of your child-life? Then you will need his mercy, his smiles, and his salvation. But the wages of sin, which is death, will be the reward of the unfaithful child, and you will then realize that you have lived in vain. "The fear of the Lord tendeth to life: he that hath it, shall be satisfied. He shall not be visited with evil."

FRANCES.

HARRY'S TEMPTATION.

"I DON'T begin to make enough money, and I would leave Mr. Hardin's store if I could find a better place. You know mother, the doctor says you should have good food and medicine, and I don't know how I can buy them unless I get a better place, or Mr. Hardin raises my salary."

"Don't worry, Harry; we will get along. You are receiving three dollars a week, and we can't expect more than that. I am very thankful, indeed, that he has given you a situation in his store. Three weeks you could find no work, I did feel that we were in danger of want; but the prospect is brighter now, and I know we will get along very well."

"That's just the way with you, mother; you never complain. But I don't want to starve, and I want you to have the medicine. How can you get well if you don't have the medicine the doctor ordered? O, it is awful to be poor."

"Come, Harry, do not repine. Our lot may seem hard; but we are all in the hands of a kind Father, and He will watch over us, and provide for our wants. We are told in the Bible that not even a sparrow can fall to the ground without His knowledge, and do you not think He can see and know our wants?"

Mrs. Thompson was a widow and lived in a tenement in the city of B—. Her husband had died a few years after their marriage, and she and her two children, Harry and Annie, were left in straitened circumstances. For some time she had taken in plain sewing, and done different kinds of work to keep the wolf from the door, but at last she fell sick, and her small savings were used up before she was again restored to health.

About this time, however, Harry had succeeded in obtaining a situation in Mr. Hardin's store, and they felt encouraged. Harry straightened himself up manfully, and said:—

"Now, mother, you will get along very well. I have a situation, and I'm going to keep you like a queen."

But Harry soon found out that if a queen and her family could live on three dollars a week, they couldn't be charged with extravagance and high living. The dialogue at the beginning of our little story shows that Harry had "reckoned without his host."

Harry had been at work about four weeks for Mr. Hardin, and was engaged one morning in sweeping the store, when he discovered a twenty-dollar bill lying on the floor.

"Whew!" he exclaimed as he picked it up, "now I am rich. Twenty dollars! I wonder who lost it? Some of last night's customers, I suppose. Well, they'll never miss it, and I can buy the medicine now; and I'll get a picture book for Annie, too."

So, with a beating heart, he thrust the money into his pocket and continued his sweeping.

But he did not feel quite right. His conscience troubled him, and he imagined that something was saying to him—"The money is not yours. Do right and sin not."

Before the time came for leaving the store in the evening he had decided to tell Mr. Hardin of the circumstances, and to give him the money.

He said to himself several times that afternoon, "The money is not mine, and I will not keep it. So that's a settled matter."

When his day's work was done he went into the office where Mr. Hardin was, and handing him the money, remarked that he had found it on the floor in the morning.

"In the morning!" said Mr. Hardin, somewhat sternly. "And why didn't you bring it to me at that time?"

"Why sir, I—I—" said Harry, his lip quivering, "I was tempted to keep it. I supposed it had been lost by a customer who would not know where it had been dropped, and would not return for it. I didn't want it for myself; but my

mother is sick and has no money to buy the medicine which the doctor has ordered. I thought of the many nice things it would buy, and I wanted my mother to get well. But I don't want the money now. I have come out all right; I knew it wouldn't be right to keep it, and I don't want it."

"Truly you have come out all right," said Mr. Hardin. "I left the money on the floor to test you. Honesty is a rarity among boys. Here, Harry," he continued, rising and advancing, "let me shake your hand—the hand of the honest boy, just such a boy as I want to have in my store all the time. Here, take the twenty dollars and buy what your mother needs. I will see that she doesn't want for anything. Run home and tell your mother that she has a noble boy, and that his salary will be raised immediately."

As he finished speaking he thrust the bill into the boy's hand.

"Oh, sir," exclaimed Harry, "how can I thank you?"

Of course there was rejoicing that evening in Mrs. Thompson's humble home. Harry rejoiced because his mother would now want for nothing; the mother rejoiced because her son had remembered her teachings and proved himself honest; and Annie was glad because she could now have a "picture-book" and some "tandy."

And that night, at the family altar, the mother's prayer was a prayer of thanksgiving, not only for the timely aid they had received, but that her only son, her darling boy, had been strengthened in the hour of temptation, and enabled to choose the path of truth and right.—*Christain at Work.*

LETTER FROM AUNT LUCY.

DEAR HOPES OF ZION:—Our blessed Redeemer once said to his followers: "Ye are the light of the world;" and he compared them to a city set upon a hill, which cannot be hid. That was many years ago. We in these latter times are also his children, and should be as a city set upon a hill, for all eyes are upon us, and if any evil, is seen among us, we have done so much against the work of the Lord; whereas, if only good is seen, we have done good by our example. We ought each and every one to live so that those of the world, seeing our good works, might be led to glorify our Father who is in heaven. We are watched by the world, for evil, therefore let us do good only. This is the very best preaching that can be done, to live aright in the sight of the Lord, and before all people. Thus we become the light of the world, and may be the means in the hands of the Lord of saving many souls. How great is our reward, not only do we work out our own salvation, for the life to come, but in this life we possess in our own breasts, the peace that passeth understanding. How blessed we feel, as a reward, for a little well doing, and is this not worth working for, and is not the labor pleasant. Dear Hopes, let us each try to purify our own selves. In this we are working for the Master, and by so doing, we make ourselves rich in the things of the kingdom.

AUNT LUCY.

HOW DORR FOUGHT.

LITTLE Dorr Eastman always wore his sword—in the daytime, I mean. He would have liked to wear it at night—indeed, he tried it once; but as the belt was indispensable, and that was exceedingly rasping and uncomfortable with a night-gown, and as he often rolled upon the sword itself, and the sword being hard, hurt his soft, plump side, and his soft, plump limbs, he gave it up, regretfully, since it was Dorr's belief that "real truly" soldiers always slept with their arms on. And Dorr "knew"—for was not his brother Dick a colonel, and his father a general, and his grandfather a general?

But, then, they had been at West Point, and got toughened. After he grew up and had been

at West Point, and had undergone discipline, doubtless a belt would not be uncomfortable in bed, and a sword could be worn with a night-gown!

The fancy store in the village where Dorr's papa owned a summer mansion, drove a flourishing trade during the season in gilt paper, and will-boards, and tinsels; for, once a week, at least, the young soldier fashioned new stripes and epaulets; one day being a sergeant, on the next a major; and then, for days together, commander-in-chief United States army, during which space mamma, and Trudie, and Soph addressed him as his excellency. Every stick which he could hew into the shape of a horse's head, became a gallant charger, until mamma's hall was one long, vast stable; mamma blew a whistle for *reveille*, and the embryo cadet thought nothing of turning out at five in the morning, and splashing into a cold tub, especially on picnic mornings. But Dorr said he was hardening for West Point and glorious campaigns.

His greatest anxiety was concerning these campaigns. "Mamma," he said to her one day, "I fears there's no use in me growing up!"

"Why, your excellency? It grieves me to hear that," said mamma.

"Cause everybody will be fought out before that, mamma. Col. Dick says they settle things now, and not fight."

"Well, my little son, there will always be men who must wear swords, to make people afraid, so that they will think it is the safer way to settle without a war. My little Dorr will be one of those men, and a great share of the time will be home on furlough and stay with mamma. Won't he like that?"

"No, he wouldn't!" cried Dorr, stoutly, swelling up after the manner of colonels and generals. After a turn or two across the room, he came back to his mamma's knee. "It's likely, though, there'll be Injuns. There always are Injuns in this land, Trudie says, and if they's lasted s'long it's likely they'll last s'long as I live; and Dick says there'll be war s'long there's Injuns!"

"Oh! my little blue-eyed Dorr," said mamma, "wouldn't you care to be scalped?"

"Why should I care?" answered Dorr. "Wouldn't my feet be to the foe?"

Mamma could not but laugh at her stern little man; and then she thought he had better go with the girls in the garden.

And there he was not a moment too soon. The sacred inclosure was already invaded by a ruthless hand—a fat, yellowish-black little hand, which was thrust through the paling, evidently after one of Soph's treasures—the beautiful rose pink dwarf dahlia.

Dorr saw it. "Soph! Soph! he's breaking off your new Mex'can Lilliput dahlia!" and headlong went Sergeant Dorr toward the fence; but, half way there, he tripped in the tall asters, and crushed dozens of mamma's choice autumn blooms as he fell.

Soph and Trudie both came running down the gravel. The boy behind the paling also ran, or would, had not the fat arm been thrust in too far; for, turning it in haste, it stuck fast, and now held him Sergeant Dorr's prisoner.

His fall had made Sergeant Dorr very mad; and, picking himself up, he drove toward the paling in hot haste. "You flower thief! them's Soph's flowers! You clear out of this, or I'll shoot you with my sword!"

And the sword was brandished; and as Roly-poly couldn't "clear out," much as he wished, he stayed, his hand still clasp the stalk of the "Mex'can Lilliput," which he seemed unable to let go. Seeing that, down came Dorr's wooden sword upon the arm! It was a sturdy stroke, too, so sturdy that the sword bounded and flew over the other side, where an angry little bare black foot kicked it far out into the road, while the owner of the foot howled with pain.

"Dorr Eastman!" cried Trudie.

"You cruel, cruel boy!" cried Soph.

"He's no business with your flowers, then!" said Dorr, crowding back an angry whimper.

"I've a mind to shake you!" said Trudie. But, instead, she went to the fence, where the little bow-legged mulatto, still howling was trying to get free. "Little boy," said she, "I'm sorry; but it's wrong to steal."

"But done got no flowers of our own," said he; "and besides, I hain't broke it. Oh, dear, where's mammy? I hain't gwine to stay hyer—don't! don't! don't!" He howled louder than ever as Trudie took his arm.

"Hush up, simpleton! I'm only going to get you out." With a firm grasp she turned his arm where he might draw it back. "There, I'll let you out now, if you will stand still a moment after I let go."

The boy sobbed mightily, but stood still. "Stand there till I let you go," commanded Trudie. Then she broke one of her own flowers for him, and also went into her pocket. "Hold out your hand, now," said she.

Sobbing and with hidden face, the small rag-muffin held up his hand, and Trudie poured into it a stream of pennies and candies. "The flower," said she "is because you like pretty things. The rest is to pay you for being struck."

The tawny hand dashed the "pay" to the ground. "I can't be paid for being struck!" he cried, baring his tearful eyes, and gleaming with them at the "sergeant."

"What's all this?" asked mamma, coming down the walk.

Hearing the story, she went outside and bared the beaten arm. There was a frightful lump on the soft black baby flesh. She looked up at her little soldier ruefully, and he ran off.

She took the child in, and bathed the bruise with camphor, picked him a gorgeous boquet, and sent him home with various admonitions and tenderesses. Then she waited for Dorr to come.

By and by he came. He was still without his sword. He rushed to her, as she turned at the sound of the little footstep, and tumbled into her arms head first.

"Mamma," he said, "I have martial-courted myself! I runned after him, but he wouldn't strike me. Then I thought what you said 'bout 'kisses for blows,' but he wouldn't kiss me; but I knowed there should be a kiss somewheres, 'cause 'twas your kind of a battle, not papa's; so I gave him my sword, and asked him to come to play—and—well, mamma, I haven't got any sword no more!"

The little heart heaved; but mamma hugged him close, and shed a glad tear to think that her teaching had had its effect as well as papa's.

"My kind of battles are very hard, much harder to be fought than papa's," she said, "and Dorr is braver than if he had killed a hundred men."
—Wide Awake.

TRUST IN GOD.

HAS God changed that he cannot be trusted as in former days. Job, in his patience, said, "Though he slay me yet will I trust in him." His trust was not in vain, neither did Ammon trust God in vain, but by the power of God he gained the victory over the Lamanites by the waters of Sebas and saved both himself and his fellow servants, from the wrath and punishment of King Lamoni. And Alma and Amulek also trusted in God, and when they were brought to the place of martyrdom, to witness the death of their converts by fire, and when the probability of their own death in like manner was brought before their minds, Alma said "Be it as the Lord will." And, often they had suffered all manner of evil, (being bound in prison), God did grant them power even unto their deliverance, and to the destruction of those wicked lawyers and priests, who persecuted them. And, as God has declared in these latter days, that he will never leave nor forsake those who put their trust in him, therefore let us put our trust in him, and

strive to keep his commandments, that when trials and persecutions arise we may be found like the three Hebrew children, who feared not to be cast into the fiery furnace, but who said "The God whom we serve is able to deliver us," and we read that God did send and deliver them out of the fiery furnace. And, as God has declared he is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, let us trust in him to the end, that eternal life and salvation may be our happy lot.—Read before the Nebraska City Sabbath School, by N. N.

CASEYVILLE S. S. CONCERT.

DEAR HOPES:—I want to tell you all, what a good time I had at a country Sabbath School on Sunday, July 15th. You could not guess where it was, for it was at such a little place; but will you remember if I tell you? Well it was at Caseyville, about ten miles from St. Louis. Some of the brethren came from there to tell the Saints in St. Louis to come to their concert, and it was to commence at 9:30 a. m. I thought I should have to get up and start early, if I went; and of course I wanted to go; for, ever since I heard this beautiful hymn sung by some sweet little girls, I always loved the Sunday School:

The Sunday School, the Sunday School,
O that's the place I love;
For there I learn the golden rule,
That leads to joy's above.

Our good Bro. Jemmett, of St. Louis, said he would go too; so off we started, and we were so pleased we were going there, to help give the children the bread of life, that it did not seem but a little way. Do any of the little Hopes say I wish I could have been there, too? Yes, and we should have liked to have seen you there. And Jesus can give you the bread of life, too, just as easy as he fed the five thousand, when on earth with five loaves, and this black board lesson will tell you why.

CHRIST IS GOD.		
Christ	5 LOAVES BLESSED	The Bread That Cometh Down From Heaven.
	BY CHRIST	
	5,000 LOAVES.	
	Is	God.

When we arrived at the School, we met Bro. Abraham Jones, the Superintendent, and that good brother, H. Thorp, who takes so much interest in the singing, was at his post to lead, and to conduct the exercises. He called the School to order, by giving out the eighty-third hymn from "Silver Spray," and then that faithful servant of Christ, Elder G. Hicklin, who was there from Belleville, engaged in prayer. Then there was singing from page ninety-five of "Silver Spray." After that Bro. Still spoke to the School on the necessity of being in earnest when working for Christ. Then the whole School sang hymn seventy-one, in "Pure Gold;" and I wish to say just here that it had a beautiful effect, for a large number of the choir from Belleville came all the way over there with their leader, and the Saints of Caseyville will not soon forget this act of true kindness. The other exercises were in the following manner: Recitation, "A kiss for a Blow," by Johnny Sedon. "The Red Man," by John J. Thorp. "Beautiful River," song by School. "Old Mr. Beard," by John C. Huss. "Never be Afraid," song by the School. "The Bible," by David Archibald. "Onward," by Sister Archibald. Singing by Brn. Hughs, Sedon, and Thorp, "Be in Time." Recitation, "My Mother," by E. Buxton. "A Dream," by Sister Burnett. Singing by Brn. Buxton, Thorp, and Jones. Dialogue by Brn. Sedon and Thorp. "The Merry Mormons," song by H. Thorp. "The Meeting House," by the Supt. A. Jones. "Friendship and Truth," by Iver Davis. Singing by Belleville Choir. Recitation, "Faith in God," by E. Thompson. Address by Elder Hicklin. Song by Belleville Choir, "It will all be over soon."

A vote of thanks was given to Belleville Choir, and to all the visiting Saints for their assistance. Singing in conclusion from page seventy, "Pure Gold;" and last, but not the least, was the collection, amounting to four dollars and fifty cents. What do you think of that, boys and girls, for a country School. Closing prayer by Elder Beard of Belleville.

W. STILL.

SENSITIVE CHILDREN.

MOST children are sensitive, and it is wrong to wantonly wound their feelings by censuring too harshly for their faults. Time cures a great many things; children outgrow many infirmities and faults, and if right principles of action and feeling are instilled gently, constantly, wisely, the results will ultimately appear. It is mere cruelty to make the weak points of a child a source of teasing and ridicule, as is often done in schools and families. A mental infirmity should be treated as tenderly as a bodily deformity. A quick temper, an irritable or timorous or teasing disposition, requires far more tact and judicious management than any mere physical infirmity. When grown to maturity, our sensitive children become the poets, musicians, artists, writers, leaders of their times.

EXHORTATION TO FAITH.

Dear Little Hopes:—I thought to write to you long ago, but when the time came I came also to realize my inability to write anything that would be profitable for so wise and intelligent a society as the Hopes are; nevertheless I think the same many times when discharging my duties as a member of the Church at meeting, but after the trial is made I find myself busy and edified, not by telling what I thought to tell, for it would generally all fly away, and something more of the Spirit take the place of it; for which the Lord be praised, for without him I am nothing, only a poor ignorant one; I have waited and hoped for some letters from this branch, but, as we have no Sunday School, there is therefore little if any interest in the Hope.

But there is one thing that I would like to say to the Hopes. Remember the word of God is this, that evils will come, and who can stop them? Yet the Lord God, our heavenly father, has made a way, or an opportunity for escape, and that is by faith; and faith being a gift from God, it behooves us to live pleasingly in his sight, so as to be blessed when we need blessing. And if we have not faith, shall we take some medicine to heal us? No, never! What then? Obey the Lord; use herbs and mild food. Then how I would love to hear you say, "Pa and Ma, it is now time for us to prepare our faith." So let us exercise faith and use those things that God has commanded. Ever praying for you and the cause, your brother and uncle.

C. M.

WEIR, KANSAS.

CLEOPATRA, QUEEN OF BEAUTY.

Among the most remarkable woman in all ages was Cleopatra, queen of Egypt. Brought up in the luxurious court of her royal father, Ptolemy Auletes; taught in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, and combining in her person a wonderful beauty and grace of manner, she was enabled by the skillful use of her powers to bring even Imperial Rome to her feet. Kings and Emperors stood spell-bound before her matchless charms, and forsaking home and country willingly became slaves. During all her eventful life she was no less Queen of hearts than Queen of Egypt, and the mark she made on the world's history was so great that it has lived for nineteen hundred years, and doubtless will to the end of time.

Historians describe her as small in stature and perfect in form. Her voice possessed a silvery sweetness, and her face an indescribable beauty

which captivated all who saw it. She was also a woman of great firmness of character, much personal courage and wonderful executive ability. At the same time she had traits, which, when called out, made her selfish, designing and cruel.

Her first important conquest in hearts was none other than the great Julius Cæsar. He was so infatuated that he deserted his wife and family, neglected his empire, and gave himself up wholly to her. He lost his throne and life in consequence, and a bloody civil war followed which raised to prominence the great warrior, orator and statesman, Mark Antony. Desiring to make a public example of her for leading to destruction the Imperial Cæsar, he sent a messenger to Egypt and summoned her to meet him at Rome.

Cleopatra was now twenty-eight years old and in the height of her charms. She at once set about making preparations for the voyage. Egypt was the home of luxury and splendor, and all its resources were employed in fitting out the royal train. Gold and silver, rich services of plate, ornaments of precious stones and gold were stored in her ships, and the fleet sped away over the blue waters of the Mediterranean, the most splendid sight the world ever saw. When it reached the mouth of the river Cydnus, it stopped, and here the royal barge, adorned with carvings and decorations and glittering with gold, was launched on which the Queen now embarked. The sails were of purple, and the oars inlaid and tipped with silver. Upon the deck, under a stately canopy made of cloth of gold, Cleopatra reclined, gorgeously attired. Around her were a company of beautiful boys and girls representing cupids, nymphs and graces, who fanned her with their wings. Singing birds and flowers added to the attractiveness of the scene, while bands of musicians played soft airs, and kept time to the stroke of silver oars with the most ravishing music. Thus, preceeding her fleet, she sailed up the stream to meet and to conquer the conqueror of Rome.

Antony was then at Tarsus, but the whole city deserted him and hastened to the river bank to behold the remarkable pageant. She landed, spread her tents, prepared a sumptuous banquet, and with womanly tact sent an invitation to the sturdy Roman to be her guest.

Moved by curiosity, he accepted and went, and from that hour became her abject slave. Like Cæsar, he left his throne and his family to cast his fortune with hers. Whole days and nights of revelry were spent with her on the banks of the Cydnus, until he became so enamored that he left Rome and followed her to Alexandria in Egypt, where for many years he resided. Here the wily Queen devoted herself to him incessantly, filling up every moment of his time with some new form of pleasure, in order that he might not think of his absent wife and children, and of his empire on the verge of ruin.

His continued absence from Rome led to war. A rival, Octavius, appeared. The great naval battle of Actium was fought and Antony defeated. He fled to Alexandria where he was pursued by his enemy. The city was besieged and finally taken, and amid the horrors of the scene, word was brought to him that Cleopatra had taken her life. This was the crowning calamity, and he immediately made preparations for his own death. When ready, he endeavored to have his attendant, Eros, kill him with his sword, but he refused. He then took it from his servant's hands, plunged it into his body, and staggering to a bed that was near, fell over it in a swoon. Recovering shortly after, he was told that Cleopatra was still living and desired to see him. Antony begged to be carried to her that he might die in her presence. She was in the palace, and the dying Roman was borne through the terror-stricken city and raised by means of ropes to the chamber of the Queen. He was carried to a couch and laid upon it, while Cleopatra wrung her hands and tore her hair in the greatest anguish. She clung to her dying lover and bathed his blood-stained

face with her tears, uttering the most piteous exclamations of grief. But groans could not avail, and he died in her arms.

She now gave herself up to the wildest despair. Octavius, desiring to publicly exhibit her in his triumphal train at Rome, endeavored to so guard her that she could not take her own life, but she managed to have brought to her in a basket of figs a poisonous reptile known as the asp, and applying this to her arm, died, defying her conqueror.

Thus ended the career of this matchless beauty, whose wonderful life and tragic death have formed a subject upon which poets, painters and sculptors have exhausted their efforts during all the ages since. Had she lived in our day, her life and influence might have blessed instead of blighting the world. Says Abbot, the historian of her: "The events of her history, the peculiar character of her adventures, her sufferings and her sins, were determined by the circumstances by which she was surrounded, and the influences which were brought to bear upon her in the soft and voluptuous clime where the scenes of her early life were laid."

EDITORIAL CHAT.

Will not the older people, and the young men and women who read our *Hope*, please write us some original sketches, stories and essays for it? It is asked why we have so many selected articles and yet those who ask are not themselves interested enough to write for it. We do not find time to write much, with our other duties, by all of which we are confined to the office from very early in the morning till late in the evening, and yet we wish to see more original matter, and we know of many who could write, if they would but do so.

A little *Hope*, Maggie Evans, of Canton, Illinois writes that she goes to Sabbath School regularly and likes to read the *Hope*, as say all our little friends, and the big ones too, and we trust that there will be more of an effort to make it interesting.

Bro. Joseph has been away since July 13th, but we expect him home in a few days.

Correspondence.

ALBEO, Ills., July 22d, 1877.

Dear Hopes: Although we have not the privilege of seeing each other here, we have the assurance that if we are faithful we shall not only see, but also know each other in a better and brighter world. We should then strive to live faithful, and to do our work nobly. I have been a member of the Church for more than three years, and have never been sorry that I obeyed the gospel. All I have to regret is that I have not lived more faithful; but it is my desire to be more constant in the future, than I have in the past; and I know that if I am steadfast that I shall meet you all, "when Mount Zion we regain." From your sister in Christ,
F. S. ADAMS.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, Iowa, July 31st, 1877.

Dear Hopes:—I am one of the little Hopes of Council Bluffs Sunday School, but I feel my inability in writing, yet I must be one with you. I wish to do right and I hope to honor my parents, and also honor and obey my father which is in heaven. I am ten years old. I do not belong to the Church, but I hope to before long. I have one brother and one sister. We live on a beautiful side hill, in the bluffs. My brother and I were born in Utah, but I like my home in this beautiful land much better. Dear Hopes, pray for me that I may be one of the Hopes that will meet our blessed Savior on that beautiful shore.
E. A. ALTROP.

GOODLAND, Lapeer Co., Michigan,
July 28th, 1877.

Dear Readers of the *Hope*:—It seems to me that the "Puzzle Corner" is growing smaller and the "Correspondence" larger; which, if so, I would be very glad of; for I like to read the letters of the Hopes a little better than the puzzles. And I would like to ask the Hopes if they do not think so too. I could sit for hours reading our little paper, for it has such nice stories in it. Good bye to all. From your brother,
PETER HINDS.

MILL CREEK, Salt Lake, Co., Utah,
July 29th, 1877.

Dear Hopes:—I am twelve years old. I was baptized when I was eight years old. I can not go to meeting or Sabbath School. I don't take the *Hope*, as Uncle Alex. Hay stays at our house, and I have

his to read. I read in the fourth reader, and study the third part arithmetic. I hope that I may grow up and be a good man, I am as ever your brother in Christ,
GEORGE H. VREDENBURGH.

KINGSTON, Caldwell Co., Missouri,
July 1st, 1877.

Dear Hopes:—I am going to tell you about my little sister. She is a fine child, and as fair as a lily. Her age is eight months and twenty days. Her name is Julia. She has bright blue eyes. It had rained so that we could not go to church to-day. I liked the article called "Laura and Helen" very much. If any of the Hopes have the song "Put me in my little bed," please send it to me. Yours truly,
LOTTIE BARBER.

MOORHEAD, Monona Co., Iowa.

Dear Readers of the *Hope*:—This is my first attempt to write. I am not a member of the Church but, my parents are. But I am a member of the Union Center Sabbath School, lately organized here. I live in Soldier Valley, near Preparation. The fields are looking very fine here.
GEORGE L. SCOTT.

Puzzle Corner.

Answers in One Month.

WORD PUZZLE.—No. 15.

My first is in hate, but not in scorn.
My second is in ear, but not in corn.
My third is in came, but not in gone.
My fourth is in water, but not in storm.
My fifth is in feign, but not in truth.
My sixth is in child, but not in youth.
My seventh is in taste, but not in tongue.
My eighth is in small, but not in young.
My ninth is in light, but not in dark.
My tenth is in bite, but not in bark.
My eleventh is in hymn, but not in lark.
My whole is the name of an Elder.

J. W. WIGHT.

ANAGRAM.—No. 13.

Yb retuna, Rdol, I ownk itwh irefg,
M'i a orpo lenalf feal;
Revsihled nad ryd, dan arne ot athde,
Vendir yb ins sa with a athreb.
Ulb fi yb acerg I ma dema ewn,
Hedwas ni het oodbl fo Susje oto,
Ekli ot a lyil I allsh tansd,
Eststipos nad uepr, ta ish htrig ndha.

HENRIETTE HILSINGER.

ENIGMA.—No. 11.

I am composed of nineteen letters:
My 1, 5, 14, 18, 16, was one who gave all.
My 3, 9, 7, 6, 19, rebelled against his brother.
My 12, 11, 18, 17, was a prophet.
My 10, 14, 15, 7, broke God's command.
My 15, 8, 10, 13, 2, 6, 17, laid on hands.
The whole is the author's name.

Answers to Puzzle Corner of July 15th.

1 To Enigma, No. 9.—Rose, Stealing, Rain, Daniel, Flour, Algebra, Hats, To die, Thunder, Darien, Light and truth, Dayton, Flint, Lafayette, Honor, Shenandoah, Hannibal, Bug. Whole—"The gates of it shall not be shut at all by day, for there shall be no night there."

2 To Word Puzzle, No. 13.—Joseph Smith.

3 To Anagram, No. 11.—"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."

MELISSA R. KERN.

4 To Scriptural Puzzle, No. 1.—Joshua. Ecclesiastes. Ruth. Uzziah. Solomon. Amos. Lamentations. Elijah. Meribbaad. Whole—Jerusalem.

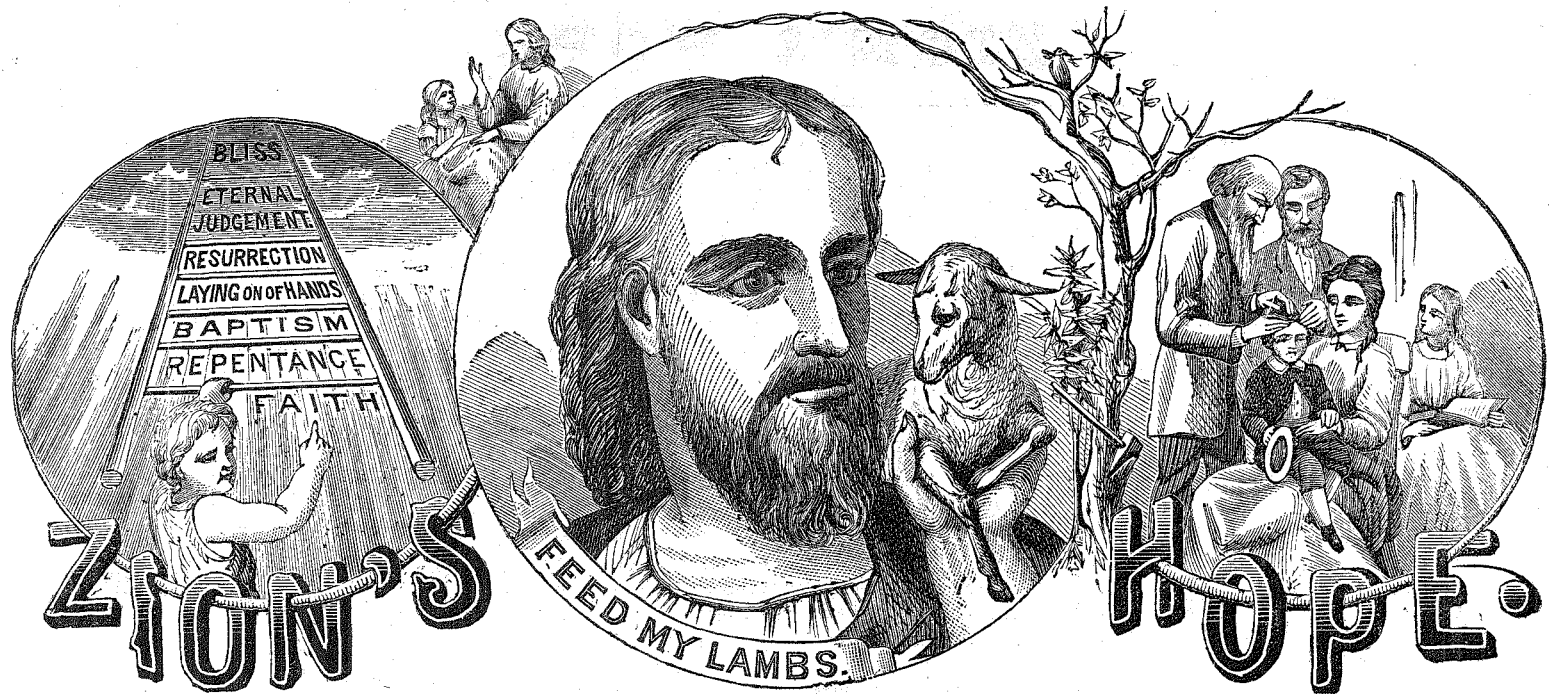
The following sent answers to the above: Isabella S. Barter, to No. 3; Flora E. Munns, 2; Vina Brand, 3; Maggie Evans, 2.

15 August 77.

A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue. Owing to the fact that we make nothing on the *Hope* we would like to see subscriptions paid up as early as possible, and delinquent ones especially. With the small margin to work upon, the cost of paper and postage for papers sent on credit for a few issues or for months, forces us as a general rule to discontinue sending it when the time is out, at which we hope no one will take offence but watch this notice hereafter for the blue mark.

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

Vol. 9.

PLANO, KENDALL CO., ILL., SEPTEMBER 1, 1877.

No. 5.

EDITORIAL CHAT.

We welcome a new writer to our pages, MYRTLE GREY, the opening chapters of whose story we give in this issue, and we commend it to the Hopes, and to all who read our paper, for its lessons of home life and government, as well as for its Bible doctrine and teachings of the faith of the Church of Christ. The familiar truths taught, and the circumstances by which a family was brought to a knowledge of, and obedience to the gospel of Christ, will make it of interest to all; for all can remember like events, either in their lives or in those of others, of coming out of darkness into the light. We welcome Sister Myrtle and hope to be favored with more when this is done. This one will occupy three or four numbers more.

OH WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD?

[Abraham Lincoln's Favorite Poem.]

O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift, fleeting meteor, a fast flying cloud.
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
Man passes from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around and together be laid,
And the young and the old, and the low and high,
Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved,
The mother that infant's affection who proved,
The husband that mother and infant who blessed,
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,
Shone the beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by;
And the memory of those who loved her and praised,
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne:
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn;
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depth of the grave.

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap;
The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up the steep;
The beggar who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint who enjoyed the communion of heaven;
The sinner who dreaded to remain unforgiven;
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flower or the weed,
That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude come, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same that our fathers have been;
We see the same sights our fathers have seen;
We drink the same stream and view the same sun;
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think;
From the death we are shrinking our fathers would shrink;
To the life we are clinging they also would cling;
But it speeds from us all like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but the story we cannot unfold;
They scorned, but the hearts of the haughty are cold;
They grieved, but no wail from their slumber will come;
They joyed, but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died, aye! they died, and we things that are now,
Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
Who made in their dwelling a transient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea! hope and despondency, pleasures and pain,

We mingle together in sunshine and rain.
And the smiles and the tears, the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death;
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud—
Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

TWO HOMES.

CHAPTER I.—THE GRAHAMS.

"O DEAR!" petulantly exclaimed Mrs. Graham, "here it is nearly four o'clock, and I have so much to do; bread to bake, ironing to do, supper to get, and the children will soon be home from school, and oh, did ever woman have such a time as I have, and my head aches ready to burst! Children, children!" as a troop of noisy ones rushed into the house.

"Mother, Charlie's got my string and won't let me have it.

"I 'aint neither, its mine."

"Mother, make Sam behave!"

"Sam, what are you doing?"

"Well she won't let me be."

"Such a noise! Get out of the house every one of you, and don't let me see you again till supper time! Here, Lida, you fetch in some chips, and Sam, you go and get an armfull of wood."

"She told us to clear out, every one of us," shouted Charlie, "come on Sam."

"Me too," and "Me too," and the four scampered off pell mell. "Oh such children, they will be the death of me yet!" And poor Mrs. Graham sank down in a chair, holding her aching head between her hands.

The Grahams lived in a small village in Iowa, (indeed it looked more like a collection of small farms, than a village), where Mary Barnes, an orphan, had been the village dress-maker, before James Graham, the young carpenter, had asked her to share his lot, and where, after their marriage, they had "settled down" in a small house, built by James himself at odd times; and now, at the beginning of our acquaintance with them, they had four children, the oldest, Charlie, a mischievous boy of twelve years, Lida a bright-eyed girl of ten, Samuel commonly called Sam, seven years, and Nellie, a pretty little girl, five years of age, comprising a family of as noisy and boisterous a set of girls and boys as was ever our lot to see.

"Yes, there they go," sighed the poor mother, "I never can get any help from them, but if I must do everything myself, I must, I suppose," and, trying to work as fast as her weary limbs and aching head would allow, she was just setting the table as Mr. Graham came home for his supper.

"Just as usual," he exclaimed, "supper not ready yet, chairs in the middle of the house, the floor not swept since"—He stopped as he caught sight of his wife's pale face, for he had a kind heart despite his roughness; but the cares of the world, had made him careless of her comfort. "Why don't you have Lida help you? she's getting old enough to be of some help."

"I tried to, but they all ran off to play, and I was glad to get rid of them,—they make so much noise."

"Mother, is supper ready?" shouted Sam, as the four bounded in.

"Mother, Lida tore her dress while jumping off the fence."

"Charlie pushed me off, he did."

"Silence! go there to the table and eat your suppers, and not another word out of your heads!" thundered Mr. Graham.

This command was obeyed quickly enough, for they all stood in fear of their father's temper, which of late years, was roused on every little occasion. Supper over, Mr. Graham rose from the table, and, muttering something about "the Post Office," he went out, closing the door after him with a bang.

Well did Mary Graham know, and begin to dread his coming home from the "Post Office;" for sometimes not till twelve o'clock would she hear his unsteady step, as he came up the walk. "To drown trouble," he told his friends, when they remonstrated with him for such bad habits. How much trouble, do you suppose, your wife has to drown, because of your conduct, James Graham?

CHAPTER II.—THE BARTONS.

"There goes James Graham. I'm afraid he is getting a little unsteady in his habits lately. I'm very sorry, men like him, when they begin to go down hill, are hard to stop," said Mr. Barton to his wife as they sat in their pleasant sitting room, after supper, while Eva, their eldest daughter, nine years old, was washing dishes, and Cora, the younger, seven years, was learning to wipe them.

"Poor, Mary, I pity her! And those children, how careless she has been with them," said Mrs. Barton.

"Not careless, I think, but rather not firm enough with them when they were little."

"Yes, I know, for she has often told me she does not see why her children can not mind, like mine. She says she can not manage hers, for the younger ones follow the example of the older ones; and taking them all together—well, I sincerely pity Mary Graham."

"You know, Agnes, that ours have had differ-

ent training. We are both in the Church, and trying to lead careful and prayerful lives, whereas their children never even go to Sunday School, and I doubt about there being a Bible in the house."

"I've often tried to get her to bring them to Church, but she is so prejudiced, she will hardly listen when I talk about Church."

"Well, I hope something may happen to snatch them as it were, as brands from the burning. Just keep on trying, but deal gently with her. Go and see her often, give her a word of encouragement here, a word of advice there, if she will take it, little by little you know."

"Yes, I'll try, for I always liked Mary when we were girls, and I'll try to draw her near the truth, but I must be careful how I do it, for she is so proud."

"Well," said Mr. Barton rising, "I must go back to the shop to finish a piece of work, and when Harry comes in, send him down, I've a little work for him to do."

Mr. Barton was a cooper by trade, and owned a small shop in the village, where he earned enough to support his family comfortably. Harry their eldest a bright boy of eleven years, went to school, and, after school was out for the day, he went on errands for his mother and made himself generally useful, and had plenty of time to play, for half of his work was play, if sister Cora was with him, he said.

Mrs. Barton was still sitting where her husband left her, when Harry came into the room quietly, hat in hand; "Do you want anything more, mamma?" "No, my son, but your father wants you to go to the shop to help him a little while," answered Mrs. Barton pleasantly.

"He wants me to carry away the shavings I guess; may I take Cora with me?"

"If you will take good care of her. She is in the kitchen with Eva. Now go, and be a good boy."

"Yes, mamma."

"Poor Mary! how easy it is to manage children, if we only begin rightly. I will run down and see her a little while," and she stepped into the kitchen "to see to things" as she said, "Why, Eva, you have everything done so nicely; you make a good little house-keeper."

Eva blushed with pleasure, and inwardly resolved to *always* do her best.

"I am going to see Mrs. Graham a few moments. Do you wish to go too? Or is there something else you would like to do better?" as she saw a wistful look on her daughter's face.

"Yes, mamma, I would like to go well enough; but I have a new *Hope*, you know, and I want to make out that anagram."

"O, I see, you want to be the first to answer it," said her mother smiling. "I'll not be gone long."

MYRTLE GREY.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LETTER FROM BRO. IRA.

DEAR HOPES:—I have been thinking for some time that I would write you a few words of encouragement, but I have procrastinated under the plea that I did not know what to say to you; thus time has passed and I have not as yet made an effort. But I now introduce myself to you, and hope that our acquaintance may be a mutual benefit, that we may strengthen and encourage each other to continue to the end of the race, and that we may become valiant soldiers of the Cross, and be ever found at our respective posts, faithfully performing our duties, and boldly standing as witnesses for our Master.

Dear Hopes, I am glad that I have cast my lot with the people of God, and truly I love the Saints, Zion's Hopes included. I read our beloved paper in which I take a lively interest, especially in the correspondence, and I feel to thank God that we have such a multitude of Hopes, those who are training themselves to become soldiers of the Cross, and may he grant that you may

never bring a reproach upon the cause which you have embraced, but rather that you may live a consistent and exemplary life, letting your light so shine before the world that your young companions may take knowledge of you that you have been with Christ, and have learned of him. That you may thus be the means, in the hands of God, of bringing many precious souls to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, is the prayer of your brother in the new and everlasting covenant,

IRA F. KINGSBURY.

GILROY, California.

NEVER SATISFIED.

ALMOST universally there appears to be a tidal-wave of dissatisfaction, distressing the wide-spread offspring of our father Adam. Every breeze seems to be freighted with the murmuring sound, finding ready vehicles to carry the unwelcome tidings to every heart, gathering strength, and preparing itself for the final contest and overthrow; the closing scene of which, even now trembles upon the threshold of time, when He, who suffered on the cross, as a Saint, slain without offering a word of complaint, keeping good his promise and *our* hope, to return in *power* and *great glory*, making proclamation of peace, and ushering in a reign of supreme good, to all who will faithfully observe to do the Master's *will*, and abide in "the faith once delivered to the Saints."

FELIX.

THE FIRST LIE.

"HARRY, run down to Kelley's and get me two spools, Nos. 80 and 100. I think it will be fifteen cents; but here are twenty—they may be ten cents apiece."

Harry Cloud took the money and ran on the errand, bright and happy as he always was.

"I always buy my thread by the box or dozen, so I do not know the price of a single spool or two," Mrs. Cloud remarked to a friend, as she resumed her sewing.

In a short time Harry came in, threw the thread into his mother's lap and turned to go out.

"The money was right?" questioned Mrs. Cloud.

Harry gave a nod and went out to his play. What was the matter?

He could not strike a ball and make a good hit, and forgot when his turn came—the idea of a boy forgetting to watch the ball—he was the champion player of the neighborhood, too.

His companions remarked his absent-mindedness and wondered at it.

At the supper table his cheerful voice and bright sallies were sadly missed.

"What is the matter Harry? Anything gone wrong at school?" his father asked.

"No, sir," Harry replied, startled half out of his chair.

"Are you sick?" inquired his mother, who had been busy with the tea, and had not noticed his melancholy face before.

Harry's eyes dropped; those eyes usually so frank and true.

"No'm," he replied, leaving the table soon after.

The parents questioned each other without light.

Harry tried to study. He grew more and more uneasy. His mother watched and grew alarmed.

When faithful Chloe came in to replenish the coal in the grate, she stood a moment with her arms akimbo looking at Harry.

He knew her gaze was upon him, and he flushed and paled alternately.

"Dat chile has taken a sebere col', dat's wots de matter; he had better hab his feet soaked an' a flannel wet in turpentine 'round his neck 'fore eber he lays his head down, else you'll be called up wid croup or 'tremens."

Harry was a favorite from a baby, and nothing was trouble that was done for him.

"I do not need it, good Chloe; I haven't a

cold or *tremens*, I hope." And Harry smiled for the first time that evening.

Chloe muttered something about putting off sending for a doctor too long, as she went back to her kitchen.

Harry sat for some time with his grammar wrong side up, and did not know it; but his mother saw the back of it, and knew Harry must be very much out of his usual self to do such a thing as that.

After another restless half hour he put his books together in his usual orderly manner.

"Good-night, papa," he said, trying to assume his cheerfulness.

"Good-night; you are leaving us early." Mr. Cloud resumed his paper.

Not so the mother.

She dropped her work in her lap, her eyes followed her unhappy boy. When he kissed her he whispered,

"Come to my room."

She followed silently.

As soon as the door was closed Harry threw his arms around his mamma's neck and exclaimed:

"Oh, I cannot live this way."

Mrs. Cloud looked alarmed.

"I have deceived you, mamma; made you believe a lie."

"What is it? Tell me all, Harry. I thought there was something wrong," replied Mrs. Cloud, tearfully.

"It seems such a little thing, yet how it has distressed me. I felt as though a great weight hung upon my heart, it is so heavy. The thread, you know, mamma, it was only fifteen cents, I let you think it was twenty. I spent the other five, and thought as you expected it would be twenty it was no matter; but I would not suffer so again for a hundred dollars. It was a little sin, but a great penalty." Harry cried in real anguish.

"I am so glad you told me; you see 'the way of the transgressor is hard,' and 'the wages of sin is death.' Let this be a warning to you for all your life."

"You will forgive me?" asked Harry.

"Yes, darling, and there is another."

"I know; I will ask Him, too, to forgive me. But it hurt so, mamma, because you have often said I never told you a lie, and to think I should begin in so small a matter as five cents to deceive you."

"Little sins lead to great ones. If you had passed this over it would have been easier for you next time, and so on until your conscience would have been hardened and your soul ruined."

Harry was asleep when Chloe crept up-stairs and listened to his breathing a long time. Then she knelt down and prayed that God would spare his life and keep him from sinfulness. She mistrusted something was wrong, whether soul or body she could not tell. Harry did not hear her prayer, nor the promise of the brownest, lightest buckwheat cake in the morning.

Harry is a man now, and he thanks God that He troubled him and would not let him pass his first lie without repentance.—*Eliza Gilbert Hurd, in Christian Union.*

A GOOD DAUGHTER.

THERE are other ministers of love more conspicuous than a good daughter, but none in which a gentler, lovelier spirit dwells, and none to which the heart's warm requitals more joyfully respond. She is the steady light of the father's house. Her idea is indissolubly connected with that of his happy fireside. She is his morning sun and evening star. The grace, vivacity, and tenderness of her sex have their place in the mighty sway which she holds over his spirit. The lessons of recorded wisdom which he reads with her eyes, come to his mind with a new charm, as blended with the beloved melody of her voice. He scarcely knows a weariness which her song

does not make him forget, or gloom which is proof against the young brightness of her smile. She is the pride and ornament of his hospitality, the gentle nurse of his sickness, and the constant agent of those nameless, numberless acts of kindness which one chiefly cares to have rendered, because they are unpretending, but expressive proofs of love.—*Selected.*

IMPOLITE THINGS.

WE give a few of those impolite things in which young people render themselves disagreeable;—

- 1st. Loud and boisterous laughter.
- 2d. Reading when others are talking.
- 3d. Reading aloud in company without being asked.
- 4th. Talking when others are reading.
- 5th. Leaving a church before public worship is closed.
- 6th. Whispering or laughing in church.
- 7th. Gazing rudely at strangers.
- 8th. Leaving a stranger without a seat.
- 9th. A want of reverence and respect for old people.
- 10th. Correcting persons older than yourself, especially parents.
- 11th. Receiving a present without an expression of gratitude.
- 12th. Making yourself the hero of your story.
- 13th. Laughing at the mistakes of others.
- 14th. Joking of others in company.
- 15th. Commencing to talk before others have finished speaking.
- 16th. Answering questions that have been put to others.
- 17th. Commencing to eat as soon as you get to the table.
- 18th. Whispering in company.—*Selected.*

THE CAMPHOR TREE.

ONE of the most useful and magnificent productions of the vegetable kingdom that enriches China, and more particularly the province of Kiang-si and Canton, is the camphor tree. This stupendous laurel, which often adorns the banks of the rivers, was in several places found by Lord Amherst's embassy above fifty feet high, with its stem twenty feet in circumference. The Chinese themselves affirm that it sometimes attains the height of more than three hundred feet and a circumference greater than the extended arms of twenty men could embrace.

Camphor is obtained from the branches by steeping them, while fresh cut, in water for two or three days, and then boiling them till the gum, in the form of a white jelly, adheres to a stick which is constantly used in stirring the branches. The fluid is then poured into a glazed vessel, where it concretes in a few hours. To purify it the Chinese take a quantity of finely powdered earth, which they lay at the bottom of a copper basin; over this they place a layer of camphor, and then another layer of earth, and so on until the vessel is nearly filled, the last or topmost layer being of earth. They cover this last layer with the leaves of a plant called po-ho, which seems to be a species of mentha (mint).

They now insert a second basin over the first, and make it air-tight by luting. The whole is then submitted to the action of a regulated fire for certain length of time, and then left to cool gradually. On separating the vessels the camphor is found to have sublimed, and to have adhered to the upper basin. Repetitions of the same process complete its refinement. Besides yielding this valuable ingredient the camphor tree is one of the principal timber trees of China, and is used not only in building but in most articles of furniture. The wood is dry and of a light color, and although light and easy to work, is durable and not liable to be injured by insects.

Frowns blight young children as frosty nights blight plants.

ADVICE TO YOUNG FOLKS.

BETAKE yourself to some honest, industrious way of life, and that not because you are covetous, but as an example and to avoid idleness. And when you are of age sufficient to change your condition and to seek a companion, make a choice with the knowledge and consent of your parents, if living, or of your guardians, or of those who have the charge of you. Mind neither beauty nor riches, but seek a sweet and amiable disposition, such as you can love above all others, such a one as may make your habitation pleasant and desirable. And being married, be gentle, affectionate and patient. Live in the fear of the Lord, and he will bless you and your children.

Be sure to live within your means. Ruin not yourselves by kindness to others; for that exceeds the due bounds of friendship, neither will a true friend expect it, yet accommodate and do good to all you can. Let your industry and economy go no further than to gain sufficient for life, and to make some provision for your children, and that in moderation. I charge you, help the poor and needy; let the Lord have a voluntary share of your income for the good of the poor, whether they are of our society or of others, remembering that "he that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord," and that we are all his creatures. Know well your income and then you may better regulate your expenses. Love not money nor the things of the world, but use them only as you need, and they will serve you; but if you love them then you are their servants, and this will debase your life as well as be offensive to the Lord.

Pity the distressed and hold out a hand of help to them. As you mete to others, God will mete to you again. Be humble and gentle in your conversation, of few words, I charge you, but always in place when you speak, hearing others out before you attempt to answer, and then speaking as if you would persuade, not command. Offend none, neither revenge the affronts that are given to you, but rather forgive, and you shall be forgiven of your heavenly Father. Consider well first in making friends, and when you are fixed be true, not changing because of reports, nor deserting in affliction, for that becomes not the good and the virtuous. Watch against anger, neither speaking nor acting in it; for, like drunkenness, it makes a man a beast, and throws people into great trouble, and makes you unloved.

Avoid flatterers for they are thieves in disguise; their praise is costly, as they design to make something of those they flatter; they lie to flatter and flatter to cheat; and, which is worse, if you believe them, you cheat yourselves most dangerously.

But the virtuous though they be poor, you should love, cherish, and befriend. Remember David's question in the fifteenth Psalm, "Lord who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill?" and the answer was, "He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart. He that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbor, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbor. In whose eyes a vile person is contemned; but he honoreth them that fear the Lord."

Be temperate in all things; in your diet, for that is medicine by prevention, as it makes and keeps people healthy, and their posterity sound. This is exclusive of the spiritual advantage it brings.

Be also plain in your apparel; keep out that lust which reigns over some too much; let your virtues be your ornaments, remembering life is more than food, and the body than raiment. Let your furniture be simple and cheap; avoiding pride, avarice, and luxury. Make your conversation with those eminent for wisdom and virtue, and shun all wicked men and women.

Be sure you speak no evil of any, no, not of the meanest; much less of your superiors, as

rulers, guardians, tutors, teachers, and Elders in Christ. Be not busy-bodies; meddle not with other people's affairs, only when in conscience and by duty pressed, for otherwise it procures trouble, besides being ill-mannered, and very unbecoming. Remember the integrity of Abraham, Moses, and Joshua, before the Lord, and do according to their example. Let the worship and the service of the Lord be taught and encouraged in your houses, and also that plainness, sobriety and moderation in all things, as becometh God's chosen people; and, as I advise you, beloved children, so do you counsel your children, if God should give you any, so that they may love and serve him with an upright heart, for which he will bless you and yours from generation to generation. Finally I do charge you before the Lord, and before his holy angels, that you be humble, diligent, and tender; fearing God, loving the good, and hating covetousness. Let justice have its impartial way, and the law free course; and though to your loss, protect no man against it; for you are not above the law, but the law above you. Live, therefore, such lives yourselves as you would have others live, and then you have the right and the courage to punish the transgressor. Keep upon the right, for God sees you; therefore, do your duty, and be sure you see with your own eyes and hear with your own ears what you receive. Entertain no watchers or spies, cherish no informers or tattler for revenge, use no tricks, and no devices to support injustice, or to cover it over, but let your hearts be upright before the Lord, trusting in him above the institutions of men, and none shall be able to hurt or supplant you.—*Selected by Sister Mary A. Atwell.*

"ONE THING THOU LACKEST."

CREDIT is usually accorded to him who spake as man never spake, as being the author of the above saying. Our every day life, illustrates the truthfulness of the same, and sometimes simple transactions, or an incidental word or deed, manifests our faultiness and God's complete symmetrical arrangements for every want of all his handiwork. To show out this fact in a clearer light, we will recite the following funny story: There is a wandering genius around who has for sale an article described by him to the public in a loud tone as follows.—

"Gentlemen, a British nobleman invented this article, and he spent eighteen years thinking and experimenting over it. You will observe that it is a glass-cutter, a can-opener, a knife-sharpener, a scissor-sharpener, a jack-knife, a nail-cleaner, and a bread-knife combined. It is light, durable, compact, beautiful, and convenient, and the price is only twenty-five cents. Who takes the next?"

The foregoing graphic description of this wonderful little machine, was being sung out by the vender at the rate of "fourteen to the dozen," when a granger approached, and asked to inspect one of the articles. The man explains its merits and uses, commented on its different uses, and added, "You want one, of course?" "I guess not," said the farmer. "Why?" "O, it don't seem to be of much use." "Great spoons! Haven't I explained to you that it can be used for eight different purposes?" "What more can you ask?" "Wall, it seems to me that you ought to have a corn-sheller hitched on to it somewhere!" slowly replied the agriculturalist, and he laid it down and walked away. Most people might consider that the farmer, was a very unreasonable man, but I am inclined to a reverse opinion, and think that he acted wisely, not to purchase because of the many flattering recommendations offered, but to reserve his money, for something of more utility.

This reminds me of one of Benjamin Franklin's sayings to young men, "Never buy anything you don't need, because it is cheap." Lest I might intrude upon the space, allowed to more able contributors of *Zion's Hope*, I close praying for the good of all who take an interest in training the

young minds, who shortly must become the standard bearers and the rank and file of Zion's noble host. Let us seek that it can not be truthfully said of us, "One thing thou lackest."

FELIX.

A POWDER-MILL.

A POWDER-MILL is not in the least like other mills. Instead of one great building, it is composed of many rough-looking sheds,—some times as many as seventy or eighty. These are long distances apart, separated by dense woods and great mounds of earth, so that if one "house" is blown up, the others will escape a like fate. Of some the walls are built very strong, and the roofs very slight, in the hope that if an explosion happens its force will be expended upward only. Other houses have enormous roofs of masonry covered with earth; the roofs of others are tanks always kept full of water.

The constant danger inseparable from the work would be greatly increased were there not strict rules, always enforced. No cautious visitor can be more careful than the workmen themselves, for they know, if an explosion happens, it will be certain, instant death to them. So no lights or fires are ever allowed; no one lives nearer the mills than can be helped; some of the buildings are carpeted with skins, and the floors are kept always flooded with an inch or two of water; and in front of every door is a shallow tank of water. Before entering, every person puts on rubber shoes and walk through this water, for the nails in a boot-heel might strike a spark from a bit of sand of gravel, which might explode a single grain of gun-powder, and cause widespread disaster. So the rubber shoes worn in the mills are never worn elsewhere. Then, too, every one is expected to keep his wits about him; there is never any loud talking or laughter, and no one ever thinks of shouting. Yet, with all this extreme care, explosions sometimes occur, and then there is seldom any one left to tell how it happened.—*St. Nicholas for July.*

LITTLE FOXES.

ONE little fox is "By-and-by." If you track him you come to his hole—never.

Another little fox is "I Can't." You had better set on him an active plucky little thing, "I Can" by name. It does wonders.

A third little fox is "No Use in trying." He has spoiled more vines, and hindered the growth of more fruit, than many a worse-looking enemy.

A fourth little fox is "I Forgot." He is a great cheat. He slips through your fingers like time. He is seldom caught up with.

Fifth little fox is "Don't Care." Oh, the mischief he has done!

Sixth little fox is "No Matter." It is matter whether your life is spoiled by small faults.

SUCCESS.—Boys and young men sometimes start out in life with the idea that one's success depends on sharpness and chicanery. They imagine, that if a man is able always to "get the best of a bargain," no matter by what deceit and meanness he carries his point, that his prosperity is assured. This is a great mistake. Enduring prosperity cannot be found in cunning and dishonesty. The tricky and deceitful man is sure to fall a victim, soon or late, to the influences which are forever working against him. His house is built upon the sand, and its foundation will be certain to give way.

"Why," asked a governess of her little charge, "do we pray God to give us our daily bread? Why don't we ask for four or five days?" "We want it fresh," replied the ingenious child.

Children that are remarkable for what they know at five years old, are generally more remarkable at twenty-five for what they don't know.

Time well employed is Satan's deadliest foe; it leaves no opening for the lurking friend.

Correspondence.

IONE VALLEY, Amador Co., California,

August 5th, 1877.

Dear Brethren Joseph and Henry:—I send my love to you and to all the Hopes and Saints of the latter days. I read the letters in the *Hope* very carefully, and I remember before the Lord those that duty requires me to pray for. I get some one that can read faster to read the long letters for me. Dear Hopes, I think that we should all pray for each other, that the Lord may give us sufficient of his Holy Spirit so that we may endure the trials and temptations that we have to pass through, and that he may help us to live aright and become sowers of the word. In these days many are blinded by false doctrines, but, if the truth was explained to them, so that they could understand it, some might believe. Many who do hear the truth are ashamed of it, but the Savior will also be ashamed of them, when he comes. It matters not to us who believes or who disbelieves, but to keep the commandment: Go forth and preach. We know that they who hear the truth and turn away from it, will have condemnation and evil happen to them; while they who hear the truth and obey it, are relieved of their afflictions. My mother, my brother, and myself were all relieved of afflictions, when we were baptized. An old man here says that he helped to drive the Mormons out of Nauvoo. Since that he has had his left eye put out, two of his left ribs broken, his left thumb cut off, and his left leg broken, and I think he was a left sided man. [He may find himself left out, too.]—Eds.

E. T. DAWSON.

BUFFALO PRAIRIE, Ills, August 31st, 1877.

Dear Hopes:—I will improve a few leisure moments writing for the *Hope*. I often think how glad I would be if I could have the privilege of seeing you; but, as I cannot, it is a pleasure to read your letters, for it is through the columns of the *Hope* and *Herald* that we hear from different parts of the world, how the work of Christ is advancing, and how many are hungering after the truths of the gospel. We may, therefore, strive to let our light shine, and do all the good we can while we have the opportunity. I feel that I often live beneath the blessings of God that I might enjoy, by being forgetful of his commandments. Let us strive to live more watchful and prayerful, and to overcome all our imperfections, for we know the time is near at hand when Christ will be seen coming in the clouds of heaven, and O, may we be found ready to meet him at any time. And when before the judgment throne we stand, may it be our lot to hear the glad tidings "Well done thou good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of thy Lord." My love to all the Hopes,

C. M. EPPERLY.

CANTON, Illinois, Aug., 20th, 1877.

Dear Hopes:—I will try and tell you something about our Sabbath School. We have about forty scholars and teachers, and every scholar receives a little card every Sabbath, and when we have five small ones we receive one reward card, and when we have five reward cards we receive a present of a nice little book. We have a penny collection every Sabbath, and those wishing to give to help our Sabbath School have the privilege of doing so, and the money that is collected is sent to buy *Hopes*, so that each family connected with the Sabbath School receives the *Hope* regularly. Uncle Mark Forscutt was here last week and preached twice. We always love to have him come and visit us, and would like to see him often. I hope that he may always be a faithful servant, and bring many souls into the Church of God. I have been a member of the Church almost three years, and hope I may live faithful to the end.

ROSA B. REYZEA.

CHARLES CITY, Floyd County, Iowa,

August 9th, 1877.

Dear Hopes:—I am sixteen years old. In the *Hope* of June first, I read about "Laura and Helen," and I thought it a real good piece, and I think all of the Hopes are good. Last week Mr. Lambert was in Charles City, and he stopped at one of our neighbors', and we had a meeting there. I never heard a man preach so well in my life. I am not a member of your Church, but I think I shall be soon. Our neighbors say that Mr. Kelley is a coming here sometime this week, and if he does we will have a meeting of our own. Dear Hopes, I wish I could see you all. If Mr. Kelley don't come please send some Elder here. Good bye, dear Hopes,

JENNIE COMSTOCK.

CORTLAND, DeKalb Co., Illinois,

August 12th, 1877.

Uncle Henry:—I have taken the *Hope* about three years, and I think it is one of the best papers I ever read, I love the principles it teaches. I want to do right and be a Christian. I am now in my fifteenth year. My mother died when I was about five years old. She was a Latter Day Saint, and I hope to be one. I have not been baptized yet, but intend to be soon.

Will you not pray for me that I may be a true Saint? This from a lover of the *Hope*,

DAVID A. CALHOON.

EMSWORTH, Penn., Aug., 11th, 1877.

Dear Hopes:—I want to be baptized this summer, if I can, and I have a sister and brother younger than myself who want to be baptized too, and we want to have it done all together if we can. Dear Hopes, pray for me that I may be a better girl in the future, for I feel that I need them, and we all do. My mother and my two older brothers belong to the Church, but my dear father does not. I hope that he may some day. I do not know what I would do without the *Hope*. Your friend,

CORA A. RICHARDSON.

Puzzle Corner.

Answers in One Month.

WORD PUZZLE.—No. 16.

My first is in judge but not in bee.
My second is in north but not in tree.
My third is in Joseph but not in brave.
My fourth is in danger but not in save.
My fifth is in morning but not in night.
My sixth is in time but not in sight.
My seventh is in earth but not in fast.
My eighth is in burn but not in last.
My ninth is in orange also in reel.
My tenth is in scythe but not in wheel.
My whole is the name of a servant of God.

WILLIAM R. CADMAN.

ANAGRAM.—No. 14.

Nigk Aivds'd bismel erew yreaw. Eh adh eldf
Ormf raf Slesjreum dna onw eh ostod,
Nopu eht reosh fo Danroj. Het thigl diwn
Fo norm aws rginisair nda eh drebba sih worb
Ot sit hginsrerfe thearb; rof eh adh norw
Eht renourm's nioerogve, dna eh dah ton etif
Ath eh oulde esse sih leopep lintu won.
Yeth trdehgae dunor imh no eht heefr nereg nakb
Dna poske reitl ldyknf sowdr; adn, sa eht nus
Seor pu ni vaenhe, eh telnk mgnoa emth ehre
Adn wob'd sih aedh nopu ihs sanhd ot arpy.

Aliju Serft,

ENIGMA.—No. 12.

I am composed of eighteen letters.
My 1, 16, 3, 11, the name of a pretty valley in California.
My 5, 2, 12, 6, one whom the Lord loved.
My 15, 13, 14, 9, 10, was one of God's wonderful works.
My 17, 18, 4, is a boy's nick-name.
My 7, 8, 3, is what we use in warm weather.
My whole were words of our Saviour.

L. E. HUTCHINGS.

Answers to Puzzle Corner of August 1st.

- 1 To Word Puzzle, No. 14.—Zachariah Martin.
 - 2 To Anagram, No. 12.—
Knowledge and wisdom far from being one,
Have oftimes no connection. Knowledge dwells,
In heads replete with thoughts of other men;
Wisdom, in minds attentive to their own.
Knowledge a rude, unprofitable mass,
The mere materials with which wisdom builds,
Till smoothed, and squared, and fitted to its place
Does but encumber whom it seems to enrich!
Knowledge is proud that he had learned so much;
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.
- CYNTHIA H. KENNICOTT.
- 3 To puzzle No. 7.—One had five and the other seven sheep.
 - 4 To Enigma, No. 10.—Herod. Ruth. Noah. Annie. Martha. Whole—Hannah Edith Monroe.
C. L. Tignor sent correct answer to No. 3. No other answers received.

Devote each day to the object then in time, and every evening will find something done.

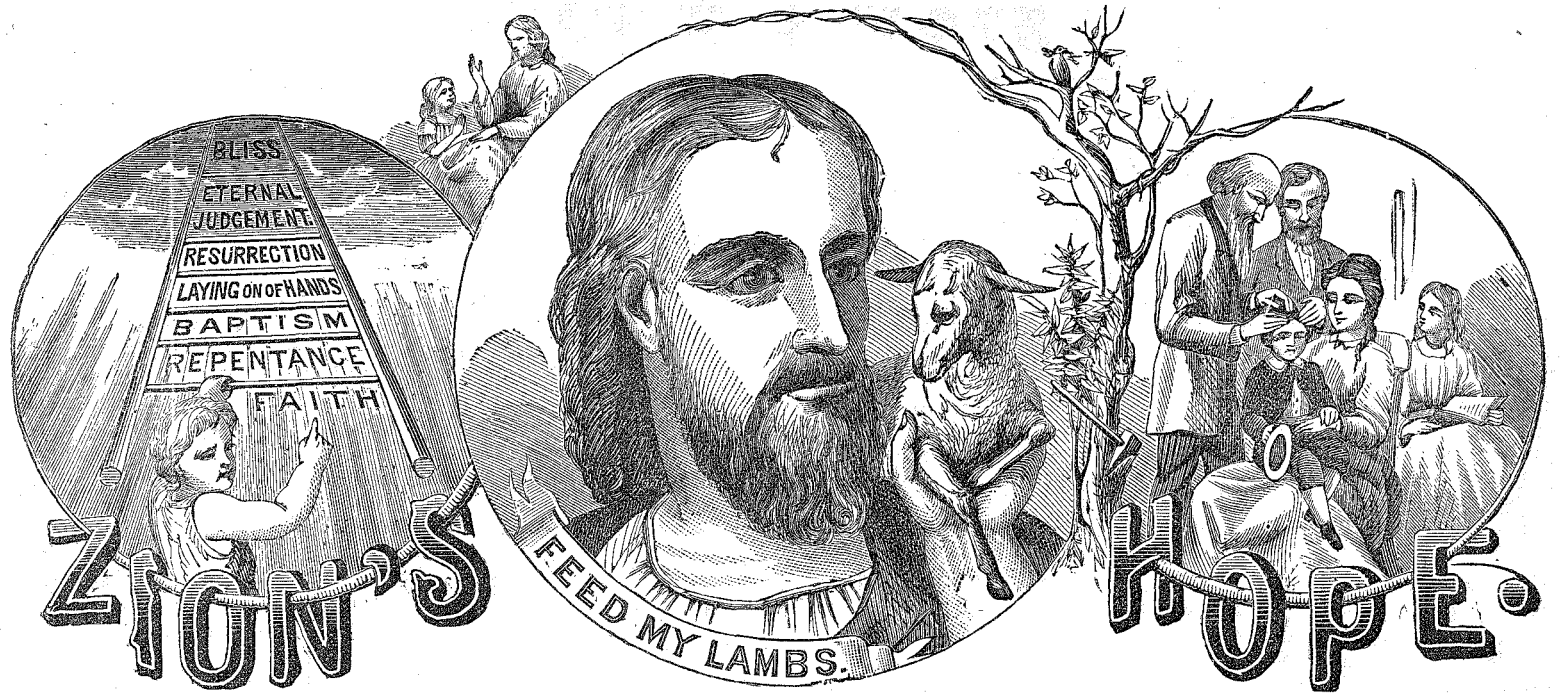
1 September 77.

A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue. Owing to the fact that we make nothing on the *Hope* we would like to see subscriptions paid up as early as possible, and delinquent ones especially. With the small margin to work upon, the cost of paper and postage for papers sent on credit for a few issues or for months, forces us as a general rule to discontinue sending it when the time is out, at which we hope no one will take offence but watch this notice hereafter for the blue mark.

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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. 9.

PLANO, KENDALL CO., ILL., SEPTEMBER 15, 1877.

No. 6.

HOLD THE FAITH.

Air.—Hold the Fort.

O, my comrades, hear the bugle,
Sounding in the air,
Gird your armors, be ye ready,
For the fight prepare.

CHORUS.

Hold the faith, and we will conquer,
Jesus is our guide;
He will lead us on to vict'ry
Though the world deride.

Hark! the drums are loudly beating,
Banners are unfurl'd;
Volunteers too are enlisting
Over all the world.

See our captains are proclaiming
The great battle plan;
To all nations, to all people,
And to ev'ry man.

Let us bravely take our weapons,
March into the field;
'Till the enemies of Zion
From conviction yield.

Soon the battle will be ended,
Persecution cease;
We will see our guide and Savior,
Hail him Prince of Peace.

On the verdant plains of Zion
We'll be free from woe;
And the Saints will reign in triumph
Over ev'ry foe.

DAVID G. THOMAS.

FROM THE CRADLE TO THE GRAVE.

At first we are but helpless, senseless charges upon the hands of our mother or guardian, cooed to and talked to, but in return, only shaking our chubby little fist, and bobbing our head about to be laughed at, and be called cute and pretty. All this is extremely nice, but as our lives are continued, and as the years grow apace, we become an increased burden of care, by reason of the fact that our wants and wishes grow with our years, and our tongues and hands are often employed to the annoyance of those who have the watchcare over us.

At this stage of life's journey we hear such expressions as follows, "You are a naughty, dirty little thing," "The most mischievous child I ever saw," and very many more and much harsher expressions, also. But these mild ones answer our purpose in illustrating and pointing out the expressions that are constantly sounded in the ears of children, until we become so familiar with such talk that it passes unnoticed as the wind; therefore to obtain an obedience, one of two evils becomes a necessity, harsher words or else the lash; and sometimes both have to be used, and

the result sometimes varies very much in its nature.

Our school days now commence, and outside of our romps, picnics, celebrations and examinations, there is only the tedious humdrum of committing and reciting our numerous lessons, with only now and then an extra effort, manifesting our ambition to obtain some proffered prize of reward. The pranks we play at school, although sometimes very funny, we will pass by, as we might be ashamed to confess that our youthful time was wasted so foolishly.

As the closing time of school approaches we indulge in extended views of ourselves and of things in general.

It is usually at this age, that we begin to grow and cultivate that prolific crop known in common parlance as "wild oats." The extent of this crop depends somewhat upon the indulgence, and financial condition of parents, as also upon education, inclination, and the opportunities of the children. No definite time can be allotted necessary to the complete planting of this crop. A few days will be ample time for some, while others reach the "last ditch," still busily engaged either in sowing or reaping this crop.

One positive truth I would impress upon the minds of all: "wild oats" always yield a large crop. In some few cases, the person planting is very mercifully permitted to harvest his own crop; but, in the majority of cases, a heritage is left to the children to complete the work, begun by the parents. "He that to the wind doth sow, of the whirlwind shall reap." Sad, bitter experience, as a rule, can only teach the truthfulness of the above lesson.

One additional step in our journey brings the season when there is a dreamy, faltering uncertainty attending our every word, thought and action, till Cupid, the god of love, has touched two hearts, and made them feel kindly to each other, and to have in view a unity of object, where, arriving at an understanding, they can rest in the blissful arms of joy, thankful that "more than two are not company."

Then the immediate friends of the twain are apprised of the desire and intention of the lovers, the day is set and arrangements are made, and friends, companions, and one with the administering authority, meet together: The plighting words of fealty are given to each other, the binding words of authority are pronounced, the benediction is given, and the two are made one for life. Then follows the bestowal of congratulations, parental blessings and the banquet, and the nuptial ceremonies are consummated.

The next thing in order, will be the spending

of what little cash there may be on hand during the honey-moon.

After this the parties find themselves face to face with realities of life. Now, we are thrown upon our own resources, to battle with the world for a livelihood, to be encouraged by success and depressed by adversity, to rejoice in health and to be cast down by sickness. Thus the accumulation of years augments our responsibilities, and we climb the hill of life even until the zenith of our glory rests upon us as a mantle, and our hearts in deep humility offer up a humble, fervent thanksgiving that, through all the changes of life, our barque has carried us safely through, notwithstanding so many contrary winds.

A few more changes and our life's labor will be done. Whistle on the brakes, for the down grade is reached. Our children have become what we were to others, objects of our constant care. This one is a loved daughter, and many are the snares set by wicked persons to do her harm. At best our minds are alive to dread and fear for her protection and well being, until she has made her choice, and becomes the care of some one whom we have confidence in and respect for.

Another is a bright boy, one of good promise, and we watch with just pride the development of nature, and hasten to improve the opportunities for the advancement of his best interests. Per-adventure he is a little wild and wayward, not always complying with our wishes, remaining out with company whom we rather he would avoid, and the clock upon the mantel tells that the noon of night has come, but not our boy. Then we begin to feel sad and uneasy, thoughts of evil and danger gather thick and fast, and the unbidden tear-drops trickle down our sad and weary cheeks. But at last he comes, and we find a relief at his return, for, notwithstanding his condition, we still love, labor and pray for his protection and welfare. Should our labors be rewarded, oh how we rejoice, until pen cannot indite, nor tongue express our gratitude of love; language is inadequate to speak the thankfulness we feel to God for the plenitude of his mercy.

Thus the thorny path we continue to walk, glad to obtain here and there a bright ray of sunlight or a simple flower of beauty and fragrance to cheer us on our journey, for anon we discover that our powers are surrendering to time. The cares of life, have set heavily upon us, and our feebleness now appears, warning us of the final end. The mind is not so faithful as it once was; the foot step is not so elastic or true as it once was; our sight has become dim, and we are glid-

ing down with increased speed, for the journey is almost complete.

Another change has come, age and disease have brought us to our last conflict with the world, with pain, yea, and with death. A few friends are around our bed-side, to witness the closing scene of our earthly pilgrimage. The icy hand is upon us, and we lisp a few fond words. The throes of death are ours, and the whole strength of the body is summoned to a last and final condition, and we are at rest,—Amen. The clay now receives the care that gratitude and love commands, and an assemblage of friends go to the city of the dead, and the last sad rite is finished, dust to dust has been returned.

This is our sure portion, therefore let us be ever prepared to perform our part of duty, with love and understanding, accepting every change with meekness and confidence, that when we have completed our fitful journey from the cradle to the grave, our condition, may be such as to entitle us to a life and peace and a rest in glory.—For the Nebraska City Sabbath School, by ROBT. M. ELVIN, Superintendent.

FROM MURILLO.

LITTLE HOPES:—Be what you are; don't assume any thing else; for instance: If you hear others talking largely of their parentage, of their exploits, and of their extravagance, do you wish to be thought as rich, as gay, and reckless as the best or worst of them? If they smoke, must you do the same? If they drink, must you drink with them? If they behave heathenishly, and are profane, and vulgar, should you do likewise? Do you affect to admire their conduct and conversation? All this at first may be against your better instincts, but the truth is your fear to be ridiculed, and perhaps would rather be accepted for what you are not, and ought not to be, than be esteemed for what you are.

We know some weak souls of our faith who are the same as portrayed above, but they are weak and to be pitied. Every kind of pretence is wicked; pretend to be better than we are, is hypocrisy; to pretend to be greater than we are, is vanity, is folly and is sin; but to pretend to be worse than what little Hopes should be, is the worst and silliest pretence of all. Whatever our position or calling may be, if it be a thing to be ashamed of, abandon it at once; but if it be not wrong or disgraceful in itself, why then, little Hopes, you should never be ashamed of it, but "Dare to do right," and God will bless all the little boys and girls who are afraid to do one sin, either in word or in deed. Little Hopes are you weak? Then pray God to strengthen you wherein you are weak.

MURILLO.

ANOTHER CASEYVILLE CONCERT.

DEAR HOPES:—I thought that you would like to hear from us again at Caseyville. You know that country Sabbath School which that good brother Still told you about. Well we have had another of those good times that he wrote of, a Sabbath School concert, but he was not with us. We would have been glad to have had him with us. Neither had we the Belleville Choir to help us, but we had the Spirit of God, and that made us all rejoice. We had singing and recitations as follows: Recitation, "I am thinking," by A. Jones, the superintendent of the school. "The First Attempt," by E. Buxton. "Adam Ondi Ahman," by John J. Thorp. Singing from page 83 "Silver Spray," by the whole school. A dialogue by Brn. John Sedden and John E. Hughes. Recitation, "One false step will ever lead to another," by Eliza Jones, and one by Morgan Jones, "True Wisdom." Song, "None but Jesus," by the school. Recitation "Things I don't like," by E. Buxton. "The Mormon's Triumph," by John Sedden. Song "I want to be an Angel," by E. Buxton, C. Edwards and Mary Jones. Recitation, "A Temple," by E. Jones. "Open the door," by C. Edwards. A

dialogue, "A place for every thing," by E. Buxton and C. Edwards. A recitation by sister B. Burnett from Alma. Song, "Never be Afraid," by the whole school. Brother John W. Thorpe addressed the school, and gave some instructions to the children. Then took up the collection which amounted to \$1.70; after which it was given out that the concert will be held on Sunday September 16th. Closed with prayer by Elder D. Davies, the beloved president of the Caseyville Branch.

Well, dear Hopes, the brethren and sisters here turn out to our concerts, and they listen to us and help us to sing, and we do now invite you all who can to come to our next concert, so we can see you all, and then we would have a happy time. Praying the Lord to bless you all, I am in Christ,

JOHN W. THORP.

CASEYVILLE, Ills., Aug., 20th, 1877.

TWO HOMES.

CHAPTER III.—THE VISIT.

IT was a pleasant walk, on that fine June evening, and Mrs. Barton thoroughly enjoyed it. The distance being short, she soon arrived within sight of the house. "What a pretty place this could be, if they would only take proper care of it; and such a nice garden spot, too; but the weeds!" she sighed, as she opened the gate and walked to the house.

"Good evening, Mary, I thought I would run down, and chat with you a little while."

"Oh, is it you Mrs. Barton? Good evening, walk in."

"You are not feeling very well, are you?"

"I've such a miserable head ache, and all this work to do yet."

"You work too hard, you need more rest. Perhaps you worry too much," said Mrs. Barton gently.

"I do worry, I know; and those children; just hear them! and that is the way they always carry on, and James, Oh Agnes! I do worry about him; but I can't help it. He says it is all my fault, that the children and I drive him to it. I know I don't do as well as I did when we were married; but now I have four children, and I am not strong either; and what with washing, ironing, sewing, baking, and mending, and only one pair of hands to do it with, I do get so discouraged."

"Poor girl! I know it must be hard; but try to be cheerful; it's always the darkest before day, try to trust in God, Mary, you know he is mighty to save," said Mrs. Barton softly.

Here the children came trooping in to see who was there, and they stood before the visitor eyeing her attentively.

"It isn't polite to stare so; come and sit down and keep quiet," said the mother; but they were on the eve of a stampede, when Mrs. Barton called Lida to come to her, and this so astonished the others that they stood waiting to see what was going to be done. Lida walked slowly to the visitor's chair. Mrs. Barton took her gently around the waist, and drew her down beside her.

"Your mother is sick," she said softly, "and won't her little daughter try to help her do the work?"

"Mother sick?" said Lida. "Mother sick," echoed the others, looking toward their mother, who had dropped her head on the table, and was weeping softly, not from pain so much as from sympathy. It was a relief, to have some one to tell her troubles to; and sympathy! how sweet it was.

The children, who were by no means bad, were quieted instantly; and Mrs. Barton seeing that no offense was taken, went to work, and, with the aid of Lida and Charlie soon had every thing set to rights. She washed the dishes, Lida wiped them, (though Mrs. Barton wiped them over again while she sent Lida after a little fresh water, but she praised her nevertheless; for therein was the secret of her success). Charles after

Mrs. Barton's directions, picked up the playthings, sticks of wood and set the chairs in order, while Sam and Nellie stood looking on in rather amazement. After the floor was swept, and the finishing touch put here and there, Mrs. Barton urged Mary to go to bed; and, helping her, soon had her as comfortable as could be under the circumstances. By that time it was getting dark, and Mrs. Barton was preparing to go home when a step sounded on the walk, and James Graham entered, much to the astonishment of his wife, who had not expected him till late. Speaking to Mrs. Barton he stepped to the bed, and, seeing that Mary was quite comfortable, he drew a letter from his pocket.

It was from his mother, announcing the death of his father, and she wrote: "Although I am not devoid of means, and, by practicing strict economy, I shall have enough to keep me while I live, yet I am quite lonesome since your father died, and, if it is convenient for you, I would like to make you a visit, and perhaps, stay some time. I'm not feeble yet, and I think I can help some about the house."

"Have her come by all means," said Mary.

"I'm glad to hear you say so, for I think it will be just the thing. What do you say Mrs. Barton?"

"I should think that it would be a great comfort to you to have your mother so near."

"I will write directly, and have her come as soon as she will," said he, thinking of the children, and of how they would be made to mind as he had been when young. But he took care not even to hint of such a thing.

I hope you will soon be better Mary," said Mrs. Barton, "and, if you need anything more, don't hesitate to send to me. Good evening all," and she passed out of the door, and was soon at her own home.

CHAPTER IV.—"GRANDMOTHER IS COMING!"

Accordingly, the letter was sent the next day, and an answer came in one week saying that grandmother would be with them by the next week, if nothing happened to prevent.

"Grandmother is coming," said Charlie; "where will she sleep?"

"Our room is too small for three beds," said Lida; "besides she won't want to sleep up stairs, will she?"

"Taint nice enough," said Sam. "Hurrah! she can't come, then she can't boss us!"

"Good, good, 'aint I glad, hurrah!"

And, evidently thinking the matter settled, they shouted hurrah in chorus, and commenced the variations, by turning summersaults over chairs, and on the floor, before Mrs. Graham could make herself heard. Then, being out of patience with them, she scattered them right and left, ordering them all out of the house.

Quiet being restored she went up stairs, to see about "Grandmother's room." There were two good sized finished rooms. The first one being the children's, she walked on to the next, which was used as a store-away room. But such confusion!

"This would make quite a good bed-room; but how did so much trash get up here? I'll ask James if I can't get Mrs. Jones to help me clean this room to-morrow," said Mrs. Graham to herself.

As Mr. Graham had no objections Mrs. Jones came early in the morning, and, at the end of the day, the room presented quite a respectable appearance. Indeed it was a compliment to the power of scrub-brush and broom, for the floor was as white as it well could be; and when Mr. Graham came home with the new furniture, cheap to be sure, but quite pretty, nevertheless, it really looked pleasant. There were two windows with white muslin curtains, freshly washed and ironed, and were tied with pink ribbons. These curtains Mrs. Graham had when she was first married, but she had not used them late years, "because the children were so careless and

would just as soon wipe on them as on the towel," Mrs. Graham said.

One bed, three chairs, a little stand, (that served for wash-stand and table), a little foot-stool and some shelves served to complete the furniture of the room. "Sometime, we may be able to buy a carpet and then it would be cozy enough; and I will bring up my rocking chair then it will be all ready for her." So they worked and chatted till every thing was complete.

"Now children, you must keep away from this room. Go down stairs; then I'll be sure you will mind," said the mother.

"Come on Sam," said Charlie, taking the lead; and away they all ran to their favorite tree.

"So she is coming after all," said Lida, seating herself on the grass, "I wonder how she looks?"

"With her eyes, of course," said Charlie.

"How smart we are," retorted his sister.

"I wonder how long she will stay. If I don't like her I shant mind her anyway."

"Well I think father and mother are bosses enough, and three is one too many. What do you say Sam?"

"May be she'll bring us some candy."

"Oh some candy! some candy!" and Nellie clapped her hands with glee.

"Poo! candy," said Charlie disdainfully, yet secretly hoping she would, "that's all you babies think of."

"I 'aint a baby either," said Sam stoutly, "you like candy as well as I do, and I shan't give you one bit of mine."

"Nor I either, nor you shan't take it away from me either," said Nellie; if you do I'll tell pa, and he'll whip you, he will."

If he tries to take mine, he'll catch it; I guess I'm big enough to take my own part," said Sam.

"Let's see if you are," said Charlie stepping up and slapping him.

"Oh behave yourself, you havn't any of you got the candy yet, and if you don't stop quarreling I'll tell father of you," said Lida holding him back.

"Oh I see a squirrel, lets catch him!" and Sam sprang nimbly into the tree, while Charlie armed himself with a club, ready to strike it if Sam shook it down, and so the coming storm was averted; but let us hope the squirrel was too cunning for them, for no one had taught them how wicked it was to take the lives of innocent little animals.

MYRTLE GREY.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE BRAIDWOOD HOPES OF ZION.

To the Hopes throughout the world, those of Braidwood, Illinois, send greeting:—We have commenced our second year as a Sabbath School. It was established August 13th, 1876; and we are thankful to our Father in Heaven for the privilege of gathering to hear of Him, and what he has done for us. To hear that he sent his only begotten son to this wicked world, to suffer and to die on the cross, and all for us, (even us little children), that we might be saved, saved from the arts of the evil one, by following the example Jesus laid down while on earth.

And he promised while on earth, (and his promise is sure) that if we would do the will of God that we should be brothers and sisters of his. What a reward, a brother of a King! Aye of the King of kings. This promise is to those who do the will of God. And his will is that we do good, that we may obey His commandments; and we are to have faith, repent of our sins, be baptized for the remission of the same, and have hands laid on us for the gift of the Holy Ghost. These principles even we children, those of us who are able to comprehend good from evil, have to obey; and when we do so with a true desire to serve God we shall receive the promised Spirit, which shall lead and guide us into all truth. When we hear we shall understand, when we see we shall perceive, and not be like the world.

The promise that was given that the signs would follow the believer have been verified in

our branch, because we have seen the sick healed, and those that have received wounds have suffered no pain, through the prayers of faith and the ordinance that God has placed in the Church. And to God we give all the glory, although Satan is ever ready, just as he was in the garden of Eden, to whisper in our ears that he or she would have got well anyway. But we have received the word, and we perceive.

We ask the prayers of all the Hopes that we may always do God's will, and therefore be entitled to the promise to those who will do so. We ask all who attend Sabbath School to pray to God, that he might enable them to have faith to repent, be baptized, and to have hands laid on them for the gift of the Holy Ghost. We also thank the officers of our School for the interest they have manifested in us during the past year, and we pray that God will make the seed they are sowing bring forth much fruit.

BRAIDWOOD ZION'S HOPES.

WAITING.

WHAT are we waiting for friends? That is the question; and it seems to be rather a difficult one to answer. Some are waiting for this, and some for that; and it seems that the more we have the more we desire; never contented with our positions, but always waiting and watching for some thing a little better than we have. When we get what we were waiting for we find that is not what we wanted, so we will wait a little longer, and probably it will be within our reach. Then will we be happy? No, I fear not; we will still be waiting for some thing else. And what is it? for life seems to be like a great drama; we are constantly waiting for the next scene, I think I hear you say, for the last great change, yes we are all here on this lovely earth waiting to welcome the heavenly change when we can join with the ransomed of God, and with all the dear friends that we love, both those here and those who have passed on before. Now when we are going to visit a friend who lives a long way off how anxiously do we wait for the train to come, and when we hear the whistle, then we are all ready to step on. Dear friends, the gospel is the train that will carry us to the heavenly home. Are we anxious, and are we ready to step on this train, and will we lend a helping hand to our neighbor? Children as a Sunday School band, let us ever be ready and waiting to do good, that we may pass through the train of life blessing and blessed, and that the roses that we scatter on the paths of others may throw sweetness over our own.

LIZZIE.

—Read by Lizzie Elvin at the Nebraska City Sunday School Picnic, August 15th, 1877.

FROM MONONO COUNTY, IOWA.

DEAR HOPES:—Although I feel my inability to write to you, nevertheless I feel it my duty to do so; and I hope, by the aid of our heavenly Father, to write something that may be both interesting and instructive.

I am happy to say that since my last writing we have had a Sunday School organized at this place. All seem to be very much interested. By all I mean those both in and out of the Church. At last report there were sixty-three in attendance, and some have been added to our number since that time. I think it is doing pretty well for a "Sunday School in the wilderness" as one of the brethren had been pleased to term it. Brother J. M. Putney is our superintendent, (and a good one he is too). Brother Dorman Lewis assistant, and Mr. Stephen Blackman secretary. We have "The Silver Song" for our singing book. The book is new to most of us, and we have not learned many of the tunes yet, but we hope, by the kindness of some who understand the notes, soon to be able to sing quite a number of them.

I feel to thank God more and more every day for the manifold blessings he is bestowing upon us, poor, weak creatures as we are. I can't find

words to express my gratitude to him I only hope that we may so live that we need not be ashamed to behold him face to face when we are called to stand before the bar of judgment. 'Tis true we have many little trials to undergo, but I fear they will be as nothing compared with what we will have to endure if we abuse the power God has given us. Then, dear Saints and Hopes, let us cast aside these little earthly trials, and say within ourselves, that, by the help of God, we will fit and prepare ourselves to stand with joy, and not with shame before God's throne. And do not forget to ask aid from Him, who alone is able to give. From this time on, let us, both young and old, so live before God that he will not be ashamed to own us when he comes to claim his own. I hope the older ones will endeavor to set examples before the younger ones worthy of imitation. Oh how grieved the Lord must be when he sees brothers and sisters, and even parents, who scarcely ever speak a kind word, when if they would be gentle, both in words and actions, they would please our heavenly Father, and be happy themselves, and as it were "make earth a heaven." May we ever strive to let love and kindness dwell in our hearts, is the prayer of your sister in Christ.

SARAH J. BALLANTYNE.

SOLDIER, Monono County, Iowa,
August 24th, 1877.

TAKE THE OTHER HAND.

IT was one of the finest days of Spring, when a lady who had been watching by the sick bed of her mother for some weeks, went out to take a little exercise and enjoy the fresh air. After walking for some distance, she came to a rope-walk. She was familiar with the place and entered. At the end of one building she saw a little boy turning a large wheel. She thought it too laborious an employment for such a child, and as she came nearer she spoke to him.

"Who sent you to this place?" she asked.

"Nobody; I came of myself."

"Does your father know that you are here?"

"I have no father."

"Are you paid for your labor?"

"Yes, I get nine pence a day."

"Do you like this work?"

"Well enough; but if I did not, I should do it to get the money for my mother."

"How long do you work in the day?"

"From nine till eleven in the morning, and from two until five in the afternoon."

"How old are you?"

"Almost nine."

"Do you ever get tired turning that great wheel?"

"Yes, sometimes."

"And what do you do then?"

"I take the other hand."

The lady gave him a piece of money.

"Is this for my mother?" he asked.

"No, it is for yourself."

"Thank you, ma'am," the boy said, and the lady bid him farewell.

"She went home strengthened in her devotion to duty, and instructed in true practical philosophy, by the words and example of a little child."

"The next time," she said to herself, "that duty seems hard to me, I will remember this child, and take the other hand."—From the Catholic.

TEACHING CHILDREN COURAGE.

COURAGE is a vital element of Christian chivalry. Without it, indeed, neither truth nor fidelity to promise can be hoped for. The coward is sure to lie when truth means punishment, and sure to retreat from his engagements when they involve peril. We need valiant souls that have learned to endure and scorn pain, and to face danger fearlessly and promptly when duty requires. Some parents evade this vital part of training by glosses and deceptions. A mother who has taken her boy to the dentist's to get a

tooth out will often say, if he is shrinking: "Sit still, my boy, it won't hurt you." Now, she knows it will hurt him, but thinks if she can only get him by this device to sit still and let the dentist get hold of the tooth, then his discovery of the pain will not hinder its extraction. This is a double mistake. It destroys her boy's confidence in her, for he detects her in a lie. And though she gets the boy, this time, to sit still, it is under the delusion that there is to be no pain; whereas he should be taught to face the pain and to scorn it. This makes the difference between cowards and heroes. A regiment of poltroons could march up to a battery as cheerfully as a regiment of heroes, if they thought there was no enemy at the guns. The difference is that heroes know the danger and yet face it valiantly.

BRO. JOHN'S EXHORTATION.

DEAR HOPES:—Thinking that I ought to write something for our dear paper, and feeling an interest in the welfare of all, I write something in the way of exhortation, notwithstanding my great weakness. I would exhort you to be faithful during all your trials, for the Lord truly says that whosoever he loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every one he receiveth. Be meek and lowly of heart, coming to Christ with a broken heart and a contrite spirit, and he will certainly receive you; for the spirit has declared it. Also being patient in all your afflictions, having abundance of faith, hope, and charity, as the Lord sees fit to grant unto you; and let us all pray without ceasing whether we be in the field or in the shop, or in the woods. And when we are at home, let us enter into our closet and at all times pray earnestly before God to protect us, and asking him to be merciful unto this wicked world.

I would also say and beg you, dear Hopes, to be careful as to pride, for I had a dream on the night of the nineteenth of this month, like this: I was in a very large city, and it appeared to me that I had had some contentions with the people as to their pride, when on a certain time, I was in a very large brick building, and on one of the upper floors, apparently pondering in my heart in regard to the pride of the people. All at once the winds began to blow so that the dust almost darkened the air, and the building shook very much. I was looking out the window and thinking that the wind would blow some of the houses down, when I heard a loud voice, almost as loud as thunder. On hearing it, at first I was afraid so that I trembled. I knew not where the voice came from, as I saw no person but thought it was the voice of God. Now the voice spoke a great many words which I understood at the time, but all the words that I remember now were that this people must humble themselves from their pride, and cease turning their backs to the poor and needy. And we young people should be careful and should hear the good advice given us. You may think that one can have all the fine things on they have a mind to and still not be proud, but not so; it is impossible, as well as contrary to reason. For, unless the heart is on the fine things, and is proud of their fashionable things, one would not have them. Therefore watch and pray lest you enter into temptation. Hoping you will pray for me that I may ever be found faithful, I am your unworthy brother.

JOHN S. PARISH.

VINCENNES Iowa, August 27th, 1877.

OUR SUNDAY SCHOOL.

WE often hear the words "Our Sunday School" spoken. The question may be asked, What is such a school for? It is to instruct the young to turn them from the sinful world, and to teach them while they are yet small, to be loving, kind and true. There is also some thing for those who are older to learn at Sunday School. It teaches them that they should become as little children

before God, and that they should study those lessons which Christ and the prophets of old sought to teach the children of men. It also affords true pleasure to both old and young. Instead of them idling their time away on Sunday, there is some good place to go. And it gives a day of recreation by assembling together this day, in this beautiful grove, to spend a day of pleasure and then to return to our homes to-night with the thought that the day has been well spent, if each one will strive to make it so.

—Essay read by E. E. Morr, at the Nebraska City Sabbath School Picnic at Hale's Grove, Aug. 15th, 1877.

EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

Bring thy children up in learning and obedience, yet without outward austerity. Praise them openly, reprehend them secretly. Give them good countenance and convenient maintenance according to thy ability, otherwise thy life will seem their bondage; and what portion thou shalt leave them at thy death they will thank death for it, and not thee. I am persuaded that the foolish petting of some parents, and the over-stern carriage of others, causeth more men and women to take ill courses than their own vicious inclinations.

SABBATH SCHOOL NOTES.

Under this head, as we have time and space, we would like to note such items about the Sabbath Schools as their officers, or other brethren may report from time to time.

Bro. John Roberts, of West Oakland, California, says that, as their branch seems to be reviving, they "hope also to revive the school," so that they may not only continue their present Hope subscriptions, but increase them also. They take twenty-four copies.

Bro. R. M. Elvin sends a copy of the Nebraska City Press which gives account of a Sunday School picnic at Hall's Grove, by the Saints of that city, August 15th. It gives the order of exercises, prayer, singing, essays, and recitations, and we note the names of Bro. N. Neilson, Henry Kemp, Alex. Buchanan, Leslie Waldsmith, and of the sister Hopes, Lizzie and Mattie Elvin, Amy Forscutt and Ella E. Mott. We have three of the essays for publication.

Correspondence.

MOORHEAD, Iowa, August 21st, 1877.

Dear Hopes:—Some time has elapsed since I last wrote to you. We have a real nice Sabbath School of sixty-five scholars and seven teachers. My father is superintendent, and Mr. Stephen Blackman is secretary. I would like to see some more stories in the Hope. Yours truly,

NETTIE PUTNEY.

Decatur county, Iowa,

August 25th, 1877.

Dear Hope:—I am ten years old. I was baptized August 22d, 1876. I have two sisters and one brother living, and one sister and one brother dead. Dear Hopes, pray for me that I may be always faithful. Your sister in Christ,

ELLEANOR ELLA HUDSON.

SACRAMENTO, California,

August 26th, 1877.

Dear Hopes:—I am not a member of the Church, but my grandma is. I am a member of the Presbyterian Sunday School. The weather is fine here.

FRANK GARRETT.

GLEN EASTON, Marshall Co., W. Va.,

August 20th, 1877.

Dear Brothers and Sisters:—I dreamed last Thursday night that I was reading in the Book of Mormon, Nephi 5th chapter, page 308, where Jesus appeared to the Nephites. I could not believe, for I thought he had not appeared to any one after his ascension into heaven. I prayed to the Lord that he would enlighten my mind, and that I might understand and believe. Then I dreamed I was in an open field, with several of my friends, and I thought that I looked up and saw Christ descending from heaven with two angels, and he said to us, "O, ye people, I have come down from heaven and yet you cannot believe." And he said a great deal more that I cannot remember, and I awoke. I am truly glad I came into this Church. I believe it to be the true Church of God. I have many trials, but I pray earnestly that God will help me to overcome them. We have prayer and testimony meetings

every Sunday afternoon, and on Wednesday evenings; and the young Saints have a prayer meeting on Friday nights. Brother Craig has been here since I wrote last and baptized seven. We would like for brother Brown to come out and see us. I expect to attend conference at West Wheeling in about three weeks, and then I will write again. I am seventeen years old. Pray for me. Yours in Christ,

ANNA EBELING.

Puzzle Corner.

Answers in One Month.

WORD PUZZLE.—No. 17.

My 1st is in Jane, but not in Ann
My 2nd is in should, but not in can.
My 3d is in hammer, but not in mallet.
My 4th is in banner, but not in ballad.
My 5th is in true, but not in false.
My 6th is in dance, but not in waliz.
My 7th is in round, but not in flat.
My 8th is in world, but not in bat.
My 9th is in youth, but not in age.
My whole is the name of a servant of God.

STELLA.

PREFIXES.—No. 1.

[To solve them, you must prefix one letter to the first word to form the second, and another to the second to form the third. Example—A solid. Insects. A girl's name. Answers, Ice. Lice. Alice].

A vessel. A bird. A man's name.
To masticate. A state of weather. A kind of grain.
A number. A sound. A hard substance.
A liquor. Hearty. A very large fish.
Insects. A girl's name. Envy.
An organ of hearing. A kind of fruit. An instrument of war.

WM. STUART.

PUZZLE—No. 8.

Place the nine digits, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, and 9, in a square so that each row across, and up and down, or cornerwise will add up fifteen.

JOHN E. ROGERSON.

WORD PUZZLE.—No. 18.

My 1st is in justice, but not in crime.
My 2nd is in Wales, but not in wine.
My 3d is in sermon, but not in preach.
My 4th is in doctrine, also in teach.
My 5th is in Saint, also in sinner.
My 6th is in water, but not in blood.
My 7th is in gospel, also in good.
My 8th is in kind, but not in hate.
My 9th is in glass, also in plate.
My 10th is in life, but not in death.
My 11th is in rich, but not in poor.
My 12th is in window, but not in door.
My whole is the name of a traveling elder I would very much like to see.

SARAH A. SUMMERFIELD.

Answers to Puzzle Corner of August 15th.

1 To Word Puzzle, No. 15.—Heman C. Smith
2 To Anagram, No.—13.

By nature, Lord, I know with grief,
I'm a poor fallen leaf,
Shriveled and dry, and near to death,
Driven by sin as with a breath.
But if by grace I am made new,
Washed in the blood of Jesus too,
Like to a lily I shall stand,
Spotless and pure at his right hand.

3 To Enigma, No. 11.—Widow, Laman, Amos, Adam, Ananias. Whole—William Naaman Dawson.

The following answers are received: Almena Vredenburg 1, 2; Sarah J. Ballentyne 1, 2; Julia Relyea 2; Anna J. Ebeling 2; John E. Rogerson 2; Edith Munroe 3.

S. J. B. also answered 3 and 4 too late for last issue.

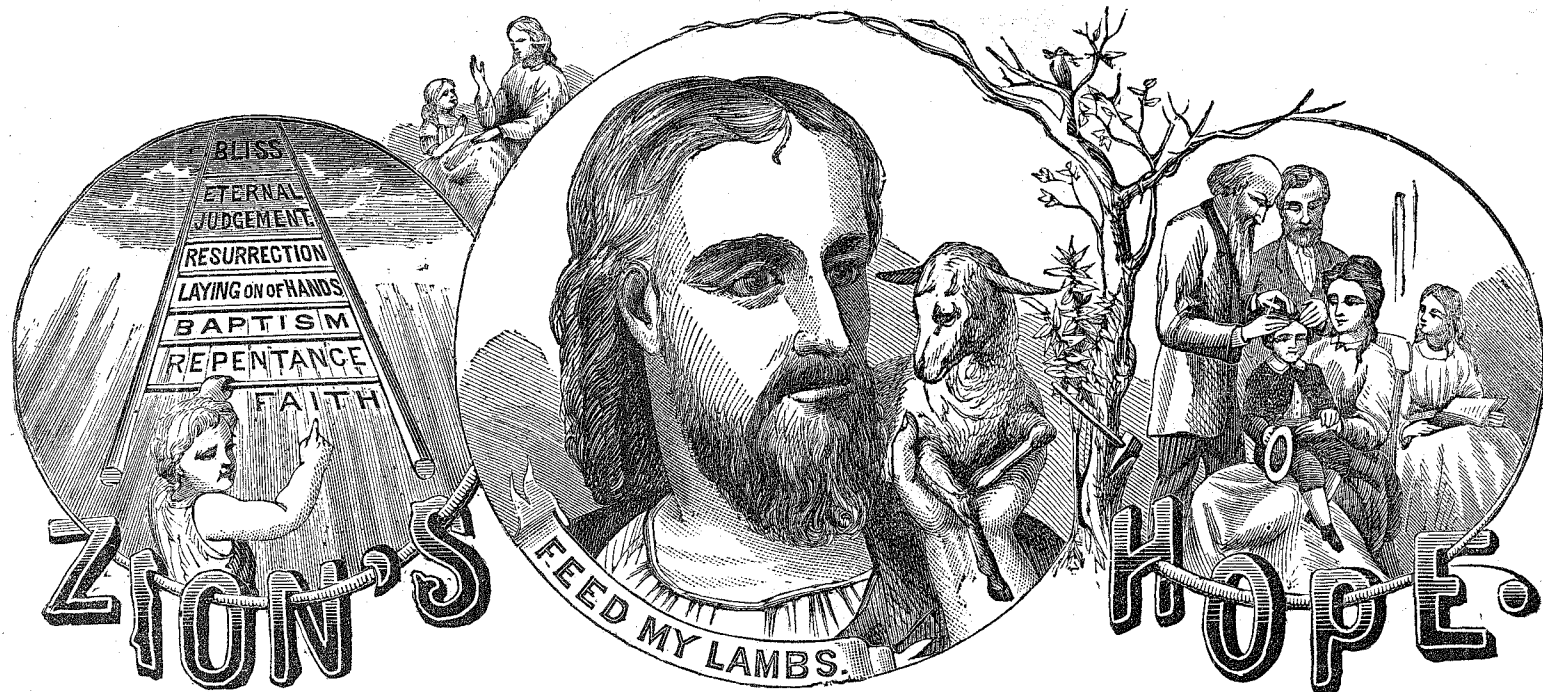
15 September 77.

A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue. Owing to the fact that we make nothing on the Hope we would like to see subscriptions paid up as early as possible, and delinquent ones especially. With the small margin to work upon, the cost of paper and postage for papers sent on credit for a few issues or for months, forces us as a general rule to discontinue sending it when the time is out, at which we hope no one will take offence but watch this notice hereafter for the blue mark.

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

WHAT SHALL I DO.

TO one who has chosen the path that leadeth to eternal life, by obedience to the commands of the gospel of peace, this is a question of no common import. A great change has taken place, or at least should take place in our outward conduct, as well as in our future prospects for salvation in the celestial kingdom of our God. This change has been described in clear and decided language by the pen of apostles and prophets of old, and even by Jesus himself, while he sojourned among men.

It is sometimes told us that so christianized are we at the present day in our habits and pursuits, so blended have they become with religious principles that in many just and amiable persons, no visible change can be discovered by their companions. Is this true? I think not. Can such a change of principles, of hopes, of destiny, of action on our part not become apparent to those with whom we associate, not become known to the eyes of men. In that heart where Christ has formed the hope of glory, can its renewed and elevated operations under the guidance and promptings of the Holy Spirit of promise, fail to become visible to the keen scrutiny of the world. Impossible, for, full of this new and delightful change, and reaping its first blessed fruit in love, joy, and peace, you have become epistles, living epistles, known and read of all men.

It is true that the world expects a holy and consistent walk in those who profess to have put on Christ; and not only they, but your brethren expect it, your sisters expect it, and it is no less true that they are sometimes grievously disappointed. When we look around and see how many there are, who are so entirely governed and drugged by worldly pleasures that they look askance when you speak of the love of Christ. Yes, they hope it will last; they are fault finding, censorious, pleasure seeking professors. They clog the Church and the advance of the gospel by their indifference; they betray its interests; they dishonor its principles; they discredit its elevated and divine author. Beloved Saints, how humiliating the picture, yet how true. How is it with us? Is such to be our course? Shall we fall from our high estate? Shall we shrink coldly from the duties of our high and holy calling? Shall we grow unmindful of the exalted interests we are called upon to sustain? May it never be so, but may we stand valiantly, prayerfully, yet humbly, in the liberty wherewith Christ has made us free.

The warfare that the Latter Day Saint is engaged in is no less a warfare now than it was de-

scribed to be on the plains of Judea; the battle ground is changed, but it is no less a battle ground still. There is little real difference between the rugged heights, bold passes, and uneven valleys, where prophets and apostles bore the conflict, and the country through which the prophet and faithful followers of the Lord in our own times are called to pass. Then, with bristling front and brazen brow their enemies met them at the hearthstone, by the wayside, and at the altar, at home, and abroad, openly and secretly, at midnight and at midday. Either in the form of Rome oppression or in Jewish unbelief and persecution did the enemies of the gospel breathe out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord, bringing them before councils, banishing them to distant lands, or condemning them to a martyr's death.

Such, dear friends, was the fate of the disciples of the Lord in the primitive days of the Church, and such has been the fate of faithful Saints of God in the nineteenth century; with this exception, that Roman opposition and Jewish persecution would have stood aghast and appalled at the cruelties perpetrated by those who style themselves the ministers of the Lord. Let us raise our voices and hearts in praise, and gratitude to God, for his goodness to us. For our lives have fallen unto us in more peaceable times and in pleasanter places, as it is this day, assembled in this beautiful grove for a Sabbath School picnic, no one daring or desiring to make us afraid.

But let us be on our guard, and not deceive ourselves. Our good fight is not yet fought, our victory is not yet won; we are on the camping ground, with a vigilant, well trained and active enemy in front; we are in constant danger of being seduced from our allegiance to the captain of our salvation. When we look at the weakness of our own hearts, and view the thousand allurements and temptations that beset our pathway, temptations that are so common they are scarcely regarded as temptations, yet they are no less deadly and dangerous in their influences upon our piety; they are habits that steal so imperceptibly upon us that no common watchfulness is necessary to guard well their first approaches. Let us take heed then to our reading, and above all things in our reading let it never be said of us, that we are novel reading Saints.

"Oh," says one, "You are not going to say anything against novels, for novels are really so fascinating I cannot help occasionally indulging; the characters are so absorbingly interesting; and, besides, what harm can reading them do me?"

To the Latter Day Saint may be applied this simple test: Do they open your mind to the

beauty of the way of holiness? Do they fit you for prayer? Do they impart strength to purpose or firmness to principle? No! No! The prominent defect of the novel reader is the predominance of feeling over principle. How greedily are sought and read those magazines of the day, filled with foolish, sensual reading. They deify all which the child of God should lightly esteem. Personal charms are made of paramount importance, the sparkling eye, the ruby lip, the lilly white hand, voluptuousness and wealth, all these are the component parts of admired heroines. Reckless ambition, refined sensuality, and relentless hatred, are the prominent traits of their approved heroes, and the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life are the materials of the novelist.

Beloved friends, we have no time for reading such corrupting fiction. It is a peculiar day in which we live; a day which demands thought. Great nations are in agitation; eternal truths are called in question; old opinions and traditions are upturned; the doctrines of men are taught by thousands for the sole purpose of gain and popularity. Avaricious and covetous enthusiasts darken the minds and blind the eyes of the children of men. Now is the time that we need the power and light of the Holy Spirit, to enable us to discern between truth and error; now we feel the need of that close communion with the Father of our Spirits, with whom there is no variableness neither the shadow of turning, whose course is one eternal round.

Let us read the Scriptures, the revelations of God's will to us concerning him; let us see to it as Saints that our knowledge of them is not superficial. Not only read but strictly meditate, and pray earnestly and sincerely that our minds may be instructed, our understandings be enlightened, and that we may be able to form proper conceptions of God and of his law, and of our duties to him and towards one another.

[Concluded in our next.]

POPULATION OF THE WORLD.

Messrs. Editors:—The earth's population for this year, according to German statistics, is 1,423,917,000, or 27,000,000 over the estimate of 1875, not entirely due to births over deaths, but to a more accurate census in regions once little known.

Asia stills holds the majority of mankind. About four sevenths of the earth's population is Asiatic, or 825,548,590; Europe comes next with a fifth, or 309,178,300; Africa about a seventh, or 199,921,600; the two Americas with

less than a sixteenth, or 85,519,800; and lastly Australia and Polynesia with a very small fraction of 4,748,600 people. Europe has eighty-two to a square mile; Asia, forty-eight; Africa, seventeen and one half; America and Australia are in the rear with five and a half, and one and an eighth respectively.

There are two hundred and fifteen cities on the earth, having a population of over one hundred thousand each; twenty nine of half a million or more, and nine contain cities of a million or more. New York is the only American city, that contains a million people, but four cities of China are millionaires in population, if we may so speak, and little England has one city of nearly four millions (4,000,000) souls.

It is the opinion of educated people that the average longevity of mankind has increased a fraction during the last hundred years. Epidemic diseases are not so destructive as formerly. In England, for instance, the death-rate has declined quite perceptibly during the last quarter of a century. Elsewhere in Europe, and also in the United States, the same is true, though in a less degree. The probability is quite conclusive that mankind on an average live longer than their ancestors, and in better average health, though in morality mankind deteriorates. And he might be far happier than his ancestors, because his facilities are now greater than a century ago. So what is gained on one hand is lost on the other.

MURILLO.

TWO HOMES.

CHAPTER V.—AT HOME AGAIN.

"WELL, how has my little girl been getting along with her anagram?" said Mrs. Barton coming in from her call at Mr. Graham's as we related in chapter three.

"I have made it all out right, I think."

"That's good. Have papa and the children come yet?"

"No, mamma; but here they come, and I'm going to meet them," and away she ran and led Cora into the house.

"I will light the lamp and you may spend your time as you please till nine o'clock; it is eight now," said Mrs. Barton to the children.

Cora got out her building blocks while Harry and Eva bent their heads together over the *Hope*. Mr. Barton took up the *Herald*, and his wife her sewing, and thus passed the time till nine. Then they laid aside all employment and gathered around the table for family worship. Taking up the hymn book Harry selected the hymn, in which they all joined, Eva read a chapter from the Bible, and then they all knelt while Mr. Barton offered up a prayer; after which Mrs. Barton put the children to bed, gave them each a good night kiss, and returned to her husband.

"I have been to see Mary Graham," she said as she seated herself, "and I found her very low spirited. I cheered her as best I could, but she has a hard time of it, I fear; and, just as I was coming away, Mr. Graham came in with a letter from his mother stating that his father was dead, and asking the privilege of staying with them for a time. I more than suspect that she has very good reasons for doing so, for they really do need some one of experience to manage those children."

"Ah, then you think she is aware how James has improved his talents?"

"I do, although how I cannot tell; but I'm afraid she'll not stay long."

"If such is her intention there is no danger."

"The children are really bright and intelligent, and their teacher says that they might be much farther advanced if they would only apply themselves to study, but they seem to take no interest in it whatever."

"I suppose the main reason for that is that they have no encouragement at home, no books or papers to read; in fact no literary privileges at all. I believe in giving children a chance to learn for themselves."

"There is so much children's literature in circulation that it is easy to select good serviceable reading matter, and it not only gives them a thirst for knowledge, but is refining," said Mrs. Barton.

"Did you say anything to Mrs. Graham about coming to church?"

"No; I did all my preaching with my hands," and she smiled.

"How so?"

"Why, you see, I found her quite ill, and the house in disorder, so the children and I helped her put it in order, and I tried to encourage her as best I could, and I saw that it touched her heart, for she wept like a child, poor girl." And tears sprang to the good lady's eyes at the remembrance.

"That's like my Agnes," said he proudly. "Now let us retire, for I have to get up early as I have a good deal of work on hand."

Some mornings after, as they were sitting down to the breakfast table, Charlie Graham entered unperceived.

"Eva it is your turn I believe," said Mr. Barton.

She clasped her hands, bent her fair head, and, in a low, sweet voice, thanked the kind Father for the blessings received from his hands. What a beautiful picture! it seemed almost like the worship of angels. Charlie stood in the door awed. What a difference it seemed to him in this home; he wished and longed he knew not for what, only he felt so happy. Mrs. Barton was the first to see him and she said.

"Why, there's Charlie; won't you sit down with us?"

"I haven't time," said he reluctantly, "mother sent me after the camphor," adding a "Thank you," as Mrs. Barton gave it to him.

"Well!" said Mr. Barton as Charlie disappeared; not much to be sure, but it spoke volumes.

"Mother," said Charlie entering his own house, "what do you think? Eva Barton asked a blessing at the table?"

"There, that will do; I don't want to hear any more such nonsense; keep away from those Mormons," said Mr. Graham sternly.

"I'm sure I only wish we were more like them; see how Agnes Barton came and helped me when I was sick, and how good she has always been."

"But they are Mormons, and that's enough. I want to hear no more of it. Children learning such stuff!"

Crushed was the little pearl, so delicate and fragile, that had dropped down in Charlie's heart, ruthlessly crushed and torn from where it might have become so much. Yet the father went to his work unconscious of it all, but a little uneasy nevertheless.

CHAPTER VI.—THE ARRIVAL.

It was something unusual to see the stage stop at their gate, and the Grahams one and all were there to welcome the visitor. The plain black dress, the shawl, falling in graceful folds around her, as she stood there receiving the usual greetings, the gentle dignity of her countenance, all betokened Grandma Graham as a lady. She was shown to her room to rest a little while before supper, and the children, heedless of all their instructions, followed to their own room, where they made as much noise as they could conveniently. Their grandmother appeared to take no notice of it, but went down to supper chatting with them in a very friendly manner. She showed no surprise at anything, but acted as though she was always accustomed to seeing children behave in a like manner. Once again in her own room, she sat down musing to herself.

"Yes, a work indeed, have I before me! Little did I dream how much! And I am so weak! Father, help me, for Thou art strong above all things!"

The next morning she was awakened by hearing a noise of shuffling and laughter, and general

confusion. She guessed rightly that it came from the children's room; but what were they doing? She would go out and see. She arose and completed her toilet, and was soon at their door, which was partly ajar. They were having a pillow fight and such sport! One instant one would be standing nearly convulsed with laughter, the next would be sprawling on the bed, knocked down by a pillow, sent with startling force by the hand of another. Their mother usually tried to stop such sport, but this morning she was too busy to pay attention to them. As their grandmother stood there, with a pretty broad smile on her face, they caught sight of her. In an instant all was quiet, and she told them to come into her room as soon as they were ready.

"Why you haven't washed or combed yet, have you?" she said, as they entered.

"Oh, we never do before breakfast, do you?" said Lida.

"Most certainly I do, and I would like to have you do the same, won't you?" and she began to pour the water. "You really look pretty," she exclaimed as she gave the last turn to Nellie's curls, "and now I must give you something for being such good children."

Going to her trunk she handed Nellie a large doll, which set her dancing with delight up and down the room. To Lida she gave a nice work box, with all the necessary articles. To Sam she gave a large picture book, full of reading and pictures, such as delight boys of his age. And nothing could have suited Charlie better than the beautiful Chinese puzzle she gave him. They were all pleased, and neither one would change with the others on any account. The next day grandma distributed candy among them.

One morning as they were assembled in her room, after the usual preparations were over, Grandma Graham took up a book, asked them if they could sing. They all declared they could.

"Would you like to learn something new?"

"Yes," they chorused.

"Well, if you will come every morning, we will try and learn something." As she opened the book, her glance rested on one commencing, "God is marshaling his army." "Nothing could be better" she said.

"Aint that jolly?" said Charlie, "that's what I like, about the soldiers; let us learn it."

And they did learn it; not only that but many others. Mr. and Mrs. Graham soon began to listen to them, and both took secret pride in them, for they did credit to their teacher, not only in singing but in many other things which she taught them. She was teaching Lida how to work about the house, so as to lift some of the burdens off her mother's hands. The garden was given to the boys, and their grandmother told them she would give them something nice if they would keep it well as long as the season lasted. They worked diligently every day in it, and soon had it in good order. Thus, little by little, she led them on, while they grew to love her, and the little conflicts with them grew lighter day by day; for Grandmother was kind and patient with them, overlooking a great many faults and correcting them when a good opportunity offered.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LETTER FROM UNCLE THOMAS.

ON Saturday, August 25th, I went to Caseyville, a distance of thirty-two miles, to attend an out door meeting, which was held there on Sunday the 26th.

I took passage from Alton on the elegant steam boat, the *Spread Eagle*, and an incident on board caused me to think, how easy it is by kind treatment to teach the young. Mr. Moorhead, the clerk of the boat, a very kind gentleman, has three young tortoises, about the size of a hen's egg, which he keeps in a glass globe. He gives them fresh water often, and feeds them with flies. They are so tame that when he knocks on the glass with his finger they will come to the

top of the water to see what he has for them. He will hold a fly near the top of the water between his finger and thumb and they will pick it from him as a tame bird would. They let him take them out of the water and hold their feet and head out of the shell while he handles them, and it seems to be a pleasure to them to be in his hands. Thus we see that man by kindness can exercise dominion over the lower creation that seem to be quite untamable.

Arriving at Caseyville I found that the brethren had erected a platform on a hill, and set benches for the convenience of the speakers and the hearers in the shade of large oak trees. Elders T. R. Allen, G. Hicklin, W. Smith, A. Rees, and W. H. Hazzledine addressed the Saints, and others that came to hear, on the first principles of the gospel, advocating the necessity of obedience unto those principles, and to walk after the Spirit of life in Christ, so that all who would might escape condemnation and be free from the law of sin and death.

I write principally for the benefit of the Zion's Hopes, to show them that the time to learn and to practice the principle of due reverence to their benefactors is while they are young. Brethren Thorp, J. Buxton and others are doing a good work at Caseyville by instructing the young in the Sunday School. I pray they may go on in the good work and that success and the blessings of God may crown their efforts.

T. R. A.

HERE is a piece of poetry by two of our young Hopes, for the Hope:

OUR SUNDAY SCHOOL.

BY CELIA PADEN AND NETTIE PUTNEY.

It is a very pleasant thought,
To think of our Sunday School,
Where the children all are taught
The words of the golden rule.

We always go to our school,
And many verses learn;
We try to obey our teacher's rules,
That from sin our hearts may turn.

O what a joyous thing to hear
The songs we cheerily sing;
We join together from far and near,
And make our voices ring.

And if we all will kindly obey,
The rules our Savior has given,
After our time on earth we stay,
We may meet together in heaven.

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLES.

DEAR HOPES:—In reading over the *Hope* of August fifteenth, I saw that some one had favored us with a brief history of the famous Cleopatra Needles, and it brought to my memory my visit to Egypt, many years ago, and with it the recollection of the visit to, and examination of, the two famous obelisks bearing her name, and I thought I would write a short article for the *Hope* about them, thinking it might be instructive to some of its many readers.

Like Pompey's Pillar, which I wrote of some time ago, they are solid columns of rose-colored granite, from the quarries of Syene. There are two of them, and they were transported from Elephantine to Heliopolis, where they stood before the door of the temple of the god Tum. History informs us that they were taken from there to Alexandria in the days of Cleopatra, and were named Cleopatra's Needles, in memory of the transfer. They measure seventy-two feet from the apex, and six feet eleven inches at the base, and four feet nine inches under the pyramidian.

At the time I visited them, (thirty-five years ago), one was standing on a pedestal, partly buried in the sand, and the other had evidently fallen, probably hundreds of years before, and was partly buried in the sand. They are both covered with Hieroglyphics which will no doubt give the world an interesting piece of Egyptian history, if

they are ever deciphered. As I sat on the fallen column, and looked along its massive sides, and up at its mate, towering silently but majestically above my head, an irresistible feeling of awe came over me, coupled with the feeling of inquiry, Whose handy works are these? But the only answer to my mental inquiry was the peculiar mournful cry of the many lizards that were gamboling about my feet, who were apparently the only inhabitants of the lonely beach where the Needles stood.

The fallen column was presented to the British Government by Mahommed Ali, in 1819, but it has been allowed to lie neglected and unclaimed ever since, until recently a private citizen, Professor Erasmus, is about to move it to England, at his own expense. Should it reach England in safety, by means of the ingenious contrivance now being put in operation by a gentleman named John Dixon, it will be placed on the Thames embankment at London, where no doubt, it will be visited by millions of London's inhabitants, together with visitors from other parts of England, and probably by many from adjoining nations. But its mate may have to stay many centuries alone on the dreary beach of Alexandria, while the fall of the other will have brought it to the notice of all the civilized world, like the woman whose name they bear.

JOHN S. PATTERSON.

MEEKNESS.

MEEKNESS is an attribute that necessarily belongs to every true follower of Jesus, and without it no one can be a true disciple of him, who is our pattern in all christian qualities.

We hear him saying, "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." To inherit, is to come into possession of by inheritance. The meaning of the word meekness is mildness of temper, gentleness; and those possessing this christian quality are to inherit the earth.

How thankful we all should be for the "Holy Scriptures" that point out to us the way by which we may become meek like unto our Savior. We read in the New Testament about his character, how he showed kindness unto all, how his words were mild and gentle, and when he was reviled he did not revile again, but showed forth continually that principle of love and meekness that is required of all to demonstrate through this life, that they hope to inherit the earth.

Dear readers of the "*Hope*," many of you may think that there is no difference in the meaning of the words character and reputation. I once thought they were the same in meaning. But I will take our Savior's earthly life as an example by which to illustrate to your mental view, the meaning of each of these words. We read that he was kind, gentle, meek, upright in all his ways, and that he did nothing that was wrong, but was always obedient to the will of his Father in heaven. He was willing to be baptized in Jordan, sinking "beneath the liquid wave" with that surpassing willingness to obey all his Father's commandments. And we see the character of Jesus, his honesty of heart, not in the least tainted with sin, and so is the character of any one, even what he really is at heart. We see that Jesus possessed a good character. So do men possess good or bad characters.

Now we will look at reputation, the meaning of which is, How do we stand in the estimation of others. But they speak good or evil of us many times only to the extent of their likes and dislikes. Hence by some we are well spoken of, and therefore our reputation among such, is good; but by others just the reverse of this. If we were to believe the Jews, they who cried out against the Savior, "Crucify him, Crucify him," we would conclude that he possessed a bad character, as they spake evil of him, and all manner of evil was said against him who was pure in character, yet he had a bad reputation among the Jews. But the bad reputation did not change his character.

And all who seek to inherit the earth must seek to cultivate and nourish those qualities of character that made our Savior's life so pure and faultless. The children of God will be found striving to imitate his son, and will pay heed unto all his commandments, that they may be the meek that shall inherit the earth when the curse is removed from it. Blessed indeed will all be that are worthy to dwell upon the new earth. They have all obeyed the same law by which an inheritance was promised, they possess the same qualities, and therefore are made perfect by the same rule, and are capable of dwelling in peace together throughout eternity.

Then let us enter into the Church of Christ according to the rule laid down in the New Testament, entering in at the "straight gate" which the Savior went in at, for he commands all to follow him; also keeping our characters pure as he did, that by an exhibition of meekness we may be the ones whom the Savior will own, when he comes to make up his jewels, for the meek are his jewels, and they shall inherit the earth.

L. R. DEVORE.

WEST WHEELING, Ohio, Sept. 4th, 1877.

OBITUARY.

Died, in the town of Black Creek, Wisconsin, October 15th, 1874, of inflammation of the stomach, George, oldest son of brother Emery and sister Sarah Downey, aged 18 years and 2 months. He was a good boy, and a dutiful and affectionate son. His funeral was held in the school house where he had attended school, and it was largely attended, nearly half of the congregation being mourners. Services were conducted by Elder Gilbert Watson, and were solemn and impressive, even as the occasion required.

Yes, the loved one has departed,
Left his many friends to mourn,
Left them nearly broken-hearted,
For he never will return.

Summer's sun, and winter's storm-blast,
Each to us in turn will come,
Spring returns as long as time lasts,
Autumn winds will sigh and mourn;

But for our beloved, lost one,
Our dear George, gone on before,
Vainly we shall wait, and wait on,
He will come to us no more.

Yet we trust that his pure spirit,
Waits for us beyond the tomb,
And as time is swiftly passing,
We draw nearer to his home.

We look with vain and anxious longing,
Toward his ever vacant chair;
Still we know, 'mid all our yearnings,
We can never see him there;

For we know our Heavenly Father,
Orders all things for our good,
And as sadly as we miss him,
We'd not recall him, if we could.

We are sure the love he bore us,
Doth endure beyond the grave,
And the welcome he will give us,
When we cross death's rolling wave,

Will repay us for the waiting,
Since we parted here below,
But dearest George, we miss thee sadly,
Yet we shall meet again, we know. M.

GYP AND THE MIRROR.

SUCH a rumpus! It was house-cleaning time, when everything was topsy-turvy. How is it that people can't clean house without making such a fuss about it? It was full noon, and by this time our own Biddy, and a woman hired for "house-cleaning," had succeeded in getting things into a lovely state. There were some of the kitchen things in the parlor, and, of course, some of the parlor things in the kitchen, while others were placed in the hall, so as to be as much in the way as possible. Well, things were pretty thoroughly mixed, when there was such a rumpus! The dog, Gyp, barked as if he were several dogs, and he tore around as if he had gone mad over the confusion. We all rushed to the hall, for there

was where the trouble seemed to be, to see what was the matter, and the whole thing was so funny, that even Biddy forgot to be cross, and actually laughed, and for Biddy to laugh at house-cleaning time was something unknown; for, several days before, she begins to be serious, and by the time the day comes she is in "a state of mind," but now Biddy had a good hearty laugh; and what was more she had several little laughs to herself, during the rest of the day, just at thinking of it. You will wonder what it could be that would make Biddy lose her solemn face on house-cleaning day. This is the way it was: Gyp was always fed at noon, as regularly as the time came. Seeing all the confusion, and no signs of his dinner, he hunted for himself, and having found a bone went to the hall, as that seemed to be the quietest place, to enjoy it. In setting things where they shouldn't be, a large mirror was stood on the floor of the hall, and, of course, with the glass outward. Gyp came along with his bone, and, behold! there was another dog with another bone; this would never do, so Gyp, probably thinking that no other dog besides himself had a right to a bone in this house, laid down his own to capture the bone from the other dog. But the other dog put his bone down. Gyp could see it, and was going for it, but there he came face to face with the other dog. Gyp is just a bit of a coward, and when he saw the other dog coming towards him he started back, and jumped and barked in a way that we never supposed possible. When we came he was so busy in going toward and retreating from the strange dog, turning this way and that, but all the time keeping at a safe distance, that he did not notice us at first; but the sight of the bewildered animal, now threatening and now backing away from his own shadow, was one of the funniest sight I ever saw. At last we laughed so loudly that Gyp noticed us, and looked as if he would like help. He still had his eyes fixed on the other bone, as if he was still determined to have it. So to help him I moved the mirror out from the wall; he was sure of his bone now, and he came behind the glass with a bounce, ready to pick it up. Such a change in that dog, when he found there was nothing there! He evidently felt that he had been imposed upon, and started out with a dismal whine, even forgetting his own bone. Gyp has evidently been troubled in his mind; he can't make it out, and now that the glass is hung we have only to call the dog's attention and touch the mirror, when he will put on a most sheepish air and want to get away from it. This was what made the rumpus.—*American Agriculturist.*

BATHING IN THE DEAD SEA.

WHEN we passed into the water, writes a traveler, we felt the weight of it before we got knee-deep. Soon we grew buoyant, and kept our balance with some difficulty. It was like trying to swim on corks that will not keep their places. A few steps further, and over we went, heels up, and, to our surprise, head up, likewise. The bath was certainly refreshing, and the novelty of it not unlike a good-natured joke. When less suspicious, some unruly members came to the surface, and over he went on all fours, bobbing like bladders, and finding it extremely difficult to make much headway through the almost solid waters. The dead sea does for a change of medicine—it is bitter as gall; but I would as soon think of swimming in a strong solution of feather beds. The sun drove us to the shore, and the sea spewed us out. We were without a morsel of fresh water—very foolishly forgotten—and when we had once more got into our clothes and struck out for the wilderness, our skin burned like fire, and we shed flakes of salt at every step.

Every day have higher thoughts of God, lower thoughts of self, kinder thoughts of your brethren, and more hopeful thoughts of all around you.

Correspondence.

NEWTON, Harvey Co., Kansas,
September 6th, 1877.

Brother Henry:—I enclose one dollar. It will be a little help toward the gospel. Please put it in the *Hope* so that I will know that you got it. If any of the Elders should come this way, or other Saints, we should be very glad to receive them, as there are no Saints around here that we know of. From your brother,
JAMES WALTON.

HAMILTON, Mo., September 9th, 1877.

Brother Henry:—I have not written to the *Hope* for a very long time, I thought I would write a few words, so that the little Hopes may know that there is one here who is truly glad to say that she is a member of the Church of Christ, and striving to live as becometh "a child of God." We came here last Spring, and I have had the blessed privilege, of attending Saints' meetings, and also heard preaching by one or two Elders. We formerly lived in Iowa, near Casey, but there was no branch nearer than Des Moines, fifty miles, consequently I could not go to meeting only once in a great while. For fear that I will be tedious I will close, with a request for the prayers of all the Saints.
M. E. WEEKS.

MILL CREEK, Salt Lake Co., Utah,
September 15th, 1877.

Dear Hopes:—I do not see any letters from here. I do not go to school, and we live so far from meeting that we can not go. But we are to move to Missouri, and I hope that we can go to meeting then. My parents belong to the Church, and so do I, and my oldest sister. Pray for me. Your brother in Christ,
GEORGE H. VREDENBURGH.

SOUTH BEND, Neb., Sept. 11th, 1877.

Dear Hopes:—I will improve a few moments writing to you. I would like to see you all, but I can not, yet I trust that a time will come when we will all see one another face to face. I take pleasure in reading the letters in the *Hope*. I want you all to pray for me, that I may live faithful and upright before God, and at last meet you all in Heaven. This is the humble prayer of your sister in Christ.

"Deep is the sorrow that sweeps o'er the soul;
Wild is the storm and the fierce billows roll;
Safe is our bark and securely we ride,
And we fear no evil, as the Lord will provide."

SARAH ALICE ARMSTRONG.

ELVASTON, Ill., September 10th, 1877.

Dear Hopes:—This is the request of our sister Lottie Barber. I want you to pray for me that when I lie down in my little bed I may be prepared to go to my home, where parting will be no more. We want an Elder to come and visit this place. Your sister in Christ,
ELLEN WELLS.

Brother Henry:—I thought I would like to put a little piece in the *Hope*, and I would like you to publish it if you think it worth while. Your sister,
LOTTIE BARBER.

Puzzle Corner.

Answers in One Month.

ENIGMA.—No. 13.

I am composed of 14 letters.

My 9, 10, 7, 8, is a subterranean cavity or passage.
My 2, 10, 8, 7, external appearance.
My 7, 4, 3, 13, to give an appellation to.
My 7, 10, 12, 8, is a river in Africa.
My 5, 8, 1, 14, to treat with derision.
My 3, 8, 6, 11, a repast.
My whole is the author's name.

WORD PUZZLE.—No. 19.

My 1st is in water, but not in rain.
My 2d is in play, also in game.
My 3d is in light, also in lamp.
My 4th is in moist, but not in damp.
My 5th is in feather, but not in bird.
My 6th is in shepherd, also in herd.
My 7th is in brown, but not in black.
My 8th is in mark, but not in hack.
My 9th is in craag, also in rock.
My 10th is in sound, but not in mock.
My 11th is in round, but not in ball.
My 12th is in bound, but not in fall.
My 13th is in Mary, but not in Merk.
My 14th is in labor, but not in work.
My 15th is in word, also in deed.
My whole is the name of a presiding Elder of a branch.
JENNET ARCHIBALD.

WORD DEFINITIONS.—No 1.

[In solving these you must guess at a word, and taking the value of the letters in Roman numerals you add them together. Example. What word re-

lates to civil affairs that equals 207? Answer, the word civic. In numerals these count C-100; I-1; V-5; I-1; C-100, total 207.]

What kind of fish-600?
What kind of beast-10?
What state of weather-650?
What word meaning obscure-1501?
What word meaning to imitate-2102?
What word meaning aged-550?

WM. STUART.

WORD PUZZLE.—No. 20.

My 1st is in dove, but not in sparrow.
My 2d is in love, but not in sorrow.
My 2d is in praise, but not in weed.
My 4th is in graze, but not in feed.
My 5th is in day, but not in night.
My 6th is in fay, but not in sprite.
My 7th is in park, but not in lot.
My 8th is in ark, but not in cot.
My 9th is in man, but not in bribe.
My 10th is in clan, but not in tribe.
My 11th is in fame, also in pope.
My whole is a name you'll find it the *Hope*.
DAVID G. THOMAS.

Answers to Puzzle Corner of Sep. 1st.

1 To Word Puzzle, No. 16.—John M. Terry.

2 To Anagram, No. 14.—

King David's limbs were weary. He had fled
From far Jerusalem, and now he stood,
With his faint people, for a little rest,
Upon the shore of Jordan. The light wind
Of morn was stirring, and he bared his brow
To its refreshing breath; for he had worn
The mourner's covering, and he had not felt
That he could see his people until now.
They gathered round him on the fresh green bank
And spoke their kindly words; and, as the sun
Rose up in Heaven, he knelt among them there,
And bow'd his head upon his hands to pray.
JULIA FROST.

3 To Enigma, No. 12.—*Ione*, is the name of a pretty valley in California. *Mary* was one whom the Lord loved. *Earth* was one of the wonderful works of God. *Ned* is a boy's nick-name. *Fan* is used in warm weather. Whole,—“I and my Father are one,” were words of our Savior.

The following send correct answers: John Marriot to Nos. 1, and 2 (also to 1 and 2 in Aug. 15th); Sarah Armstrong, 2; John C. Hidy, 2; Edith Monroe, 3.

EDITORIAL MENTION.

Sister Annie M. Riding writes from Bevier, Mo., that she would gladly see the *HOPE* changed to a weekly. As it now is she wishes to do, and will do, all she can to extend its circulation. Others are promising to do the same thing this fall and winter. Will not all, both old and young, make an effort in this direction and send the money for themselves and others along?

Sister Bardsley of Neola, Iowa, writes that her attempt to introduce the *HOPE* into the Union Sabbath School there, did not succeed. For, when the leaders saw that it taught the principles of the gospel of Christ, the New Testament doctrine, baptism for the remission of sins and the laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost, they would not have the paper,—too much truth for them.

By request we publish in this issue the obituary notice of George Downey, just received, with the very good poetry attached, in memoriam.

THE SAINTS' HERALD.

The above publication is issued semi-monthly, at Plano, Kendall County, Illinois, by the Board of Publication of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, \$2.15 per year free of postage. Edited by Joseph Smith and Henry A. Stebbins.

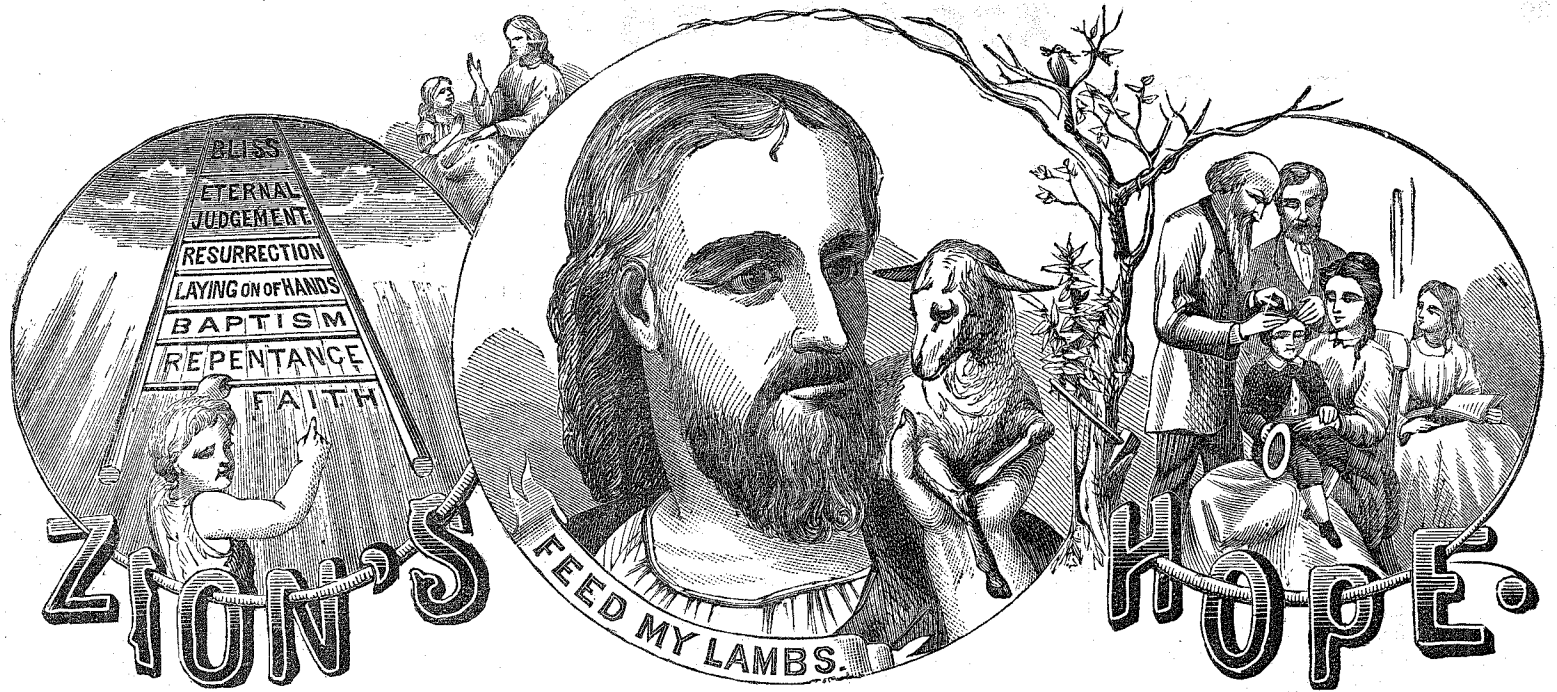
1 October 77.

A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue. Owing to the fact that we make nothing on the *Hope* we would like to see subscriptions paid up as early as possible, and delinquent ones especially. With the small margin to work upon, the cost of paper and postage for papers sent on credit for a few issues or for months, forces us as a general rule to discontinue sending it when the time is out, at which we hope no one will take offence but watch this notice hereafter for the blue mark.

Zion's Hope is published semi-monthly by the Board of Publication of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, at Plano, Kendall Co., Ill., and is edited by Joseph Smith and Henry A. Stebbins.

Price Sixty cents per year, free of postage. All remittances, orders, and business communications intended for the office of publication, must be directed to *Henry A. Stebbins, Box 50, Plano, Kendall Co., Ill.* All sums over Five Dollars should be sent by Draft on Chicago, Post Office Order on Plano, registered letter, or by express. Remittances sent in any other manner will be at the risk of the sender.

Superintendents and Teachers of Sunday schools, Book Agent 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. 9.

PLANO, KENDALL CO., ILL., OCTOBER 15, 1877.

No. 8.

A PRAYER FOR THE HOPE.

God bless those men whose hands and hearts,
Engaged in Zion's weal,
Strive true knowledge to impart,
And ways of truth reveal.

Who send the Horse from time to time,
To Zion's favored youth,
Spreading the message from clime to clime,
Of purity and truth.

I pray that now they may be blest,
With joy so calm and sweet,
And when they gain their heavenly rest
That these dear "Hopes" they'll meet.

Lord, bless the little "Hopes," so dear,
Their youthful feet protect;
Dispel all gloom; calm every fear:
Their minds, Lord, do thou direct.

O may they bow with purpose pure,
Before the throne of God,
Unto the end may they endure,
Holding the "Iron Rod."

O God, the pen of each inspire,
Who for the "Hope" do write;
Thy Spirit pure their bosom's fire,
With holy purpose bright.

That every word and every line,
A lesson pure may teach;
And may they never cease, or repine,
Until the end they reach.

O may the parents ever strive,
Their "Hopes" to lead aright,
That when to riper years they 'rive,
They'll for the Master fight.

O help us then, both great and small,
To heed the truth laid down;
So when we hear the Savior call,
We each may wear a crown.

WILDWOOD.

MEDITATION.

SITTING lost in deep thought this afternoon, I was suddenly aroused from my reverie by three childish voices, saying:

"Come, mamma, let us go for a walk."

"I am sure," said Minnie, the eldest, "that a walk will do you good, after being shut up in the house all the morning."

So, not unwillingly, I don my hat and gloves, and with two little hands clasped closely in my own, start out for (what to me is always a real pleasure) a walk in the green woods. And here let me say, to any care-worn or brain-weary sister, that there is nothing that will so surely dispel a fit of the blues as a walk in the cool, fresh air of the green woods. And, although at this season of the year the scenery is not nearly so lovely or beautiful as in early spring-time, when the woods are glorious in their wealth of delicate white and

crimson blossoms of the hawthorn and the red-bud, the pale primrose, the graceful blue-bell, or the tender violet, yet to me there is always a depth of beauty in midsummer scenery that fills my soul with love and gratitude to our heavenly Father, as I contemplate his love toward us, in that he hath blessed us so bountifully, both spiritually and temporally.

After walking some distance, until the little feet begin to tire, we seat ourselves beneath the wide spreading branches of an old oak; and, as I contemplate the fast fading flowers, and the maturity of leaf and fruit, I am reminded that Summer will soon be gone to give place to Autumn, with all its gorgeous, brilliant beauty.

"And now, mamma, tell us a story," says Minnie, who has become tired of the monotony of the scenery. Being thus importuned I arouse my thoughts for a short story. Naturally my mind will revert to the mental retrospection it was engaged in before starting out. And, although my story may not interest many of its readers, yet it may possibly meet the eye of one, at least, whom memory still holds dear.

Many years ago, in the state of Illinois, when I was quite a little girl, our usually quiet community was suddenly aroused one day to a state of curiosity, if not of dismay, by the arrival in our midst of a Mormon preacher, or, in other words, a Latter Day Saint elder, by the name, if I remember rightly, of Jacques. He, with one or two other elders who came after him, held meetings in one or two private houses, (for the people would not allow them to preach in their churches), and started a small branch, my brother-in-law and sister being of the number. For a few weeks they stayed in our community preaching, teaching, and warning the people to repent and come in "through the straight gate, and into the narrow way that leadeth to everlasting life;" yet they would not heed them, but made sport of and ridiculed them, as many do to day. The Saints then made up their minds that they would do as our Puritan forefathers did, who came over in the good ship *Mayflower*; they would go where they could worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences. Accordingly, in the Spring following, my brother-in-law and his family, consisting of himself and wife, and two little children, his father and mother, two grown brothers and two younger brothers, with a few others, started across the plains for Lower California. They had many months of weary travel, and were in danger of hostile Indians, (who did kill some of their company), and they were scorched with the burning rays of the sun, and were parched with thirst while crossing the desert. The aged mother died

and was buried while crossing the mountains, and there left alone, with nought but the wild winds to sing her requiem and the dews of heaven to drop a tear. The Indians stole part of their stock, thus compelling them to haul part of their wagons by hand for many miles. These, and many other trials, they had to endure before reaching their destination; yet through it all they kept true to their covenants; and, though the spirit of the young wife and mother has since been called to pass over to the other shore, with the boatman pale and cold, yet she died in the full assurance of a glorious resurrection with the just when Christ shall come to make up his jewels. And to-day, somewhere on the beautiful Pacific Slope, she rests in peace, while fond hearts are still waiting in the full assurance (if faithful to our trust while here) that we shall meet again where parting will be no more.

AUNT ANNIE.

WHAT SHALL I DO?

LET the articles of belief to which we subscribed when we entered into covenant with God in the waters of baptism, or of regeneration, be accepted, not because some elder, priest, teacher, deacon, or brother or sister said they were true, or because your friends believe them, but subscribe to them because you know they are true, and this knowledge must be the result of investigation, of study, of prayer, deep, earnest, and sincere prayer.

Let our daily lives be living epistles of divine truth; let us cherish and practice the spirit of Christ; and, if we do, the Holy Spirit, the Comforter, which our blessed Master promised to all his disciples will come and take up his abode in our souls, speaking through our mouths, and manifesting the same in our daily life. Let us remember that the only evidence of our being born again is that we bear the fruits of the Spirit. Jesus says: "He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit; herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit." "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be my disciples."

And what is this fruit which Jesus, the Great Teacher, commanded his children, or followers, to bear? It was simply love; love to God, and all mankind. Love is the great essential element of saint-like character. The Pagan world feel it not; the Jews comprehended it not. Love of tribe and of kindred did indeed exist, but not that love which is so wide that it comprehended in its sympathies the interests of the whole human family, and so deep that no perils or dangers can quench or intimidate it, provided it could win one

soul from error and transgression's dark night, unto the beauties and brightness of the gospel of peace.

Jesus exhibited this love in his life; Galilee beheld it in the healing of the sick and the raising the dead; Olivet heard its midnight prayers; Gethsemane witnessed its overpowering struggle at the cross, unwearied and undying amid the agonies of crucifixion. We find it speaking in tenderest tones, "Father, forgive them: for they know not what they do!" Oh, who of us can imitate love like this? when we look at the envyings that spring up in our own hearts; but just such love is for our example, imitation and practice. It is the very bond and badge of our adoption into the kingdom of our divine Master: "For, by this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye love one another."

This love for God and all mankind lives and acts despite opposition and revilings. It is patient and obedient; it beareth all things, hopeth and endureth all things; it is a fulfilling of the law; for it is the ready and willing obedience of the soul which bringeth our thoughts and affections into subjection to the divine will. Let us, as Saints, cherish and cultivate a love like this; and let us remember it can not dwell with a fault-finding, cavilling spirit, with a haughty brow, or a cold and unthankful heart. If we really possess it, it will become a well-spring of joy within our souls; our hearts will become enlarged, our minds will become actively engaged in seeking to do good.

Now it is that the question comes home to us, What shall I do? or what can I do? Perhaps you are attired for a walk; if so, why not turn aside into that obscure alley, and visit that lonely chamber, and sit by the bedside of that poor and feeble sufferer? A few words of sympathy to her would avail more than you could realize in a score of fashionable calls. Will not your faith be firmer, and can not you go on leaning more trustfully on an Almighty arm? Who is that little boy, or girl, as the case may be, shivering almost at your door. His path in life now intersects your path, and it may be his heavenly Father has sent him hither, to cluster new influences around his heart, and to bear light and relief to his destitute home. Speak kindly to him; ask him of his wants, and administer to the same.

Perhaps you see much to disgust and discourage you. The Savior, also, saw much while upon the earth; but he was not discouraged, neither must we be. We must expect to be disappointed in some of our best timed efforts; we must not be surprised at unfaithfulness, ignorance and deceit in those for whom we desire the greatest good; dark, erring, sinful hearts can not readily understand or co-operate in your labor of love; but go on, and there are few hearts that will not be penetrated by your love, and rejoice at your coming, and ask who sent you hither. Then can you point them to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world.

Again, is not the Sunday School in need of teachers? Let us go there, and be prompt, faithful and earnest, remembering that the day is short, and the night cometh, wherein no man can work; therefore, in view of this, what we do must be done quickly. If we would be Christ-like we must teach and pray and labor for the salvation of precious souls. In the Sabbath-school there is something far higher and nobler to attain to in the instruction of those precious little ones who assemble there than merely to keep them out of mischief, and to impart a little if any scriptural instruction. We must aim, with and by the help of God's Holy Spirit, to make such spiritual impressions on their young and tender minds as will be lasting. This is the great thing they need, and any aim short of this is traitorous to their good, and to our blessed Master's cause. Then, if we would perform our true mission on the earth it is to be by the power of self-denying, uncompromising, Christ-like example. The beauty of holy living must be daily witnessed, its power must be

felt. A holy life hath indeed, as one of old has said, a majesty like a God, a sweetness like the voice of an angel. By holy and righteous living does the humble servant of God become a light in the world that can not be hid, a temple of God reared to rebuke the idolatry of sin. We, then, as borderers on the land of Zion, must take no uncertain position; for, as the line between the doctrines of the gospel and the traditions of men is clearly defined in these latter days, let us see to it that we are fully on the Lord's side; let our daily life correspond with the high and exalted principles of the gospel by which we profess to be governed. We are no longer of the world, neither must we be conformed to the things of the world, or to its pleasures. All our duties must converge towards one grand point: to honor our divine Master; honor him with our speech, honor him with our influence, honor him by frequenting the house of prayer, and by preferring the society of God's people. Sincerely hoping that each of us who have entered into covenant with God in the waters of baptism may feel the responsibilities resting upon us, and when he comes, whose right it is, we may be found worthy of an inheritance with him on the earth, is the prayer of your brother in the new and everlasting covenant,—

—Read by ALEXANDER BUCHANNAN, at the Nebraska City S. S. picnic, August 15th, 1877, the above being partly his composition and partly selected.

TWO HOMES.

CONCLUDED.

CHAPTER VII.—THE DISCOVERY.

ONE fine afternoon, after helping Mary do up the work, Grandma Graham went to return Mrs. Barton's call. Mary wanted to do some sewing, so she had to go alone. She had not been there long when her glance rested on the table where Mrs. Barton kept her books and papers.

"Excuse me," she said, "but I thought I saw some old friends," crossing to the table where lay a pile of *Heralds*. "Do I find a sister?" she said, turning to Mrs. Barton.

"Aye, and a brother, too," said Mr. Barton, entering the room at the same instant.

Hearty were the hand-clasps when they discovered they were all of the same household of faith. How much there was to talk about! No lag in the conversation now; the time seemed only too short for all they had to say.

"I want your help," said the good lady, as she was about to leave. I had a strange dream before I came to this place. I dreamed that I saw James and his family unconsciously walking to the very verge of an awful precipice, and I was putting forth my utmost strength to hold them from going over, till help arrived. Oh what a dream that was! I shudder every time I recall it. It seemed so vivid. I wrote immediately and came as soon as possible. Now I understand it all. I am deeply grieved to see James as he is."

"Prayers and faith work wonders, sister, and you shall have ours, and our help as much as lies in our power. Remember what the Father has promised his people."

"Thank you, kind brother and sister. We ought never to be discouraged, while we have such a helper. I feel truly thankful that my lot is cast among His people. Will you let your children come over often? I know their influence will do our children good. So it was settled that whenever they could be spared, they should go, and also that they should all call at Mr. Graham's the following Sabbath, and take to church as many as wished to go.

With a lighter heart than she had had for many a day, Grandma Graham took her way homeward. The next morning she gave to each of the children a little black Testament, with a wish that they would read in turn a whole chapter every morning, and sing two hymns, and after a while they could learn the Lord's prayer and repeat it

or sing it, with the rest of the exercises. Mrs. Graham rose earlier so that she could get the breakfast started in order to listen to the children. Grandma perceiving it, purposely delayed them, and did not commence till Mary was in her accustomed chair beside the door.

Along with it all the neighbors perceived a change in Mr. Graham; he seemed to be more thoughtful and steady; went less frequently to the bar-room, and hardly ever noticed his old associates; but there was one thing he stumbled over, and that was the idea of his mother being one of those dreaded Mormons. If it was any other church he wouldn't care so much, but seeing the gradual change in his children, he was too sensible a man to dispute. There might be something in it after all, "there must be or mother would never have joined them," and thus, ending his many reveries on the subject, he concluded to let the matter take its own course.

One night Mary Graham was called to Mrs. Barton's. Eva was very sick and she wanted Mary to stay with them, while Mr. Barton was gone for Elder Thomson. When they arrived she was so much worse that Mary thought it was impossible for her to recover; but the parents were full of faith, and, when they knelt to pray, they were sure their prayers would be answered. What was it that sent thrill after thrill through Mary's heart, as she knelt there with these people? She seemed awakening from a dream; and while the Elder was administering to the sick one, she sat there like one dazed.

"How selfish I have been," she thought, while tears blinded her eyes.

"I am better now, and will soon be well," said Eva.

"To God be all the praise," reverently spoke the Elder, while thankful prayers ascended from the hearts of the parents.

"Come here, Mrs. Graham, please."

As Mary stood by the bed, Eva took her hand, and said softly; "Pray earnestly for His Spirit to guide you into all truth."

"I will," she said brokenly, and she meant it.

Later, when the people were assembled at the water to see Eva and her brother Harry baptized, they were astonished when Mary Graham stepped forward and gave her hand to the Elder. As she stepped fearlessly into the water a hush fell on the crowd, and when she was buried and arose to a newness of life, a strange light broke over her husband's countenance, while tear after tear coursed down his cheeks. Grandmother Graham's face looked radiant, as she saw the trusting, child-like manner which followed Mary's movements, and she thanked God for this hour.

CHAPTER VIII.—CONCLUSION.

Three years have passed; years fraught with joys, and sorrows, with peace and prosperity. We are again in that little western village. Going to the happy home of the Bartons, we find them seated before a cheerful fire, for it is mid-winter. How the children have grown! Another little soldier has stepped into the ranks of the Barton family, a bright-eyed laughing boy of two years. Mrs. Barton looks lovingly around on the group of happy faces, and thanks the kind Father above for such a blessing.

"What say you, Agnes, about going to brother Graham's, to spend the evening?"

"I am agreed; come children, get ready, while I dress little brother more warmly."

And while they are getting ready, let us go on in advance and see how it has fared with our friends, the Grahams. Prosperity seems to have taken up her abode here, if we may judge by outward appearances. An addition has been built to the house, and every thing takes on an air of comfort. Let us take a peep inside. A large table stands in the centre of the room, upon which are scattered books and papers. Mr. and Mrs. Graham sit there reading; Nellie is trying with Sam's help to write a letter to the *Hope*; Lida is at the machine, sewing on a dress for her mother;

Grandma sits in a comfortable arm-chair, with her knitting work lying on her lap, and evidently thinking. They must be pleasant thoughts, for smiles play around her lips, and chase each other across her face, until they are lost in her beautiful silvery hair, making her look not a day older than when we last saw her. A cheerful fire burns in the stove, a neat carpet covers the floor, while the few pictures that hang on the nicely papered walls adds a certain grace to the pleasant sitting room that is really enjoyable.

Hark! A knock at the door. A tall boy rises from his chair in the corner, places his books on the table, and steps out through the hall to open the door. Then a rush of feet, and, "Good evening Charlie," from every quarter, until he is fairly overwhelmed, as he leads the guests into the sitting room, where they are welcomed as eagerly as though they had not seen them for a year, and baby is nearly smothered with kisses until he is in danger of showing his aversion to such personalities.

Charlie is at the head of his classes in school and is trying to win the prize, while Lida thinks she will teach some day. The younger children are taking such an interest in their studies, that they are quite a surprise to the neighborhood. Harry and Eva will have to look well to their laurels or Charlie and Lida will pass them on the road to knowledge—but, no; for they are so fond of one another, these children, so fast growing up to manhood and womanhood.

After spending a pleasant evening the visitors were about to depart, when Mr. Graham invited them to join in their family worship, which they readily consented to do. Lida placed the books and papers neatly away, pushed back the table, and drew, in its stead, a small stand, on which lay a large Bible, some hymn books, and four little well-worn Testaments. Charlie took the chair, and selecting a chapter from the Bible, read it in a clear manly voice. The children selected the hymn, after which Mr. Graham invited Mr. Barton to take his place, which he did, offering a prayer from the depths of his heart which had a response in every other heart in the room.

"Now, children, another hymn," said Mr. Graham.

"God is marshalling his army," said Lida; and how they did make it ring! It brought back the little exercise vividly to Grandma Graham's mind. How she had patiently labored with and earnestly prayed for this family, now so dear to her; how they had, step by step, been led from the darkness into the light, until their feet were planted on the rock so firm, so true; and how these two families that were so far apart, so few short years ago, were now walking side by side, up the pathway that leads to the beautiful beyond. Tears fell from the sweet old lady's eyes as she thought of all the goodness of God, and she murmured, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name be the glory, for thy mercy, and for thy truth's sake."

MYRTLE GREY.

HEAVEN.

GOD is love; Zion is the pure in heart; and I believe that where love and purity abide, there is heaven. The pure in heart shall see God, and dwell in his presence forever. Therefore I will seek to find God and heaven daily; not in some far-distant world, but here. And how shall I do it?

There are in our own town a family of poor and motherless children; a man with a large family of small children to support, and he is helplessly sick; a man who has had both his legs broken, and is subject to fits; and yesterday a good old mother in Israel fell and broke one of her limbs, and the surgeon says she will never walk again. I anticipate much joy, and expect to find heaven, every day, by visiting and ministering to such as these. And, dear Hopes, may we not all find the heavenly city, and celestial joys, in the same way? Let us try it.

UNCLE HARVEY.

TRUE REASON FOR BEING HONEST.

"**H**ONESTY is the best policy," said Harry aloud, "and I mean always to be honest." "What does 'best policy' mean?" asked his sister Ada, looking up from her work.

"Why this," replied the boy,—"That if you are always honest, even though it may not seem the wisest thing for yourself at the time, you will get best off in the end."

"I don't think," replied his sister, "that is a good reason; because if you saw dishonest people getting on better for a long time, you would, perhaps, get tired of waiting for the time to come when you would be 'best off,' and begin to be dishonest, too."

"Ada is right," said her mamma, coming into the room, "Be honest, because it is right, my son; that is the only safe reason. Try to please God whether any grain comes from it or not. You will sometimes not be able to see how doing the right thing is profitable in a temporal point of view; but it will matter little, when you come to die, whether you have been 'best off' in this world or not."

"Thank you, mamma," said Harry. "In future I will endeavor to do right because it is right, and is pleasing to God, whether it seems to my advantage or not."—*Sel.*

LIE NEVER.

NOT long ago, on an English steamer, four days out from Liverpool, a small boy was found hid behind the cargo. He had neither father nor mother, brother nor sister, friend nor protector among either passengers or crew. Who was he? Where did he come from? Where going? Only nine years old; the poor little stranger, with ragged clothes, but a beautiful face, full of innocence and truth. Of course he was carried before the first mate.

"How came you to steal a passage on board this ship?" asked the mate, sharply.

"My step-father put me in," answered the boy. "He said he could not afford to keep me or pay my passage to Halifax, where my aunt lives. I want to go to my aunt."

The mate did not believe the story. He had often been deceived by stow-aways. Almost every ship finds, one or two days out at sea, men or boys concealed among the cargo, who try to get a passage across the water without paying for it. And this is often troublesome and expensive. The mate suspected some of the sailors had a hand in the boy's escape, and treated him pretty roughly. Day after day he was questioned about his coming, and it was always the same story—nothing less, nothing more. At last the mate got out of patience, as mates will, and, seizing the boy by the collar, told him unless he confessed the truth in ten minutes he would hang him to the yard-arm—a frightful threat, indeed.

Poor child, with not a friend to stand by him! Around him were passengers and sailors of the mid-day watch and before him the stern, first officer, with his watch in hand, counting the tick, tick, tick of the minutes as they swiftly went. There he stood, pale and sorrowful, his head erect, and tears in his eyes; but afraid?—no, not a bit! Eight minutes were already gone.

"Only two minutes more to live," cried the mate. "Speak the truth and save your life, boy."

"May I pray?" asked the child, looking up into the hard man's face.

The officer nodded his head, but said nothing. The brave boy knelt down on deck, and with his hands clasped and eyes raised to heaven, repeated the Lord's prayer, and then prayed the dear Lord Jesus to take him home to heaven. He could die; but lie—never! All eyes were turned toward him, and sobs broke from stern hearts.

The mate could hold out no longer. He sprang to the boy, told him he believed his story, every word of it. A nobler sight never took place on ship's deck than this—a poor, unfriended child, willing to face death for truth's sake.

He could die; but lie—never! God bless him! And the rest of the voyage you may well think he had friends enough. Nobody owned him before; everybody was now ready to do him a kindness. And everybody who reads this will be strengthened to do right, come what will, by the noble conduct of this dear child.

GOSPEL FOR THE HOPES.—No. 1.

PERHAPS all of the Hopes may not understand as fully as they ought the principles of the gospel, by hearing it addressed mostly and in a manner adapted to older people. What the gospel is, and its adaptation to our daily life, are things undefined, and perhaps to the young, too much unknown; and where the most of the Hopes, in their scattered condition, are deprived of Sabbath Schools of their own, instruction may be had through the columns of their paper.

In essaying attractive instruction on these things I cannot offer the wisdom of experience, so much as an earnest desire that the children of God's own peculiar people, his Saints of latter days, may not be like the world, growing up without the knowledge of God and his wonderful dealings with men, in all ages of the world, and the glory that is to crown the good and pure through faith and obedience to his revealed counsels and will.

In the picture heading of the *Hope*, on the left side of the cut, the Hopes are pointed to the principles and doctrines of Christ's gospel. The first of which is. Faith, which Paul defines to be (Heb. 11:6 I. T.) the assurance or promise of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.

Now, although our faith is lightly spoken of, by many who do not know, but who "err, not knowing the Scriptures nor the power of God," yet in the pure gospel that God sent his angel to reveal to Joseph Smith in this our generation, there are most precious promises and assurance of things of great worth to all that will hear and obey; assurance of things not yet seen, but hoped for, and hoped for with firm faith that through obedience we shall see and possess; things, dear Hopes, which will be worth more than houses, lands, fine clothes, or all that we have ever known, or have ever desired. It reveals to us God's promise that if we will obey this gospel we may be saved from all our sins; that we may enjoy the company of Jesus and all the good upon this earth, when it shall be cleansed and purified from wickedness and wicked men, and from war, and famine, and trouble of all kinds, that afflict and make men to mourn. Then this earth will not bring forth thistles and thorns, and useless weeds to cumber the ground, and the hearts of men will be turned to goodness, and the reign of the "Prince of Peace" will begin, all this, and more, God has revealed, which you will understand as you grow older, and as you study his word daily, which we all ought to do.

And he has promised something else, and that is forgiveness of our sins, if we will only have faith, repent of them, forsake them, and be baptized as he in his gospel has commanded us to do. Though we may have done many things that are wrong, yet, if we have an earnest desire to do better, God has promised to help us in all that we need help.

Now I have said that faith is the first thing to possess. Abraham was a man of great faith, and God promised that from him should a numberless people spring, and to Isaac his son, and to Jacob his grandson, was this blessing continued; and Jacob was called Israel, and from him and his posterity has come the mighty nation called the Jews, and all the people that lived on this land which the Book of Mormon tells us about.

I will tell you of an illustration of the right kind of faith which this Jacob, or Israel, as he was afterward called, possessed: in the early part of his life as you will find by reading Genesis twenty-seventh chapter, he did a great wrong to his brother Esau, by robbing him of his birthright;

for which Esau hated him and planned to take his life; and for fear of this, Isaac, their father, sent Jacob away into another country. After being there a good many years, Jacob was commanded to go back to the land of his father, from whence he came; and, while on his way, he was told that Esau was coming to meet him with four hundred men. Jacob, remembering the wrong he had done Esau, was afraid that he should be slain by him; (see Gen. 32:11). What did he do? Why he sent his family, and servants, and goods, and cattle, across the river, and was alone all night, and there the angel of God met him, and it is said that he wrestled with him, for the promise of God made to his fathers, and to him, for preservation. Jacob could not say that because of his righteousness or goodness he claimed the blessing, but that God had *promised*. He remembered this, and would not let the angel go, until he did obtain a renewal of the covenant blessing, and was called "a Prince of God"—or Israel.

Now, when we are drawn away into temptations, to do or say anything wrong, let us remember that the promise is to us of help. The Lord knows how to succor, to help, those who are tempted, and to deliver them in time of trouble; for Jesus has suffered all the trials with us, while on the earth and has said "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest;" and many more precious promises, which, through faith we may receive, and by obedience obtain. Read Genesis thirty-third chapter, and in my next I will tell you something of the repentance that God requires of us all.

M. H. B.

ABOUT BABIES.

DIFFERENT countries have different methods of dealing with their young. The Greenland baby is dressed in furs and carried in a sort of pocket in the back of his mother's cloak. When she is very busy and does not want to be bothered with him, she digs a hole in the snow and covers him all up but his face, and leaves him there until she is ready to take care of him again. The Hindoo baby hangs in a basket from the roof, and is taught to smoke long before he learns to walk. Among the Western Indians the poor little tots are tied fast to a board, and have their heads flattened by means of another board fastened down over their foreheads. In Lima the little fellow lies all day in a hammock swung from a tree-top, like the baby in the nursery song. In Persia he is dressed in the most costly silks and jewels, and his head is never uncovered day or night; while in Yucatan a pair of sandals and a straw hat are thought to be all the clothing he needs.

PRAY DO NOT TATTLE.

CHILDREN, do not talk about each other. Don't call one of your schoolmates ugly, another stingy, cross, behind their backs. It is the meanest sort of sin. Even if they are ugly or cross, it does you no good to repeat it. It makes you love to tell of faults—it makes you uncharitable—your soul grows smaller—your heart loses its generous blood when you tattle about your friends. Tell all the good you know about them, and carry their sins in your own heart; or else tell them to God, and ask him to pardon them. That will be Christ-like. If any body 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 sake, learn to make this a habit.

CARELESS TALK.—Very often, all unconsciously and certainly unintentionally, grave injury is done to young children by the *careless talk* of parents and teachers. It is assumed that the little ones will not notice what is said in their presence, either because it is not addressed to them

directly, or because it is above their comprehension, or is unattractive or uninteresting to them. This is a serious error, from which we would be saved if we attended to the wise teachings of the homely old proverb: "Little pitchers have big ears."—*Christian Intelligencer.*

EDITORIAL CHAT.

With this issue of the *HOPE* closes Myrtle Grey's pleasant story of "The Two Homes," which has, we believe, been enjoyed by both the little Hopes and the big ones. May we not confidently look for another from sister Myrtle ere long?

Bro. William Stuart of Council Bluffs, has selected and copied a story called "The Light of Love," in five instalments which we have prepared and will give the first of in our next. Also we have "A Dialogue" by "Wishful" and some other lengthy pieces; all of which we are glad to receive and hope for more.

But, in connection with these, if some of those who do or might contribute would send little stories, sketches, etc., etc., such as will please the younger Hopes, we would like it; for, as it now is, when we wish for these, we usually have to select from other papers; whereas there are certainly enough writers or those who could write if they would, and more pleasingly to the children of the Church than can those not of our faith.

Please try it, superintendents, teachers, and all who love the work of the Lord, and the well being and eternal interest of the young of the flock.

If the Puzzle Corner is interesting enough to continue please send *plainly written* anagrams, and some more enigmas, etc., always giving below each puzzle the *correct answer to every one sent*, or we will not insert it.

And now brother Henry writes this to say that he expects, on Oct. 11th, to bid good-bye to the Herald Office for a two weeks' vacation, the first, excepting one visit of a few days, during nearly two years of close application to work, absent only to answer calls of duty for a day or two at a time; for he intends to visit at Bro. Dancer's and among the other Saints of Decatur County, Iowa, many of whom he has known before in Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois and Iowa, from which visit he hopes to return refreshed in body, and cheered in spirit for whatever work in life may yet be his to do.

Correspondence.

CASEYVILLE, Ills., Sept. 16th, 1877.

Dear Hopes:—The star of Zion's Sabbath School have had another concert and we had a good time, although we were in sorrow over the loss of one of our number, who died, and on September thirteenth we followed him to the grave; but we expect to meet him again at that great concert when Jesus comes to earth again. When Jesus was here upon earth, he said, "Suffer little children to come unto me;" therefore we know that we shall meet that dear little Hope again, if we keep the laws of God, for he has said so in his word. At our concert we had singing, recitations, etc., and an opening and a closing prayer. The next concert was appointed for October fourteenth. Your brother in Christ,

JOHN W. THORP.

HOLLYWOOD, Ellsworth Co., Kansas,
September 16th, 1877.

Bro. Stebbins:—We used to live in the Lamoni Branch, Iowa, but we are now living in Kansas. My father having a soldier's right to land in Kansas, he thought he would come and improve it till he could sell. There are no Saints here but some good people; they are mostly Bohemians. We have loaned them our *Heralds* to read, and some have expressed a desire to hear some sermons by a Latter Day Saint. I think good might be done. My sister Susan died since we came here. We do not have any meetings to go to, but we can enjoy ourselves reading the *Herald*; it comforts and strengthens us to read the letters from the Elders in the field, and we are trying to live as becometh Saints. Brother Alma Kent talked of coming down if circumstances would permit him. We would be glad to see him, or any other Elder who can come.

GRACE R. DENNIS.

MONROSE, Iowa, Sept. 28th, 1877.

Dear Hopes:—I was out west two years ago on a visit to my relatives; I never enjoyed myself so well in my life. Uncle Mark Forscutt was here two weeks ago and preached twice. We have meeting every Sabbath at 11 a. m., and 2:30 p. m. My love to all the Hopes. I desire your prayers, that I may be faithful. Yours in Christ,

MYRTLE OMAN.

Puzzle Corner.

Answers in One Month.

ENIGMA.—No. 14.

I am composed of 12 letters.

My 3, 6, 4, 9, 5, a quadruped.
My 8, 2, 12, a plaything for children.
My 7, 4, 8, to permit.
My 4, 10, 11, to mistake in judgment or opinion.
My 1, 2, 12, gladness.
My whole is the name of our branch president.

V. V.

WORD PUZZLE.—No. 20.

My 1st is in little, but not in big.
My 2d is in tree, but not in pine.
My 3d is in verse, but not in speech.
My 4th is in mill, but not in flour.
My 5th is in come, but not in go.
My 6th is in kettle, but not in pan.
My 7th is in seat, but not in deep.
My 8th is in turkey, but not in goose.
My 9th is in study, but not in play.
My 10th is in ride, but not in walk.
My 11th is in good, but not in bad.
My 12th is in early, but not in late.
My 13th is in dust, but not in rain.
My whole is the name of a faithful servant
of God.

SADIE E. CADMAN.

ANAGRAM.—No. 15.

Pu whit het gnimrno, ey gunyo Pokes fo Onzi,
Ridg no eth Strips'i knee words;
Githf, dan spers no ot the poeh fo ryou gallinc,
Essuj ilwl vige hte rawred.
Lotimmar het noewr, dan ewith hte broe,
Atht lashl eb rouz rawred whne node;
Dan a mohe ni Noiz, fase dan rescue,
Tinlu het rocyvit si now.

JENNET ARCHIBALD.

PUZZLE.—No. 9.

A man had 32 sheep in a square fold, with the sheep in compartments placed thus:

4	4	4
4		4
4	4	4

This made 12 sheep in a row. A thief took out 8 and replaced 4 in such a manner that they still counted 12 in each row. How were they arranged?

JOHN E. ROGERSON.

Answers to Puzzle Corner of Sep. 15th.

1 To Word Puzzle, No. 17.—John M. Terry.

2 To Prefixes, No. 1.—

Ark,	Lark,	Clark.
Eat,	Heat,	Wheat.
One,	Tone,	Stone.
Ale,	Hale,	Whale.
Lice,	Alice,	Malice.
Ear,	Pear,	Spear.

3 To Puzzle, No. 8.—Place the digits thus:

4	3	8	15
9	5	1	15
2	7	6	15
15	15	15	45

4 To Word Puzzle, No. 18.—James W. Gillen.

Answers to the above as follows: Martin Nelson to No. 3; Maggie Evans, 1 and 3; John Marriott, 1, 3, and to the third of the prefixes; J. C. Hidy, 3, and to all the prefixes; Alice M. Tignor sends answer to Anagram No. 14.

THE SAINTS' HERALD.

The above publication is issued semi-monthly, at Plano, Kendall County, Illinois, by the Board of Publication of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, \$2.15 per year free of postage. Edited by Joseph Smith and Henry A. Stebbins.

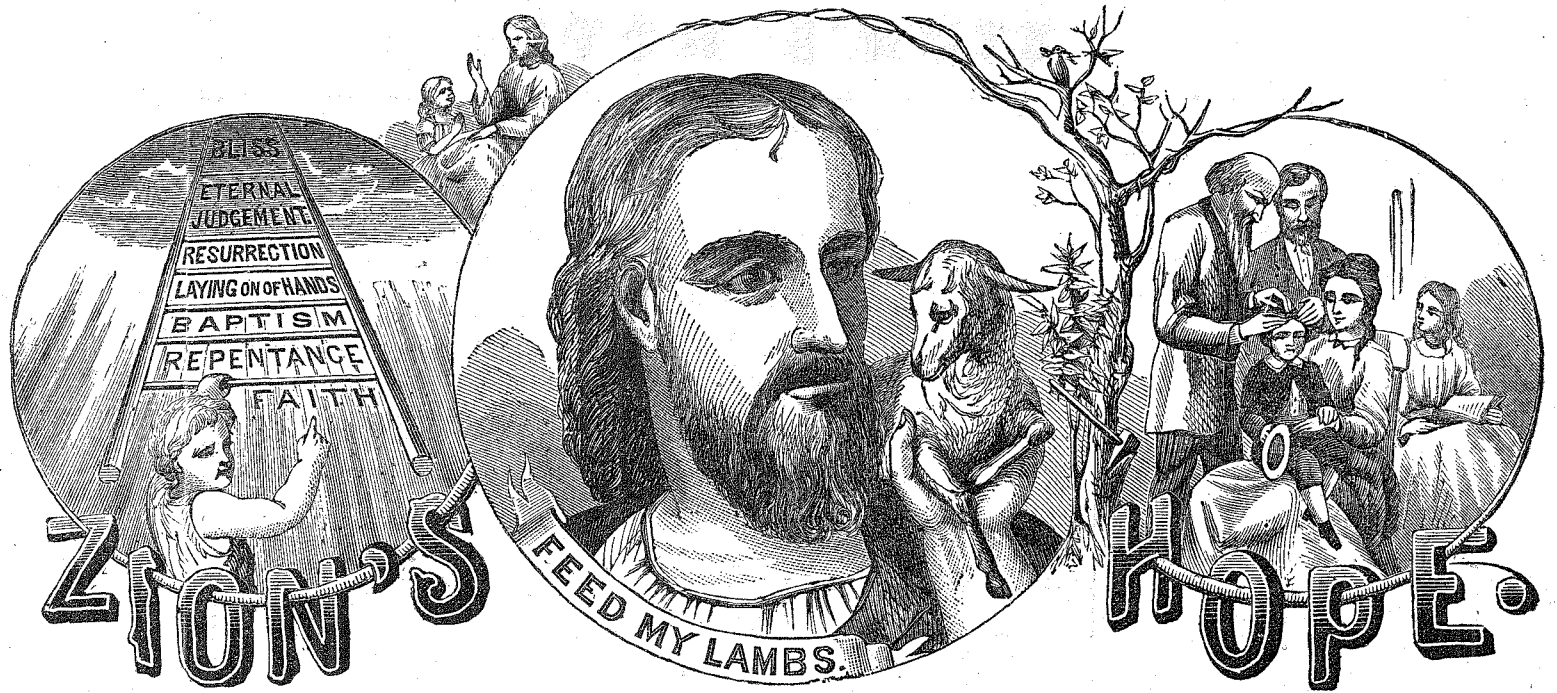
15 October 77.

A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue. Owing to the fact that we make nothing on the *Hope* we would like to see subscriptions paid up as early as possible, and delinquent ones especially. With the small margin to work upon, the cost of paper and postage for papers sent on credit for a few issues or for months, forces us as a general rule to discontinue sending it when the time is out, at which we hope no one will take offence but watch this notice hereafter for the blue mark.

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Superintendents and Teachers of Sunday schools, Book Agent 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."

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN CARRIE AND LIZZIE.

CARRIE.—"Well Lizzie, I am indeed astonished at you; I would not be in your standing in society, for all the world. O dear! dear! how I pity you; I can not sleep at night without thinking about you acting so *unwisely*; may the Lord Jesus have mercy upon you, before it is everlastingly too late—dear! dear! what a pity."

LIZZIE.—"*Unwisely*, did you say, Carrie? Why, I am at a loss to glean your meaning."

C.—"Wonders never cease! Why, Lizzie you you have become a *Mormon*! Pooh, I hate to mention the name, let alone thinking upon its deadening and soul destroying doctrines."

L.—"My dear Carrie, what have you against the doctrines of the Mormons? Or, I should say, what have you against the doctrines of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints?"

C.—"Why, they do not believe in the Bible! God's divine book, but in some silly, whimsical thing, which they call the Book of Mormon. O! shame, where is they blush?"

L.—"Please now, Carrie, I intreat of you, do not be so determined in your mind to entertain so mistaken an idea; for they do believe in the Bible, I can assure you; and not only believe in it, but are striving to practice its heavenly teachings, and, I think that I will be able to show you so, before we get through; that is, if you will lay your prejudices aside for awhile, and reason calmly on the subject with me."

C.—"Yes, Lizzie, I will; for wisdom forbids me to act otherwise; and it is for that very intent I visit you this afternoon, to try and show you, according to my frail ability, the folly of Mormonism."

L.—"I do sincerely thank you, dear Carrie, from the very fountain of my heart; for I do love to be shown my faults and failings, so that I may try to amend them, especially when done by kind hearts, who are willing also to be shown theirs; for we must admit that the very best of us are liable to err."

C.—"Very truly Lizzie, and may God enlighten us, in such important researches."

BOTH.—"Amen."

L.—"Well, Carrie, I will commence: the fundamental principles of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints; the people whom you and the world call Mormons,—are as follows: First, faith in the Lord Jesus, and in his atonement. Second, repentance, a godly sorrow for sin, and forsaking of it. Third, baptism by immersion for the remission of sins. Fourth, the reception of the Holy Ghost, by the imposition of hands, the

administrators having authority direct from God (bear in mind) to administer in those sacred ordinances. Fifth, the resurrection of the dead; and, sixth, eternal judgment."

C.—"I am well versed in these doctrines Lizzie, having read them many times in the New Testament; but our preachers tell us that to practice those things now, would make us behind the times, living as we do, in an age of refinement and of progression. And they were only given to establish Christianity, and since then not needed; hence you see they are done away with. Our ministers are *wise*, remember."

L.—"Why, Carrie, are you so silly; excuse me for such an expression, as to allow your mind for a moment to entertain such ideas about the immutable, or unchangeable doctrine of the infinite, and all wise God? Do you not know that the new and everlasting covenant, the gospel of the Lord Jesus, was *perfect*, when first presented to the world, and, consequently, is now the same, as instituted by *infinite* wisdom? And let me ask, who gave authority to poor, weak, sinful, fallen, degraded and wrecked man, to change the God-sent method of salvation? I really shudder at the thought. Did it not cost the precious blood of God's dear son to make it effectual? Well did the prophets speak in condemnation of the removing of the ancient land marks; of turning from the old paths, of transgressing the *law*, (gospel law), of changing the ordinances, of breaking the everlasting covenant, for which the curse would devour the earth, and but few men be left. The so called ministers of the gospel are, like the Jews, fulfilling prophecy, and in their ignorance they do not know it. I really pity them with all their blind zeal."

C.—"Well, I declare, Lizzie, you astonish me, getting to be as you are quite a Scripture reasoner; for your arguments are definite and conclusive. But, Lizzie, if your church practice the ancient apostolic order, first given by Jesus, pray have you the Holy Spirit in its power as enjoyed by the ancient Saints?"

L.—"Yes, dear Carrie, and that of a truth; especially when humility and truth characterize each heart."

C.—"Can it be possible! Do you wish me to understand that the *gifts* spoken of by Paul in the twelfth chapter of first Corinthians, and elsewhere, such as *faith*, mighty in its nature, dreams, visions, tongues, interpretation, healing the sick, prophecy and the like, are now enjoyed in your church?"

L.—"Yes, dear Carrie, they are, and you can know it for yourself, if you will but in humility obey God's holy order."

C.—"Why, to be sure I will, for I begin to partly believe that such things are possibly in our reach; and, indeed, it is but little I would care for the name Mormon, spoken by friend or foe, or even by the whole world, if I could only get the favor and approbation of our heavenly Father, to obtain such great blessings. And, truly, Jesus hath pronounced a *voe* on all whom the world speak well of, for so did their fathers of the false prophets. How my heart leaps out at the very thought! O, that I but knew for certain, it would not be many days before I would hail you as a sister, I mean a sister in Christ Jesus."

L.—"Then promise me one thing Carrie: will you come yourself to hear our Elders preach?"

C.—"I will, Lizzie, yes I will; and do you pray for me, that I may come in a meek, quiet, God-fearing spirit;—yes, and with a conscience void of offence, so that the good Spirit may show me truth in its real power; and, by and by, if I am not getting too inquisitive, what about that Book of Mormon? Did Joe Smith (or Joseph, I will say), write that book presenting his views on doctrine?"

L.—"No, Carrie, no; but he translated it by the gift and power of God from the Egyptian language."

C.—"I have heard it rumored that Mr. Smith found some gold plates; but tell me all about it Lizzie, will you? Do, please."

L.—"I will get the book and read you the preface, also the testimonies of witnesses of its divinity, in addition to Mr. Smith's."

THE BOOK OF MORMON.

AN ACCOUNT WRITTEN BY THE HAND OF MORMON UPON PLATES TAKEN FROM THE PLATES OF NEPHI.

Wherefore, it is an abridgment of the record of the people of Nephi, and also of the Lamanites; written to the Lamanites, who are a remnant of the house of Israel; and also to Jew and Gentile; written by way of commandment, and also by the Spirit of prophecy and of revelation. Written, and sealed up, and hid up unto the Lord, that they might not be destroyed; to come forth by the gift and power of God unto the interpretation thereof; sealed by the hand of Moroni, and hid up unto the Lord, to come forth in due time by the way of Gentile; the interpretation thereof by the gift of God.

An abridgment taken from the Book of Ether: also, which is a record of the people of Jared; who were scattered at the time the Lord confounded the language of the people, when they were building a tower to get to heaven: which is to show unto the remnant of the house of Israel what great things the Lord hath done for their fathers; and that they may know the covenants of the Lord, that they are not cast off forever; and also to the convincing of the Jew and Gentile that Jesus is the Christ, the Eternal God, manifesting himself unto all nations. And now if there are faults, they are the mistakes of men; wherefore, condemn

not the things of God, that ye may be found spotless at the judgment seat of Christ.

MORONI.

THE TESTIMONY OF THREE WITNESSES.

Be it known unto all nations, kindreds, tongues, and people, unto whom this work shall come, that we, through the grace of God the Father, and our Lord Jesus Christ, have seen the plates which contain this record, which is a record of the people of Nephi, and also of the Lamanites, their brethren, and also of the people of Jared, who came from the tower of which hath been spoken; and we also know that they have been translated by the gift and power of God, for his voice hath declared it unto us; wherefore we know of a surety, that the work is true. And we also testify that we have seen the engravings which are upon the plates; and they have been shown unto us by the power of God, and not of man. And we declare with words of soberness, that an angel of God came down from heaven, and he brought and laid before our eyes, that we beheld and saw the plates, and the engravings thereon; and we know that it is by the grace of God the Father, and our Lord Jesus Christ, that we beheld and bare record that these things are true; and it is marvelous in our eyes, nevertheless, the voice of the Lord commanded us that we should bare record of it; wherefore, to be obedient unto the commandments of God, we bare testimony of these things. And we know that if we are faithful in Christ, we shall rid our garments of the blood of all men, and be found spotless before the judgment seat of Christ, and shall dwell with him eternally in the heavens. And the honor be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, which is one God. Amen.

OLIVER COWDERY,
DAVID WHITMER,
MARTIN HARRIS.

AND ALSO THE TESTIMONY OF EIGHT WITNESSES.

Be it known unto all nations, kindreds, tongues, and people, unto whom this work shall come, that Joseph Smith, Jr., the translator of this work, has shown unto us the plates of which hath been spoken, which have the appearance of gold; and as many of the leaves as the said Smith has translated, we did handle with our hands; and we also saw the engravings thereon, all of which has the appearance of ancient work, and of curious workmanship. And this we bare record with words of soberness, that the said Smith has shown unto us, for we have seen and hefted and know of a surety, that the said Smith has got the plates of which we have spoken. And we give our names unto the world to witness unto the world that which we have seen; and we lie not, God bearing witness of it.

CHRISTIAN WHITMER, HIRAM PAGE,
JACOB WHITMER, JOSEPH SMITH, SEN.,
PETER WHITMER, JUN., HYRUM SMITH,
JOHN WHITMER, SAMUEL H. SMITH.

C.—“Well, I declare! it astonishes me beyond all I ever heard or saw. Will you be so kind Lizzie as to loan me the book? so that I can peruse its pages! If it is as purported to be, and that I have no cause to doubt, it is indeed a blessed book. But I must not show it to our folks, until I become fully posted in its merits, and able to defend its authenticity;—then you will hear of things a little unpleasant at our house. I can see it in my mind's eye; but it shall not trouble me, for if it be God's work, he will enable me, weak as I am, to defend it.”

L.—“Here it is, Carrie, and may God still bless you in your researches for truth, is, and shall be my prayer.”

BOTH.—“Amen.”

C.—“Well Lizzie, I must now go, for mother is about expecting me home; but let me see, what time are your church services held? for I will not be able to rest now until I test the whole of your sayings.”

L.—“Sundays, at two in the afternoon and seven in the evening, and half-past seven on Wednesday evening; and we have a beautiful Sabbath School every Sunday morning at ten o'clock. Be sure and call on your way by, as I will stay for you.”

C.—“I will; so good by.” Both girls shaking hands. “Good by.”

KEWANEE.

In the nature of things the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, but the end of wisdom is the perfect love that casteth out fear.

Some days seem to come from nearer Heaven than others, filled with a sweet influence as if they had walked reverently through holy places before they came to us.

THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

HOW pleasant to reflect upon the time spent as a scholar in the Sabbath School, to contemplate the simple and instructive explanation of the divine law of God taught in the Sabbath School by kind and faithful teachers, whose greatest delight seems to be punctual and ready to instruct and train the young and inexperienced in the truth of the gospel of Christ. How many can look back on those years, and, with fond recollection and gratitude in their hearts, thank God for the Sabbath School, that noble institution where hundreds of children have received an understanding of God, and have had their wandering steps brought to a kind and loving Savior? Many will in that day, when all shall stand before the great judge, arise and call them blessed who first taught them, and instructed them in the plan of salvation, so that their minds became enlightened, and their understandings enlightened, whereby they have been able to comprehend how good God is to all. So in years after, when grown up to man and womanhood those children have not forgotten the early lessons taught them in the Sabbath School, but they have been as a shield in the hour of temptation, to deliver them from evil, by the remembrance of those holy teachings received in kindness and love. May God bless those whose high ambition is to labor for the salvation and benefit of the young, that when their arduous work is finished, they may receive the welcome and the reward for their labor in the service of Jesus their Master. Amen.

—Written for the HOPE by ANNA NIELSEN, Nebraska City, Neb., October 3d, 1877.

MAKE YOUR OWN SUNSHINE.

“O DEAR, it always *does* rain when I want to go anywhere!” cried little Jennie Moore. “It's too bad; now I've got to stay indoors all day, and I shall have a wretched day.”

“Perhaps so,” said Uncle Jack; “but you need not have a bad day unless you choose.”

“How can I help it? I wanted to go to the park and hear the band, and take Fido and play on the grass and have a good time, and pull wild flowers and eat sandwiches under the trees; and I'll just have to stand here and see it rain, and see the water run off the duck's back all day.”

“Well, let's make a little sunshine,” said Uncle Jack.

“Make sunshine!” said Jennie. “Why, how you *do* talk;” and she smiled through her tears. “You hav'nt got a sunshine-factory, have you?”

“Well, I'm going to start one right off, if you'll be my partner,” replied Uncle Jack. “Now, let me give you the rules for making sunshine. First, don't think of what might have been if the day had been better. Second, see how many pleasant things there are left to enjoy. And lastly, do all you can to make other people happy.”

“Well, I'll try the last thing first;” and she went to work to amuse her little brother Willie, who was crying. By the time she had him riding a chair and laughing, she was laughing too.

“Well,” said Uncle Jack, “I see you are a good sunshine maker, for you have got about all you or Willie can hold just now. But let's try what we can do with the second rule.”

“But I hav'nt any thing to enjoy, 'cause all my dolls are old, and my picture books all torn, and—”

“Hold!” cried Uncle Jack. “Here's an old newspaper; now let's get some fun out of it.”

“Fun out of a newspaper! why, how you talk!”

But Uncle Jack showed her how to make a mask by cutting holes in the paper, and how to cut a whole family of paper dolls, and how to make pretty things for Willie out of the paper. Then he got out the tea-tray, and showed her how to roll a marble round it.

And so she found many a pleasant amusement; and when bed-time came she kissed Uncle Jack, and said:

“Good-night, dear Uncle Jack.”

“Good-night, little sunshine-maker,” said Uncle Jack.

And she dreamed that night that Uncle Jack had built a great house, and put a sign over the door, which read:

SUNSHINE FACTORY.

Uncle Jack and Little Jennie.

She made Uncle Jack laugh when she told him her dream; but she never forgot what you must remember—a cheerful heart makes its own sunshine.—The Little Folks.

SHUTTING DOORS.

“EDWARD, don't look so cross when I call you back to shut the door; you know grandmother feels the cold wintry wind; and, besides, you will have to spend all your life shutting doors, and you might as well begin now.”

“Do forgive me, grandmother; I ought to be ashamed to vex you. But what do you mean? I am going to college; and then I am going to be a lawyer.”

“Well admitting all that,” said his grandmother, “I imagine you will have a good many doors to shut, even if you make much of a man.”

“What kind of doors?” said Edward.

“Sit down a moment and I will give you a list,” said the old lady. “In the first place, Edward, the doors of your ears must be closed against bad language and evil counsel of the boys and young men you will meet with at college, or you will be undone. Let them once get possession of that door, and I would not give much for your future prospects. The door of your eyes, too, must be shut against bad looks, idle novels, and low, wicked newspapers, or you will grow up a useless and ignorant man. You will also close them against fine things exposed for sale in the shop-windows, or you will never learn to save your money, or have any left to give away. The doors of your lips will need especial care, for they guard an unruly member, which makes great use of the bad company, let in at the doors of the eyes and ears. This door is very apt to blow open, and if not constantly watched will let out angry, trifling, or vulgar words. It will backbite if it is left open too long. I would advise you to keep it shut most of the time, till you have laid up a store of knowledge, or until you have something valuable to say. The inner door of your heart must be well shut against temptation, for conscience, the door-keeper, grows indifferent if you disregard his call, and sometimes he drops asleep at his post; and when you may think you are doing very well, you are fast going down to ruin. If you carefully guard the outside doors of your eyes, ears, and lips, you will keep out many cold blasts of sin, which will otherwise get in before you think. This 'shutting doors' you see, Edward, will be a serious business—one on which your well-being in this life and also in the next depends.”—Selected by Wm. Stuart.

YOURSELF.

YOU can not find a more companionable person than yourself, if proper attention be paid to the individual. Yourself will go with you wherever you like, and come away when you please—approve your jokes, assent to your propositions, and in short be in every way agreeable, if you only learn and practice the true art of being on good terms with yourself. This, however, is not so easy as some imagine, who do not often try the experiment. Yourself, when it catches you in company with no other person, is apt to be a severe critic on your faults and foibles, and when you are censured by yourself, it is generally the severest and most intolerable species of reproof. It is on this account that you are afraid of yourself, and seek any associates, no matter how inferior, whose bold chat may keep yourself from playing the censor. Yourself is likewise a jealous friend. If neglected and slighted it becomes

a bore, and to be left, even a short time "by yourself," is then regarded as actually a cruel penance, as many find when youth, health, or wealth, have departed.

How important is it, then, to "know thyself," to cultivate thyself, to love thyself warmly but rationally? A sensible self is the best of guides, for few commit errors but in broad disregard of its admonitions. It tugs continually at the skirt of men to draw them from their cherished vices. It holds up its shadowy finger in warning when you go astray, and it sermonizes sharply on your sins after they have been committed. Our nature is two-fold, and its noblest part is the self to which we refer. It stands on the alert to check the excess of the animal impulses, and though it becomes weaker in the fulfillment of its task by repeated disappointments, it is rarely so enfeebled as to be unable to rise up occasionally, sheeted and pale, like Richard's victims, to overwhelm the offender with bitter reproaches. Study therefore to be on good terms with yourself; it is happiness to be truly pleased with yourself.

THE LIGHT OF LOVE.

"He that loveth his brother abideth in the light. But he that hateth his brother is in darkness."—1 John 2: 10, 11.

"Fifty-one, fifty-two, fifty-three!" How much longer would she keep up the game? The ball flew steadily towards the nursery wall, and then bounded off and was dexterously caught in little Milly's practiced hands. "Ninety-one, ninety-two, ninety-three!" Milly was in high glee; she had tried many times without success to reach a hundred; and now she seemed certain to do it. She did not hear the door behind her open and George come slyly in. "Ninety-six, ninety-seven, ninety-eight." At this breathless moment a rude hand sent the ball out of its course, and a mocking voice cried out:

"Not quite a hundred yet, Miss Milly! You must try again. Nothing like patience and perseverance!"

"You naughty boy!" retorted Milly, turning on George with flaming cheeks and eyes. "How dare you?"

"How dare I!" was the taunting echo. "And pray why shouldn't I dare? What's there to fear?"

"You are very ill-natured—an unkind, bad boy," said Milly, in tears.

"Cry, baby, cry!" sneered George. "You'd better let nurse catch you! Wouldn't she give it to you for sniffing and snarling like that!"

Milly walked silently away to the window, which looked out upon the street. How dreary everything seemed, no sun shining, no brightness anywhere! But the gloom without was nothing to the gloom within—a heavy cloud had gathered over the poor child's spirit, and had shut out all peace and gladness. If only there had been anything she could do, any remedy for the evil, Milly felt she could have borne it better. But there was no appeal against George. He was the spoilt favorite of nursery and parlor, a sharp, handsome boy, whom everybody but Milly seemed to admire, and whom all the household united in humoring and spoiling.

"He is the eldest, and ought to have a little of his own way;" "Boys will be boys, and a little bit of mischief does no one any harm;" "You are a peevish child to cry at every trifle, and always to be finding fault with your brother," were the answers which met any complaint on Milly's part. "Master George means no harm," nurse would say: "Girls ought always to be ready to give way; boys don't like to be crossed at every turn, it would crush their spirit if it were allowed. Go, and try to be more good-natured and pleasant; it is your own fretful temper that makes things go wrong."

Sometimes Milly wondered if indeed it were all her own fault; and then she would try hard to please George and not to get cross if he vexed her; and the effort would make matters a little

smoother for the time, but it did not cure the evil. George knew his own power, and used it when it suited him. The freedom from blame which he had as the favorite were fast moulding him into a tyrant. His father seldom interfered; he was away in the city all day, and only saw the children each evening for an hour, or perhaps half an hour after dinner. Mrs. Douglas was out a good deal too, driving and making calls, and when at home she did not care to have the children much in the drawing-room with her. If at any time she heard of a squabble between them, she would put the matter on one side, saying, "Well, well, that will do," or "Let nurse settle it." Sometimes she would add some such reproof as, "I am surprised you can not agree. I think, Milly, you should try and be more yielding, considering George is older than you. And I am not pleased that you should get into the habit of telling tales of each other."

But George did not tell many tales. He took the law pretty much into his own hands; and finding, now they were older, that Milly's complaints of him became less and less frequent, and that even when they were made, they met with little attention, he ruled over the little kingdom of nursery and school room like a boyish tyrant. It was not that he was really ill-natured, but even grown men need laws and restraints, and a child left to the guidance of his or her own will is very certain to go wrong. If Milly opposed him in any way, he thought little of giving her a kick or a slap. "She is a naughty girl, and deserves it," he would say to himself, "she ought to do what I tell her—nurse says so." And then he had a string of taunting names to call her; and lately he had fallen into the way of telling her to go and tell mother, and laughing at her because she dared not.

So poor little Milly's life was not by any means free from trial, and the worst of it was, that the trial was doing her no good, but much harm. Since there was no one to whom she could speak about it, she brooded over it silently, till it threatened to spoil all her childish life. For it was not only that George's treatment was sometimes very hard to bear, and that the injustice of having to bear it added to the bitterness, but there had crept into the little wounded heart the dreadful demon of hate.

Milly did not know what a fearful guest she had in her breast, as she sat that gloomy afternoon at the nursery window, looking down upon the passers-by, and wondering if any of the little girls tripping so lightly along had such a wicked brother as George; and whether, if they had, all the world was ready to defend and praise him. She had checked her tears under George's taunt; and now, though she was once more alone, her eyes were dry and burning. She was too angry to cry, though a great lump seemed to rise again and again to her throat. "I wonder whether I shall ever be happy again," she said to herself; "I was happy when George was at school at Hastings. Dear me, I wish he went there still, or that he might be a boarder at Dr. Hill's. I used to like play-hours best then, but now the only happy time in the day is when I am with Miss Simpson. I don't believe any other girl is as miserable as I am. I almost wish I were dead, or that George—"

She stopped there with a start. She knew it was a very wicked thing to wish any one dead; and no! she did not wish that, even for George; but oh! she did wish he could be sent away for a long, long time; she thought she should be glad if she were sure she should never see him again.

"I hope he won't get the prize he is so anxious about," she muttered. "I hope his side won't win at cricket next Saturday; or I hope it will be wet and then he can't go at all."

Milly! Milly! Will nothing stop the stream of wrath and bitterness in your soul? Have you no prayer to offer for God's help and comfort? Ah! the child had been taught to say her prayer night and morning, but she had never known what it

was to speak to her heavenly Father in trouble—to ask for his guidance in any difficulty; for his grace to help her towards patience under trial.

But it was God's own sunshine which broke out at this moment and threw a golden patch of light upon the nursery wall, drawing away Milly's eyes from the window and some of the shadows from her heart. How she loved the yellow gleam that would thus often steal into the nursery towards sunset. The square of vivid brightness was to her childish fancy like the open door of heaven, and she did not wonder that the angels were happy living in such glory, nor that the glitter of their white robes should be too dazzling for mortal sight. "I would like to go to heaven," she thought; "I would be happy then."

Poor child! is there none to show you that with a heart full of anger and hatred you would not be happy even in heaven—that you would still be in darkness, since the light of heaven is the light of love, and only he who loveth his brother can abide in that light.—Selected by Wm. Stuart.

A LITTLE GIRL'S TALK.

A FEW Sundays ago I heard a little girl's talk over her pocket-book, before church time. Her brother said to her:

"Where's your money? There will be a contribution to-day."

She went to get her pocket-book.

"I have two silver ten cents and a paper one."

Her brother said:

"A tenth of that is three cents."

"But three cents is such a stingy little to give. I shall give this ten cents. You see I would have had more here, only I spent some for myself last week; it would not be fair to take a tenth of what is left, after I have used all I wanted."

"Why don't you give the paper ten cents? The silver ones are prettier to keep."

"So are they prettier to give. Paper ten cents look so dirty and shabby. No, I'll give good things."

So she had put one ten cents in her pocket, when some one said:

"I hope we can raise that three hundred dollars for Home Missions, to-day."

Then that little girl gave a groan.

"Oh, is this Home Mission day? Then that other silver ten cents has to go too." And she went to get it with another doleful groan.

I said: "If you feel so distressed about it, why do you give it?"

"Oh, because I made up my mind to always give twice as much to Home Missions as anything else, and I shall just stick to what I made up my mind to."

Now this little affair set me to thinking.

First. We should deal *honestly* with God in giving. "It is not fair," said the little girl, "to count your tenth after you have used all that you want."

Second. We should deal *liberally* in giving. If the fair tenth is a prettier sum, let us go beyond it and give more.

Third. Let us give our best things. That which is the nicest to keep is the nicest to give.

Fourth. Let us give until we feel it.—Sel.

TO CONTROL A "BAD BOY."

THE *bad boy*, as a rule, is the one most dreaded in the household, at school, in public gatherings and parties, and yet, did it never occur to that austere ruler who directs his ways by tortures, penalties and exposures at every possible chance, that the *bad boy*, after all, is a *good boy*, if only he is understood? Once a boy is set down as *bad*, and it's all up with him. The father takes delight in telling his visitors, the teacher points him out to his successor, the playmates cast him out of their games, and so he becomes a desperate boy from want of that natural sympathy so much needed by every one. And it is the simplest thing in the world to conquer—no,

not conquer, but change a *bad boy*. The little experience I have of such boys is that they are, after all, the bright boys intellectually, and are consequently more prone to branch off than some others, because their active brain carries them beyond their years.

First of all, then, to reform such a boy it is necessary to become acquainted with his temper, and then by kindness and an interest in his behalf will very soon make a change. A teacher who has a bad boy in his school should win him over by kind acts and generous counsel, by employing him to do little helps, to occasionally hear a class recite, and, in fact, be first assistant, and he will soon become so interested that he in turn will be ready to check bad behavior in others; and if parents would do likewise, they would very soon find that instead of a bad boy they had a good boy indeed, and one to be proud of in intellectual power.

There are very many valuable minds thus cast away to be a destruction only to themselves that instead might have been a valuable member of society, and a promoter of science, to the great benefit of mankind.—*Cor. Cleveland Health Journal.*

COURTESY TO CHILDREN.

SOME wise person suggests as a sovereign remedy for the uncomfortableness of what we are wont to call the awkward age of boys and girls—that time when they are too large to feel like children, and not quite sure enough of themselves to feel like adults—that we should always treat the smallest children with the courtesy and consideration that we show to grown-up people; and then they will never feel at a loss as to their reception thus quite escaping the uncertain and uncomfortable “awkward age.” There are few things more important in the right development of a human creature than self-respect. But how is a child to learn to respect itself, if it sees that it is alone in the sentiment?—that by no one else it is respected? More harm is, perhaps, done children by snubbing them than even by weak indulgence. We have all seen homes where the slightest expression of a child’s ideas on any point under discussion was greeted with, “Who asked you what you thought?” or with sarcasm, such as, “Ah, now we shall have the matter settled; Miss Experience is freeing her mind.”

It is so difficult to hit the right mean. Of course we do not want our children troublesome to visitors; grown-up people do not want to pause in their talk to listen to the unconsidered opinion of thirteen; but what if we tried the experiment of respectful attention for awhile. Would not the little folks stop talking until they had something to say, quite as surely if they saw that their words were listened to with attention, as if they felt that their voices were but beating air? At any rate by being kind and courteous to them on all occasions, it will not be difficult to teach them when to talk and when to hold their tongues.

THE GENTLE SOUTH WIND.

“NOW, Walter Harrison Ames, you got right out of that chair this minute, for that’s my seat, and I want to sit there;” and little Miss Rose, who looked more like a snapdragon just then, tried to shake her sturdy brother, who had a very cool way of pretending not to hear when he did not mean to heed, and who sat as calmly looking out of the window as if only a fly were attempting to move him.

Papa was reading in the other window, but he seemed to know exactly what was going on, and so he called the little snapdragon, though he did not use that name, to come to him, as he had a story to tell her.

A story was always a delight, and so the little changeable flower, almost a rose again, went instantly and seated herself on a little bench at his feet.

“This morning, Rose, as I was going down town,” he began, “I met a disagreeable north wind and it snapped and snarled in a very spiteful way. It began by trying to injure the trees and break off the branches, but the branches were too strong for it and wouldn’t give way. Then it rushed at me and blew my coat as hard as it could, and said in a gruff tone, as plain as wind could talk,—‘Take off your coat quick, I won’t wait.’ But I laughed at the idea of obeying such a command as that, and so just buttoned my coat up as tight as I could, and the north wind tugged and tugged in vain.

“In the afternoon, as I came home, the south wind met me, and such sweet manners as it had! It came up and kissed me first and then said so gently, as it played with my hair and patted my cheek, ‘Open your coat, please, open your coat.’ I opened it right away, every single button, for I was glad to get all the south wind that I could, and it is doing me good yet. Which is my little girl, the stormy north wind or the sunny south?”

“The sunny south, papa,” answered little Rose cheerfully, as she went up to brother Walter and kissed and patted him, and said, “Please let me have that chair, Walter, dear?”

Brother Walter didn’t say one word, but he whisked out of the chair in a second, caught the little south wind up, clapped her in the chair, gave her two kisses, and scampered off to play.—*Child’s paper.*

TEN GOOD FRIENDS.

“I WISH I had some good friends to help me on,” cried Idle Dennis, with a yawn.

“Good friends! why you have *ten*,” replied his master.

“I’m sure I haven’t half so many, and those I have are too poor to help me.”

“Count your fingers, my boy,” said the master. Dennis looked at his large strong hands.

“Count thumbs and all,” added the master.

“I have; and there are *ten*,” said the lad.

“Then never say you have not got ten good friends able to help you on in life. Try what those true friends can do before you begin grumling and fretting because you do not get help from others. If you are not your own friend, it is foolish to expect others to befriend you. Providence helps those who help themselves, and a self reliant person will get on where one who is dependent upon others will utterly fail. Be a man, *yourself*,—do not let others be it for you.”

Correspondence.

MAGNOLIA, Harrison Co., Iowa, October 17th, 1877.

Dear Hope:—After reading over the letters from the Hopes I thought I would undertake to write a few lines, in my second attempt. We have a Sabbath School in this place, it is really interesting. I am going to school now, my studies are reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, geography, grammar, and history. My pa has gone on his mission to Northern Iowa and Minnesota; he expects to be gone all winter if his health permits him to. There is a new disease going around among the children, a false membrane grows over the windpipes and kills a person right away, there are several children in the town that have it; and two have died. I have written as much as I can think of for this time, and I will close. Good by. From your sister in Christ,

NETTIE L. PHELPS.

WEST WHEELING, Ohio, Oct. 17th, 1877.

Dear Hopes:—I am fourteen years old, and a member of the West Wheeling branch. Bro. Craig baptized me nearly two years ago. He is my uncle and lives now in this place. I am thankful that I obeyed the gospel and received the Spirit of the living God. In affliction I have been healed. O how good the Lord is to hear his children when they call upon the Elders of the Church to anoint and pray. I know that this is the only true Church and if only we are faithful to the end it will gain us Eternal life. I am striving to be diligent and to discharge my duty, and nearly always have the Spirit to help me. I long for that day to come when the Lord will gather his people home to Zion; but I must be patient, for the Lord

will have a tried people. He says we will be tried even unto death. I want to be faithful and love my brethren and sisters. We have a nice little Sunday School in West Wheeling; new ones are coming in. We soon expect to have the *Hope* in each family. This is the first time I ever tried to write to the *Hope*, and I hope it will not be the last time. I love to hear any thing about the Church. I am the only child in the branch, and am often persecuted by my playmates at school. But then I want to serve the Lord and he will take care of me. Your sister in Christ,
ELLA J. WILSON.

Puzzle Corner.

Answers in One Month.

WORD PUZZLE.—No. 21.

My 1st is in made, but not in make.
My 2d is in grass, also in rake.
My 3d is in glove, but not in hand.
My 4th is in ink, but not in stand.
My 5th is in read, but not in spell.
My 6th is in name, but not in Belle.
My 7th is in rag, but not in clump.
My 8th is in walk, but not in jump.
My 9th is in game, but not in play.
My 10th is in debt, but not in pay.
My 11th is in ton, but not in hay.

My whole is the name of the president of the branch to which I belong. ALMENA VREDENBURGH.

ANAGRAM.—No. 16.

Yeth rea fo het owrl; foreeethr eapks yeth of het erwld, nad eth erwld areethh emth.

WORD PUZZLE.—No. 22.

My 1st is in Mark, also in Zachariah.
My 2d is in John, but not in Zephaniah.
My 3d is in Job, but not in John.
My 4th is in Jude, but not in Tom.
My 5th is in Jeremiah, but not in Kings.
My 6th is in Tom, but not in Luke.
My 7th is in Jude, but not in Ruth.
My 8th is in Daniel, but not in Job.
My 9th is in David, but not in Jude.
My 10th is in Kings, but not in Ruth.
My 11th is in John, but not in Zachariah.

My whole is a Saint I have heard preaching the word in Spirit and power. W. H. MITCHELL.

ENIGMA.—No. 15.

I am composed of Eleven letters.—

My 1, 9, 8, is a boy’s nickname.
My 8, 2, 7, 3, is the name of a beautiful flower.
My 10, 6, 4, is a word very often used.
My 11, 9, 5, is one of the bones of the body.
My whole is a well known Elder of the Church.
GEORGE L. SCOTT.

Answers to Puzzle Corner of Oct. 1st.

- 1 To Enigma, No. 13.—Mine, Mien, Name, Nile, Jeer, Meal. Whole—Emma Jane Miller.
- 2 To Word Puzzle, No. 19.—Walter R. McDonald.
- 3 To Word Definitions, No. 1.—
Kind of fish—Cod.
Kind of beast—Ox.
State of weather—Cold.
Meaning obscure—Dim.
Meaning to imitate—Mimic.
Meaning aged—Old.
- 4 To Word Puzzle, No. 20.—Eliza France.

Correct answers are received from Mary A. E. Davis, No. 2; Mary E. Montague, 2.

THE SAINTS’ HERALD.

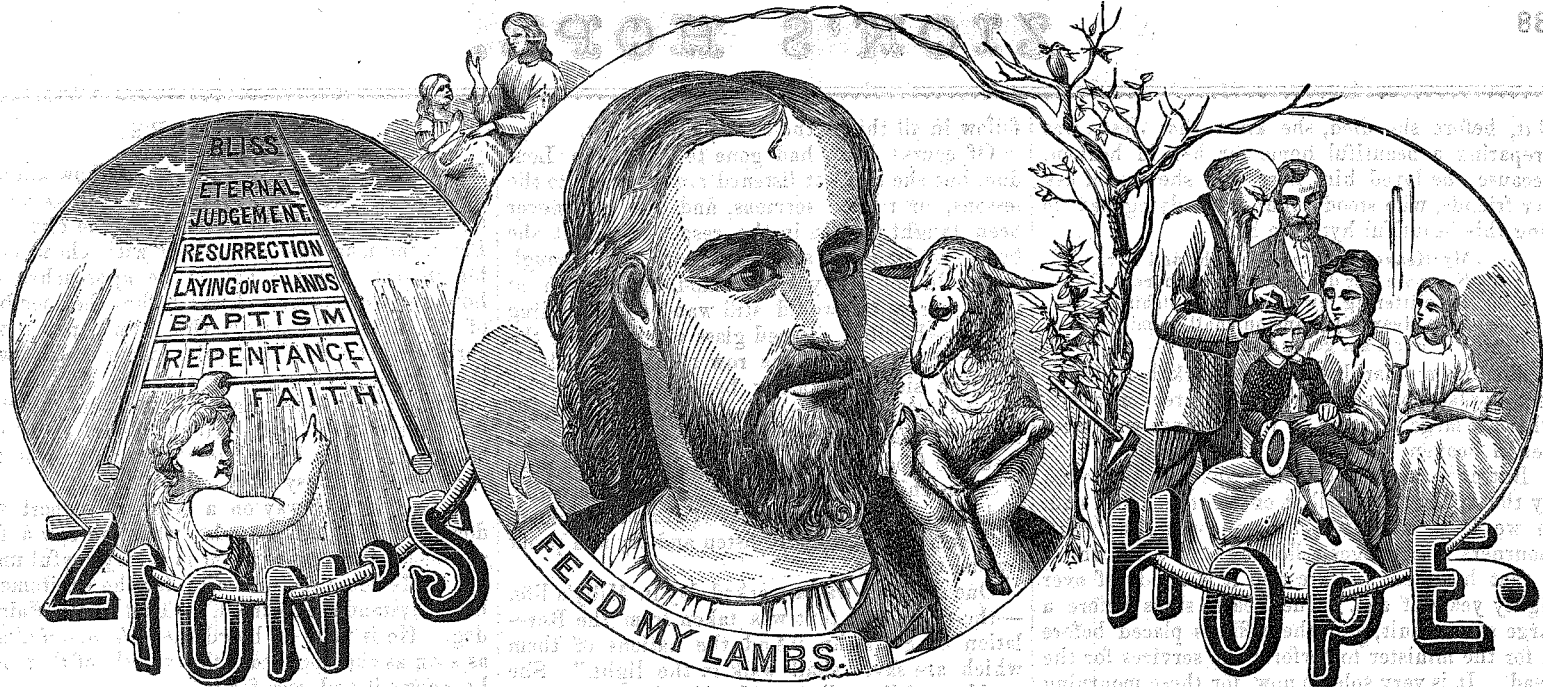
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1 November 77.

A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue. Owing to the fact that we make nothing on the *Hope* we would like to see subscriptions paid up as early as possible, and delinquent ones especially. With the small margin to work upon, the cost of paper and postage for papers sent on credit for a few issues or for months, forces us as a general rule to discontinue sending it when the time is out, at which we hope no one will take offence but watch this notice hereafter for the blue mark.

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Superintendents and Teachers of Sunday schools, Book Agent 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. 9.

PLANO, KENDALL CO., ILL., NOVEMBER 15, 1877.

No. 10.

FOR ZIONS' HOPE.

Little children, I am thinking, yes, thinking just of you, Thinking are you kind and gentle, are you good and true? Do you believe the gospel, that our heavenly Father sent, The gospel of salvation to all who will repent? Do you repent of evil, and cast all sins away, And try to be good children, and to your Maker pray? Have you followed your dear Savior through the crystal flood, And with him meekly rising, a new born child of God? This is the way the Savior went, this is the path for you, Through this straight and narrow gate, the city is in view— The city where the Saints will dwell in peace forever more— Upon life's blessed river, upon its tranquil shore. That city soon will come to earth; its glory none can tell But all who are of sterling worth shall in its borders dwell. Millions of little children will walk the golden streets, And drink its endless pleasures, and taste its joys so sweet. Would you be of the number? Then cast all sin aside, Be faithful to your Maker and in his laws abide. Jesus Christ will save you from all the power of sin, And bring you to his mansion, and bid you welcome in; You will then enjoy his glory throughout eternal day. And never once be scry that you've walked the narrow way.

CHARLES DERRY.

ACT FROM PRINCIPLE.

HOW few persons there are whose lives are governed entirely from principle rather than inclination. Even those of us who may be endeavoring to live for high purposes, come far short of our aspirations; alas! how very far short. How often we find our convictions of right and duty questioning if it might not be as well for us to yield to inclination, just for the time, promising our disturbed consciences that we will make up for the present indulgence by more vigorous self-denial and strict attention to duty. Vain, fallacious reasoning of a weak nature! we can never make up for one neglected opportunity, one mispent hour, one wrong, selfish act. Once past, the opportunity unimproved, the hour wasted, the act committed, it is beyond our reach to recall, except in thoughts of regret. We may atone for it, but we can never change the past. Alas! how painfully we are aware of this fact. Then should we all endeavor the more earnestly to make our lives embodiments of principle; for we all know that, after all, the path of duty, though

sometimes rugged, is not without sweet pleasures; and let us never follow our inclinations, if they would lead us away from right. Then shall we be permitted at the last to look back upon our lives with satisfaction, feeling that we have "done what we could," and that our Father regards us with smiles of approval.

MY VISIT TO BELLEFONTAINE.

I HAVE often heard it said, "O what a beautiful place Bellefontaine is!" and it began to make me feel a desire to go and see whether it was a pretty place or not; and you know the old folks say, If you have ever made a good resolution be sure not to break it; and they are right too, for sometimes pleasant opportunities when lost, never return. And as it was a fine day, I thought I would drive out and satisfy this wish. Perhaps some of the girls who read this would like to know what kind of a place Bellefontaine is, that makes it so interesting, and how far it is from St. Louis. Well, I can easily tell you. It is a very beautiful cemetery, or, what some people call the City of the Dead, and it is about four and a half miles from the St. Louis Court-house. After a pleasant drive we arrived at one of the west gates, and, as we entered and showed our ticket or pass, I thought of another city which also has gates, with angel guardians and golden streets.—Rev. 21: 18. But in that city no one dies, for the blessed Savior is there, reigning as King of kings and Lord of lords. Soon we began to pass the graves of those that sleep in the dust, and very soon my son, who was with me, said, "Look there, pa, there are two ladies and one I think is crying." As I looked I saw they were standing beside a grave, probably that of some dear departed friend, with whom they have had the dearest association; and, as I turned around, I felt sad, as did Jesus at Bethany, and this beautiful verse occurred to my mind.

Beneath our feet and o'er our head,
Is equal warning given,
Beneath us lay the countless dead,
Above us is the heaven;
Their names are graven on the stones,
Their bones are in the clay,
And ere another day is done
Ourselves may be as they.

But we cannot stay here, we must hurry on, for it is such a large place and there is so much to be seen. Then one of my friends said, "Look here, Mr. Still;" and, going where he was, I saw a piece of marble made to represent a broken shaft, and of exquisite workmanship. As I stood looking at it I thought the hopes and expecta-

tions of this world are so often like this broken shaft.

But what do you think impressed me very much? Why, it was the solemn stillness of this City of the Dead, for we had only just left the city where all is life and activity, but now what a contrast! Every where it is so quiet and peaceful, and yet so many hundreds are lying here side by side, as neighbours together, and human greatness and earthly distinction are swallowed up in the dust. As I passed along I came to the grave of a dear little Sunday School girl. On the stone was a beautiful angel cut from the marble, standing near the head of the grave holding out a crown for this little girl. Jesus says "For of such is the kingdom of heaven." She has a glorious rejoicing now with Christ, in heaven, but the verse on her grave-stone pleased me so much:

Jesus loves me, he who died,
Heaven's gate to open wide;
He will wash away my sin,
Let his little child come in.

As I passed away from her grave, I thought of how many dear little Sunday School girls are like this one, called home to heaven; for the Scripture says, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."—Rev. 14: 13. We pass on to a very large tomb. It is the grave of a rich man. As we approach we can not help saying to each other, "How much it must have cost!" for it stands there as an evidence of great wealth. It is a little house made of beautifully polished marble, having a very fine marble door. It stands in a much larger lot than the others, and I noticed that around it and in front were very choice flowers of every hue; but, like the occupants of the tomb these were fading flowers. I viewed the grandeur of this rich man's grave, I hoped that while he lived he reflected on the uncertainty of earthly possessions, and the frail nature of every earthly tenure. This rich man has a beautiful grave for his body, and can we not hope that, through the rich and precious blood of Christ, he has a home for his soul. For the condition of the body after death is of very little importance, compared with the worth of the soul. Jesus once said, "What would it profit a man if he gained the whole world and lost his own soul." Dear Hopes, if there is one thing that we should trust in Christ for it should be that he (for no one else can do it) would keep us by his power from being a homeless soul. I knew a poor girl once who had very wicked parents, and such a miserable home. She used to think that the only pleasure she had was in the Sunday School. At last she was taken sick, and soon after they laid her in a little grave.

But, before she died, she knew that Jesus was preparing a beautiful home for her in heaven, because she loved him here, and she would ask her friends, who stood around her dying bed, to sing this beautiful hymn to her.

My Heavenly Home is bright and fair,
Nor pain nor death can enter there;
Its glittering towers the sun outshine,
That Heavenly mansion shall be mine;
For I am going home.

She has no marble tablet to mark her earthly resting place, but she now enjoys a precious home, where a large number of little Hopes will meet her in heaven.

But now quietness of this grave yard is broken by the tolling of a bell at one of the gates, and, as we look, we see a hearse coming up with mourners in carriages following. We ask who it is that has died, and are told it is a lady of over eighty years of age. The hearse stops before a large stone vault, and the coffin is placed before it for the minister to perform the services for the dead. It is very solemn now, for these mourning ones feel sad at the grave of a dear departed friend, and the voice of the preacher breaks the silence, saying, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors."—Rev. 14: 13. We did hope then that that dear departed lady might enjoy this blessed rest in Christ, in the society of the redeemed and sanctified through Christ's precious blood. She had lived long on earth to be very useful here, we trust that, in an endless eternity; she will enjoy the presence of her Lord. This ended my pleasant but impressive visit to Bellefontaine, and I thought I would tell it to the Hopes.

W. STILL.

St. Louis, Sep. 24th, 1877.

THE LIGHT OF LOVE.

CHAPTER.—II.

"YOUR little girl looks pale, and as though a few weeks in the country would do her good. I am going down to see my nephew at Deanthorne; let me take her with me to have a run about the fields and lanes: she will come back as rosy as a milkmaid.

Such was the proposal—made to Mrs. Douglas by Miss Warburton, an old friend of the family—which led to a new and joyful event in Milly's London life. The child's heart bounded with delight as she stepped after the old lady into the cab, which was to take them to the station. Milly loved the country, with its thousand wondrous beauties, but, most of all, perhaps, she rejoiced to get away from George, and—for surely they would vanish then—to get away also from the miserable, bad thoughts which filled her mind day after day at home. And her hope was fulfilled; the bad thoughts about George haunted her no more under the sunny skies of Deanthorne.

It was an old ivy-covered parsonage-house where she and Miss Warburton were staying. The Vicar was an invalid, and living abroad for his health, and Miss Warburton's nephew, Mr. Maudsley, was the curate in charge. He was fond of children, and had received his little visitor kindly, and now and then he took her as the companion of his walks, and he would sometimes take her with him when he visited the schools, or any of his poorer parishioners. Sometimes, too, instead of being left, while he made his visits, to play about in the fields, or to pluck flowers in the lanes, Milly would be allowed to go with him into a cottage, while he read and prayed with a sick person.

Perhaps he scarcely guessed the value of these times to the little girl. She began to see that prayer is the expression of want; that the great God to whom it is addressed is a kind Father, always near us, and ever ready to hear the cry of his children. She found, too, that if we really desire to please him and to feel his presence always with us, we must not only trust in him, but we must strive to obey his commands, and to

follow in all things the example of Christ.

Of course Milly had gone to church in London, but she had not listened much, either to the lessons, or to the sermons, and she had never been taught to join in the responses. But she began to be more attentive now; and, though she could not always understand, and though at times her mind would still wander off, settling now on the little stained glass window over the vestry door, now on the row of chubby school-children sitting on a low bench in the aisle,—yet she called her mind back again before long, for she had heard Mr. Maudsley say that it is an insult to God to kneel down and profess to pray if one is thinking of something else all the while, and that when God's word is read and explained, the least we can do is to listen and try and profit by the teaching.

One day,—it was a marked day in Milly's life,—the morning's text was taken from the Revelation of St. John, "And the nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light." She could not follow all that Mr. Maudsley said upon these words, but she understood so much:—The light spoken of—the light of heaven—is the glory of God, and only those can walk therein who love God. And the love of God must begin here on earth, must begin by love towards our fellow-men. "If we love one another, God dwelleth in us, and his love is perfected in us." If a man say, I love God, and hate his brother," said Mr. Maudsley in words Milly had never heard or never noticed before, "he is a liar; for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?" "Yes, but," thought Milly, "I do love every one who is good to me; if George were not so unkind, I would love him too." Then came the answer to her thought:—"If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses." "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you." "Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer, and ye know that no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him." Milly heard very little more; the rest of the sermon seemed like a dream. Over and over again the words of the last text kept repeating themselves, till Milly was quite frightened. She kept her face turned away from Miss Warburton, and put up her hand to hide her flushed cheek and moistened eyes. She was quite silent on her way home from church, till at last Mr. Maudsley asked:

"What ails my little pet?"

He got no answer; the child's head was bent low, and he saw two bright tears drop down her cheeks.

"Run along and get that piece of honeysuckle yonder for my coat," he said. "After dinner we will go into the fields while auntie gets her nap, and see whether Milly's little tongue won't come back again then."

And as soon as dinner was over, and Miss Warburton was comfortably settled in her easy chair, Mr. Maudsley told Milly to fetch her hat, and they sauntered off into the shady meadow below the garden.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HATE NOT.

HATE not. It is not worth your while. Your life is not long enough to make it pay to cherish ill-will or hard thoughts. What if this man has cheated you, or that man has played you false? What if your friend has forsaken you in time of need, or that one, having won your utmost confidence, your warmest love, has concluded that he prefers to consider and treat you as a stranger. Let in all pass. What difference will it make to you in a few years, when you go to the undiscovered country? A few more smiles, a few more pleasures, much pain, a little longer hurrying and worrying through the world, some hate, greetings, abrupt farewells, and our play will be "played out," the injured will be laid away and, ere long, forgotten. Is it worthy to hate each other?

QUICK EARS.

IT is sometimes surprising to see how animals pick out the sound in which they take an interest from the thousand noises of the city. In Paris, the man who goes about with cheap meat for the cats, rings a bell as he approaches the house of a customer. Long before the members of the household detect the sound, pussy will spring to the door and with eager looks await the arrival of her benefactor; for she had no ideas of trade—she can only look on the "cat meat man" as a true philanthropist. She can always pick out his voice and tone amidst the turmoil of the busy city.

A gentleman away on a Western seaport was down on the wharf one day when he saw a dog spring up and prance about in a very joyful manner. He could see no reason for the excitement, but a bystander explained. "That is Mr. Fairy's dog. He is mate on board the 'Alexandria,' and as soon as the dog hears the whistle of that boat he knows it and goes for it."

Sure enough, the dog started off at full speed for the dock where the vessel stopped, and as it touched the wharf he boarded it and sprang to meet his beloved master. The owner of such a faithful dog certainly ought to be a good master. To most people the whistle of one steamboat was much like another, but this shaggy fellow had learned the exact tone of the one for which he watched and waited.

It is still more wonderful that dogs, and perhaps some other animals, seem to understand conversation sometimes, and act upon the hints they get in this way.

A clever little fellow, who always liked to ride with folks, but was often shut up at home, was sitting in the breakfast room one morning, when the family planned to go to town that day.

"Shall you go with the single or double team, father?" asked one.

"With the double team," was the reply.

Shortly after Dash disappeared, and nothing was seen of him until the party had got some four miles on their way, when he meekly crawled out from under the back seat, and wagged his tail in a way that seemed to say, "You certainly can't send me back, now I have got so far." He seemed to know which sleigh to hide in and could only have learned from the conversation.—*Lutheran Observer*.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S MITE SOCIETY.

SEVERAL very agreeable surprise parties were given by the young people of the Plano Branch, and others, during the months of September and October; and finally, at one given on Tuesday evening, October twenty-third, it was suggested that a "Mite Society" be organized for the benefit of the branch. The suggestion met with a hearty approval; a partial organization was effected; a President, Secretary and Treasurer were chosen; a committee appointed to draft a constitution and by-laws; and two persons were appointed to read original or select pieces at the next meeting. A collection was taken amounting to sixty-four cents. On Tuesday evening October thirtieth met at the residence of Bro. W. H. Curwen. A constitution and by-laws were presented by the committee and adopted, and a Vice President was chosen. The evening passed very pleasantly, enlivened by readings, innocent plays, and songs of praise. Collection one dollar and seventy-two cents. The selected article read, by Edward Skeen, was highly applauded, as was also an original poem written for the occasion, and read by Sister Altha Muir. The meetings are to be held weekly, and officers chosen monthly. This is a method of combining utility with pleasure, which we hope to see imitated by the young people of other branches, and we trust that the result will prove that the young people among the Saints remember and feel a lively interest in Zion's cause even in their hours devoted to recreation and amusement.

UNCLE HARVEY.

INTO THE SUNSHINE.

"I wish father would come home." The voice that said that had a troubled tone, and the face that looked up was very sad.

"Your father will be angry," said an aunt, who was sitting in the room with a book in her hand. The boy raised himself from the sofa, where he had been lying in tears for half an hour, and, with a touch of indignation in his voice, answered: "He'll be sorry, not angry. Father never gets angry."

For a few moments the aunt looked at the boy half-curiously, and let her eyes fall again upon the book that was in her hand. The boy laid himself down upon the sofa again, and hid his face from sight.

"That's father now!" He started up, after the lapse of nearly ten minutes, as the sound of a bell reached his ears, and went to the room door. He stood there for a little while, and then came slowly back, saying, with a disappointed air:

"It isn't father. I wonder what keeps him so late. O, I wish he would come now!"

"You seem anxious to get deeper into trouble," remarked the aunt, who had been only in the house a week, and who was neither very amiable nor very sympathizing toward children. The boy's fault had provoked her, and she considered him a fit subject for punishment.

"I believe, Aunt Phebe, you'd like to see me whipped," said the boy, a little warmly. "But you won't."

"I must confess," replied Aunt Phebe, "that I think a little wholesome discipline of the kind you speak of would not be out of place. If you were my child, I am very sure you wouldn't escape."

"I'm not your child; I don't want to be. Father's good, and loves me."

"If your father is so good, and loves you so well, you must be very ungrateful, or a very inconsiderate boy. His goodness doesn't seem to have helped you much."

"Hush, will you," ejaculated the boy, excited to anger by this unkindness of speech in his aunt.

"Phebe!" It was the boy's mother who spoke now, for the first time. In an undertone she added—"You are wrong. Richard is suffering quite enough, and you are doing him harm rather than good."

Again the bell rang, and again the boy left his seat on the sofa, and went to the sitting-room door.

"It's father!" and he went gliding down stairs.

"Ah, Richard!" was the kindly greeting, as Mr. Gordon took the hand of his boy. "But what's the matter, my son? You don't look happy."

"Won't you come in here?" and Richard drew his father into the library. Mr. Gordon sat down, still holding Richard's hand.

"You are troubled, my son; what has happened?"

The eyes of Richard filled with tears as he looked into his father's face. He tried to answer, but his lips quivered. Then he turned away, and opened the door of the cabinet, brought out the fragments of a broken statuette, which had been sent home only the day before, and set them on a table before his father, over whose countenance came instantly a shadow of regret.

"Who did this, my boy? was asked in an even voice.

"I did it."

"How?"

"I threw my ball in there once—only once, in forgetfulness."

A little while Mr. Gordon sat controlling himself, and collecting his disturbed thoughts. Then he said cheerfully:

"What is done, Richard, can't be helped. Put the broken pieces away. You have had trouble enough about it, I can see, and reproof enough

for your thoughtlessness, so I shall not add a word to increase your pain."

"O, father!" and the boy threw his arms about his father's neck.

Five minutes later, and Richard entered the sitting-room with his father. Aunt Phebe looked up for two shadowed faces, but did not see them. She was puzzled.

"That was very unfortunate," she said, a little while after Mr. Gordon came in. "It was such an exquisite work of art."

Richard was leaning against his father when his aunt said this. Mr. Gordon only smiled, and drew his arms closely around his boy.

Mrs. Gordon threw upon her sister a look of warning; but it was unheeded.

"I think Richard was a very naughty boy."

"We have settled all that, Phebe," was the mild but firm answer of Mr. Gordon; and it is one of our rules to get into the sunshine as quick as possible."—*Christian at Work.*

NO SECRETS.

THE moment a girl has a secret from her mother, or has received a letter she dare not let her mother read, or has a friend of whom her mother does not know, she is in danger. A secret is not a good thing for a girl to have. The fewer secrets that lie in the hearts of women at any age, the better. It is almost a test of purity. She who has none of her own is best and happiest.

In girlhood, hide nothing from your mother; do nothing that, if discovered by your father, would make you blush. Have no mysteries whatever. Tell those who are about you where you go and what you do. Those who have the right to know, I mean, of course.

The girl who frankly says to her mother, "I have been here. I met so and so. Such and such remarks were made, and this or that was done," will be certain of receiving good advice and sympathy. If all was right, no fault will be found. If the mother knows out of her greater experience that something was improper or unsuitable, she will, if she is a good mother, kindly advise against its repetition.

It is when mothers discover that their girls are hiding things from them that they rebuke or scold. Innocent faults are always pardoned by a kind parent.

You may not know, girls, just what is right—just what is wrong yet. You can't be blamed for making little mistakes, but you will never do anything very wrong if from the first you have no secrets from your mother.—*Ledger.*

CENTRAL AMERICA.

MY earliest recollections are of Central America. Since I came to the United States I have found everything so different, that I thought I would tell our readers something about that country. Central America, like all other countries, has its bad qualities and its good ones. One place in which we lived was Balize, the capital of British Honduras. It was a lovely place, built on the shore which was of white sand, taken from the bottom of the harbor. The house we lived in was a cottage, as were almost all the houses there, and was directly on the beach. My chief amusement was going down to the shore, after the tide—which was slight—had fallen, and picking up shells which had been washed up. And such pretty shells as I would sometimes find! I wish I could describe them to you, but that would take too long. The style of building houses was not so substantial as in this country; no stone or brick, but slight frame houses, the partitions of which are of what they call *jalousie* work, something like our window shutters, and the white muslin curtains on each side fluttering in the cool breeze, give the rooms a soft, pleasing appearance. It is generally supposed to be very hot there, but it is not so—a

cool breeze is blowing nearly all the time. But we afterward visited towns in the interior, in the valleys, where the breeze never came, and there it was exceedingly warm.

Our fruits naturally differ very much. Instead of the apple, pear, peach, etc., which we have here, we had the mango, pineapple, orange, banana, lemon, and many others. They have what they call apples, not resembling ours here, however, in the least; for the most part they have pits like plum pits, instead of seeds, and have an insipid, sweetish taste. These are of several varieties; the mango, rose, star, monkey, and the marmee apples, and more which I cannot remember. The beautiful palm tree grows there in all its varieties. This our readers know is useful as well as ornamental. One palm, as we all know, bears the cocoa-nut; another whose leaves are very long; is used for matting for floors and beds. The blossoms of another make excellent soup. The leaves of another are used for fans. But the most singular one to me is the one called cabbage palm; this tree has a tender part about two feet long at the top, which they cut off and boil as we do cabbage, and it tastes quite like that vegetable. Whether the top grows on a second or third time, to be used, I cannot say, but I remember it was very scarce in the market. The bread fruit is another tree which is placed there for the sustenance of man; and another is the magnolia with its lovely flowers, which scent the air so that it is almost overpowering to walk through a grove of them.

I am sorry to change from a pleasant to an unpleasant theme, but I must be just. A person cannot live there without constant fear of being stung by some poisonous insect or reptile; as the centipede, scorpion, and tarantula, all abound in that country, and no amount of cleanliness and care will entirely exclude them from any dwelling. It is an everyday occurrence to turn mattresses, to remove books, mats, everything that may harbor these annoying little creatures. No one pretends to change clothing without examining carefully every article. We were fortunate enough to escape being stung by anything but a centipede; but being frightened so often, seems almost as bad as being stung. I remember once, while living in the city of Zacapa, in Guatemala, being greatly alarmed. We were all in the sitting room, when a huge tarantula walked in the door; possibly you can imagine the amount of screaming and scrambling there was in that room for awhile. At last papa got a large stick and killed it.

One very marked difference between this country and that is, that while our birds are very plain looking, they have very sweet voices; theirs have gorgeous plumage, but cannot sing at all. Now this fact by some might be counted one of the country's bad qualities, but, though I am a lover of music, I think the rich and lovely plumage almost compensates for the lack of song. I suppose most of our readers have seen such birds as the macaw and parrot, but I must describe one, the "Beautiful Cacell," which has three or four long feathers in its tail. The bird itself is very small, while its tail is about two feet long, and of a lovely golden green. This bird was the prettiest inhabitant that we saw while there. It is perfectly natural for a person to think that the home of one's childhood is most beautiful, hence I think that Central America is more lovely than any other spot of earth. One thing is certain—the good qualities quite overbalance the bad ones.—*Young Folks' Monthly.*

THE TWO BILLS.

TWO bills were waiting in the bank for their turn to go out into the world. One was a little bill—only one dollar; the other was a big bill—a thousand dollar bill. While lying there side by side they fell a talking about their usefulness. The dollar bill murmured out:

"Ah, if I were as big as you, what good I would do. I could move in such high places and

people would be so careful of me wherever I should go. Every body would admire me and want to take me home with them, but, small as I am, what good can I do? Nobody cares much for me. I am too little to be of any use."

"Ah, yes, that is so!" said the thousand dollar bill; and it haughtily gathered up its well-trimmed edges that were lying next to the little bill in conspicuous superiority.

"That is so," it repeated. "If you were as big as I am—a thousand times bigger than you are—then you might hope to do some good in the world." And its face smiled into a wrinkle of contempt for the little dollar bill.

Just then the cashier comes, takes the little murmurer and kindly gives it to a poor widow.

"God bless you!" she cries, as with a smiling face she receives it. "My dear hungry children can now have some bread."

A thrill of joy ran through the little bill as it was folded up in the widow's hand, and it whispered:

"I may do some good if I am small."

And when it saw the bright faces of her fatherless children it was very glad that it could do a little good.

Then the little dollar began its journey of usefulness. It went first to the baker for bread; then to the miller; then to the farmer; then to the laborer; then to the doctor; then to the minister; and wherever it went it gave pleasure, adding something to their comfort and joy.

At last, after a long, long pilgrimage of usefulness among every sort of people, it came back to the bank again crumpled, defaced, ragged, softened by its daily use. Seeing the thousand dollar bill lying there with scarcely a wrinkle or a finger mark upon it, it exclaimed:

"Pray, sir, what has been your mission of usefulness?"

The big bill sadly replied:

"I have been from safe to safe among the rich where few could see me, and they were afraid to let me go out far, lest I should be lost. Few indeed are they whom I have made happy by my mission."

The little dollar bill said:

"It is better to be small and go among multitudes doing good than to be so great as to be imprisoned in the safes of the few."

And it rested satisfied with its lot.

Moral: The doing of little every-day duties makes one the most useful and happy.—*Well-Spring.*

RESTITUTION.

YOU have defrauded your neighbor. You have done him an injury, not accidentally, but on purpose. You have sought your own profit by inflicting a loss upon him. You have taken what belongs, not to you, but to him. You must proceed then to make restitution. Go at once. Go to-day, if you can. State the facts frankly and honestly. Acknowledge your wrong-doing, and repair the harm as fully as you can. It will cost you a struggle to do this. When, however, you have made up your mind to the struggle, you will probably find it easier than you expect. But whatever you do, don't keep this burden upon your conscience. It will stand between you and God. It is an obstacle which you can not get over. You may forget that it is there; but there it is; and you are on one side, and Almighty God is on the other.

VIRTUE IN WHISTLING

An old farmer once said that he would not have a hired man on his farm who did not habitually whistle. He always hires whistlers. Said he never knew a whistling laborer to find fault with his food, his bed, or complain of any little extra work he was asked to perform. Such a man was generally kind to children and to animals in his care. He would whistle a chilled lamb in-

to warmth and life, and would bring in his hat full of eggs from the barn without breaking one of them. He found such a man more careful about closing gates, putting up bars and seeing that the nuts on his plough were all properly tightened before he took it into the field. He never knew a whistling hired man to kick or beat a cow, or drive her on a run into the stable. He had noticed that the sheep he fed in the yard and shed gathered around him as he whistled without fear. He never had employed a whistler who was not thoughtful and economical.

Correspondence.

UNION FORT, Salt Lake Co., Utah,
October 20th, 1877.

Dear Hopes:—We have meetings every other Sunday, and sacrament and testimony meeting once a month; our branch consists of about thirty-three members; they are in such a scattered condition that there are but few who can attend, but we have very good meetings. We have no Sunday School, for there are not enough children to raise one up. I attend a Brighamite Sunday School; but I hope some day, we may have one of our own faith; for there is so much contention, and confusion, that it is not much like a house of worship. I see in the *Herald* that brother Thomas Döbson, is preaching in Utah; I hope that he will give us a call in Union Fort, situated about twelve miles south of Salt Lake City. I am glad to see that in this last Conference there were some Elders appointed to come to Utah; for we think that some good can be done. I am glad to see that the Editors wish the *Hope* to be published every week. Let us all be willing to do all we can. I would rather give five prices for the *Hope* than to have it stopped; for in it we find much interesting and instructive reading. It leads us to truth; and shows us the narrow path that tends to life eternal. I feel as if I could not get along without it; for it is my evening's employment, to find out its puzzles, (what I can), and to read its interesting columns. I have had loaned to me, a *Juvenile Instructor*, published by the Brighamites, but it is not so interesting and instructive as the *Hope*; for it contains so many romance stories. I will now close for fear of being too long and dreary, praying God's blessings to be with you all. As ever yours in Christ,

JOHN MARRIOTT.

WOODBINE, Harrison Co., Iowa,
Oct. 24th, 1877.

Dear Hopes:—As the long winter evenings have set in, I thought I would tell you how we amuse ourselves. After studying our lessons and puzzling our brains over Arithmetic, we want a little fun, so mamma allows us to take down two or three boxes of matches and use them as blocks; the dining table is cleared off, and our brown marble oil cloth affords us a good ground-work for our buildings, and gardens. Now, having plenty of lumber we go to work, to see which can make the best artist and builder; our church, school house, gothic dwelling, gardens, cedar-trees, ladders and side walks are finished; so now young ladies and gentleman walk in and see which you will choose for your abode, (when you get married). Thus we pass away a lonely and desponding hour. Try this, dear little Hopes, when the cold winds blow, and the rain and snow beat upon the windows; you may thus find pleasure, and it will give you a taste for drawing also.

Now, at such seasons, Jenny, Cyrus, Dorcas, and Willie, will think of you, and wonder whether you will play this game, and then you can draw pictures of "Jack, and Jill came tumbling after," just for fun. And now your drawings and buildings are over, put away your matches in their place, not one is wasted, no house is on fire, and mamma has no occasion to scold for noisy rumpus.

I will change this subject and say that I had the happiness of attending conference. I had long wished to see and hear brother Joseph and others preach; and O, what a wise and good sermon was delivered by brother Joseph on the Sabbath. Our school teacher said it was the best sermon he ever heard; and he told pa, that if any one wished to run down the Latter Day Saints to send them to him for the future; that after hearing the sermons at the grove, he was ready to take their part.

It was a rare treat to visit among five thousand at one time, and witness the harmony and spirit of God attending the preaching and prayer meetings. And I could look around and see many of the young Hopes, flitting from tent to tent; happy and free as the birds in the trees, singing the songs of Zion. I felt like chasing one choice butterfly of nature—Amy Forscutt. I could see she represented her father. May her chrysalis develop in a glorious hereafter. I told you sometime ago, that I sent a grasshopper to England, perhaps you would like to know that it

hatched out, crossing the ocean. My cousins were surprised to find the madam and the little hoppers as lively as crickets, but would rather set their foot on the American plague. I am afraid I have said too much, but wish at the same time to act for the interest and welfare of the *Hope*, and that our faith may be cherished in Christ. Your sister,

REGINA L. ROHRER.

St. CHARLES, Michigan,
Oct. 22d, 1877.

Bro. Stebbins:—I am eleven years old. I was baptized the 25th of last May, and I am trying to do right. I take the *Hope* and think it is a good paper. I like to read the letters from the Hopes. I live with my aunt. Elder Davis was out here and organized a branch of twenty-four members.

ESTELLA A. BURROWS.

Puzzle Corner.

Answers in One Month.

WORD PUZZLE—No. 23.

My 1st is in light, but not in dark.
My 2d is in taste, but not in tart.
My 3rd is in came, but not in gone.
My 4th is in hate, but not in scorn.
My 5th is in child, but not in youth.
My 6th is in feign, but not in truth.
My 7th is in walk, but not in talk.
My 8th is in hymn, but not in lark.
My 9th is in bite, but not in bark.
My 10th is in great, but not in large.
My 11th is in ear, but not in corn.

My whole is the name of an Elder of the Church.
JOHN C. HIDY.

ANAGRAM.—No. 17.

Pesheo twituoh tacnoi si a roalm harted,
Nad ot dacenav het rodwl, si tleith throw;
Tel su nikh hunc, yas lltiel, dan cumh od,
Fi ot leosresuv nad Odg ew liwl eb ertu.

RMAY E. ERCEMIC.

Answers to Puzzle Corner of Oct. 15th.

- To Enigma, No. 14.**—Sheep, Toy, Let, Err, Joy. Whole—Joseph L. Terry.
 - To Word Puzzle, No. 21.**—Levick Sturges.
 - To Anagram, No. 15.**—Up with the morning, ye young Hopes of Zion,
Gird on the Spirit's keen sword;
Fight, and press on to the hope of your calling,
Jesus will give the reward,
Immortal the crown, and white the robe,
That shall be your reward when done;
And a home in Zion, safe and secure,
Until the victory is won.
- JENNET ARCHIBALD.
- To Puzzle, No. 9.**—The thief placed the sheep in order to make them count twelve on each side, afters stealing four, in this manner:

5	2	5
2	2	2
5	2	5

Answers to the above as follows: Jennie Randall 1, 3; Dorcas Rohrer 3; Vina Brand 3; John C. Hidy 3; John Marriott 1, 3; Maggie Matthis 3.

No answers to No. 2, and no correct ones to No. 4. Maggie Evans and George W. Hart answer the latter by taking the four out of both the upper and the lower middle places, and placing one of them in the center department, which left two pens vacant in the rows.

John Marriott sends correct answer to No. 5 of the Word Definitions of October 1st.

THE SAINTS' HERALD.

The above publication is issued semi-monthly, at Plano, Kendall County, Illinois, by the Board of Publication of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, \$2.15 per year free of postage. Edited by Joseph Smith and Henry A. Stebbins.

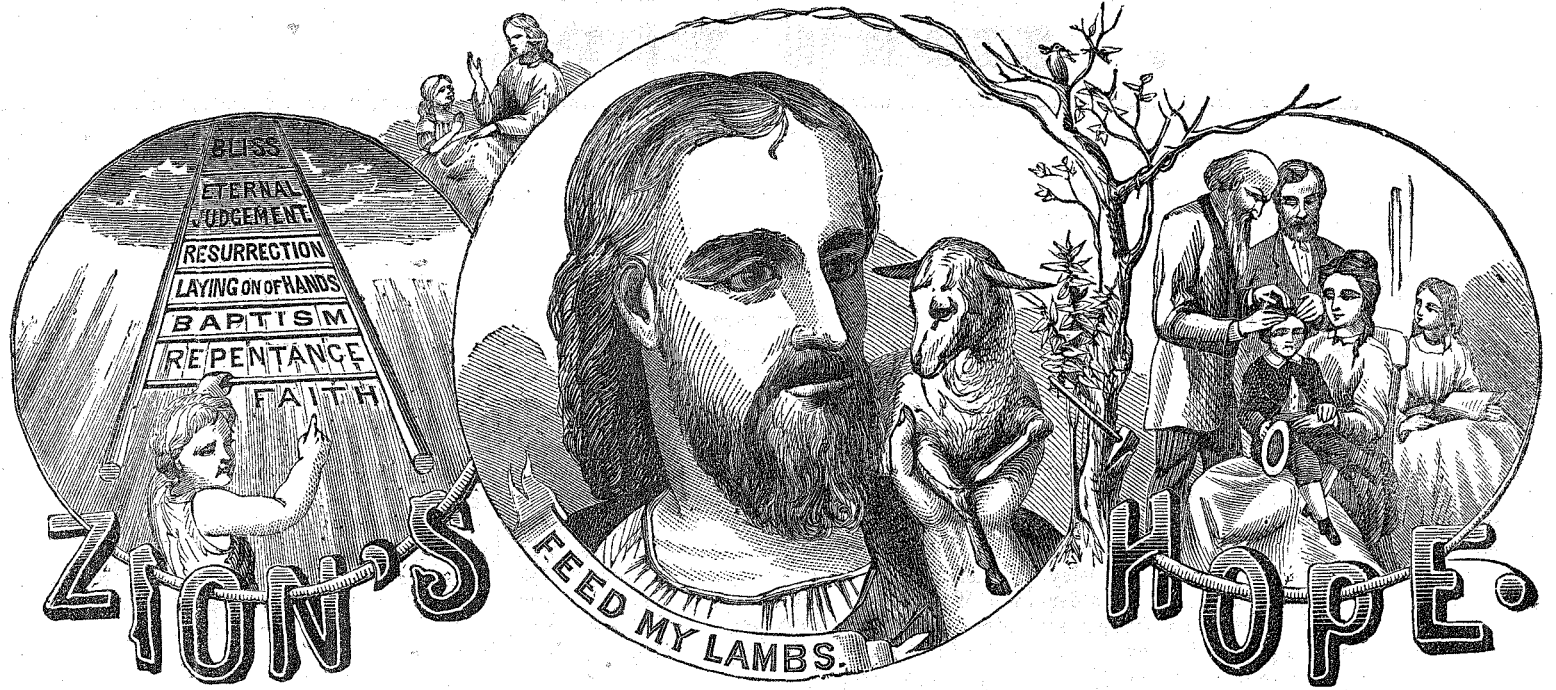
15 November 77.

A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue. Owing to the fact that we make nothing on the *Hope* we would like to see subscriptions paid up as early as possible, and delinquent ones especially. With the small margin to work upon, the cost of paper and postage for papers sent on credit for a few issues or for months, forces us as a general rule to discontinue sending it when the time is out, at which we hope no one will take offence but watch this notice hereafter for the blue mark.

Zion's Hope is published semi-monthly by the Board of Publication of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, at Plano, Kendall Co., Ill., and is edited by Joseph Smith and Henry A. Stebbins.

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Superintendents and Teachers of Sunday schools, Book Agent 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. 9.

PLANO, KENDALL CO., ILL., DECEMBER 1, 1877.

No. 11.

"THE THREE BOOKS."

"THE BIBLE."

Blessed Bible! book divine,
I love thy sacred pages,
The words of Christ, in thee I find,
Penned by the ancient sages;
O may we read, and mark, and learn,
Each Godly truth within it,
The gospel law, obey like they,
Eternal life inherit.

"BOOK OF MORMON."

Hail, Book of Mormon! precious pearl,
Another testimony,
That Christ to mortals still appeals,
To help them on life's journey;
Hid in Cumorah's lonely hill,
By God's Almighty power,
To come to light His will reveal,
In this "eleventh hour."

"BOOK OF DOCTRINE AND COVENANTS."

Hail Book of Cov'nants! blessed boon,
Christ's word sent in addition,
A proof to all those records named,
Are words of inspiration;
Then let us join the three in one,
Directed by God's Spirit,
Walk in Christ's law contained in them,
That we may life inherit.

"THREE BOOKS."

We'll read them in our Sabbath School,
And in our peaceful dwelling,
And in sweet praises thank the Lord,
For truths sublime they're telling;
Then Father in our youthful minds,
Implant those truths for ever,
Around our hearts like garlands twine.
To part with them,—no never.

KEWANEE.

"WISHFUL."

STRAY THOUGHTS.

IT is the holy Sabbath day, and the rain is falling steadily and unceasingly, preventing us from meeting with the dear Saints to worship, as has been our desire. As I sit by the window looking out on the landscape before me, which is almost veiled in the mist of the falling raindrops, and watching the dark, heavy clouds drift slowly along, the thought comes to my mind, that, just above the dark and gloomy cloud the glorious sun is shining in all its strength and beauty. So, it is while we are striving to walk in the

light of God, when sorrows, trials, and afflictions, like clouds, darken our sky, the loving kindness of our Father is over all, could we only realize it; and he permits the clouds and darkness to enshroud us, that we may more fully appreciate and enjoy the light. Sometimes they but cast darkening shadows on our way; and, again, it seems as if the storm beats pitilessly and relentlessly down upon our heads; but who shall say that it is not for our good to remove the dross, as it were, and to purify us, that we may be fit to enter that home toward which we are journeying. Then when these dark clouds of trial or temptation, or whatever they may be, cross our way, let us trust in God, and ever remember that the path of our duty lies straight before us, not to the right or the left, but onward and upward, striving with unflinching steps to walk therein. When by patient toiling we have climbed the mountain side, and breathe the purer air, leaving the cloud beneath us as it were, we shall rejoice to see that

"All the while the cloud above
Beamed bright the sunlight of His love."

And feel that it was good to trust in Him, even in the darkest hour. May we all, who have named the name of Christ, live near to him, that we may be able to stand all the storms of life, and safely reach our home, where we shall know as we are known, is the prayer of your unworthy sister,
VIOLA.

GOSPEL FOR HOPES—No. 2.

I WISH all the Hopes to read the Scripture references, and, by so doing, gradually become acquainted with the Scriptures. I told them that I would next talk about repentance, and what it is. Although hard for us to do sometimes, yet it is very easy to understand, and has been often defined as "a Godly sorrow for sin." Now we may sin and be sorry, and yet not truly repent of sin. Gospel repentance is this: that when,—as the Hopes grow older in years, in knowledge and in experience—trouble will increase as well as life's joys, and so will your responsibilities to each other and to your Creator; and also the consciousness of temptation to sin, and to do that which is wrong will come to us. It is then that the gospel presents itself to us and says, Repent and prove your repentance by turning away from and forsaking these sins. All the trouble that is in the world is caused by sin. Children grow up without a knowledge of, or obedience to the gospel, and early learn evil habits, and all manner of evil that makes them bad and unhappy men and women. It causes lying,

stealing, murder, drunkenness and wars; it fills our poor houses, jails and penitentiaries; it destroys millions of people, and enough property to relieve all the wants of all the poor in all the world, many times over. Sin makes us all unhappy, dear Hopes.

When God has revealed himself to any one and sent him as a messenger to warn wicked nations or people in any age of the world, their cry has been "Repent! Repent!" It was so when in olden times he sent his prophets. When John the Baptist came before Christ his call was to "Repent." Read Matt. 3: 33-38. Jesus taught it, and in the first gospel sermon of Peter on Pentecost day, when the assembled multitude, being satisfied of their sin, cried out—"What shall we do to be saved," Peter said, "Repent, every one of you, and be baptized for the remission of sins."—Acts 2: 38. To day we are surrounded by wickedness, and Joseph Smith has said, by the word of the Lord, to the rulers and people of this generation. "Repent! Repent!" In Book of Covenants, sec. 58: 9, you can learn what true repentance is.

It is the duty of the Hopes' parents, who belong to this Church of Christ, in these last days, who are in Zion or her stakes to teach them faith in Christ, to repent of their sins, and baptism for the remission or forgiveness of their sins—and when eight years old to receive baptism.—B. of C. 68: 4. It has been said that many children are not capable of understanding what is required of them at that age, but, if the parents have obeyed the above commandments, they may, and will understand, and if parents neglect and fail in keeping this important commandment of God, then the sin of transgression and ignorance rests with them.

How plainly I can see the wonderful wisdom of the same God who once, through Moses, commanded and led ancient Israel, who now, through Joseph the prophet and seer of modern Israel, has given them the wisest instruction and counsel for making and preserving to himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works, those to whom his favor shall be made manifest in the eyes of all, in not only their spiritual—but temporal salvation from the judgments of the hour. I am older than the Hopes, though not yet old, but oh! in looking over my past life, its errors and sins, even from childhood until now, I can see how full and how well the gospel cures from sin, and it is the only cure, dear Hopes. When you are tempted to wrong doing, pray, as you are taught, for strength from the Savior to resist; or if it may be, if you have been overcome in sin, seek to him for forgiveness in the gospel way, by repentance

and restitution; if you have wronged any one, and forsaking the sin, Jesus will help you, I am certain he will; and, when these things are understood, you must be baptized that your sins may be remitted or forgiven, for this is the authority and will of your Creator and heavenly Father, through Jesus Christ his Son. In my next I will tell you more of baptism, and also about the doctrine of the laying on of hands.

M. H. B.

THE LIGHT OF LOVE.

CHAPTER.—III.

SEATED on the knotted root of an old beech tree, Mr. Maudsley and his little companion enjoyed the fair scene spread out before them.

"How charming it all is!" said Mr. Maudsley. "Look, Milly, at that pretty fawn colored alderney, lying just out of the shadow, on that sunny slope of grass. There's a picture for you! better than anything in your scrap-book at home."

"It is all so bright," she said; "I like the cheerful summer weather; on dull, dark days I feel so sad?"

"Sad! what a word for a little woman like you to use! What have you ever to make you sad?"

"I should like to tell you," Milly answered, "but I dare not; you would think me so wicked."

"And was it this same trouble that made you cry coming from church?"

"That was because I am wicked," she said.

"Most of us are wicked sometimes. But what made you think about it just then?"

"What you said in your sermon, that any one who hates his brother is a murderer. And oh!"—went on Milly, breaking out in sudden sobs,—"I know I have often hated George."

Mr. Maudsley waited till the sobs had subsided, and then he drew from the little maiden the tale of all her troubles, temptations and naughtiness; all her fears that she would be shut out forever from God's light."

"Yes, Milly, it is true enough," said Mr. Maudsley, gravely; "you never can walk in the light while you hate your brother; you know that truth for yourself, if you consider, without any teaching of mine. When your heart is full of bitterness and anger, doesn't everything seem dark and miserable to you? Whatever comes, you must get rid of these wicked feelings toward George. Far better endure ten times over the annoyances he causes you, than shut yourself out in the darkness of hatred, away from God's blessed light."

"But I don't feel these wicked feelings now," Milly said.

"Well, then, you must never let them get hold of you again; they are the promptings of the evil one, I believe, Milly. St. James tells us to resist the devil, and he will flee from us."

"But *how*?" was the anxious inquiry. "I don't know what I must do. I cannot help *feeling* angry even if I say nothing."

"We must consider *how*, my child; that is the great question. Though we cannot, perhaps, help the angry thoughts coming, you must not let them stay. You are right not to speak in your passion, or to do any thing spiteful in revenge; it is *something* even to restrain yourself so far. But suppose you try to do more, to return good for evil; for every unkind thing George does to you, to do some kindness to him; to give a soft answer when he speaks roughly; to try and please him specially in some way or other, or do him some little services, whether he knows it or not, after he has been unkind to you. It is the best way I know of to turn hate into love. Some one has said that the only way in which we can force ourselves to love any one is to do him a good turn, that we are nearly sure to end by loving those we have served. I said just now the *best* way; but there is a better still. We can ask God for more of the gift of his Holy Spirit. He has promised to give it to those who ask him; and by the help of that Spirit we conquer our evil passions and

temptations." Mr. Maudsley paused now, looking very serious.

"I know I shall be tempted again when I get home," said Milly, with a sigh. "I wish I could stop here a long, long while."

"What, away from your father, and mother, and little Amy?"

"No." Milly had a warm heart: she loved her grave, silent father, and her gentle, quiet mother; and she doted on her little baby-sister. "Only if George—"

"Only if there were no temptations for us," interrupted Mr. Maudsley, gently, "how could we prove the sincerity of our wish to please God by resisting evil? No, Milly, our Heavenly father knows just what is best for us, and he appoints the place each of us has to fill. One resolution you must make, not to let yourself be always thinking of any little unkindness on George's part. When anything vexes you and tempts you to resentful feelings, turn away to something else at once, set to your lessons, or get your dolls or story-books; and try to laugh and be good-humored when George is only in mischief; he wouldn't tease you half so much if he saw you cared less about it. And set yourself to think of his good qualities; I am sure he has some, or he would not be so much loved. Make the best of matters; and if things don't mend, some day, when all is right between you, tell him you want always to be good friends, and ask him to try and be a little kinder to you. As a last remedy of all—but I advise you not to use it if you can help it—pluck up your courage and explain things thoroughly either to your father or mother, begging them to speak to George about his behavior."

"But, you know, of course I am sometimes in the wrong," explained Milly; "only George has no right to slap me."

"Certainly not; and just as certainly *all* the blame cannot rest with him; you have never tried to make me think that. But you must strive very hard in the future to be as little in the wrong as possible, to be forbearing and gentle, and to do nothing to provoke him. Remember he is high-spirited, and that the old nurse spoils him a good deal. I think, with patience and prayer for God's help, even my little Millie's trouble may be cured." The child raised grateful eyes to his face, and he went on,—"At any rate the worst part of the trouble may be cured; if you grow to love George as you ought, you will be able to bear better with his faults; love covereth [preventeth] a multitude of sins. It is like the sunshine you are so fond of; it makes every thing beautiful that it falls upon. Even this view is not so pretty on a sunless day. The "Light of Love" can brighten even a life full of trouble. Will you try and remember this, little Milly, when the sun breaks out on one of the gloomy days that make you so sad?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A SCENE FROM LIFE.

A YOUNG man entered the bar-room of a village tavern and called for a drink.

"No," said the landlord. "You have had the *delirium tremens* once, and I cannot sell you any more."

He stepped aside to make room for a couple of young men who had just entered, and the landlord waited on them very politely. The other had stood by, silent and sullen, and when they had finished he walked up to the landlord and addressed him:

"Six years ago, at their age, I stood where those young men are now. I was a man with fair prospects. Now, at the age of twenty-eight I am a wreck, body and mind. You led me to drink. In this room I formed the habit that has been my ruin. Now, sell me a few glasses more and your work will be done. I shall soon be out of the way; there is no hope for me. But they can be saved. Do not sell it to them. Sell to me and let me die, and let the world be rid of me;

but, for heaven's sake, sell no more to them!"

The landlord listened, pale and trembling. Setting down his decanter, he exclaimed:

"God help me!" this is the last drop I will ever sell to any one!"

And he kept his word.

HOLD ON BOYS.

Hold on to your tongue when you are just ready to swear, lie or speak harshly, or use improper words.

Hold on to your hand when you are about to pinch, strike or scratch, steal or do any thing improper.

Hold on to your feet when you are on the point of kicking, running away from study or pursuing the path of error, shame or crime.

Hold on to your temper when you are angry, excited or imposed upon, or others are angry with you.

Hold on to your heart when evil associates seek your company, and invite you to join their games, mirth and revelry.

Hold on to your good name at all times, for it is of more value than gold, high places or fashionable attire.

Hold on to virtue; it is above all price to you at all times and places.

Hold on to your good character, for it is and ever will be your best wealth.

"BUY THE TRUTH."

WHILE reading from the Bible this morning, a certain text forced itself upon my mind more than usual, and, with brother Henry's consent, I will try and tell you some of my thoughts.

I was reading in the Book of Proverbs where it says: "Buy the truth and sell it not; also wisdom, and instruction, and understanding."

What excellent advice, for us to buy those four things, or principles, and sell them not; but especially truth, for my text reads: "Buy the truth and sell it not;" and then it adds wisdom, knowledge, and understanding. If we should ask what is truth, Jesus says, when praying to the Father for his disciples: "Sanctify them through thy truth, thy word is truth."—John 17: 17. Then the word of the Lord is truth.

Again He says: "And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."—John 8: 32.

Free from what? Free from the bondage of sin and death. Paul says; "For when ye were the servants of sin, ye were free from righteousness."—Rom. 6: 20. And in the 22d, and 23d verses, he says: "But now being made free from sin, and become the servants to God, ye have your fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life. For the wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

What more, dear children, do we learn about truth from the Bible? I shall not attempt to tell you all, for the *Hope* could not contain it. But, as we have found that the word of the Lord is truth, let me cite you to a few more of the words spoken by his servants, the prophets. The Psalmist David, asked this question, "Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill?" and he answers by saying: "He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart." Psalms 15: 1, 2. Now we will look at the 85th Psalm and see what it says: "Mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other. Truth shall spring out of the earth, and righteousness shall look down from heaven." Here we learn that *truth* is to spring out of the earth.

In Isaiah 29th chapter, we are told about a book coming forth, the words of which the learned cannot read, then the Lord says he will show forth his power, and the book is delivered to the unlearned. This book we claim to be the Book of Mormon come out of the earth; even

the truth which was to spring out of the earth. Then, if this claim is correct, the Book of Mormon is truth.

In Psalms 119:142, we are told that, "Thy righteousness is an everlasting righteousness, and thy law is the truth." Then the law of the Lord is truth also. Then, in Psalms 19:7, we are told that "The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul."

Therefore, the truth, which we are exhorted to buy, and never to part with, will make us free indeed, free from the law (or bondage) of sin and death. It will enable us to stand upon the hill of Zion, to dwell in the tabernacle of the Saints, and it will make us the servants of God, and will entitle us to eternal life. Then, I say, let us be wise, let us buy the truth, be the cost or sacrifice what it may; and never, no never, sell the same.

Go buy the truth and sell it not,
The truth shall make us free, we read;
'Twill save our souls from sin and death,
For truth is what we so much need.
Truth teaches us the law of God,
To shun the paths of sin and vice;
That Jesus is the sinner's friend,
When with the gospel he complies.
That this may be our happy lot,
We'll buy the truth and sell it not.

UNCLE W. R.

CORTLAND, Illinois.

LETTER FROM SISTER ADDIE.

Dear Hopes:—I want to have a talk with you this evening. How do you all feel? Are you progressing in the good work? Or are you sitting idle while that little stone (that was cut out of the mountain without hands) rolls on? For, dear children, that kingdom *will* roll on until it fills the whole earth. If you are idle you will be the loser, and the day *will* come when you will be sorry that you have wasted so many precious moments. Just think of the ages that have passed since the creation, and yet there has been but one second given at a time, just one. And when that is gone it will never return, it is gone forever. Then how careful we should be to improve each moment. And then the hours, days and years, will profit us. Let us be watchful and prayerful, so that we may overcome our faults and go on even unto perfection.

I will tell you what a pleasant time we had on Sunday, September 23d. The greater part of the Good Intent Saints, and a goodly number of the Atchison Saints met at the house of brother Oxandale. In the morning, one brother and two young sisters were baptized. From the water we returned to the house and held a confirmation and testimony meeting, in which the Saints all rejoiced. We then spread the cloth on the green, beneath the branches of the walnut trees, and hastened to refresh the physical man in much the same manner as we had previously refreshed the spiritual, only the one was fed with food from heaven—the other with that which perisheth. In the afternoon we listened to brother D. Williams, of Atchison, and all felt strengthened and gratified. We sang several hymns from "Songs of Zion," and then separated with our hearts filled with peace and good will toward all, and I am sure that each one felt that it was good to serve the Lord, and that we had spent a pleasant, as well as profitable day.

I would like also to tell you a very pleasant dream I had a few weeks since. I dreamed that I was traveling along, and a very difficult road, but at every turn, and as each obstacle presented itself, there were those who were ready to help me on my way, so that each difficulty was overcome, and when I came to a stream of dark water my friends were there, some on one side some on the other, and with their assistance I passed over with ease. I felt that I had only to make an effort to help myself, and then these unknown friends were ready to help me. I awoke with feelings of joy; and, as I meditated upon my dream, I felt to thank God for the promise he

had given therein, that if I would be faithful, and strive to serve him, and walk steadfastly in his ways, I should have help to overcome the difficulties in all the way of life; and, although it came to me in my dream in human form, yet I feel that, if I strive to do His will, I will receive aid from the one who has power to uphold even the weakest of His children.

Let us, dear children, seek the Lord while he may be found. Let us remember the Creator in our youth, and let us, as we grow older, not depart from him, but seek to serve him in every act of our life, that we may be worthy to be numbered among his jewels, is the prayer of,

SISTER ADDIE.

WONDERS OF THE SEA.

WHO can tell of all the wondrous things that live in the sea? In the Indian Ocean, many feet below the surface of the water, grow woods quite as luxuriant as any jungles or thickets we read of in South America. Some of the trees grow as high as two houses piled on one another. They are called by a hard name—"neroeysten." The roots resemble coral, and from the slender stem grows a cluster of very long leaves. Other trees grow almost as high, and end in one single huge leaf that is about the size of our forest trees. Bushes—green, yellow, and red—are dotted here and there; and a velvety carpet of diminutive plants covers the ground. Flowers in all the tints of the rainbow ornament the rocks, and large leaves of the iris, of dazzling pink and red, floats among them; and sea-anemones, as large and brilliant as cactus flowers, from beds in moss; blue, red, purple and green little fish dart here and there; and between the bushes glide, like a serpent, the long, silvery fish.

Thus beautiful is it in the day; but when night comes on, and you suppose all creatures have gone to bed, the landscape grows more lovely still. Little crabs and menusas light up the sea; the seapen quivers with green, phosphoric light; what was brown and red in the day is changed into bright green, yellow and red, and amongst all the glittering jewels the moonfish floats like a silvery crescent.

TRUDIE'S POCKET.

GRANDMA could not help smiling as she shook out the little frock, and saw the bulging pocket so crowded that the top layer of doll's waterproof stuck out at the top in a little frill of black and blue plaid.

She pushed back the smile, and turned a grave face towards the bed, where Trudie hastily shut her eyes, that she might seem to be asleep.

"One, two, three,—nine articles in your pocket, Gertrude, and your dress-skirt torn down three inches in consequence."

"Yes'm," said Trudie, meekly, as grandma pulled out the doll's cape, a nibbled cookie, a ball of red worsted and a square of canvass, a piece of chewed rubber, a box of beads, half an apple, a bundle of patch-work calico, and three sticks of cinnamon in a paper.

"And no pocket handkerchief," said grandma, severely.

"It was on top. Maybe it fell out," suggested Trudie.

"I don't know what I had better do, Gertrude; I have spoken to you so many times, and you never remember."

"You may have two pockets in my dress; and 'twouldn't be so crowded," said Trudie, brightening up a little.

"I am more inclined to sew up this one, and let you have none," said grandma, taking away the little frock to be mended, while Trudie turned over in bed with a groan of dismay.

She was a very careless little girl. Grandma tried hard to teach her to keep things in their proper places, but Trudie found her pocket so convenient! And into it went the queerest things that ever a pocket held.

She got up the next morning, and unfolded the clean frock awaiting her by the bed, with an anxious heart; but apparently grandma had decided to try her again, for her pocket was not sewed up; and Trudie plunged in her hand, rejoicing.

"I mean to be just as careful to-day!" she said to herself.

And she did mean it.

But when she was running a race with Fido, her pretty new scarlet hair ribbon blew off, and as she could not tie up the thick brown locks herself, she tucked the ribbon into her pocket, thinking—

"It is only until I go into the house."

However, she did not return at once, for Nannie Jewell called to her to come across the street and play tag. So away rushed Trudie. It was vacation, and she and Nannie had standing permission to visit across when no tasks were set for them at home.

Tag was a great frolic, and when they were tired of it, they sat together in the swing in the old barn and rested.

"Cripple-crown has laid an egg," said Nannie, as a complacent cackle was heard on the mow above their heads. "Come and get it. I haven't hunted eggs to-day, either, so there will be others. But Cripple is my hen."

The little girls poked about in the hay, crept under beams, and groped in barrels, gathering up seven eggs, of which number Trudie found four.

You wouldn't believe she would put two of them into her pocket, of course; but she did.

And then she and Nannie got down from the beam to the barn floor.

What always happens when children are careless? Mischievous.

In this case the mischief was that Trudie's pocket came next to the beam, and when she gave a final jump to the floor, a queer yellowish damp spot appeared on her clean frock, and the sticky trickle of eggs ran down her skirts.

"What a mess!" cried Nannie; and Trudie ruefully agreed, as she turned her pocket inside out, and saw its contents.

There was always something belonging to her doll in Trudie's pocket, and now it was Blanche's best silk mantilla that was ruined along with the new hair-ribbon.

"Very well," said grandma, as Trudie walked slowly in and explained matters.

"Very well; you can wear your faded hair-ribbon for another month, and you know I never let you have more than a clean frock every other day."

"Oh, dear," groaned Trudie, who, for all her carelessness, hated to look shabby and soiled. "If I was a girl in a book, I should be cured now, and never use my pocket so again; but I'm dreadfully afraid I shan't remember. I mean to try—only pockets are so convenient things!"—

CHOICE OF COMPANIONS.

MY son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not: my son, walk not thou in the way with them; refrain thy foot from their path: for their feet run to evil, and make haste to shed blood. Prov. 1: 10, 15, 16.

He that walketh with wise men shall be wise; but a companion of fools shall be destroyed. Prov. 13: 20.

Make no friendship with an angry man; and with a furious man thou shalt not go: lest thou learn his ways, and get a snare to thy soul. Prov. 22: 24, 25.

THERE is food for thought in the story that is told of a young lad, who for the first time accompanied his father to a public dinner. The waiter asked him, "What will you take to drink?" Hesitating for a moment, he replied, "I'll take what father takes." The answer reached his father's ear, and instantly the full responsibility of his position flashed upon him. Quicker than lightning various thoughts passed through his

mind, and in a moment his decision was made; and in tones tremulous with emotion, and to the astonishment of those who knew him, he said, "Waiter, I'll take water."

MANNA.

THIS product is supplied almost wholly from the Island of Sicily, yet manna is produced in various countries. In Syria, five or six hundred pounds are annually yielded by the twigs and branches of a species of tamarisk. It is a concrete juice of a brittle, spongy texture, a yellowish color, and a sweet, agreeable taste. Small pots of the product are kept for sale at the Convent of Mt. St. Sinai. It has been supposed by some that this is the manna of the Israelites. Manna is gathered in Sicily in July or August. Deep incisions are made in the bark of the ash, each day in fresh places, but always on the same side of the tree. The manna slowly oozes from the wounds, and, as it hardens, is removed by the collectors. The following year the cuts are made in the opposite side of the tree, the alternation giving the bark time to heal.

DO YOU HEAR THAT?

A NEW Orleans paper tells us of a printer who, when his fellow workmen went out to drink beer, put in the bank the exact amount he would have spent if he had gone with them to drink. He did this for five years. He then looked up his bank account, and found that he had laid up five hundred and twenty-one dollars and eighty-six cents. Think about the afflicted. In five years he had not lost a day because of sickness. Three out of five of his fellow workmen had in the meantime become drunkards. The water drinker then bought out the printing office, and in twenty years from the time he began to put up his money, he laid aside a good many thousand dollars. The story teaches a lesson which every little boy should lay to heart.—*Youth's Companion*.

Correspondence.

GALLAND'S GROVE, Shelby Co., Iowa.

Dear Hopes;—I wrote to you when I was ten years old; I am eleven now. We had a good conference this year, and I hope that I may live to see many more such. Brother and Sister Lambert stayed here during the conference. I have two brothers and one sister. From your sister in Christ,
NELLIE J. HAWLEY.

INDIAN VALLEY, Oct., 26th, 1877.

Dear Hopes;—I have not written to you for some time, but I have not forgotten you. I am twelve years old. We have a nice school here, and also a nice teacher. We have meetings here only once a month, but have no Sunday School. I wish there was one. It is so hard to do right when you have no Sunday School, and Church is so very seldom. Dear Hopes, pray for me, for I am always sinning, and am very weak in the faith; but it strengthens me to read the word of God. Remember what our little paper said about tattling, for you know our Savior said: "Blessed are the peace makers, for they shall be called the children of God." Matthew fifth chapter and second verse. A kind good-by. From your sister in the faith of Christ,
LOTTIE MATTHIS.

BEVIER, Mo., Nov. 8th, 1877.

Dear Hopes;—I have thought for some time that it was my duty to write you a few lines, as I have never written to our paper before. It makes me full of joy to read the wishes and desires of my brothers and sisters in the glorious work in which we are engaged. It is indeed a great work, and how thankful ought we to be to our heavenly Father for permitting us to live in this day and generation when the gospel is again restored to the earth in its fulness, and we can enjoy the same gifts and blessings that were enjoyed anciently by Christ's followers. Although we are scoffed at and scorned, yet what need we to care, when we know that this is the true way that leads to joy and happiness; and if we continue faithful to the end, the promise is that we shall enjoy a thousand years of rest with our Redeemer, when he comes to make up his jewels. I have been a member of the Church for over six years, and I do not feel tired,

but desire to live with an eye single to the glory of God, and to keep his laws and commandments more perfectly, and by his help to go on. Well, dear Hopes, let us strive to do God's will, that we may be saved in his celestial kingdom, is the prayer of your unworthy sister,
MARTHA ANN THOMAS.

MOORHEAD, Iowa, Oct. 22d, 1877.

Dear Hopes;—We have meetings here every Sunday, at eleven a. m.; and Sunday School at ten. Last Sunday we had a funeral sermon preached by brother Putney. Four weeks ago brother Blair was here and held four meetings; since then, five persons have been baptized into the Church. We have prayer meetings once a week. We would like to receive a visit from some of the Elders. Your sister in the Church,
CELIA PADEN.

UNION FORT, Utah, Oct. 23d, 1877.

Dear Little Hopes;—I have not seen many letters from this part. My cousin goes to the Brighamite Sabbath School. I was ten years old the sixteenth of this month. I am stopping with one of the Saints for a week or two. Praying that the Lord may bless you all. Yours truly,
ELIZABETH YORK.

COFFEYVILLE, Kansas, October, 1877.

Dear Brother Henry;—It has been nearly eight years since I first came here, and I have had many trials and temptations; but I have fought through them all. I feel weak at times, and I ask my brothers and sisters to pray for me, that I may follow the steps of my father, who has gone before. I wish to tell the Hopes of a circumstance that happened me about six years ago, as I was walking across the prairie, a rattle snake bit me on the foot. The snake was three feet long. I was about one mile from home. I went home and told my father and he administered to me. The next morning he thought I had not been bit, for it had not swollen any since he administered to me; but it began to swell, and it swelled up as big as two feet. He administered again, and it went away, and I thank God for his blessing. I still remain your brother in the Church,
GEORGE W. HART.

INDIAN VALLEY, Oct. 27th, 1877.

Dear Hopes;—I am going to write to you. I have only written once before. I do not belong to the Church, but hope to soon. I am ten years old. I wish there would some more stories like "Two Homes," come out in our paper. I like to read the stories in it, especially the long ones. There are Methodist meetings in the Valley every four weeks, which we go to. We have no Sunday School here but the people are talking of trying to get one started. Pray for me that I may walk in the ways of God. I remain your faithful friend, and I hope soon to be your sister also in the blessed work,
MAGGIE MATTHIS.

WATSONVILLE, Santa Cruz, Co., Cal.,
November 10th, 1877.

Dear Hopes;—This is my first attempt to write for the *Hope*. I am eleven years old. I was baptized last April. We have Sunday School every other Sunday. I love to read the letters from the Hopes. I hope you will pray for me. Your sister in the Church,
MARY BROWN.

WATSONVILLE, Santa Cruz, Co., Cal.

Dear Hopes;—I live in Pajaro Valley. It is a very nice place. We have a nice school here and I go. My studies are reading, writing, spelling, geography and arithmetic. My teacher is Miss Barhan. I have two brothers and one sister. My father is dead; he died four years ago last January. I was baptized May 4th, 1873. I hope that I may ever be found faithfully striving to do my duty. I hope you will all pray for me. Your sister in the Church of Jesus Christ,
LIBBIE BROWN.

SOUTH BEND, Neb., Nov. 10th, 1877.

Dear Hopes;—The letters in the *Hope* are encouraging. They give me strength and courage. I know that the Church of Christ is built on a rock, the same rock that went before the children of Israel when they were led up out of the land of Egypt, and that rock was Christ. He is the way, the truth, the life and the light. Let us try to walk in this light; let us earnestly contend for the faith once delivered to the Saints; let us try and walk in the way, and hearken to the words of the Lord that come through his servants the prophets, and all will be well with us. The rock that the Church of Christ is built on is revelation. Christ said to his apostles, "Whom do ye say that I, the son of man am, and Peter answered and said thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." And Christ said to Peter, "Flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which

is in heaven; and I say unto thee that thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."—Matt. 16: 15-18. Let us live by every word that proceedeth from the mouth of God; let us strive to enter into his rest; let us pray that we may become stronger and receive more spiritual strength that we may grow in the grace and knowledge of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, that we may become more like him, that we may be worthy at his coming, and be saved in his celestial glory and kingdom. Dear Hopes, pray for me that I may be able to meet you in the Father's kingdom. Your brother,
J. ARMSTRONG.

CORAL, Ills., October 21st, 1877.

Dear Hopes;—I am but a little girl, eight years old last September. I have not been baptized yet. I like to read the *Hope*, for there are good pieces in it for little children. I read in the third reader. When I can read better I will make out some of the anagrams.
FANNIE M. BRAND.

BURLINGTON, Iowa, November 7th, 1877.

Dear Hopes;—After reading your letters in the *Hope*, and being much interested in them, I thought I would write a letter. I am eleven years old, and read in the fifth reader. I have a little brother and his name is Fredrick. I was baptized when I was ten years old. I send my love to all the Saints. Your sister,
RUTH D. JOHNSON.

Puzzle Corner.

Answers in One Month.

ENIGMA.—No. 16.

I am composed of twenty-two letters.
My 8, 19, 11, 8, 15, a jewel of priceless value.
My 8, 18, 10, 11, 7, 16, 14, 17, an Indian Chief.
My 3, 5, 4, 21, 10, a flowering shrub.
My 4, 2, 21, 8, 9, 3, where the angel looked for the sign while passing through Egypt.
My 1, 12, 18, 22, a small bird.
My 7, 6, 22, 22, 14, 19, 13, what all should possess.
My 20, 5, 3, 4, 9, 22, 22, 2, 11, 7, the time we are hoping for.
My whole is the name of an American General.
FELIX.

WORD PUZZLE.—No. 24.

My 1st is in short, but not in long.
My 2d is in Jacob, but not in Tom.
My 3d is in last, but not in shoe.
My 4th is in Nathan, but not in Hugh.
My 5th is in Peter, but not in Paul.
My 6th is in Philip, but not in Saul.
My 7th is in Oliver, but not in Mark.
My 8th is in John, but not in park.
My 9th is in Timothy, but not in ark.
My whole is an Elder in the Church.
MARY ARMSTRONG.

ANAGRAM.—No. 18.

"Onw nercocognn aulsipirt figis, htbneerr, I udolw out vhea oyu ringaotn."
GIBGAN SANVE.

Answers to Puzzle Corner of Nov. 1st.

- 1 To Word Puzzle, No. 21.—David M. Gamet.
- 2 To Anagram, No. 16.—"They are of the world, therefore speak they to the world, and the world heareth them."
- 3 To Word Puzzle, No. 22.—Robert Elvin.
- 4 To Enigma, No. 15.—Jim, Moss, The, Hip. The whole—Joseph Smith.

Correct answers received from Harrison Rudd to Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4; Maggie Evans 2; M. Brown 2.

THE SAINTS' HERALD.

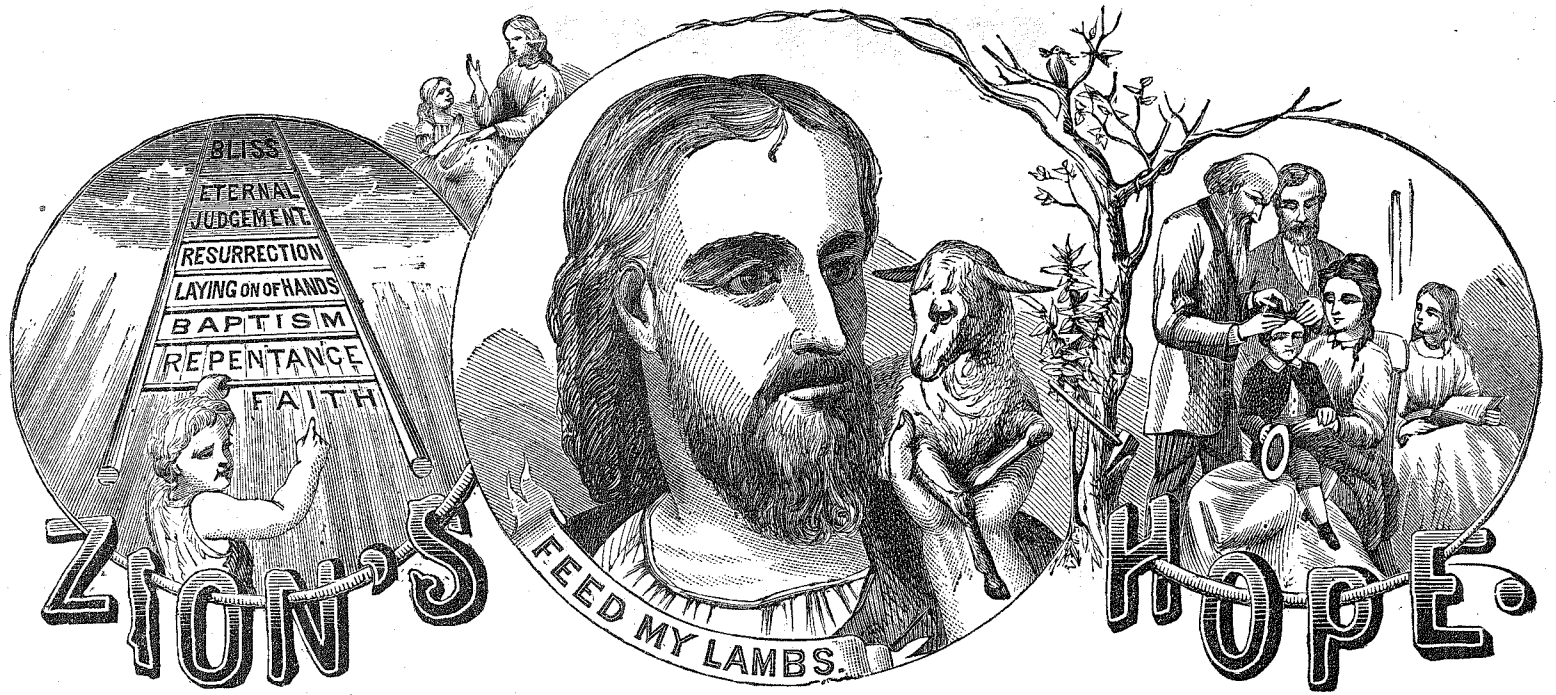
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1 December 77.

A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue. Owing to the fact that we make nothing on the *Hope* we would like to see subscriptions paid up as early as possible, and delinquent ones especially. With the small margin to work upon, the cost of paper and postage for papers sent on credit for a few issues or for months, forces us as a general rule to discontinue sending it when the time is out, at which we hope no one will take offence but watch this notice hereafter for the blue mark.

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

CARRIE'S FAULT.

Carrie was a little maiden,
Whom I knew long years ago,
And a portion of her hist'ry,
I would like to have you know;
For she's willing I should tell it,
That the Hopes may all beware,
And by knowing her great failing,
May avoid the same with care.

Carrie was by no means naughty,
Yet she dreaded, day by day,
That she had to wipe the dishes,
And would sometimes run away;
Then her mother would reprove her,
Which but made the matter worse,
For she sore disliked "a scolding,"
As she called it, from the first.

So, to save herself from censure,
When she happened to do wrong,
She would sometimes tell a falsehood,
To excuse herself along.
Fast the habit grew upon her,
As it oftentimes will in youth,
Yet her mother ne'er suspected
But that Carrie told the truth.

She would sometimes go of errands,
And would loiter by the way;
Or, perchance, would find some children,
And would stop awhile to play.
Then would tell another "story,"
Which her mother would believe.
Thus increased the dreadful habit,
Telling falsehoods to deceive.

Once, at school, she tore her apron,
Which was new and nice indeed;
Then denied unto her mother
That she did, herself, the deed;
But, she said, that Mary Shipboy,
Laid fast hold while at their play,
And the apron tore so badly,
As she tried to get away.

Years passed on, and Carrie's habit
Had become both fixed and strong;
There was nothing one could mention
But she'd tell it some way wrong.
Simple facts grew large, and larger,
Every time she told them o'er,
And she thought no one could doubt them,
As her "yarns" spun out the more.

Let us pause now and consider,
Lest we blame her too severe;
And our own heart, too, examine,
We may find the same fault here.
Let us ask ourselves the question,
When a matter I relate,
Am I careful, very careful,
To tell every item straight?

When I speak of others failings—
If I dare to speak of such—
Do I tell it true, exactly,
Adding not one word too much?
Let each heart the question answer,

And our God the witness be,
From every kind of falsehood
We are strictly, truly free.

Now I'll tell you more of Carrie,
For she saw her fault at last,
And to break off strictly from it,
Found it was no easy task.
Yet the thing she did accomplish,
For she strove with all her might;
And long since obeyed the gospel,
Still rejoicing in its light.

AUNT CARLIE.

UNCLE JOHN'S CHAT WITH THE HOPES.

I WILL chat with you this time, my dear little Hopes, about the power of knowledge, and next time I will tell you something about "the power of superstition."

Knowledge is power, or rather it is the foundation of power with those possessing it; because they, having a knowledge of the course they pursue, and the result it will produce, can, and do follow it with boldness; and, rather than deviate from their course, they are willing to suffer any bodily affliction, or even death, if necessary.

This knowledge was what gave the Apostles strength to endure the evils that were heaped upon them by an unmerciful world. Because of this knowledge Peter was willing to be in prison rather than forsake his faith. What would you think, little Hopes, if brother Joseph, or brother Blair, or brother Stebbins, or brother Forscutt, or brother T. W. Smith, or any of the chief men of the Church now, were to be taken and put in jail, and caused to remain there just because they believe and preach as they do? Would you not think it very cruel? And, suppose they were, do you think it possible for them to be released the same way Peter was?

Now, how many of you can tell me in a letter to the *Hope* just how and why Peter was released, and where we can find the history of it. And tell me, too, whether there has been any one imprisoned for about the same cause since 1830, and give names, place, state, and time. Remember, dear Hopes, I want these answers given through the *Hope*.

On one occasion two of the Apostles of Christ were going out to preach the gospel, they also possessing this knowledge, and, because of a certain manifestation of the power of God, they were taken before the magistrates, and the magistrates commanded them to be beaten, and they whipped them severely and put them in prison. They suffered all this because they *knew* their faith was right.

Now, little Hopes, will you please tell me what their names were? Why they were cast into pris-

on? How they were delivered and what the consequence was? Also what city they were in? And some questions about Paul, who was whipped, beaten, stoned, shipwrecked, and in peril of many kinds. What was his worst peril and how many stripes did he receive? Give all the history any where to find it.

I have very much to tell you, and, if you will try and answer some of my questions, I will write to you again, telling you something of the power of superstition, and what the heathens do. I intended to do so in this article but it is growing lengthy, and I don't know whether brother Henry will publish it or not. In closing this I will say that I love all you little Hopes, therefore I exhort you to be patient and obey your parents. Also write us a letter for the *Hope* and we will write to you again.

UNCLE JOHN.

LETTER FROM SISTER LILLY.

DEAR HOPES:—Sitting by the fireside this cloudy, chilly Sabbath morn, I feel just like having a little chat with you, through the columns of our little paper.

I very often think of you, and wonder what each one is doing, and I wish I could know you all. But, dear Hopes, we know that we may meet in that land where parting is no more; that is, if we live humble, faithful and prayerful before the Lord, and keep his commandments.

What a glorious time it will be to meet the ransomed and the just, and are we striving to gain this place of abode? Are we trying to overcome our imperfections? Are we trying daily to live nearer to God? Or are we turning our feet in by and forbidden paths, forgetting to thank our heavenly Father for the manifold blessings bestowed upon us? No, I cannot think this either; for I think that you will all join with me and say, It is good to serve the Lord while we are young. We feel that it is much better to meet with the Saints, to pray and to speak of the goodness of God to each other, and to have his Spirit guiding us, yes, for one single hour even, than to join in the folly of this world for a week. Some of our worldly friends may say that it is not expected that young people will think much about religion; but, dear Hopes, we know that the Lord will bless us even if we are young, and that it is right to seek him early. Pray for me, dear Hopes, that I may grow stronger in this work.

That we may have God's Spirit,
To guide us through every ill,
And to keep our feet from straying,
Is the prayer of sister Lilly.

LETTER FROM BROTHER BEMIS.

Bro. Henry:—I have thought of writing some for the *Hope*, for I take it and love to read it, and to see the determination of the young Hopes to serve the Lord. I remember well how, when I was young my mother taught me to pray, and to say the catechism, and to fear God, who created all things. She taught me not to take the name of God in vain. I do not remember that I ever did. I say, Blessed be such mothers. And I said in meeting once, Mothers, if you want your children to be saved then teach them to pray. When I was eight or nine years old I had a vision, or a dream. A person came and took me by the hand, and he led me into a field to a large stone, and there he took out a record or book. He opened it and said that it was the word of God, as was the Bible. The writing seemed to be characters such as I have seen since. He shut up the book and put it back in its place, and the vision ended. The man that brought the Book of Mormon into our town represented the person that I saw in the vision, that was the father of the Martyr who gave me my blessing after I came into the Church of Christ. And you, young Hopes, I am always glad to hear from you. Be faithful to the Lord so that you may wear the crown. I love the gospel of Christ for it is the power of God unto salvation. Little Hopes I have been in the Church more than forty years. I do love righteousness and hate iniquity. Dear Hopes, keep the Word of Wisdom, that you may receive the blessings which are promised. Loved ones, good by, until we meet where sorrow and tears will be no more.

H. BEMIS.

SALUTATION, TO BRAIDWOOD ZION'S HOPES.

Beloved in the Lord:—We cheerfully accept your greeting, and desire to return the same in love, joy, peace, and fellowship of the Holy Spirit.

Yours as published in the *Hope* of September 15th, calls forth the following response, and, with a deep sense of our dependence upon the Almighty, we do humbly praise his high and holy name, that the loving invitation, "Come unto me all ye that labor, and are heavily laden, and I will give you rest," has found willing subjects among the youth of Zion. And we most earnestly invoke, that the desire to learn the "more perfect way," may increase and spread as "fire in dry stubble," until every branch of the Church can rejoice in the possession of a flourishing Sabbath school.

The experience of the school at this place has been very changeable. At first there was a manifestation of zeal, both among the old, the middle aged and the young, such as bade fair to prove satisfactory, and notwithstanding many disadvantages that we had, still we worked "all together," and God blessed the effort, so much that, by economy, energy and charity, we were the possessors of an interesting library, which has increased until we have about 300 volumes.

But we would direct your attention to some other scenes in the Sunday School experience of this place. Our school was first organized during the summer of 1866, and prospered for several years. Then it ceased to exist; cause of this discouraging end, was the lack of unity among the Saints, upon whom rested the responsibility of taking the lead of the school. After the lapse of a year, or thereabouts, we reorganized, only to again fail. After another "Rip Van Winkle" sleep, we organized in the name of "Ida," but our continuance was, like our name, very short, although we enjoyed a fair degree of success at first, and we were compelled to yield to sickness, death and disunion. But all was not lost, and we adopted the motto, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." And so we did, this time in the name of "Zion's Hope Sunday School of Nebraska City; and, at present writing the

promise is fair, and nothing exists of any series amount to cause us to doubt or fear. It might be better, if all who could help, would do so; but we praise the Master for his promise to give reward for what we do, and not for what we might have done; yea, this is the stay of our life during many severe trials of our faith.

Of those who have engaged in the labor to advance the Sunday School cause here, some are still standing faithfully in their places of trust; some have removed to other fields of activity; some have been called from the busy scenes of life to the silent grave; and others remain with us, but are not active for the interests of the school, by reason of having grown up and become young ladies and young gentlemen, and therefore have no time to attend or to help the school. Truly, the follies, fashions and foibles of the world hinder the cause of Christ; and they bring his righteous name into open shame.

Many of the pupils of the school have become members of the Church militant, and we humbly pray, that they may be able to fight a noble fight, and have their names enrolled in the "Lamb's book of life," rejoicing in a membership in the Church triumphant. May the God of all Saints be continually with and guide your feet, in the pleasant paths of peace and love. Amen.

The school adopted the above, and ordered it to be sent for publication.

FELIX.

THE LIGHT OF LOVE.

CHAPTER.—IV.

THE dreaded trial did not await Milly on her return home. George had gone to spend the mid-summer holidays with a school-friend, so there was nothing to test the strength of her resolve to follow out Mr. Maudsley's advice. It was a relief, certainly; and yet the child felt for a moment what most of us feel when, having strung ourselves for action or endurance, we suddenly find that neither is required of us. She felt a sense, not of disappointment exactly, but of half regret at her resolutions being useless. The resolutions in such cases are apt to grow cold. But, left a-good deal to herself, little Milly dwelt much on the happy past, and scarcely a day went by that she did not think of the teaching she had received at Deanthorne, and pray that she might be guided right when the time of temptation came. Often, as the afternoon sun stole in at the nursery window, gilding the dingy wallpaper with its golden rays, she would bring her ball and try and keep it in the broad belt of light, while she mused, in her dreamy childish fashion, on what Mr. Maudsley had said about the light of love.

"My life with George has been like the dingy wall on a dull day. If I were quite good, and loved George as I ought to do, it would grow perhaps as bright as this patch where the sun is shining, then it would really be something like heaven."

At last the day came for George to return home, and Milly's heart fluttered with fear, and a little timid hope. All went on right the first evening. George was in high spirits and good humor; he had plenty to talk about, and Milly was a good listener. But, in the morning, the flush of excitement past, George came down to breakfast somewhat cross and out of sorts; his holidays were at an end, and the prospect of school was not pleasant, after his late freedom and amusement.

"Where are the rest of my books?" he asked of Milly, searching the book-shelves carelessly; "I can't find above half. Where are my *Caesar* and *Coleenso*? They ought to be here."

"I've never seen them," Milly answered. "I don't think I know which they are."

"You must have put them somewhere. You've been at home, and I've not; so of course it's you who have meddled with them."

"Miss Simpson only began to come yesterday, and I never touched the lesson books in the

holidays; but, see, is this one?" asked Milly, anxious to be of use.

"That a *Caesar*? you goose! Very much like it, to be sure!" said George. "But girls are such idiots!"

Milly kept silence, bending over her geography. "I think you might help me to look," cried George, pulling down the volumes from one of the shelves, and leaving them in disorder all about him. "But you are such a selfish thing! sitting there learning your own lessons, which don't matter a pin, and leaving me to get into trouble!" Milly jumped up at once and began to help in the search; but the want of immediate success only provoked George the further, and he pushed her away impatiently, throwing down at the same time a pile of books belonging to her.

"Oh, mind, George!" she cried, seeing one of her favorite books fluttering to the ground. "You might take care. Oh, you have broken the back!" and she picked up the spoiled book with an angry flush on her face.

"What! in a tantrum, miss?" said George mockingly. "It serves you quite right; it's your fault I can't find my things. I'll throw down the rest of your rubbish, and hope all the backs may be broken; and the naughty boy threw two or three of Milly's treasures across the room, with a taunting, "There, there, there!" Then he caught up such of his books as he had collected, and dashed out of the room.

It was too much. Habit as well as principle had restrained Milly from any passionate reply; but when George had gone she sat down on the floor and burst into a storm of weeping. "How can I help hating him?" she sobbed. "How can I love any one so cruel and unjust? It really was not my fault this time; I did all I could. No, it is of no use. I cannot help being provoked; I cannot help hating him." The angry feelings surged through her poor little soul. All that George had said and done kept repeating itself in her fancy, till anger dried up the source of her tears. No, it was no good to think of Mr. Maudsley; he did not know what she had to bear, or how bad George was. But Miss Simpson would be here directly, and the room in such disorder! So Milly began to set things straight, feeling all the time, "What business had George to make such a mess?" and she had scarcely finished when her governess appeared. The lessons went on badly; Milly's heart was too sore to let her work well, and she lost her ticket for the morning. "All George's fault," she said to herself, and she felt more bitter than before. So when George came home at dinner time, improved in temper and disposed to be friends, she drew back silently; she could not forgive him thus easily without a word of apology on his side. He called her "a sullen thing," which did not mend matters, and he went off to amuse himself. Milly meanwhile tried to comfort herself by playing with Amy. But it was of no use; she was not satisfied with herself, and she felt that God could not be pleased either. At last she could bear it no longer, and going up to her own bedroom, she knelt down by the side of the bed and cried piteously to her Father in heaven, "Help me, help me! Don't let me be wicked and hate George; don't let me be shut out in the darkness." A glimmering of light broke through the clouds; half the resentful feelings had somehow passed away when Milly rose from her knees.

"Now I am to set about something," she told herself. "Mr. Maudsley would say I must not think of George and the books any more." So she made all ready for Miss Simpson, and worked hard at her lessons during the afternoon, getting more than her usual number of good marks, and a kiss and kind word of approval from her governess. And she got also what was better still—a light heart. By the time that George came back from school, she could meet him without any return of anger. He had behaved badly; it was true; but there might be excuses for him. At any rate it did not do to dwell upon her in-

juries; she must try to forget, if she could not prevent them. Better bear them ten times over, as Mr. Maudsley had said, than live forever out of God's light. This was Milly's first victory, only won after a very near defeat by the help of prayer, and through bitter pain and tears. Yet go on striving so, Milly, and final victory shall be yours. "He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment."

[Concluded in our next.]

WEST WHEELING SABBATH SCHOOL.

Editors of the Hope:—As the columns of your noble paper are free to all, I thought to say a few words about our Sabbath School in this little town. It is a very young school yet, but the attendance is good, and for good conduct our school does not come behind. We have ordered in all twenty-six copies of the *Hope*, which, when presented to view, gladden our hearts. We trust the school may grow in interest and number. If any of the Hopes, or readers of the *Hope*, ever come this way please give us a call, and we will promise you a welcome. West Wheeling is a very small town or village, situated on the right bank of the beautiful Ohio river, opposite the city of Wheeling, West Virginia, and is ninety-two miles from Pittsburg. The people of this place have all heard of the restoration of the *Gospel* in these last days, and many believe it, but few obey. We hold Sabbath School at 9:30 Sabbath morning, and at 11 a.m. there is preaching generally by L. R. Devore, or Elder James Craig. At 3 p.m. the Saints have a prayer and testimony meeting, and often the Lord speaks to us through the gift of prophecy, which Paul said was a good gift. I shall pray that the little Hopes everywhere may live so that they be made wise in the work of the Lord, for these are the last days and soon our Savior will come to reign on the earth. My love to all. Your brother in the faith that bringeth light,

L. R. DEVORE, *Superintendent.*

LETTER FROM SISTER JENNET.

Dear Hopes:—Having a few leisure moments I will write to our dear little paper, which gives me so much instruction. I will tell you of some of my haps and mishaps since I last wrote to you, and of some of my hopes and of some of my fears, and ask you all to remember me at the throne of grace; for I am weak and prone to stray from the path of safety. It seems that when I would do good evil is present with me.

How I feel my weakness; will I ever be able to stand? Pray for me that I may be faithful, that I may not be sleeping when the word is given, "See the Son of God is coming, go and meet him on the way."

How pleasant, how cheering do these words sound to the true hearted Saint. Am I a true hearted Saint? Each of us may ask ourselves this question and see where we stand. Who is a true Latter Day Saint? One who believes, and not only believes, but also practices the principles of the gospel in every particular, doing to others as you would have them do to you, being full of charity, and abounding in love. If we can only do all those things we will have nothing to fear; then we can sing and realize the meaning of every word of the hymn:

Visions of beauty now burst on the sight,
Visions of joy, in the pure world of light;
Bright are the crowns that Messiah will bring,
Soon we'll hear the welcome tidings, Behold the King.

And we will behold him as he is, and will be prepared to wear the crown which is for the righteous, and to share the joys which all the blest shall have. Then dear Hopes, I entreat, you, and myself also to be faithful, watching every opportunity to do good to your associates, and to tell them of the glad tidings of great joy, which the mighty God of heaven has revealed unto us his children in these the latter days. Let us, by the

help of him who has promised to never forsake, endeavor to let our light shine as a light in a dark place, even if we are young and weak, even if they do call us Mormons and all the rest of it. We must remember that He, in whom we trust is strong and we can rely on his word. If we will only do our part he will surely do his.

Then let us strive to please him and to fear him who is greater than all, and put our trust in him, who will be a friend in the time of need. He hears the ravens when they cry, and watches over his children as none on earth can do, lest at any time we be overtaken by the evil one who is ever ready to draw us from the path which is so straight and narrow; for, should we neglect our duties toward God, we would be drawn either to the right or to the left.

Dear Hopes, to you who are young would I especially direct my remarks, not forgetting myself, let us each endeavor to live every day of our lives so that, should we, before the dawn of another day, be summoned to appear before the great Judge of the world, we may be prepared to meet all the good and Christ, our elder brother, in the glory of his Father which is far brighter than the noonday sun. That we may not be found wanting is my prayer for one and for all.

We are living in a trying day and at many times I find it hard to be a Saint. When I view the desolate condition of the branch here it grieves me to the heart. But I do hope and trust that the gardiner will come ere long and trim the tree lest we all wither and die. I ask the interest in your prayers for myself and for the Saints in Belleville. Your sister,

JENNET ARCHIBALD.

BE ABLE TO SAY NO.

EVERY person should know how and when to say no! Our education is not completed until we have learned that. We see its necessity every day. Duty often say no, when inclination says yes, and we must learn to be equal to the emergency. We meet with temptations each day of our life, which are small enough of themselves, but yet sometimes require an effort to resist. We have an interesting book to read, and do not wish to leave it, yet conscience tells us we should go to see a poor woman who is sick; or relieve our poor, over-burdened mother of some of her tasks. Yet how many of us say no to self, and do that which we feel to be our duty!

It is such times as these, when no one sees the small sacrifices we make, that require the greatest effort on our part, and therefore is of greater credit to us, when we succeed. A person who cannot say no, firmly and resolutely, when the tempter comes, can never fight life's battle successfully.

Many a noble life has been ruined from not being able to say just one little word, no! Many a boy has become a drunkard because he had not the moral courage to say no when the fatal cup was offered; and pure innocent girls have gone to their ruin, only because they were too weak to say no at the right time. No one can help acknowledging the necessity of knowing how and when to use this little word, of such great importance. Then let every one strive to learn how to say no!

LIDA.

SABBATH SCHOOL REPORT.

WE submit the following report of the "Zion's Hope Sabbath School," of Nebraska City, Neb., giving a brief historical and statistical account of the same, from its beginning to the 30th of September 1877.

The school was organized October 4th, 1874; and although there was then but a feeble effort, God has blessed that effort. We have had many trials, and many vicissitudes to perplex and try our faith, but all these have only been the means of giving us experience, and of better qualifying us for future duties. A lack upon the part of those who are able to act as teachers, and a non

disposition on the part of some who have children to aid in the work, is the only hindrance now.

For the year ending September 30th, 1875, the aggregate attendance was 1041, or an average of 21.67; verses 382, and questions 27 recited; money collected \$39.71. For the year ending September 30th, 1876, aggregate attendance 1310, or an average of 26.20; verses 1319, and questions 2993, recited; money collected \$20.83. For the year ending September 30th, 1877, aggregate attendance 1154, or an average of 24.53; verses 242, and questions 390, recited; money collected \$21.74.

Recapitulation for the three years: aggregate attendance 3505, average 24.17, verses recited 1943, questions 3410, money collected \$82.38.

During the last six months there have been seven essays read in the school, and three at our picnic, August 15th, 1877. The average attendance during the last quarter has been 30, showing an increase; and we believe the school is at present in a very healthy condition. We have on hand in the treasury \$9.97, also a library of about 300 volumes. We also received 15 copies of the *Hope* for use in the school. Hereafter we expect to make our report for each quarter.

ROBT. M. ELVIN, *Superintendent.*
J. W. WALDSMITH, *Secretary.*

PARENTS: A WORD TO YOU.

TEACHING the "young idea" how "to shoot," should be a solemn study or concern to those who have had the privilege of acquiring a knowledge of how to teach; for early impressions, as has been said, are lasting, and, if the impressions have been good, all is well, but, if bad, the same is not easily forgotten.

If a child is permitted to indulge in telling falsehoods when young, they seldom forget it, but will we guided by those early impressions more or less through life, and many are the wounds inflicted upon the innocent by the lessons learned in youth. Otherwise if they have been early taught the great danger of telling falsehoods, it is seldom that we see them depart to any great degree. They cannot forget those lessons taught by a father and mother. The conscience becomes sensitive to discern between truth and error and serves as a true pilot that will keep near the only safe shore—truth.

Man is allied to his maker in that he is endowed with an intellect, capable of acquiring great knowledge. Nature teaches us there is a God and, if we accept the lessons which it teaches, we can understand a great deal about God. In viewing his works such are the impressions upon our minds, that we all must say that there is a God.

The mind of man is never satisfied; it is an eternal principle that is susceptible of grasping the great depths of nature, and, if in possession of the right key, can unlock the mysteries, and so continue through eternity. Hence, there is a necessity for eternity.

After learning one lesson after another, by the rule of the gospel, we are in a degree, able to teach the "young idea" how to shoot, and we should not present to the very young pupil those lessons which it takes older heads to analyze. We are to remember that we are making impressions that will tell in eternity. How careful then should we be to lay the foundation by the rule given by superior and heavenly wisdom, so that, as we rear our structure of knowledge, no deficiencies or flaws may exist.

Man may be compared to a ship at sea; life is the ocean, the body is the hull and the soul is the cargo, the affections are the sails, the passions are the winds, conscience is the compass, and reason the helm, hope is the anchor, and happiness the port. Then to teach the young how to sail safely upon this ocean, and so that, whether the journey be long or be short, the port may be reached in safety, and the cargo landed as the word of God requires, must surely call solemn

thoughts to the minds of all those who have the training of the young.

Parents, pause and think; you are just the teachers I am addressing. Are you raising your little ones in the fear of the Lord? You will be held responsible for the soul of your child; and do you teach them to pray to the God you worship? The word speaks to you thus: Parents, bring your children up in the fear of the Lord. Teach them the principles of truth at home. Learn them in early youth so that you may be revered by them when gray hairs adorn your temples. Require obedience in all things and secure this by love. Keep all the promises you make to them. Should you fail now and then you would instil in them a poison that will some day wound your own bosoms. Teach them to covet the truth, to loathe a lie, teach them to be mannerly; and then, if you are a worthy parent, you will have children who will be loved by all, and you will also have the blessing of the great God.

L. R. DEVORE.

WORDS OF EXHORTATION.

I WILL write a few thoughts that have been presented to my mind upon a subject which should not only interest little Hopes but also the big ones.

We are commanded to present our bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God. Dear Hopes, begin now in your youth to make a sacrifice of everything that will hinder your spiritual growth. Do you keep the Word of Wisdom? If there is one who does not, I pray that one to begin to-night to do so. Do you drink tea and coffee? If so I exhort you, with all the energy of my soul, to never drink of it again. It is of no benefit to you physically, and by no means spiritually. Practice self-denial now; watch over self while you are young, and God will surely bless you with his Holy Spirit. You can present your bodies holy acceptable, and his Spirit will dwell richly in your hearts.

A word to my little brothers: do not touch, taste, or handle tobacco. If you do it will soon make you unclean, and if you are unclean, can God's Spirit dwell in your hearts? Defile not your bodies, but resist temptation with a firm mind, and ask God in sincerity of heart to help you to overcome all such desires, and to help you to present your bodies really as a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God, that you may grow up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and, when men go forth into the vinyard of the Lord, to help prune it for the last time that you may go forth clothed upon with righteousness as a garment, as wise servants and harmless as doves. May God help by his Spirit all of my little brothers and sisters to keep his commandments.

S. C. H.

READING.

READING is one of the most fruitful sources of education. It enlarges the mind; increases the perceptive powers, and in short, serves in many instances as a fit substitute for hard and unrequited study. Without it no one can gain intelligence; with it a priceless treasure is in hand.

Do not understand that I would stamp *all* reading beneficial. No, far from it. It may be reasonably reckoned that at least four-fifths of the reading matter thrust upon the world is worthless, and no possible good can be derived from its perusal. I have reference to that class of literature popularly known as "sensational." To say that it is unbeneficial is not enough,—it is positively injurious! It is mere trash, and to encumber the mind with it is very "foolish and unwise." Does such literature help us in any way? Does it teach us anything? Does it give us any truer view of life? Does it help our conversational powers?

No!—it does none of these, and therefore my

estimate is not ill-founded. Now, what *shall* we read? Why, sound, substantial works. By such I do not mean merely deep and learned books, whose subjects are wholly of unvarnished facts and principles, but I mean anything that is of a *high* order, morally and intellectually. If you read fiction let it be wholesome, whole-souled, pure, moral, and well-written. Let it be true to life, and instructive in its tone. Let it be by a master-author, and no other.

Read thoroughly. It is far better to read but one book and thoroughly master it, than to skim over hundreds and get only a smattering of their contents.

Don't skip passages. Don't contract a habit of leaving a book half finished, for it is always well to give an author a fair hearing, even though you should not agree with him in all particulars.

Read systematically. It is of more account than skipping about where you glean a great many scraps and acquire nothing. Read successively the works of our great authors and mark their beauties and their faults. Let biography, history, and political economy occupy a place in the kinds of reading you select, and more especially let these pertain to your own country. Finally, do not attempt to read too much at a time. A small portion daily will suffice, and furnish more food for thought and speculation than a greater amount which is likely to be only partially understood. Judicious reading leads to thinking, and thinking leads to something greater still. Then let us read.

Correspondence.

INLAND, Iowa, Nov. 18th, 1877.

Dear Readers of the *Hope*:—As I catch up our little friend, the *Hope*, my eye rests on the cheering letters from different parts of the world, and I wonder why I, though not an able sister, may not add a few lines more. 'Tis sometime since I contributed any for this column; yet, remember, 'tis not through any growing coldness in the *faith*, but only my own negligence. It will be three years next March since I made a solemn covenant with my God, and since then I have tried to live the life that a Christian should. But I have come far, so very far from it that I hardly dare to look back at my course. Sometimes my trials have been so great that it seemed certain the wave of destruction would overwhelm me; for in youth there are many temptations, at least there are for me. But, through the help of Almighty God, I may be more of a true Christian. And now to

Each Hope my humblest wish disclosing,
Is this, that sorrow ne'er will fill thy cup;
But in thy Heavenly Father's trust reposing,
His arm may bear thee up.

With a wish for the continuance of our paper, and a hope for the prayers of the Saints. Your sister in the gospel,

FLORA RUSSELL.

DEER LODGE CITY, November.

Dear Little Hopes of Zion:—It is with pleasure I write to you and say I have not forgotten you. I have just ended my journey from Soda Springs to Deer Lodge with father and two of my brothers; my mother two brothers and one sister are left at Soda. I am very lonesome without my mother, for she is a dear kind mother. We expect to see her next Spring, but it will be a long time to wait, yet I am thankful that I can hope to see her again. Dear Hopes, all that have mothers, try to do all you can to cheer them, for you do not know what it is to be without a mother. My love to all the little Hopes, and big ones too. Your sister, true as ever,

CAROLINE ELIASSON.

BUFFALO, Iowa, Oct. 7th, 1877

Brother Joseph:—I am not a member of the Church yet, but shall be soon. My grandmother is a member and an old time Saint. There is a branch here and we have meetings every Sunday. I am in favor of having our little paper changed to a weekly, which I hope it will be soon. With love to all the Hopes,

LIZZIE BOICE.

CHELTHENHAM, Missouri, Nov. 19th, 1877.

Dear Hopes:—We had a good time at our branch concert and supper party, September 26th, and all present enjoyed themselves very much. We had vocal and instrumental music, singing from the "Saints' Harp" and "Silver Spray." Mary Stoker and Hannah Davis played. All were in good spirits, and there was no grumbling or fault-finding. As the

sisters brought their baskets there was no expense and we gathered \$31, clear. We needed Sabbath School books, and had good help by this, some from those not in the Church, who liked the entertainment very much. The superintendent has bought a supply of books and there is some money left. We think of having another party to help us buy a small organ for the branch. I am in my thirteenth year, and wish to do all I can for the cause. Your sister in Christ.

HANNAH DAVIS.

VINCENNES, Iowa, Oct. 21st, 1877.

Bro. Henry:—I wish to say to the Hopes that, although we have no meetings yet we have a Sabbath School, yet not of our faith. I am trying to do the will of the good Lord the best I can. Remember me in your prayers. Your unworthy brother,

JOHN S. PARISH.

INLAND, Iowa, Nov. 17th, 1877.

I wonder if all the little Hopes like to go to school. I do and, what is more pleasant for us, if we have a good, and kind teacher and plenty playmates. Our school will begin next Monday. Will not some of you little Hope-girls write to me? I would like very much to have you do so. Your little friend,

MABEL M. RUSSELL.

Puzzle Corner.

Answers in One Month.

WORD PUZZLE.—No. 25.

My 1st is in beauty, but not in grace.
My 2d is in forest, but not in tree.
My 3d is in features, but not in face.
My 4th is in honey, but not in bee.
My 5th is in silver, but not in gold.
My 6th is in sailor, but not in boat.
My 7th is in buying, but not in sold.
My 8th is in shepherd, but not in goat.
My 9th is in preaching, but not in talk.
My 10th is in freezing, but not in thaw.
My 11th is in running, but not in walk.
My 12th is in statute, but not in law.
My 13th is in victuals, but not in bread.
My 14th is in infant, but not in child.
My 15th is in powder, but not in lead.
My 16th is in pleasant, but not in mild.
My 17th is in wounded, but not in pain.
My 18th is in mountain, but not in hill.
My 19th is in thunder, but not in rain.
My 20th is in fountain, but not in rill.
My 21st is in money, but not in wealth.
My 22d is in sporting, but not in fun.
My 23d is in secret, but not in stealth.
My 24th is in whiskey, but not in rum.
My 25th is in scornful, but not in sneer.
My 26th is in quarrelsome, but not in fight.
My 27th is in boldness but not in fear.
My whole is to an institution in which God delights.

That you may all good and happy be,
Is the prayer and wish of W. R. C.

PUZZLE No. 10.

A farmer had ten choice apple-trees, and he planted them in five rows, with four trees in each row. How did he arrange them. FELIX.

Answers to Puzzle Corner of Nov. 15th.

1 To Word Puzzle, No. 23.—Isaac N. White.

2 To Anagram, No. 17.—

Speech without action is a moral dearth,
And to advance the world, is little worth;
Let us think much, say little, and much do,
If to ourselves and God we will be true.

MARY E. MCGUIRE.

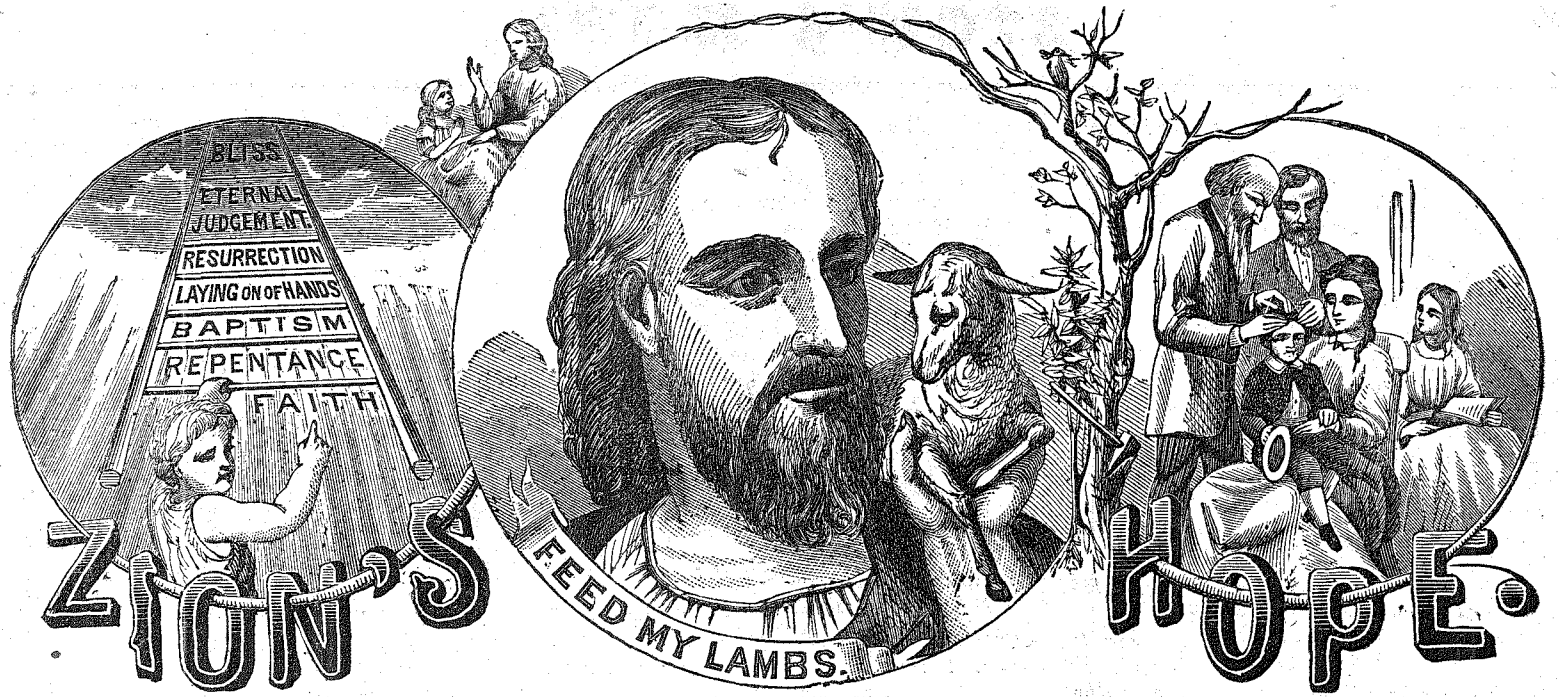
John Marriott sends correct answer to No. 1, and nearly so to No. 2; only ones received.

15 December 77.

A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue. Owing to the fact that we make nothing on the *Hope* we would like to see subscriptions paid up as early as possible, and delinquent ones especially. With the small margin to work upon, the cost of paper and postage for papers sent on credit for a few issues or for months, forces us as a general rule to discontinue sending it when the time is out, at which we hope no one will take offence but watch this notice hereafter for the blue mark.

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

AN ACROSTIC.

H opes of Zion, let the morning
 O f your lives be nobly spent;
 P ass them not in idle folly,
 E lse your loss you will repent.
 S earch for wisdom, as a treasure,
 O f its precious waters drink,
 F ounts of wisdom without measure.
 Z ion's hopes may freely drink;
 I n her paths of peace and pleasure,
 O nly let your feet be found,
 N e'er to sin your bright arms ground.

C. DERRY.

ALLIE CARLETON'S ADVENTURE.

A STORY FOR THE WEE HOPES.

"ALLIE, do come and pick up your thimble; and see your sewing is scattered all over the floor! When will you learn to have a little order?" Said Mrs. Carleton to her little daughter.

"O dear! I wish I never had any thing to do. It's Allie this, and Allie that, all the time O, dear" and Allie picked up the pieces of patch-work, and thrust them into the nearest convenient place, which happened to be her mother's work-basket.

"Now take them out of there, Allie, fold them together nicely, and put them in your own little box."

"My box is up stairs."

"Then go and get it."

"I don't want to."

"Allie, do as I tell you," said Mrs. Carleton firmly.

Reluctantly Allie ascended the stairs, brought down her box, while her mother saw, that she placed her sewing in properly. "Now, if you always put it there when you get through with your work, you will have no trouble," said Mrs. Carleton.

But Allie thought she never should want to do any more sewing; and, for fear her mother would find something else for her to do, she ran down to the furthest corner of the orchard, flung herself down under a large apple tree, with a petulant, "O dear, I wish I was something, that had nothing to do, but play all day!" Then catching sight of a spider weaving his net, she added, "and I wouldn't care if I was a spider!" After watching him pass up and down and around, drawing out the tiny threads, she concluded he

must be working; "No," said she, "I wouldn't be a spider."

"Then, what would you like to be?" said a soft, silvery voice.

Looking around Allie saw a tiny little lady beautifully dressed, with a shining crown on her head, and a wand in her hand. Allie opened her big brown eyes, with astonishment.

"I am Queen of the Fairies, and am come to give you your wish; now what will you be?"

"O!" said the delighted Allie, "I'll be a fairy and live with you."

"As you wish," said the Queen, and touching Allie with her wand, she instantly transformed her into a fairy. Now we will go to my dominion," said the Fairy Queen, and, gathering up her robes which floated back from her tiny form till they looked like a cloud of sunshine, she stepped into her carriage, and, bidding Allie get in, she whipped up her ponies, or butterflies, and they were soon whirled into Fairy Land.

"What a beautiful place!" exclaimed Allie, or Little Fay as she is now, as they drove through the gates.

"Now," said the Queen, "I will take you among the Fairies, and you shall choose your mates."

"This," said the Queen, as they drew up before a magnificent building, made of sunbeams, "is our Grand Palace of Art." If the outside of the palace was beautiful, what could be said of the inside which literally glittered with jewels. "In this room," said she, throwing open a door. "the Flower Fairies work."

"What do they do?"

"They make the paint to put on the flowers, and some are out all the time; except at night, when they all come home. You see, it is a very delicate piece of work, for they have to unfold every little bud, and bring it to perfection."

"I don't care to be a Flower Fairy," said Little Fay.

"Here you will find the Fruit Fairies." They entered a large room filled with fruit of all kinds. The fairies were busy at work; but as they saw the Queen, they stopped long enough to bow to her, then went to work again, like so many bees. They were taking the different fruits, as they finished their work on them, to their several departments, where they were sent from room to room, till they reached perfection. Some were painting cherries, some currants, some one kind of fruit, and some another, others flitting hither and thither, till Little Fay's head was in a perfect whirl. "Come with me to the Blackberry department; here you will find them making these green balls," said the Queen picking one up and showing it to Fay, "and when these are

finished as you see this one, they are taken to the next room to be painted red, then sent on to this next room to be painted black; by this time you will perceive they are much larger than they were. Then they are sent on to still the next room, where these balls are fastened together in clusters, and piled into baskets, when they are taken and hung on the trees, by the Decorating Fairies."

"How wonderful!" exclaimed Little Fay, as they passed through the last room of this department; "But it must be so much work."

"Yes, indeed, it is work, but they love to do it." And she smiled tenderly on the little workers.

"I don't wish to stay here," said Fay uneasily.

"Come hither, then Little Fay," and, as the Fairy Queen threw open a door, a brilliant flood of light swept out around them. Through the center of the room hung an arch made of most brilliant gems, while around it were suspended countless numbers of baskets filled with balls, that shone and sparkled with the most dazzling brilliancy. "Here" said the Queen is the Dew Fairies' department."

"Where are they now?" questioned Fay.

"They are all asleep—let me explain. His Majesty the King of Day rolls around in his chariot miles and miles above this land, but every evening he lets down ladders, and the Cloud Fairies come down on them, bringing these baskets of jewels, which my Fairies take one by one, and lay them in every flower and leaf which will hold them. They are at work all the night through, while the others are asleep; then in the morning the balls have to be gathered and taken again to the Cloud Fairies. The baskets that are left, are hung around this room, till they are needed. Then the Fairies have a dark, cool room, where they sleep till evening."

"And the Cloud Fairies?" questioned Fay, eagerly.

"They live in the clouds, where they make, or gather these balls; they often give parties, when they invite all the other Cloud Fairies, and the Wind Fairies. They have grand times; they pour the balls out of the baskets, sing, dance, and sometimes they raise a great confusion for the Mortals

"I would like to be a Dew Fairie; but I want to sleep at night," said Fay, as the Fairie Queen concluded.

"Well," said she, "you are hard to please. We will go through the other rooms—"

"But do they all work," interrupted Fay.

"Certainly they do."

"I don't want to work, I want to play all day, and have good times."

"You are a strange Little Fay, for we are never happy unless we are at work."

So they left the beautiful Palace, stepped into the carriage, and drove out of the gates, into a cool shady wood; presently they came to a brook, in which were many beautiful fish.

"How pretty," said Fay admiringly.

"Will you be a fish?"

But suddenly she remembered that brother Tom brought home a string of just such speckled beauties, "No, Queen," said Fay. Then they passed by birds, bees, and almost everything; but they were all at work. The Queen was about to give up in despair when a thought struck her, and whipping up the ponies, they flew along over woods and hills, till they came to a smooth, grassy place, where stood two or three large trees, driving up to one of them, they discovered a little black pig, which looked at them lazily, gave a satisfied grunt, then went to sleep again.

"I can think of nothing but this," said the Queen. "You will have to choose between two things; you must go home and help your mother, or, become a pig."

"Won't I have any work to do, and can do as I please all day long?"

"You can do just as you please," said the Queen.

"Then I'll be a little black pig," said Fay.

"Jump out then," said the Fairy, and, no sooner was Fay on the ground, than the Queen touched her with her wand and lo! she was a little black pig. Piggy ran up to the other pig, made his acquaintance, and they strolled off together. When they came to a pool of water, they both plunged in, and rolled to their hearts' content, without having any mamma to scold them. They wandered together till they were tired; when they lay down to sleep. Little piggy thought of a nice white bed, and a good mamma to kiss a little girl good night; then came the consoling thought, there were no sheets to turn down just so, no pillows to arrange, no room to sweep and dust, no dishes to wash and—yes, it was very nice to be a pig, and so dozed off to sleep. By and by, she heard a confused murmur of voices, and opening her lazy little eyes, she saw two men standing near the tree, under which they had taken shelter. "This is the plumpest one, I'll take it, 'twill make a nice little roast" said one of the men. Then in an instant it flashed over her, that men killed pigs to eat them. Oh! why had she not thought of this before? Where was the Fairy?

"Oh mamma, mamma!" she cried "I'll do anything, only don't kill me; please man, let me go home. I'll work all day long and never complain again, if you will let me go!" she cried piteously. But after all, it was nothing but a little pig squealing, and as one of the men stooped, and took hold of her roughly, she screamed, and bounded up.

"Why what's the matter Sis? Here she is mother, I've found her!" shouted brother Tom.

Allie commenced to rub her eyes, and said "Aint I a pig, and didn't the man come to kill me?" She asked looking around as though half bewildered.

"A pig!" and Tom laughed heartily; "Mother, Allie wants to know if she is'n't a pig," said Tom, as Mrs. Carleton came up to them.

"Don't laugh at her, Tom," she said, "come home and eat your supper, Allie, and afterward, you may tell mamma all about it."

Yes, it was her own dear mother who was talking, and there stood Tom, and they were in the orchard together. How thankful she was.

"You have given us quite a fright, Allie," said Mrs. Carleton, as she led her into the house.

After supper, mamma took Allie into her own room, and had her tell all about the beautiful Fairy Queen, the Palace, fairies, and every thing she had seen. "And O! mamma, I'm so glad to be at home with you, and not have to be a pig, or a fairy either," she said when she had finished.

"Does my little daughter understand her

dream?" asked Mrs. Carleton, gently stroking Allie's hair.

"Understand my dream?"

"Yes, for it was a dream you know."

"But it seemed so real."

"The kind Father in heaven," said Mrs. Carleton, softly, "saw the ways my little girl was getting in, and sent the Fairy Queen to you in a dream, to tell you how wrong it is to hate work. For He likes to have all his children work."

"I see now, mamma, and every time I want to play all day I'll just think of the pretty dream, and the pig. O I was so frightened!"

"I know you were, dear, but it is all right now, and you must not forget it, for such things are not given to us to think of for just a moment, and then be cast aside as useless, but they should make lasting impressions on our minds. We will go down now, and wash the dishes."

"And I'll wipe them, can't I mamma." Mrs. Carleton smiled at her little daughter's willingness and assented.

MYRTLE GREY.

LETTER FROM SISTER MARY.

DEAR HOPES:—Finding the parlor to myself with a comfortable rocking chair, before a pleasant fire, I take up the *Hope* as my companion, and a very interesting one it is too. There is no branch of the Church in this place, and, consequently, no preaching, and so I thought that I could not spend the hour more pleasantly than to write to the Hopes.

I have often thought I would do so, but I find that resolutions without efforts are ineffectual. The *Hope* is always a welcome visitor, and to me the most interesting part of it is the correspondence column, wherein is contained the love and trust of the young hearts who have entered the field of Christian strife. I have been strengthened and encouraged by reading your letters, though I am not personally acquainted with many of you. But I am acquainted with your Faith, and thus your are wrapped in the folds of my heart's truest affection, and I pray that we may so live that we may meet by and by. Let us ever cleave to God with full purpose of heart, praying that we may not be allured from our Savior by the tempting vanities of the present evil world. The crown of life is held up to our view, but the prize is to be won, and the battle is to be fought. Well might we, as poor, frail creatures, shrink from the struggle did we not have a captain to lead us on to conquest and a crown.

I was baptized by brother Joseph on the eleventh of April 1875, at Plano; and I have never for a single moment regretted the step I then took, but I feel to thank God daily for it; and in trying to keep his laws I am happy; and I know that so far as I am faithful I shall be blessed, yet I ever tremble when I think of my shortcomings. Praying that we may have patience and perseverance and an unwavering Faith, and be guided in the path of truth, I am your sister,

BATAVIA Ills.,
December 16th, 1877.

MARY CAZALY.

THE SAVIOR A CHILD CAN TRUST.

"CHARLIE," said I to a little fellow of eight years who was fast sinking into the grave, "are you not afraid to die, when you know that death is at the door?"

"O no!" was the reply: "I am glad to depart and be with Christ, which is far better."

"But how do you know that you are going to be with Christ?"

"Because," was the immediate reply, "I have sought Christ, and found him; and he says, 'Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.'"

"But," said I, seeking to test the boy's notions of true faith, "can you trust every thing which Jesus Christ says?"

"Trust what Christ says?" said the boy, with a look of indignant surprise. "I never kened

that he could be doubted. O minister!" said he, lifting his head faintly from the pillow, and looking at me sadly and anxiously, "ye dinna ken my Savior, if ye think he could deceive me or anybody else."

Is it not a blessed thought, dear children, that all the promises of the loving Savior can be trusted?—*St. Louis Christian.*

THE LIGHT OF LOVE.

CONCLUDED.

CHAPTER.—V.

PERHAPS if Milly had been more spirited, of a less reserved and sensitive nature, she might have got on better with George. Some one who would have "stood well up to him," as the phrase goes, and "held her own" decisively but good-humoredly, would have had a fairer chance of keeping him within due bounds, while she would not herself have sunk into the moping feeling which depressed poor little Milly. It was a happy thing for Milly that Mr. Maudsley had touched her heart and caused her to lay it bare before him; otherwise the mischief might in her case have gone on unchecked. She now knew what a terrible enemy she had been fostering in her bosom. If we look forward a few months, we shall find her struggling still, now hopefully, now almost in despair; sometimes with feeble hands and failing feet; but always striving, and, though she scarcely knows it, advancing somewhat in the end, just as the tide steadily rises though each wave may fall backward a little. We see her once again gazing out of the nursery window after some fresh provocation received from George; but not, as in that early day of spring, dwelling on the treatment she had undergone, but thinking instead what there was that she could do to please or help her brother.

And the chance for a noble revenge was close at hand. George was brought home that evening by one of his masters, having received a hurt to his knee by slipping down in the play-ground. The chief thing ordered by the surgeon, when he came, was perfect rest to the injured part. To secure this, George was to stay in bed for a few days, at any rate—perhaps it might be for much longer. Days passed into weeks, and still the poor boy, though allowed to be lifted from his bed to a sofa, was obliged to keep his room. He did not take the imprisonment patiently at first, but now Milly found no difficulty in bearing with his ill-humour; she was sincerely sorry for him, and she strained all her powers to devise plans for his amusement, throwing entirely aside her ball and dolls, and tale-books, and devoting every spare moment to his service. She never tired of running about and waiting on him, and she was never more pleased than when he wished her to be with him. But it was weary work for a strong, active lad like George; and, though, as the time passed on, he began to resign himself somewhat to his fate, it was easy to see that he fretted silently. "It is so hard for a fellow," he said one day to his old nurse, "to be shut up here so long; and the worst of it is I shall lose all chance of the Latin prize." Milly was sitting quietly in the room, waiting to be of use; and George, who had forgotten that she was there, turned his head at some slight movement she made, and he saw the tears trickling down her cheeks and her hasty motion to brush them away when she found herself detected. Sending nurse off for something, he called his sister to him.

"What are you crying for?" he asked, in what sounded to her a sharp tone.

She made a timid answer, not sure how he would take it:—"I am so sorry for you, George; I don't like to see you unhappy."

He cast down his eyes for a moment, and then a softened look came into his face.

"I say, Milly," he jerked out with an effort, and still without looking at her, "you are a regular brick. You've not a bit of spite about you, like some girls. Here I've knocked you about many a time, and teased you, and called you names;

and now a fellow's down you might have trampled on him, and you haven't."

Milly's heart throbbed with a new joy. "I have often and often been cross," she said, "and spiteful when you have vexed me; but I couldn't ever be so while you are laid up like this."

"No," he returned warmly, with a quick, grateful glance, and a little penitent tremor in his voice; "you've been better to me than mother; better even than nurse. You've made me feel what a brute I've been to you. Here,"—and he stretched out his hand and pulled her towards him, "give me a kiss, and forgive me for everything." Tears of thankfulness rained over Milly's cheeks now. The reward had come at last, the crown of her endeavors, and she loved George from the depths of her heart. He might offend her in the future, and she might often be angry; but after what had just passed she could never hate him again. All shadow of anger and malice had cleared away, and there streamed full upon her soul in that hour the radiant Light of Love.

Selected by WM. STUART.

SENSITIVE.

MOST children are sensitive, and it is wrong to wantonly wound their feelings by censuring them too harshly for their faults. Time cures a great many things; children outgrow infirmities and faults, and if right principles of action and feeling are instilled gently, constantly, wisely, the result will ultimately appear. It is mere cruelty to make the weak points of a child a source of teasing and ridicule, as is often done in schools and families. A mental infirmity should be treated as tenderly as a bodily deformity. A quick temper, an irritable or timorous or teasing disposition, requires far more tact and judicious management than any mere physical infirmity. When grown to maturity, our sensitive children become the poets, musicians, artists, writers, leaders of their times. Help them, too, with their tasks, which to many of them seem hopeless. Definitions are hard to remember; the geography lesson is difficult to comprehend and won't stay fixed in the mind; history is dull and dead; arithmetic a hopeless tangle of figures, and grammar more puzzling than any possible conundrum. The little folks need help; they need cheer and encouragement, and who should be so ready, so willing, so able to give as the parents?

ROME.

WITH a desire to interest, and hoping to benefit the Hopes, I present the following short account of a city that has attracted general attention for many generations. On the banks of the Tiber stood seven hills, namely, Capitoline, Aventine, Palatine, Celian, Esquiline, Viminal and Quirinal. The first named was the largest and the center of the group; the last two, were but very little above the swampy ground at the foot of the hills. The following description is given of the country surrounding the seven hills.

"Any traveller or reader of travels, will recollect the mountains which, like sentinels with snowy plumes, close in upon the northern, the eastern, and the southern borders of the Roman plain. The west, it will likewise be remembered, was begirt by the waves of the Mediterranean."

At first this site was occupied by herdsmen, and such men as fled their own country to escape punishment for crime. The first peoples to form a union or confederacy and occupy the seven hills, were the Etruscan, Latin and Sabine races; but, on account of a secession, there is left but a blank for many years. Romulus and Remus were the twin sons of Mars and Silvia. The uncle of these boys, then a usurper of the throne of Alba, commanded that the mother and her babes, be cast into the river Anio, and tradition informs us that the mother perished, but that the babes floated down the stream into the Tiber, and down to the foot of the hill Palatine, where a

"wolf lapped them with her tongue and fed them with her milk, until they were discovered by a shepherd, who took them into his own hut, and, with his wife's aid, saved them from death."

When these boys became men, and had discovered their parentage, they gathered a numerous band and proceeded to their natal home, displaced their uncle and restored their grandfather to the throne of Alba. Flushed with their warlike achievement they returned to the seven hills, with a mutual understanding to build a city and a kingdom of their own. "Both sought the honor of laying its foundations," notwithstanding their agreement to rule it jointly, and "Romulus assumed the charge, and drove the plough around the limits designed by himself upon the Palatine. Then Remus, enraged by the choice of the place, as well as by his brother's assumption of superiority, came up in derision to leap over the furrow that marked the line of the future walls;" but Romulus and his followers disputed the action of Remus, and his party, and the quarrel caused a fight, and resulted in the killing of Remus.

Thus was the foundation of the "Eternal City" laid and christened in the blood of a brother. "The reign of Romulus commenced with the opening of an asylum, as it was styled, for fugitives and adventures of every description." The following tribes, Ramnes, Tities and Luceres made a coalition, and took upon themselves the name, Roman. It is supposed that Romulus was assassinated by his associates.

The second king was Numa, who was more devoted to the formation of law and the establishment of the government, than was his predecessor. Under Numa a common or uniform system of religion was organized. Homage to idols was abolished. Sacrifice of human beings was prohibited. The chief priests, four in number, were appointed by the king to have general superintendence of the religious institutions of the whole people. The Roman was very vehement in his faith that the immortals ruled and battled in their interest, therefore he gave credit to the gods for their prowess and success.

The third king was Tullus Hostilius, of whom it is said that a fiercer warrior had not appeared among the contending tribes of the Roman plain. His whole object in life, seemed to center in becoming a hero, and the result was the extending of his kingdom and an increase in the population of the city by the thousands of captives, who were brought to Rome, of whom many were permitted to retain their wealth and freedom, by taking the oath of allegiance to the government.

The fourth king was Ancus Marcius, who followed the ensample of his predecessor, save he spent more time, increasing the political and governmental utility of his kingdom. During his reign the renowned organization of Plebeians took place. Tradition tells us that during the reign of Ancus Marcius, that Tarquin, a man of Greek descent, came to Rome, and became the special friend and counsellor of the king; and, upon the death of the king, he was elected by the senators and knights, as the fifth king of Rome.

He distinguished himself by material improvements in the government and a more complete organization of the army. The vigor and activity of this last ruler made him obnoxious in the eyes of the original founders of Rome, and his assassination was ascribed to the sons of Ancus Marcius.

But Servius Tullius, the son of Tarquin was elected sixth king. He sought to carry out the plans of his father, in perfecting the government, and aimed to increase the opportunities of the poor to become freemen and citizens, so far that those who before were officeholders in authority, were displaced and degraded, and the less favored ones were exalted to office and power. As might be expected, the original founders, were very much exasperated at such actions, as well as crestfallen that strangers should become their rulers and oppressors.

The feeling became so bitter that the king was compelled to resign, which however did not save his life, as he was assassinated by either his son or brother Tarquin, who took immediate possession of the throne, and became the seventh king. He was much more wily than his predecessors, as he gave his subjects no time to brew over their disappointment or to concoct any plan for his displacement, but forthwith issued a proclamation calling every class to arms and the field, and commenced the subjugation of the adjacent tribes and nations.

Two hundred years have passed, since we found the reed huts of the shepherds upon the seven hills, and now we behold in the reign of the seventh king, a magnificent temple, also a gorgeous amphitheatre and other palatial public buildings, beautiful gardens and convenient thoroughfares. For the present I will close, and perhaps at some other time I may give you something of equal interest with this.

FELIX

UNION CENTER SABBATH SCHOOL.

AS I see no account of our Sunday School in the *Hope*, I thought I would attempt a report. Our school consists of sixty-five scholars and seven teachers. We have missed but two Sundays since its commencement, which was about the middle of June, 1877, and one of the days was while the Semmi-Annual Conference was in session, and the other was on account of a storm. On the twenty-seventh of October we had a pic-nic, which was opened by having the Lord's prayer offered in concert, by the Misses Fannie Moorhead, Nettie Putney, Gracie and Allie Montague; after which we had a song by the school, followed by one entitled "I am Jesus little Lamb," sung by the infant class, with the organ accompanying. These, with several other songs, made the occasion a very pleasant one. After this the report for the quarter was read, as follows: Number of Sundays that school was in session 15; average attendance 40; average verses recited each Sunday, 166; total verses recited 3,500. Then there followed a short speech by the Superintendent, brother Jairus M. Putney; after which we were dismissed for dinner. While it was being prepared by some of the older ones, the small scholars gathered around the organ and listened to one of their school mates, who sang and played several pieces. These amused them a great deal and kept them from being quite so anxious about what they were going to eat. But dinner was soon prepared and the children were stationed around the table, each class under the care of its teacher. After this the children were treated to about as many apples and as much candy was thought safe for them to eat. Altogether as every one seemed to enjoy it, and to regret the time of closing. Our school had been prospering ever since and the prospects are that it will continue for some time. I will close by sending all the little *Hope* readers my best wishes. From one of the teachers of the Union Center Sabbath School.

MOORHEAD, Iowa, Dec, 5th, 1877.

CELIA A. PADEN.

MAKE home attractive. The children have inalienable rights to amusement as well as instruction. They should be entertained at home. Let there be a generous provision for the physical, mental and moral development of the young at home. There must be a place to play, as well as a place to pray. The children must have fun as well as catechism. To omit either is to do violence to their best interests. If parents would but consider their duty towards their own children, and study ways and means to make them happy at home by innocent sports, proper books, and, above all, by free companionship and confidence, the church would be honored. Let fathers and mothers think on these things.

One great cause of our insensibility to the goodness of our Creator, is the very extensiveness of his bounty.

CONTENTMENT AND PERSONAL INFLUENCE.

YOU have heard of the true philosopher's stone that turns all it touches to gold. That stone we may call contentment. Dear Hopes, are you contented? If so then you are happy, no matter what your condition in life is. You may be rich or you may be poor; admired or forsaken by the fickle world, yet the fountain of joy will bubble up in your hearts, and make you radiantly beautiful. You can make the poorest home shine with a luster that kings and queens may covet.

Have you wealth? Then you can make a fountain of blessings to the children of poverty. Be contented, thanking God for every blessing, and at last you will hear the blessed words of welcome to heavenly mansions.

There are none living who do not have an influence over the earthly happiness of others, in a greater or lesser degree.

Those who possess unselfishness, christian charity, and loving kindness, have noble souls.

ANNIE HOLT.

BOYS FOR JEWELS.

THE Roman matron, pointing to her sons, said: "These are my jewels." Every parent should take pride in doing the same. But the sons should be worthy of this distinction; and it is the duty of the parent to do all in his power to make his sons intelligent, moral and worthy citizens—fit for any position in a free country. It is true this is a difficult task; easy enough, perhaps, with some children, but very difficult with others. It requires tact, patience, judgment, to accomplish the work; but with proper encouragement it can be done. Boys, too, should strive to make themselves worthy of the respect and esteem of all who know them. They should associate with the wise and good, and avoid the company of the immoral and unworthy. They should improve their spare moments in reading good books and papers, and in acquiring valuable knowledge. They can thus make themselves worthy of being called jewels in the true meaning of the Roman mother.—*Rural World*.

MISTAKEN KINDNESS.

THE father who for a great portion of his life has struggled with poverty is unwilling that his children should have a similar experience. So he denies himself indulgence in even necessary things that he may save and make for his family. The mother, remembering how irksome household tasks were to her in her girlhood, permits her daughters to lead lives of ease, and indolence, thinking that in so doing she makes the best manifestations in her power of maternal love. As a natural consequence of this view on the part of the parents, we see growing up all around us young men and women perfectly useless for all practical purposes of life—unable to cope with misfortune. Intellectual or moral fibre is not inherent; it must be built up from within, and is the result of independent thought and action. The sooner a boy can be made to wait upon himself, to think for himself, to act for himself, the sooner will the germs of true manhood begin to develop within him. It is no kindness to surround him with such attention and care that he will not be compelled to learn the lesson of self-reliance, of patient industry, of persistent hope. The real crowns of this world are crowns of labor.—*Temperance Advocate*.

Value the friendship of him who stands by you in the storm; swarms of insects will surround you in the sunshine.

A Chinese newspaper has now entered upon its two thousandth volume. Its original subscribers have all died.

There is nothing better, nothing so sure of bringing forth the right fruit in the end, as truth.

Obedience requires unpaid sacrifices.

Correspondence.

PRAIRIE CITY, Jasper county, Iowa,
November 26th, 1877.

Editors Hope:—To all Zion's people, and especially the Hopes: I am glad to write a few lines for the Hope; for though I am doing but little for the cause of Zion, I do rejoice, that the good work is moving on. The great God has been very kind to me, much every way, in delivering me out of my troubles. It is my desire to walk in the footsteps of Jesus, so that I may have his smiles and favors, and at the end of my journey be saved with all of God's children.

GEO. M. JAMISON.

PANORA, Guthrie county, Iowa,
December 11th, 1877.

Dear Hopes:—I am going to school now at Panora. My home is sixteen miles north of here. The folks where I board do not take the *Herald* and *Hope* so I do not hear from you very often. Brn. J. R. Lambert and E. T. Dobson were at Jefferson this fall, and Bro. Lambert held a debate with Rev. Mr. Willoughby, of the Advent society. The first question was, Resolved that man is unconscious between death and the resurrection. The second was, Resolved that the Book of Mormon is a divine record and contains a revelation of God's will to man. On the first question Bro. Lambert took the negative, in the second the affirmative, and on each question he received a majority of about twenty votes. Brn. Lambert and M. T. Short were there about three weeks ago and baptized two, Mr. Painter and wife. I will close by asking you all to pray for me.

JOHN B. HATCHER.

LOGAN, Cache county, Utah,
December 11th, 1877.

Dear Hopes:—I am eleven years old. We go to meeting two miles from home. I do not belong to the Church yet, but I hope that I may soon, for I think that it is really the Church of Jesus Christ. My mother is the only one that belongs to the Church of Christ. My father belongs to the Church of Brigham. I have three sisters and one brother younger than me. We have a nice little home in Utah; a clear stream runs close by the house. We also have a nice orchard. We live in the main street, and the railroad goes through our town. But my desire is to move down to Zion, and I know that if I am a good boy the Lord will grant my wish. Good by, dear Hopes, be good and true. ERASTUS L. LARSON.

BIRMINGHAM, England, Nov. 18th, 1877.

Brother Joseph:—It has been more than a year since I have had the time to write much, or to attend many meetings, as I am a few miles out, and I am only privileged to go the first Sunday of the month; but I hope, by the help of God, that the time may speedily come when I shall be able to attend more. My desire is to live to the covenant I have made, and to be an honored instrument in the hands of my heavenly Father of doing good for the souls of our fellowmen, and to keep his commandments. I know that the work is true.

Dear Hopes, let us all be up and doing and keep our lamps trimmed and burning, lest the Son of God should appear in the clouds and come in his glory when we little think for. As the time goes on we can trace down from the prophets of old, things that should transpire in the last days, or prior to the second coming of the Son of God. For one I am looking for that great day, for it will be a glorious time for the honest in heart. I desire an interest in your faith and prayers, that I may ever be ready for my Master's call, whether in life or in death; and now, it being near the close of another year, and the Lord being my helper, I am willing to try and do better in the next year than I have in the one that has just passed. Now, little Hopes, let us all try to live to be worthy of the name of True Latter Day Saints, for it is a great thing to be called sons and daughters of our Heavenly Father. Good bye to all my brothers and sisters, and, still praying that God will ever bless us one and all. I am your sister in the gospel bond, ANNIE HEMMING.

OAKLAND, California, Dec. 11th, 1877.

Dear Hope:—I belong to the Church and I am trying to be faithful. I go to Sunday School and church every Sunday. We have just moved away from the Watsonville Branch, where we had a very nice branch. We go to church about three miles away from home. I have a father and mother and four sisters and one brother. I have just read in the *Hope* the letters of Libbie and Maria Brown they have written very nice letters. I am fourteen years old and I am in the fifth grade. At our examination in music to day I got twenty credits out of twenty-five. Bro. John Roberts is our branch president. I hope you will pray for me. Your sister in the Church of Jesus Christ, ANNA M. PHILLIPS.

OAKLAND, California, Dec. 11th, 1877.

Dear Hopes:—I am eleven years old, and was baptized last April. I read in the fourth reader now. We are just having examination. We had it in music to day. I like my teacher. Her name is Miss Meek. I go to the Franklin school. We have thirty-two scholars in our room and only one class. I have never yet been out of California, and I do not even know much about this city, because I have not lived here very long. Pray for me that I may ever be faithful. From your sister in the Church.

LOTTIE PHILLIPS.

Puzzle Corner.

Answers in One Month.

WORD PUZZLE.—No. 1.

My 1st is in Jew, but not in Greek,
My 2d is in eat, but not in drink,
My 3d is in rat, but not in mouse,
My 4th is in eel, but not in fish,
My 5th is in man, but not in boy,
My 6th is in sick, but not in health,
My 7th is in aunt, but not in uncle,
My 8th is in hill, but not in valley,
My 9th is in Julia, but not in Rosa,
My 10th is in nose, but not in mouth,
My 11th is in *Herald*, but not in *Hope*,
My 12th is in deaf, but not in dumb,
My 13th is in May, but not in June,
My 14th is in rail, but not in fence,
My 15th is in Sarah, but not in Everett,
My 16th is in John, but not in Ben,
My whole is the name of one of the Seventy of the church. ROSA B. RELYEA.

ANAGRAM.—No. 1.

Elt nnoe arhe oyu ildy ynaig
Teerh si nhtngoi I cna od;
Lwieh eht ssluo fo emn rae dngnyi,
Dna eth Mraets laecl rfo uoy,
Ekat hte stat eh geevi yuo glyad,
Tel shi kwro ryuo alpuecer eb;
Rasenw kqcyliu, nweh eh ltheem,
'Ereh ma I! Sdne em, dsen em!"
ELBA CHILDS.

PUZZLE.—No. 1.

Three-fourths of a cross; a circle complete;
Two semi-circles and a straight line meet;
A right angled triangle standing on feet;
Then two semi-circles, and a circle complete.
This is something not good for meat,
And an article no Saint should eat.

CHAS. L. TIGNOR.

HIDDEN RIVERS.—No. 1.

Is not this clear honey?
Julia, are you ready?
Look at these, Inez.
Lo, I returned safely.
To the home of my youth.

Answers to Puzzle Corner of Dec. 1st.

- To Enigma, No. 16.—Truth, Tecumseh, Lilac, Lintel, Wren, Manners, Millennium. Whole—William Tecumseh Sherman.
- To Word Puzzle, No. 24.—R. J. Anthony.
- To Anagram, No. 18.—"Now concerning spiritual gifts, brethren, I would not have you ignorant."—1 Cor. 12: 1. MAGGIE EVANS.
Alice M. Tignor sends a correct answer to No. 3, the only one received.
Nancy M. Ballentyne sends correct answer to Anagram No. 17.

THE SAINTS' HERALD.

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1 January 78.

A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue. Owing to the fact that we make nothing on the *Hope* we would like to see subscriptions paid up as early as possible, and delinquent ones especially. With the small margin to work upon, the cost of paper and postage for papers sent on credit for a few issues or for months, forces us as a general rule to discontinue sending it when the time is out, at which we hope no one will take offence but watch this notice hereafter for the blue mark.

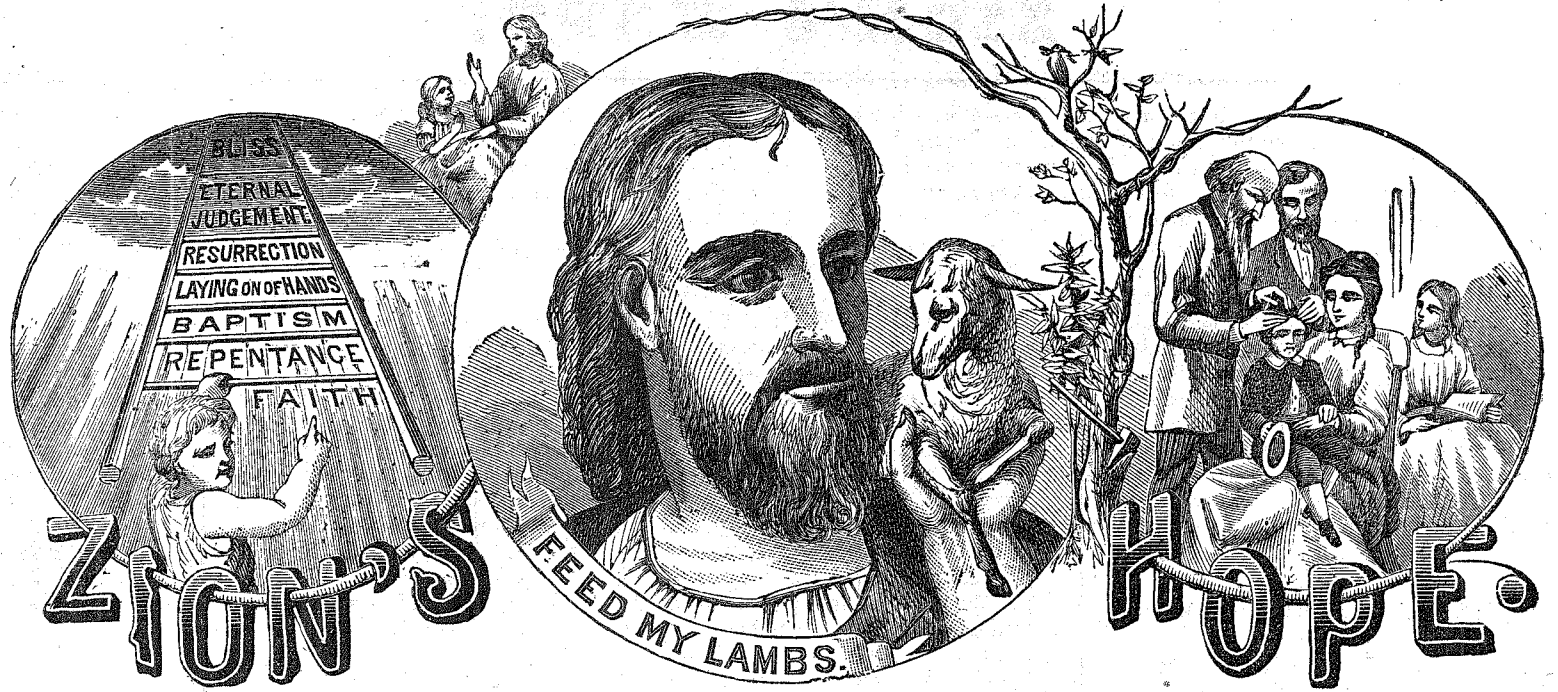
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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

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No. 14.

WHY NOT NOW?

CHAPTER I.

"WHY not now?" and as if half lost in thought, he repeated the question, "Yes, why not now?"

This question was asked by one of two young men, who were standing on the steps of the village hotel; a fair haired, blue eyed boy, for he was only sixteen, slight built, and almost girlish in size and effeminate appearance. His companion to whom the question was addressed was older, possibly twenty years old, and of a full, round, strong make, brown eyes and brown curly hair, with a slight mustache, a "handsome man" as the young ladies said.

Turning to his blue eyed questioner, he answers: "Why do you press me so closely for my reason for not going forward now, Phil? You know very well, that my western life has made me suspicious of almost all professions of faith. The influence of my father's teaching was neutralized by that of my mother; and, since I have grown to be nearly a man, I have determined not to espouse any cause of which I can not discover some tokens of truth, and right in it."

"True, Frank. I know all this; but, as every class of religionists offer an opportunity for examination, and you have admitted that there must be some right way, why not set out with me in a search for that way. Surely, with your strong and vigorous mind, you will not fear to venture where one so weak as I dares to tread. Besides, I am so impulsive, that I dislike to enter the field of inquiry alone—you know, I might, impelled by my feelings, roused by some eloquent appeal, go enthusiastically forward, to find after awhile that I was going wrong; hence, our hitherto unbroken friendship, warranted me in asking you to go with me. You say, "not now," and I enquire "why, not now?"

"Well Phil; you are aware that Messrs Moody and Sankey, have been trying very hard to make an impression in the town. Many have, seemingly, been converted; and if I were to manifest any interest in the matter; it would be attributed to their effort and influence; and"—

What he might have said further, was prevented by the sudden coming round the corner of a team of horses running at full speed, drawing a two seated top carriage, partly overturned, with two children and a woman clinging to the back seat; the driver had been thrown out and the lines were dragging on the ground. As the team came into the street opposite to them the carriage nearly righted, one of the flying lines caught on a wheel and turned the horses heads toward the hotel steps. Phil saw that if they

were not checked, or stopped, the carriage would be overturned and broken, and the inmates hurt or possibly killed. With the expression, "My God, they will be killed!" he sprang off the steps and ran forward, directly in front of the running horses. His companion, whom he had called Frank, sprang after him; more impressed with the peril of the boy, for whom he had the strongest friendship, than conscious of the danger of the riders in the carriage. Phil, or Philip, was however, notwithstanding his smallness and effeminate appearance brave, quick of sight and motion; the horses startled at this sudden rush at them, swerved, half checked their reckless speed, and before they could resume their terrible pace; he had caught the offside one by the bridle. His slight weight would have been of little avail, however, in controlling the frightened animals, had not his stronger friend, in his anxiety for his safety, been close by; and taking advantage of the momentary stopping of the team by Phil, seized the other horse by the bit; and calling to them sharply to "whoa," as all men used long to the handling of horses do, threw his weight against their rush, and succeeded in stopping them, just at the steps where the young men had been standing.

The occupants of the carriage, who proved to be the children of a Mr. Adams, and their nurse, Mrs. Wogram, were not hurt, though sadly frightened. The boys had not fared quite so well; Phil was only scratched slightly on one of his hands; but Frank was much bruised about his right side, shoulder and arm. He said nothing about it, however, until after Mr. Adams and his driver had arrived and taken charge of the team and carriage. He then turned to Phil and said, "Philip, my boy, come to my room and help me. I am hurt a little."

Before Philip could reply, a gentleman standing near, who had come up during the struggle of the boys with the horses, remarked, "I am a surgeon, and will go with you and dress your wounds, if need be."

Frank turned to thank him, but would have fallen, if Phil had not caught him; he rallied soon, and with the aid of the surgeon and Phil, reached his room. Once there, the excitement removed, he fainted. The surgeon and Phil soon had him undressed and in bed; where he was soon resting quietly, his bruises properly cared for; with the assurance from the doctor that no harm would ensue to the hero, except a day or two in his room, and positive quiet and rest from active labor for a few days.

There was no renewal of their conversation at the time; both seemed to have forgotten it, but

subsequent events will show whether it were other than in seeming.

By the time all this had occurred the incident was noised all over the village; and the heroic conduct of the two young men was the topic of general conversation; and though there was much difference of opinion which deserved most praise, the younger and slighter, or the older and stronger man, the general verdict was favorable to both.

UNCLE J.

Continued.

CONTROL YOUR THOUGHTS.

WOULD that my pen were the tongue of an angel, that I might portray to your minds the signification of this short sentence. If we could only have perfect control of our thoughts, how many misdeeds and hours of sorrow we might avoid!

The Bible tells us that "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," or in other words, that we will talk about that subject most frequently upon which we think most. How many thousands of young men have landed in a drunkard's grave, only because they did not control their desires. As thought is the principal incentive to action, we see at once that the young man who cannot govern his thoughts, must be entirely unable to control or govern his actions. The young man who is just starting in life meets with youthful companions who endeavor to lead him from the path of rectitude. If he has not control of his thoughts, and courage enough to say "No!" he at once yields to the temptation, and is led by them from bad to worse, until he finds himself recovering from a fit of insanity, caused by the use of liquor, in which state he may have committed some deed which he would willingly give his miserable life to undo.

The man who has perfect control of his thoughts is almost sure to succeed in whatever he undertakes. It is an old saying, and it is as true as it is old "Where there is a will, there is a way!" Therefore the man or woman who begins life with the determination to make a mark in the world, and leave "footprints on the sands of time," which, others seeing, will make them take courage and press forward, is sure to succeed.

Show me a young person of either sex who can control the thoughts so that when they are tempted to do wrong, they can resist with such stern and bold countenances that it will make their adversaries ashamed, and I will show you a young man or woman who will make life a success, and rise to eminence in the world.

Then, young friends, to-day, in the morning of life, let us guard our every thought and action, that we may fill places of honor in life. I know it is sometimes very hard, when we feel our temper rising on account of some unexpected transaction, to govern our thoughts and prevent evil feelings from passing through our minds, and many times we let evil words escape our lips.

Jealousy and pride are also the fruits of unthoughtfulness or not having the mind properly cultivated. Any person who fulfills the injunction of Scripture, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," will have no pride or envy about him. The only way in which we may obtain perfect control of our minds, is to have our hearts filled with the love of God, from day to day, and by constant watching and praying, we may in after years gain perfect control of our thoughts.—*Selected.*

GOSPEL FOR THE HOPES.—No. 3.

I TOLD the Hopes that I would say something more about baptism, what it is, and what it is for; but I feel my inability to present to the children of God's Saints the truths which they ought to and must know (in order to enjoy the most and greatest happiness that is possible in this life, and eternal and perfect happiness in the world to come) in so simple and plain a manner that their minds may grasp the meaning and import of the word of the gospel.

If we ask the world what baptism is for, we may get many answers, and none, perhaps, will tell us the truth. Some professed followers of Christ, and those who call him Lord, yet do not the things that he has said, will tell us that baptism is not necessary to save us. Some will tell us that it is, but deny the gift of the Holy Spirit through "the laying on of hands." Others do not believe in the resurrection of the body, and perhaps all will reject the doctrine of God's just and eternal judgment, and yet all condemn the infidel for not accepting one principle of the gospel—faith.

Well, dear Hopes, out of all this confusion and opinions of men, we turn to the gospel as Jesus himself taught it, as he told his apostles and disciples to teach and practice it, and as the angel delivered it to Joseph Smith in these last days to give to men to preach to all nations before Christ should come on the earth to reign with his Saints. Read Matt. 24: 32 and Rev. 14: 6, 7. Well, what did Jesus himself say about baptism? Why he told his disciples to "teach all nations, baptizing them."—Matt. 28: 17-19. In Luke 16: 14, 15, he says: "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." He did not make any promise here, nor at any other time, that any one could be saved without baptism. Did the apostles do and teach as he commanded them? If you read the sayings and acts of the apostles as written by Luke, you will see that they did; for the Apostle Peter in the first gospel sermon on Pentecost day told the people, who by his preaching already had faith in Christ, that in order to be saved they must repent of their sins and be baptized.—Acts 2: 38. What for? Why did Christ command his disciples to teach baptism as necessary? Why, for the remission, or forgiveness of sins. Yes, indeed, we may be certain that if we ever become members of the pure kingdom of heaven, and the children of God, we must indeed be washed from our sins by burial with Christ in baptism.

Paul was told by Ananias, a servant of God who was sent unto him, that God had chosen him, that he "should know his will," and that his will was that he should "be baptized and wash away his sins"—Acts 22: 14-16. "The like figure," Peter says, (1 Peter 3: 20, 21), whereunto even baptism doth now save us. "The like figure"—what was the figure? Why Noah went into the ark, as must we, in order to be saved, go into the waters of baptism, not for the putting "away of the filth of the flesh;" for we are not baptized for the purpose of washing our bodies, (although

cleanliness is commanded in God's word), but we are baptized for the remission of our past sins, which neither water nor anything else can take away, save the blood of Christ, and by obeying this command we show by our works of faith our willingness to be obedient to God's commands. Baptism is represented as a burial—buried with him (Christ) in baptism. How was Christ buried in baptism? Read Matt. 3: 40-46. He went down into the river Jordan and was baptized by John. He told John that it was necessary "to fulfill all righteousness," and a voice from heaven said, "This is my beloved Son, hear ye him."

Then, when Jesus tells us in his word to believe, repent and forsake our sins, and be baptized, that our past sins may be washed away and separated from us, let us "hear him" and, if we have not already done so, let us obey him. By baptism we put off the old man, with all his deeds, and put on the new man, Christ Jesus, "For as many of you as have been baptized into Christ have put on Christ."—Gal. 2: 27. To put on the new man is to be renewed in knowledge after the image of him (God) who created him (Christ). "If any man," Jesus says, "will do God's will he shall know of the doctrine." This is a part of his will to be baptized in water, and baptized by the Spirit through laying on of the hands of God's servants, and then we shall know, because the Spirit will reveal to us concerning Christ and his love, and by it we may understand his word, and so be renewed in knowledge. Thus, dear Hopes, if we put off our old body of sin by burial in baptism's grave, rising to walk in newness of life and continuing faithful in keeping God's commands we shall be made fit to enjoy the companionship of Jesus when he shall come in his kingdom clothed in the glory of his Father, with all his Saints.

That this may be our happy lot will be the labor and prayers of,
M. H. B.

UNCLE JOHN'S CHAT WITH THE HOPES.

WELL, my little Hopes, here I am again; and I wish to have another short chat with you; and, as I promised, I will tell you something about the heathen or the power of superstition.

Those who obey the gospel, and who receive the Holy Spirit, it gives them a knowledge that they are right; that is by it they know that they are right, the same as you know that wood or iron is hard by seeing and feeling it. The heathen, though they are very earnest—and I may say honest—in their worship, do not possess knowledge that their course of life is right; they only believe. And, after I tell you how they worship, and what wonderful things they do, to please their God, you will wonder that they would do so much on a smple belief. It is generally taught that heathens are people who know nothing about God, or the Bible, who do not know that there is such a being as the true God, or the blessed Savior. But they have an inherent disposition to worship, and they worship idols of different kinds,—some of which are large statues, hewn from wood or stone.

Now, little Hopes, do you not think it would be very odd to see people bowing to a large stone statue? Would you not feel like telling them of the God of Abraham who has power to answer prayer? Now the Apostle Paul came to a place in his travels where they were giving sacrifice to their idols; will you tell me what he said to them? You will be surprised when I tell you that about two thirds of the inhabitants of the earth are heathens, or those who have no Bibles and know nothing of Jesus and his love.

In some places in India (where is India?) the idols or images are placed on very large cars, some are so large that they take sixteen wheels to hold them up; and on a particular day each year they are drawn through the streets by thousands of persons. Every now and then a person would throw himself under the heavy car and be crushed to death, all for the purpose of pleasing

the God they worship. This is called self-immolation.

Self-immolation is practiced in another way: There are some sand hills in the Satpura range dedicated to the god Siva, who is supposed to delight in destruction—There is a rock from which many youths have thrown themselves, because their mothers have dedicated their first born to that god. It used to be the custom there for the wife to follow her husband in death by burning herself on his funeral pile.

Leprosy, in India, is nearly a living death, and some people having it allow themselves to be buried alive, simply to be relieved from physical suffering. A very respectable Hindoo gentleman came to the river Nabada, attended by a large retinue, and, after taking leave of his family, he entered a boat which conveyed him to the deepest part of the river. He then loaded himself with sand and stepping from the boat soon disappeared. This was not to please his god but simply to end a miserable life. Now, my little Hopes, you must excuse me for not telling you more about this, but I have many other subjects to write to you about, and I want you to try and answer my questions.

SISTER SARAH TO UNCLE JOHN.

I N the *Hope* of December fifteenth is a letter from Uncle John, in which he asked some questions which I will now try to answer. He asked if any one could tell him how and why Peter was released from prison, and where we can find the history of it. It is in the twelfth chapter of Acts. It there relates how Peter was in prison, and that an angel appeared while he was sleeping between two soldiers bound with two chains, and said unto him, "Arise up quickly and follow me," and he obeyed.

Uncle John asked whether any one had been imprisoned for about the same cause since 1830. We learn from the history of Joseph Smith that Joseph and Hyrum Smith, John Taylor and Willard Richards, were in prison in Carthage, Hancock, county Ill, June, 1844, for the same cause as Peter was in prison. He also asked the names of those two apostles who were taken before the magistrates. Their names were Paul and Silas.—Acts 16: 19. They were put in prison for casting the evil spirit out of a damsel.—Acts 16: 18, 19. They were delivered by faith in God, for, when they had prayed and sang, there was a great earthquake, and all the doors were opened, and every one's bands were loosed, and the keeper of the prison awaking out of his sleep saw the prison doors open, and supposing the prisoners were gone, he would have killed himself, but Paul told him that they were all there. Then he came and fell down before Paul and Silas, and when they had taught him in the ways of the Lord he was baptized straightway.—Acts 16: 25-34. They were in the city of Phillippi.—Acts 16: 12. Paul's worst was that last, after he had preached unto others, he himself should become a cast away.—1 Cor. 9: 27. Paul received one hundred and ninety-five stripes. 2 Cor. 11: 24. Yours truly,

SARAH F. CURTIS.

THE LITTLE DOOR-KEEPER.

"LET'S play clap out," cried Julie; "I'll be door-keeper."

"No, I," "I," "I," chorused several voices. "I will count up and see who," said Bell Green with authority. Bell was one of the older girls from the back seat, and no one ventured to dispute her. So she began the little ditty, and at the word *out*, her finger pointed to Julia, so her chance was gone the first time.

"I don't care," cried Julie, angrily, flinging herself out of the line, "I proposed the game, and it's not fair to count up. You are the meanest girl I ever saw, so there!" and she walked out of the yard, shutting the gate very hard.

Straight to Aunt Amy she went with her story. "I wish my dear little Julie could be a door-keeper all the day long," said aunty, gently.

"There, I knew you would think they were hateful to me," cried Julie; then catching sight of the expression on her aunt's face; she added in a different tone, "O dear! I know there's a verse coming. I never saw anybody so full of the Bible as you are, auntie."

"I was just thinking of David's prayer," she said, "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth, keep the door of my lips."

"There she comes," said Myra Wells, a few minutes later; and she called out, "Here, Julie, you can have my place; I don't care."

"No, thank you," she answered pleasantly, "I have found some other door-keeping to do."

And so through that day, and many days to come, whenever she was angry, she kept the door of her lips shut so carefully that the wicked, impatient words could not get out, and all the girls wondered to see her grow so gentle and lovable. And best of all, I think the gates, too, have lifted up their heads, and the King of Glory has come in.

BY A HEAVENLY FATHER'S HAND.

BY MYRTLE GREY.

CHAPTER I.

WALKING up the street, in an apparently absent manner, was Fred Manvers, a lively, good natured boy of seventeen years. His parents being rich they kept him in school since he was six years of age up to the day he was seventeen. He really had no need for employment, his mother thinking a boy in his station in life, would be lowering himself by working. And this is what set him to thinking. "To think" he said to himself, "that I, a big stout boy should always be idle; I wonder if God gives us health and intellect to waste, I know he does not. Just wait—"

"Hallo! Fred, what's the matter now?"

He looked up and saw Arthur Conway coming toward him. "O nothing is the matter, only I was thinking—"

"Well, and what were you thinking about?" asked Arthur.

"I was wondering if we were made for any purpose in life."

"Whew!" whistled Arthur. "What's got into the boy's head now? What do you want to do?"

"Work."

"What! we go to work like common men? Not if I know myself I won't. If you want to do anything study law; that is, when you are old enough."

"And be cooped up in a dingy office, year in and year out; just because it is genteel to be a lawyer. I say it is nothing but pride, and I for one intend to rise above such pride."

"Well, then go to work and carry a hod;" and, with this fling, Arthur Conway turned off in another direction.

Mrs. Manvers was almost daily lamenting the fact that Fred was so little like his sister; "Just like his father, so commonplace, with no style whatever," she would say. She had left the pure influences of a country home, as the bride of the rising merchant, John Manvers, and had entered society, throwing her whole soul in the race for the highest pinnacle, and, after weary years of exertion, surmounting every obstacle, she has reached her goal, that is, she is noticed by the Conways, entertains the Delancy's and, in turn, is entertained by them, occupies one of the finest pews in the most fashionable church, is smiled on and courted by all the would-be's, and so on. The eldest, a daughter of nineteen years or thereabouts, being brought up to think that no person was ever quite as good as Florence Manvers, is a young lady after her mother's own heart, and, when she sees Florence well settled, according to her views, then Mrs. Manvers will be as happy as such a thoroughly worldly woman

can be. Coming in from his walk, Fred entered his mother's sitting room, where he found Florence deep in the mysteries of a new dress; "So many yards for plaiting so many for the drapery, —I think twenty-five yards will do or thereabouts," Florence was saying.

"What, another dress!" said Fred.

"Yes, that lovely blue, I saw at Cole's yesterday."

"But I thought you had just got a new dress."

"I've worn that once, and one does not like to wear the same dress all the time," said Florence.

"I should think not," answered her brother; "how many dresses have you got now?"

"Don't tease her, Fred," said Mrs. Manvers, "you know Mattie Conway"

"O, that's it, is it? Mat Conway has one like it and Miss Florence Manvers would be considered out of style if she does not have one too."

"Do try and be more genteel, Fred; I declare you never will be any body, and you'd have Flo and I looking like frights, if you had your way about it," said Mrs. Manvers.

"No," answered Fred, "I never will be any body, spending my time in this idle fashion, and I'd have you and Flo looking like women, not like bean poles, wrapped up in thirty or forty yards of puffs and ruffles."

"O Fred, how can you talk so," said Mrs. Manvers, sinking back among her cushions. Then, rousing herself, she said, "Flo, you may go and purchase your dress and take it to Madam L's; and, Fred, I wish you would get one of those cunning little walking sticks, they are so stylish."

"What do I want with such a thing as that? they are no larger than my little finger; I suppose because Arthur Conway has one, and if I should come home on all sides of the street, some time, it would be all right because Art Conway does."

"Now stop, Fred," said Florence, "you make mother's headache. Arthur Conway is a very fine young gentleman."

"And, besides that, his father is worth a million," added her mother.

"And of course that makes a man of him," said Fred provokingly.

"Fred never did have any style," said Mrs. Manvers languidly.

"No, nor never will, if he keeps on doing as he does," said Florence, as Fred disappeared up the stairs.

"What will the boy ever come to?" sighed Mrs. Manvers.

"It is hard to tell," answered Florence, "but he is a good hearted boy, with all his odd notions."

A ring at the door-bell. "Who can it be I wonder?" said Florence.

"A lady, mum," said the servant grinning.

"You may show her in here," said Mrs. Manvers, settling herself back on her sofa.

When the lady in question entered, Florence rose from her chair to meet her, then stood as if petrified. Mrs. Manvers gave a little scream, then hid her face in the cushions. The lady was dressed in a brown silk, profusely trimmed. It was short in front, while behind it trailed its rich length on the carpet nearly a quarter of a yard; a costly shawl was thrown around the shoulders, and a hat, the very latest style, was set on the head crosswise, while the face was concealed behind a thick veil.

At last Florence found her voice, "be seated ma'am"

"I can't," said a little squeaky voice. Florence looked closer, then darted up to the figure, threw up the veil, and there stood Fred nearly convulsed with laughter.

"O!" said Florence, "my beautiful dress with the court train!"

"O Fred! how can you!" said Mrs. Manvers, "you will ruin it."

But they had to laugh, they could not have helped it. Florence sank back into her chair holding her sides, laughing at the queer looking figure.

"You said I never did have any style, and I thought I'd show you that for once I could have some. See ladies," said he, mimicing the tone of an auctioneer, "this beautiful combination parlor ornament and street sweeper only takes twenty-five yards to make it; it is cheap and durable as well as stylish and beautiful; it is so very simple in construction that a child can understand it, (or stand on it, which means the same). Why ladies, just the simple train would make a dress for a girl ten years old. Nothing was ever invented on which to waste money so nicely, and—"

"O do go and take it off, Fred; that's a good boy."

"That's just the way, you never can be satisfied, but if you feel that way about it, I'll take it off. But mind you don't tell me again that I have no style, for here's enough to do me for the next ten years," said he throwing hat, shawl and dress in a heap on the carpet. Florence was only too glad to rescue her treasures to expostulate with him; and, gathering them up, she took them to her room.

To be Continued.

AN ESQUIMAUX HOUSE OR HUT.

ONE would think that, cold and dreadful as the Arctic regions are known to be, the inhabitants would need every comfort that could be imagined in the way of a house. But no, the first thing the Esquimaux does in his home-building is to clear away the snow and ice from a spot of ground of the right size for his house. This he makes as smooth as he can, leaving one end a little higher than the other. The higher end is to serve as parlor and bed-room; the lower as work-shop and kitchen. Around this cleared spot of earth blocks of hard, frozen snow are laid in such a fashion that they form a low, round roof, resembling in shape the half of a hollow ball. By way of a window, a small square of rather thin and clear ice is set into the wall.

On the side of the house least exposed to wind is a long and very low passage-way leading to the open air. This passage is so low that the inmates of the house have to crawl through it on their hands and knees. The door is only a loose block of snow.

These huts do not appear to be very charming residences, but there are two good things about them. One is, that the high winds of that desolate region cannot possibly blow a hut over, though they may bury it in the snow; the other good reason is that no one hut can be lived in longer than a season. The poor Esquimaux are, unfortunately, a very dirty people, and if they lived ever so long in one house they would never clean it. But the snow-house finally cleans itself in the most thorough manner, for as soon as the warm days of summer come it melts away, and its inmates must set about building a seal-skin tent that will shelter them till winter comes again.—*Jack-in-the-Pulpit, in St. Nicholas for January.*

HOW MUCH DO I COST YOU?

A LITTLE daughter, ten years old, lay on her death-bed. It was hard to part with the pet of the family; the golden hair, the loving blue eyes, the bird-like voice, the truthful affectionate child. How could she be given up? Between this child and her father there had always existed, not a relationship merely, but the love of congenial natures. He fell on his knees beside his darling's bedside and wept bitter tears. He strove to say, but could not, "Thy will be done." It was a conflict between grace and nature, such as he had never before experienced. His sobs disturbed the child, who had been lying apparently unconscious. She opened her eyes and looked distressed.

"Papa, dear papa," she said at length.

"What, my darling?" asked her father, striving for composure.

"Papa," she asked, in faint, broken tones, "how much do I cost you every year?"

"Hush, dear, be quiet!" he replied, in great agitation, for he feared delirium was coming on.

"But, please, papa, how much do I cost you?" To soothe her, he replied, though with a shaking voice. "Well, dearest, perhaps two hundred dollars. What then darling?"

"Because, papa, I thought maybe you would lay it out this year in Bibles, for poor children to remember me by."

A beam of heavenly joy glanced in the father's heart; the joy of one noble spirit mingled with it's like. Self was forgotten—the sorrow of parting, the lonely future. Naught remained but the mission of love, and a thrill of gratitude that he and his beloved were co-workers.

SAINT DAVID'S SUNDAY SCHOOL.

A MEETING was held December 27th, 1877, at the house of Bro. D. D. Williams, in St. Davids, Illinois, to organize a Sunday School; Bro. Edward Bennett presided and Bro. D. D. Williams acted as clerk.

On separate motions Bro. John T. Williams was chosen as Superintendent, Bro. Edward Bennett, Treasurer, Bro. John Richards, Secretary, and the time for holding the school was fixed for 10 a. m., each Sabbath. It is called the Zion's Hope Sunday School. The minutes of the meeting were ordered to be sent for publication in the *Hope*.

D. D. WILLIAMS, Clerk, pro tem.

EDITORIAL CHAT.

Bro. T. W. SMITH writes from Canton, Illinois, of the fine time they had there on Christmas Eve, at the Sabbath School Concert which consisted of songs, hymns, recitations and dialogues, followed by the distribution of presents, which, Bro. Smith says, were "numerous," and we suppose they had a "tree."

Bro. Samuel Ferris of Keokuk, Iowa, writes that their school had a Christmas tree and supper for the benefit of the school, and everything passed of pleasantly. Quite a number of the pupils sang Christmas songs and gave recitations. The members of the branch were joined with the children in having a good time. All the children received presents. The school is in a prosperous condition. Br. Ferris hopes that all the little Hopes everywhere enjoyed the holidays, and that they will commence the New Year with added interest in the cause of Christ.

The above descriptions of Christmas festivals will do also for the one at Plano, which was a concert of about two hours duration, followed by the distribution of gifts and presents from the tree, in which neither the editors, foreman nor compositors were forgotten. "Tis sweet to be remembered."

Bro. R. C. Elvin of Nebraska City, also writes of the good time at their Sabbath School Concert and Christmas Tree. "The church was crowded and all seemed happy," and the tree "was loaded with presents."

Sister Jennet Archibald writes from West Belleville, Illinois, that on the evening of December 31st, they had a sociable and concert and a "good time," which we suppose means that which was really good and innocent at all these places, and we wish that none of these amusements may degenerate into the worldly sort, or beget a craving for worldly amusements which abound in the cities and somewhat in the country. Bro. Joseph Smith was at West Belleville just before the 31st, while he was in the St. Louis District. He has not returned as we write, having left us December 21st. Later—he returned January 7th.

Will those who write for the *Hope* please use good black ink, or whatever be its color, that which is not dim and pale. Lead pencil writing is also annoying to the eyesight of editors and compositors, besides being sometimes almost obliterated or very dim.

We have on hand a story by sister Perla Wild, entitled "What I'll Do," but as Myrtle Gray's story and "Why Not Now?" were in hand first, we have not

space yet for the one by Perla, but will insert it as soon as possible without having too many continued ones at the same time. Meanwhile we thank, not only these three favorite writers, but all others who are doing so nobly to keep up the interest in the *HOPE*. May their ambition not lessen, nor their zeal slacken, but continually have something ready, or about ready, for a time of need to instruct and interest the Zion's Hopes.

Sister Regina L. Rohrer of Woodbine, Iowa, sends jointly to the editors a large perforated—card motto, worked in device, reading "Knowledge Is Power," upon which our initials are worked also. Thank you, sister Jennie. She also sends the following lines:

"Brethren Joseph and Henry and the Hopes:
I wish you a Merry Christmas,
And a Happy, long New Year,
With the cheering smiles of heaven,
With Knowledge, Light and Power;
With a good supply to live on,
And a little more to spare;
This is Jennie's earnest wish,
And this is Jennie's prayer."

JENNIE ROHRER.

As will be seen by their letters, sisters Sarah F. Curtis and Ina A. Kennedy reply to "Uncle John's" questions of December 15th. We are glad to see that the *Hope* is read and studied.

Correspondence.

LOGAN, Harrison County, Iowa,

December 16th, 1877.

Dear Hopes:—We have a nice Sunday School here now. We had a good conference last fall. It was the first conference I had attended for six years. I am ten years old now. My pa is up in the northern part of this state. We have meeting here most every Sunday. My sister is teaching school, and my brother is living in Columbus, Nebraska. I have a little blue eyed niece. From your sister in Christ,

PARLA DERRY.

SHENANDOAH, Page County, Iowa,

December 18th, 1877.

Dear Hopes:—Our school is out now, and I have more time to write. We have two weeks' vacation and then the winter school commences. We have a large school. I think it very pleasant to go to school in town where there are so many scholars. I am going to singing school this winter. We are going to have a nice concert at the close of it. We do not have any Sabbath School here of our Church, but there are three other every Sunday in town. Wishing you all a Merry Christmas,

CORDE BADHAM.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., Dec. 28th, 1877.

Dear Hopes:—I cannot write myself; I asked my papa to do it this time for me, and next time I hope to do it myself. I am seven years old, and I love to go to church. I wish there was a Sunday School here, and I hope there will be one before long. I love to sing in Sunday School. I have a little brother four years old his name is Henry. We had a nice Christmas dinner in the hall. I wish you all a happy New Year. I want to be baptized when I am eight years old. Good bye little Hopes, for this time. I have been to conference at Stewartville; and me and my brother had a splendid time at brother Kinneman's.

BENNY NIEDORP.

CORTLAND, Illinois, Dec. 25th, 1877.

Dear Hopes:—I wish you all a Merry Christmas. We had a turkey for dinner to day, it was a present to my aunt, and was found at the door last night. She also found about forty yards of sheeting, and we feel thankful to the givers, whoever they were. I was baptized last August, and I try to live nearer to Christ, but sometimes fail. Dear Hopes, you must all be baptized, sooner or later, for the remission of your sins, for the Bible says that he that climbs up any other way is the same as a thief and a robber, and I hope that none of us will be found as a thief and a robber. Pray for me, dear Hopes, that I may prove faithful to the end. Your brother in Christ,

DAVID A. CALHOON.

ISLAND MOUNTAIN, Elko Co., Nevada,

December 24th, 1877.

Dear Hopes:—I am a member of the Church. I was baptized by brother A. B. Johns, in Jack's Valley, Nevada, in 1873. I have been to Church but little, for we live seventy-five miles from Elko, which is our post office, and over four hundred miles from the Carson Branch to which I belong. We have school here at home for me and my little brother. The snow is sometimes from three to five feet deep here, and then we have fine sport on our snow shoes, which are

twelve feet long. We go to the top of the hill, or mountain, and then slide down as fast as a horse could run. Sometimes we fall and lose our shoes, and then we have a time getting down to them. I have the *Hope* to read. Father sent for eight *Hopes* for my niece, Ollie Atwell, to distribute among her school-mates in Elko. They like it very much. Respectfully,

JAMES E. PENROD.

ELKHORN CITY, Nebraska,

December 20th, 1877.

Dear Hopes:—I am not baptized yet but hope to be soon. I am eight years old. I cannot write, for we live so far from school, so I have to get my brother to write for me. But father is going to Zion as soon as he can, and I hope we will live near to school, so that I can go. I study at home, and my lessons are arithmetic and spelling. I read nine verses a day in the Testament and mother explains it to me. We are having very mild weather for this time of the year in Nebraska. It is rain and fog now, December 20th, and no frost in the ground. Pray for me, little Hopes, that I may be one of your number.

MARY A. F. CURTIS.

ELKHORN CITY, Nebraska,

December 20th, 1877.

Dear Hopes:—I wish that sister Perla Wild would write some more stories for our little paper, for I like her writings very much. We have no Sunday School here, but we have meeting every Sunday. Dear Hopes, pray for me that I may be faithful to the end, so that we may all meet in Zion to reign a thousand years.

SARAH F. CURTIS.

Caldwell County, Mo., Dec. 23d, 1877.

Dear little *Hope*:—I do not know what I would do without you. I liked sister Lilly's letter and sister Jennet's very well, and I like to read all my little brother's and sister's letters. I go to school. I like my teacher very well. I am trying to serve the Lord as well as I know how. I ask an interest in the prayers of the Hopes and I will pray for you all. From your loving friend,

LOTTIE M. BARBER.

Puzzle Corner.

Answers in One Month.

WORD PUZZLE.—No. 2.

My 1st is in joy, but not in distress.
My 2d is in no, but not in yes.
My 3d is in high, but not in tall.
My 4th is in wine, but not in gall.
My 5th is in tax, but not in law.
My 6th is in drive, but not in draw.
My 7th is in table, but not in knife.
My 8th is in live, but not in life.
My 9th is in idle, but not in work,
My 10th is in store, but not in clerk.
My whole is the name of an Elder in the Church.

IDA I. WEEKS.

ANAGRAM.—No. 2.

TRANSPPOSITION OF LETTERS AND WORDS.

"Never have I seen faith like it, if not so, wo, on dads gab."

HON. R. J. IS SHARP.

PUZZLE.—No. 2.

In a garden there strayed,
A beautiful maid,
As fair as the flowers of morn;
The first hour of her life,
She was chosen a wife,
And she died before she was born.

JENNIE RANDALL.

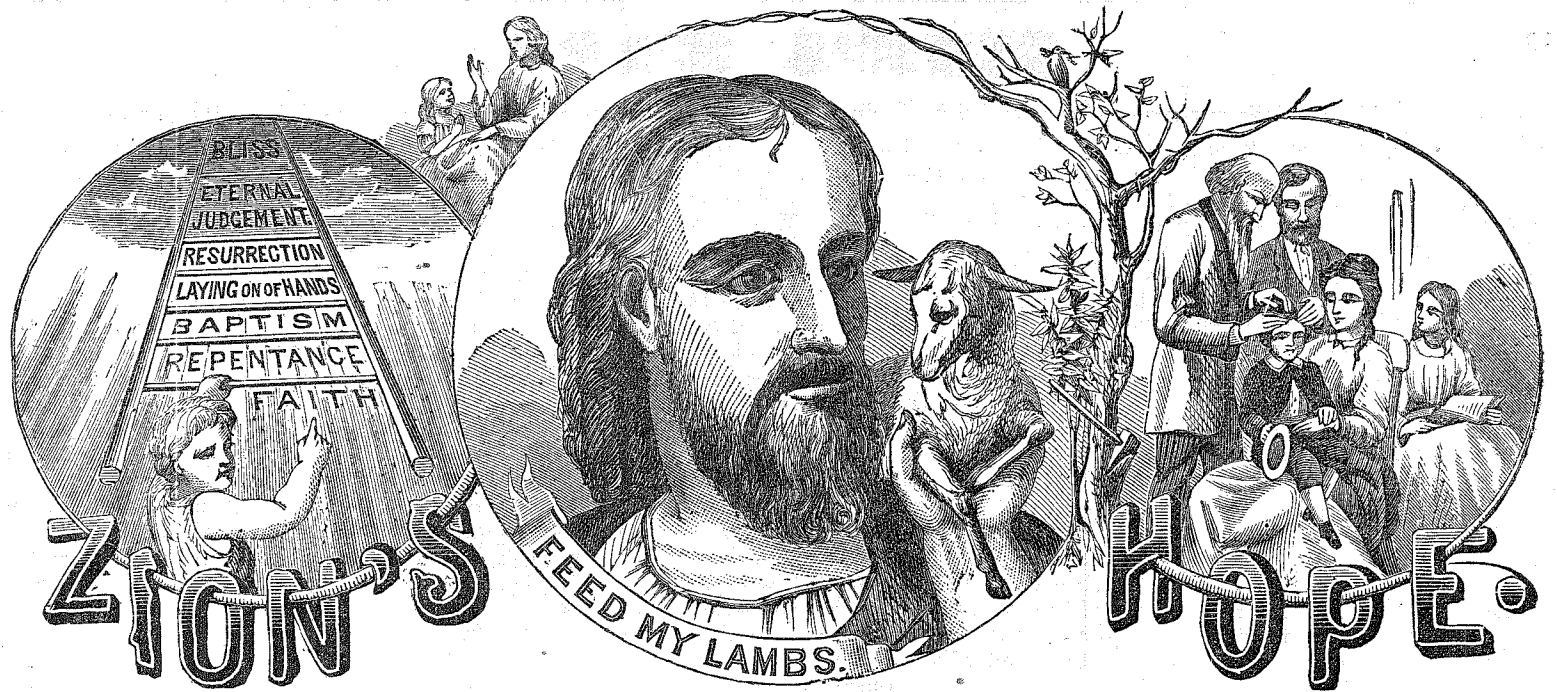
Answers to Puzzle Corner of Dec. 15th.

- 1 To Word Puzzle No. 25.—To Zion's Hope Rising Star Sunday School.
- 2 To Puzzle No. 10.—He set them in the form of a star with five points, a tree at each point and one at each intersection of the lines drawn from point to point—five points and five crossings.
Correct answers received from Vesta Hostetter to No. 2; Lottie Stivers 2; Emma Potter to Anagram No. 18, too late for last issue.

15 January 78.

A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue. Owing to the fact that we make nothing on the *Hope* we would like to see subscriptions paid up as early as possible, and delinquent ones especially. With the small margin to work upon, the cost of paper and postage for papers sent on credit for a few issues or for months, forces us as a general rule to discontinue sending it when the time is out, at which we hope no one will take offence but watch this notice hereafter for the blue mark.

All remittances, orders, and business communications intended for the office of publication, must be directed to Henry A. Stebbins, Box 50, Plano, Kendall Co., Ill. Money may be sent by Draft on Chicago, Post Office Order on Plano, Registered Letter, or by Express; but there is very little risk in sending small sums of money in an ordinary letter.



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

Vol. 9.

PLANO, KENDALL CO., ILL., FEBRUARY 1, 1878.

No. 15.

"SING, O SING, YE HOPES OF ZION."

TUNE.—Hold the Fort.

Long ago, in Beth'lem City,
Was the Savior's birth;
When the angels sang the chorus,
Peace, good-will on earth.

*Sing, O sing, ye Hopes of Zion,
In your Savior's praise;
To adore the Lord of glory,
Let your voices raise.*

From his home of light and glory,
Came the Son of God;
As a pilgrim and a stranger,
On the earth he trod.

Though he was the Lord of heaven,
Yet became a child;
And he was a man of sorrows,
Hated and reviled.

On the cross his life was taken,
There his blood was shed;
He was buried, yet the Father
Raised him from the dead.

Then he rose and went to heaven
As our great High Priest;
But he'll come and meet his children
At the "marriage feast."

He will come and reign forever,
Nations will adore:
And his Saints will share his glory.
Blessed forever more.

T. W. SMITH.

BY A HEAVENLY FATHER'S HAND.

BY MYRTLE GRAY.
CHAPTER II.

THE next morning, at the breakfast table, Fred introduced the subject that was uppermost in his mind: "Father is there anything I could get to do now adays?"

Mr. Manvers looked up and asked, "Anything you can do? I hardly think I understand."

"Well I want some aim in life, and I don't want to lead a useless life because we are rich."

"Why, you are going back to school after vacation, of course," said his mother, "and you know very well you can be a gentleman, and move in the best society; but if you must do something, your father can take you into the store with him."

"But that isn't what I want; I don't care a pin for the best society—"

"You are not like Flo or I," sighed Mrs. Manvers.

"Well, Fred, what is it? speak out."

"I want to learn to be a farmer."

"A farmer!" screamed Flo.

"A rude, vulgar farmer!" said Mrs. Manvers, a good for nothing nobody!"

Mr. Manvers smiled, he had expected something like that.

"Mother, where did this come from?" asked Fred, holding up a piece of bread, "and this," as he helped himself to another baked potato.

"But you, my son, coming down to rough labor!" said his mother.

"It is all nonsense!" said Florence indignantly; "How would you look coming to town on a vegetable cart?"

"How would I look coming to one of your parties with cowhide boots on, and all the rest to match, 'How de du sister Flo, right smart company you've got here, haint it?'" and he laughed merrily at her look of disgust.

"Well, I don't blame you; I think the country a much better place for young boys than the city is; and if you have that notion in your head, I'll see what can be done."

"Thank you, father, I always had a 'hankerin' after the country, as Jim says."

"It is no wonder he has such low tastes when he is encouraged in them by his father."

"Mother, weren't you ever a country girl?" asked Fred mischievously.

"Those days are gone," she answered blushing to the roots of her hair.

"I know mother will let me go, won't you mother?" said he, going around to her, and he was about to put his arms around her neck, a fashion he had from a little child, when he was particularly anxious for a favor, but she held out her hands, saying,

"Don't, Fred, you'll soil my collar, it is arranged so gracefully."

Fred left the dining-room took his hat and walked furiously down the street, as he always did when he was perplexed. He had gone some distance when, bump! and he saw a basket fly in one direction, some parcels in another, and he sprang forward just in time to save a young girl from falling.

"Excuse my awkwardness in not seeing you," said he apologetically, and, picking up the basket, he replaced its scattered contents, and swung it carelessly on his arm; "Let me carry it for you, you look tired."

"It is rather heavy," she said; "but I don't want to trouble you."

"No trouble at all; besides I must make amends for my carelessness. I am Fred Manvers, and live up this street; and you—"

"I am Mary Allen," she said simply.

"And don't they call you May, or Mamie, or Marie?" asked Fred.

"No," said Mary laughing, "just Mary."

"Then your mother must be an oddity."

"O no, she is quite like other women, I assure you."

"Fred glanced down at her as she spoke, and he noticed that she was very neatly and tastefully dressed, from the snowy ruffle at the throat to the tips of her shoes."

"No, she is not," persisted he.

"Why do you think so?" asked Mary.

"Because," said he innocently, "if she was, your dress would be all sewed up in a bunch."

Mary could not help smiling, "O no, we are not what you would call fashionable people; my mother-thinks it is a sin to waste so much time and money on dress, when we can spend both with a great deal more profit to ourselves."

"Then I must see your mother," exclaimed Fred enthusiastically, "for those are just my sentiments."

"Of course you must, and she will be glad to see you, I know."

And they chatted till they reached the street on which Mary lived.

"Here is our home," said she stopping before a small frame house which set back from the street just far enough to leave place for a flower garden; "and there is mother watching for me."

"Fred saw a plainly dressed, motherly looking lady, who, when Mary introduced him, welcomed him warmly, although her daughter thought she saw a shadow pass over her face when she spoke his name, but when she greeted him, she concluded it must have been a mistake. And Fred was conscious of wondering if this lady's collar was as easily soiled as his mother's, then smiled at the very idea. To one who was accustomed to the splendors of wealth this little cottage must have appeared poor in contrast. But not so with Fred. It seemed to him almost as an oasis in a desert; the very atmosphere seemed to suggest pure thoughts and holy aspirations. Although the rooms were modestly furnished, yet he experienced that which he had never felt in his mother's magnificent drawing-rooms, and that was rest. Nothing there caught his eye to remind him of the fashionable world of which he was so completely wearied. Mrs. Allen's heart went out to this almost lonely boy at once. She saw in him a frank, honest, intelligent boy; and, as she looked at his animated countenance while he was explaining to Mary some of the mysteries of the deep, she saw in him some noble qualities of mind. The time passed and Fred had already

stayed much longer than would have made a fashionable call. He said something about going home, but Mrs. Allen would not hear of it.

"You have had a long walk and you must stay and take dinner with us."

It was very unfashionable; my dears, but; as everything fashionable seemed to be abandoned here, Fred Manvers stepped out of his chains and accepted the invitation. Mr. Allen came in from his work, and was duly introduced to Fred; and, although he was a laborer, yet Fred saw at a glance that he was a gentleman. Dinner being announced, they gathered around the table, which, in all its appointments was neat even to daintiness, from the snowy cloth and napkins, to the brightly polished glass, knives and spoons. Bowing his head reverently Mr. Allen asked the blessing. Here was a new phase of life for Fred. The idea of thanking God for the necessities of life was an entirely unheard of thing in his splendid home. Yet this little family who were comparatively poor had time to be religious; not wearing their religion merely as a Sunday garment, to be cast off, and thought of no more till the next Sunday, but carrying it with them into their every day life. When Fred went home that day with a cordial invitation to come often, it was with feelings of thankfulness that he had met one family in that large city whose members had not offered up their souls on the altar of fashion.

To be Continued.

MANUAL LABOR.

THE practice of educating boys for the professions which are already in view is vastly on the increase in this country. Fifty years ago a man was not afraid to put his children to the plow, or to a mechanical trade; but now they are too feeble for bodily labor. One has a pain in his side, another a slight cough, another a very delicate constitution; and so, poor Bobby, or Tommy, or Billy is sent off to the city to weigh coffee or draw molasses. It seems never to occur to these foolish parents that moderate manual labor in the pure and bracing air of the country is just what these puny wasp-waisted lads need, and to send them to the unhealthy city, is to send them to their graves.

If they would let them follow the plow, or shove the plane, their chests would be expanded, their sunken cheeks plumped out, and their lungs now confined would have room to play. And when they shall cast off their jackets, instead of being thin and pale, they shall be the size of men. A lawyer's office, a counting-room or a grocery are among the last places to which a sickly youth should be sent.

After years of toil some become bankrupt or retire, and now being unfit for manual labor, they bitterly lament the day when they forsook the peaceful pursuits of the country for the excitement of city life and an easy time.

DOWVILLE, IOWA.

HARRISON RUDD.

FRUITS OF EARLY TRAINING.

DARLING HOPES:—In a far off land a young man heard the good tidings of the gospel of peace and obeyed it. The Lord soon made choice of him to bear the message to other hearts, and he went in obedience to the call, but he felt a deep pang of sorrow at parting with the one companion of his choice; but both agreed that the calling was from God, and, they meekly submitted to stern duty rather than listen to pleasure's charms. Two lonely children were born to them, a girl and boy. Only the heart of a christian parent can tell how deeply they were loved by the youthful parents; but the burden of training these tender plants devolved upon the mother, for the father's duty lay in the broad harvest field. There he must toil to preach the gospel, gathering sheaves into the garner of the Lord.

Time rolled on and duty seemed to call them to this land. They came, and that tender mother soon bowed to the hardships she had to endure, and on the Rocky Mountains her frail body sleeps; but she had planted in the mind of her eldest child, then four years old, the germs of that endless life. The little boy was too young to receive the impressions of truth from her lips. And now they were motherless; but he who cares for the tender lambs, and carries them in his bosom, sent them another mother, one who was full of the pure and holy virtues of the gospel. She was fitted in every way to fill up the vacancy and to be a wife and a mother. She entered upon the duty with a trembling heart; and, with a true sense of the obligations, she nobly assumed the task to train those little plants, that they might bud, blossom and bear fruit to the heavenly Father. The father and husband was now permitted to share the task with her and tried to do his part.

But soon a dark vision passed before his mind, and despair clouded his once bright prospects and dashed his hopes of eternal life away. The same shaded the pathway of his loved ones. The fruits of the gospel seemed to have turned to ashes on their lips. Error had crushed out the truth; corruption had triumphed where purity had been supposed to reign, and, in that dark hour, every thing seemed to partake of the dominant corruption. In his despair the father turned from his God, and wallowed in the deep, cold, dark depths of infidelity. Still there was a love for truth and virtue, but he knew not where to find them, and he sought in vain for them in those dark depths. Although the walls of those caverns were garnished with the high-sounding names of science, free thought, etc., those names only served to bewilder and distract the mind. Loving his family, he determined to remove them from that sink of abomination into which they had been decoyed; and they all returned to the States.

And now for the main part of my story: They were living in a little frame house on the bluffs of the Elkhorn. One night they had all retired to bed; but no prayers had been offered for protection, for the family altar had long been torn down. They had not been in bed long ere they fell asleep; but the mother, only dozing, imagined that she saw a light in the room, and opening her eyes, all seemed in a blaze of light. She roused her husband, and he jumped from his bed. The house was trembling from the effects of a terrible wind, and the whole country seemed in a blaze. The parents were quickly dressed and dressed their little ones. The father stood with the door ajar in his hand, watching the progress of the dreadful prairie fire, as it raged on toward that slender building, expecting every moment when it would be in flames, and wondering what he should do with his loved ones. He turned to the garden, it was bare, and he determined that as soon as the flames struck the house he would take them to that bare spot; but the tornado seemed so fearful that he durst not expose them to its power until he was compelled to do so by the fire. Poor man! he had no God now, and there was no human hope. His little girl, now eight years old, stood upon the floor, her face full of fear, but in her heart welled up the remembrance of Him who had been once her father's God; and in that trying hour, there burst forth these words; "O, father, I hope God will help us." Her father, almost mechanically, replied, "Yes, darling, God will help us," and in that instant the wind veered round almost as quick as the lightning; and the flames were carried in an opposite direction, and the family were saved.

By and by the light of heaven returned to that family; the family altar was erected again; the father devoted himself to his God-given task; and, after suffering poverty and trials for the gospel and almost weary in well-doing, he called his family around him to consult as to the wisdom of his still continuing in the ministry, and this same little girl, now a woman grown, in a voice

full of love and true piety, said, "Father, the Lord will not prosper you in any thing but in preaching the gospel;" and then she gave the assurance that whatever her feeble efforts could do towards keeping him in the ministry should be done. The whole family acknowledged that it was the will of the Lord; and although it caused a pang to give him still to the work, the sacrifice should be borne.

Hence, little Hopes, you are sometimes permitted to see that feeble instrument, and hearing him declaring the gospel of glad tidings to the world, not because he receives "six hundred dollars per year" from the church, as one good, but mistaken brother might suppose some are getting, but mainly because the feeble hands of members of his own family, together with the never-to-be-forgotten kindness of a few other noble hearts, sustain him. And this is the fruit of early training in the gospel, which all the dark clouds of error could not entirely smother. The moral may be found useful to both parents and children. In conclusion let me wish you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

God grant a merry Christmas to the band of Zion's Hopes,
May their joys be pure and holy, the gospel's precious fruits;
And when the new year greets them, may it abound with smiles,
To glad their young and tender hearts, and every care beguile;
O, may his Spirit bless them, and guide their youthful feet,
In ways of truth and virtue, and make their bliss complete.

ONE WHO LOVES THE HOPES.

HOPE ON, HOPE EVER.

DEAR HOPES:—I have become acquainted with your nice little paper, *Zion's Hope*, and I think it very nice to have a paper to tell of our hopes, and to talk to one another in, and in which to tell how good the Lord Jesus is and what he has done for us, and what he will do for all who will be his Hopes and love him. He wants us to tell of his goodness and cheer each other and do all the good we can. Then he will help us keep our hope bright till he comes or sends for us. I too am a Hope, and like to hear from all the Hopes; for I want you all to keep your hope bright and I think that reading *Zion's Hope* will help you. If you cannot take it coax pa or ma to take it for you, and when you get your papers show them to all the little children you can who are not Hopes in Christ's fold. Read to them, don't be ashamed to tell them about your hopes, for Jesus says that if we are ashamed of him he will be ashamed of us. So "hope on, hope ever." You must never be downcast or weary of serving God, but always look up to God; "hope on, hope ever." Dear little Hopes, did you ever notice when going out for a ramble, that all the creation of God seems to speak of hope? All the trees and pretty flowers look up to him and seem to say "We are hoping on, hoping ever." While I am writing now every time I raise my eyes they fall on a pretty little plant on the window before me. I do not know its name. A bright little girl gave it to me last September when I was coming home from conference. It leans over towards the glass, looking up to the sky, so hopefully. Let us ever keep our hope green as it does. I call it little Hope. I will bid you all adieu for this time, by telling you to "hope on, hope ever." I will write to you again sometime. Your sister in hope,

ANNIE S. ROSE.

APPLICATION.

THE quality of steadfast application does not belong to youth. Even elder years do not always possess it. It is almost entirely to be acquired. True, there are young people who can apply themselves to a certain subject, or scheme, and hold on with great tenacity; but they are few. With most people the virtue of adhering to an idea has to be laboriously learned and practiced, ere it becomes a settled habit.

We see this lack of application in every age and condition of life. The girl who has half a dozen pet projects, or pieces of work begun, all of

them in a uniform unfinished state, has not learned the satisfying lesson of completing one thing before beginning another. The boy who makes so many attempts at different callings, pursuing no one steadily, but trying all by turns, to leave them in disgust, has not the power of applying himself. He will veer from one occupation to another, until he becomes incapable of selecting any. Fickle and unreliable, he scarcely ever grows into a useful member of society. How common it is to hear a friend speak of a new study he has taken up, with earnestness. How enthusiastic he is in its praise! How much he proposes to accomplish! We are infected by his warmth, and share with him his enjoyment. We meet again—make inquiry as to his progress, and are met with a shrug, and the declaration that “twasn’t worth the trouble,” or he “hadn’t time!” and “got tired of it!”

WHY NOT NOW?

CHAPTER II.

WHILE Frank is waiting to get well, and Phil is watching every day for, and impatient at the slow improvement in his friend's condition, it is a good time to tell the readers of the *Hope* something of who these young men were.

Frank Mason was the son of a western farmer, and was raised on a farm. His father's family was large, and as soon as Frank was nineteen, his father told him that he might go to work for himself, as he and the younger boys would be enough to take care of the home farm. So he began to take care of himself, and had for two years worked in the summer time and gone to school in the winter. He was a hard working student, always well up in his classes, and had so well improved his time, that at the opening of our story he was about entering into a business arrangement with a practicing lawyer, to go into his office to read law and take a partnership in the business. He had drifted about some in his labor, but was only a few miles away from the homestead of his father, and was glad to have an opportunity to settle down and begin work in earnest.

Phil, (Philip), Lebrae was a member of a very respectable family, only a few years citizens of the little village of N—, where the scene of our story lies. His father and mother had removed from the east for the purpose of affording a wider range for the talents of his family of five boys, and three girls, of whom Philip was the oldest. The land of steady habits had grown small to Mr. Lebrae, after a few months spent in the west, the year before his removal, and when he returned to his home, he at once decided to remove. A successful business had resulted in a competency; and investing the larger part of his fortune in good securities, he put the remainder into a small business venture to give employment to himself and such of his family as were at home, after school hours; as one of the thrifty maxims adopted by him demanded that, “every mind must have its care, and every body its labor.” Phil, as all called him, except his mother, a good, old fashioned soul who always called the full given name of each of the family, as precise as possible, was a generous, active boy, frail looking, but full of fire and endurance; energetic, and faithful, because he prized such qualities. He had been at school pretty much all the time of the stay of the family in N—, and had formed the acquaintance of Frank; and, “because he couldn’t help it,” as he stated to his father, he “liked him from the first.” This liking had been fully reciprocated by Frank, and a sort of Jonathan and David friendship, had sprung up between them. To this friendship the elder Lebrae had at first objected, as his puritanical notions made him feel some distrust of Frank’s careless and unrestrained manner; for, although he knew nothing of actual evil in the life of the young man, he feared because, as he said, in explanation to his wife, “where there was

no profession of faith, there could be no stability of character, and Mr. Mason, you know is not a church member.”

“But,” interposed Mrs. Lebrae, about half inclined to give the young man the same kind of reception that Philip had done, “but, he attends church quite regularly; and always pays the best of attention.”

“Yes, I know that. But then, as he has told our boy Phil, he sees no reason why he should join the church, and he also seems to have a particular aversion to our good, old Presbyterian faith.”

Mrs. Lebrae said no more, but waited hoping that a further acquaintance with her boy’s companion, might result favorably to him. She felt some way satisfied that the natural instincts of her oldest, and favorite son, would not go far wrong in the selection of a friend.

Nothing that was said to Philip against his associating with Frank Mason, had any weight with him. So long as his father did not positively forbid him from visiting with Frank, he kept all that was said to himself, and kept up his intimacy. He found his friend more companionable than any other of his acquaintances, and took pleasure in resting content with the conclusions of his strong, manly, common sense.

They had together been attending the public meetings held by Mr. Moody, the revivalist, and together had listened to the impassioned appeals made to the sinful and erring to turn in with those going Zionward. Phil had been strongly impressed to go forward; and had wondered why his comrade could remain so apparently unmoved, when others were being so excited. He had joined his entreaties and importunities to the invitation of the preacher; but all he could get out of his friend on the subject was, “Wait, awhile longer; let us see how it all turns out; I may go, sometime.”

“Why not now?” This was Phil’s question, as they stood on the steps, from which the runaway team called them as we have seen.

UNCLE J.

Continued.

PREPARE.

WILL the Hopes allow me to wish them a merry, pleasant Christmas. May health; pleasant thoughts, and happy faces, be the companions of each one during all the coming year; but, in order to secure these great blessings, we must ever strive to do good, and to so govern and direct our thoughts in ways of peace and love, that our faces will tell the story to each one we meet, of the love and joy in our hearts; love first to Him who is the giver of all our blessings, then love to each one who is called a child of God, and joy that we are among the number called the children of God. How earnestly ought we to strive to be worthy this blessed name: A child of God. We often speak of fighting for the cause of our Master, and of overcoming. We sing of these also. Do we really call to mind the true meaning of this fighting, and what is the great warfare we have undertaken? It is simply to overcome that which is not right in our own hearts, and in its stead to plant that which we can feel the Lord is pleased to see. We all feel that it is indeed a warfare, that we shall be engaged in during all our lives. There is much said in all the world about war, and warfare, but, my dear young friends, this one, this war to overcome our own evil ways and desires, is the only warfare upon which the Lord will place his sealing blessing, the only one he is pleased to witness, and how beautiful the thought that the Lord and holy angels are pleased with our work. Will not this thought bring smiles, and happy faces? The remark is often made, that the Latter Day Saints are the happiest people known. And well we may be, in view of the blessing we have received, and in the light of the gospel of our Lord. How earnestly ought we to strive to show forth our

thanks for so great a blessing, by bringing ourselves into subjection to his Spirit, and in preparing ourselves to dwell with the Lord in his holy hill. My friends, read Psalms 25th chapter [15th, Eds.] We are nearing the great and glorious morning, and again I would exhort the young Hopes to frequent and earnest prayer for divine aid in the struggle to fill their hearts with peace, joy, love, and in order that their faces may beam with gladness, and that they be found worthy to meet him when he descends.

AUNT LUCY.

LOVE.

DEAR HOPES:—this is what we should all possess; for, where true love is, there is peace, and pleasure, and all is calm, and there is no hatred toward one another. Where the Saints have love, pure and true, that is where the Spirit of God is, and they all love to meet their brothers and sisters, for they all are one. They have no anger toward any, for they love all, and love to meet daily with them, and the Lord blesses them with his Holy Spirit.

Brothers and sisters, we as Saints of the living God, and who have obeyed his commands, having entered into the covenant by the same door, being buried with Christ in baptism, having put on the clean robe, and having come out from the world, to follow the teachings of our Savior and to defend the true Gospel, or to stand up for that which is right. Do we all possess this true love? I am afraid not. Now let us all strive to have this great blessing. How much more pleasant it is to utter, “I love,” than to say “I hate.” How much peace and encouragement there is to a brother when he has said unkind words to a sister, for him to hear her say “I love him still.” What pleasure there is to a husband to return home and his companion meet him with a kind word and a pleasant look, welcoming him home again from his toil and labor. O, what a joy it is to that family, where pure and true love exists. The Savior says, “If ye love me keep my commandments.” So, if we possess this true love we will show it by our works, and I hope there is not a reader of this paper but can say that they possess this great blessing; for it is the greatest blessing we can receive, because without love we have not the Spirit of God.

Let us examine ourselves, and see if we all possess it; and if you find yourself lacking, go to God in prayer and ask him to bless you with a mild spirit, and with that love that casteth out all fear. Go with an honest heart and you will be blessed, for God is a prayer hearing and a prayer answering God. I wish that we may all have that true love. Your sister in the hope of Zion,

ANNA.

CHILDREN'S ETIQUETTE.

ALWAYS say, “Yes, sir,” “No, sir,” “Yes pa,” “Thank you,” “Good night,” “Good morning.”

Use no slang words.

Clean faces, clean finger-nails, indicate good breeding. Never leave your clothes about the room. Have a place for every thing, and every thing in its place.

Rap before entering a room, and never leave it with your back to the company.

Always offer your seat to a lady or old gentleman.

Never put your feet on cushions, chairs, or tables.

Never overlook any one when reading or writing, nor read or talk aloud while others are reading.

Never talk or whisper at meetings or public places, and especially in a private room, where any one is singing or playing the piano.

Be careful to injure no one’s feelings by unkind remarks. Never tell tales, make faces, call names, ridicule the lame, mimic the unfortunate, nor be cruel to insects, birds, or animals.

NEBRASKA CITY SUNDAY SCHOOL.

REPORT for the quarter ending December thirty-first, 1877: attendance 250, average attendance 25.1, collections \$10.19, verses recited 178. Two essays read by the superintendent. There seems at present to be a more lively interest taken by the members than heretofore.

J. W. WALDSMITH, Secretary and Librarian.

Correspondence.

HUTCHINSON, Colorado,
December 29th, 1877.

Dear Brother Stebbins:—I am going to try and answer some of the questions asked in our last *Hope* by Uncle John. I think it would be very cruel to imprison any of the faithful servants of God, and I think they could be released just the same as Peter was, if we are faithful; for the Lord says that he is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, and his course is one eternal round. Peter was released by an angel of the Lord, through the prayer of faith. We find an account of it in the twelfth chapter of Acts. I don't feel able to answer any more this time, but I hope to be able to do more by and by.

INA A. KENNEDY.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, Iowa, Jan. 1st, 1878.

Uncle Henry:—I take the *Hope* and I love to read its pages, especially the letters from the young Hopes. My parents belong to the Church, and I intend to when I get old enough. I have never been to school only about six months, but I study at home and I trust all the young Hopes who do not have a chance to go to school do the same. If we do this we can get an education. Pray for me Uncle Henry that I may be a good girl, and that I may learn my books, obey my parents and serve God.

CLARA M. HARTWELL.

GREENVILLE, Pennsylvania,
Sunday, December 2d, 1877.

Dear Hopes:—When I last wrote to you we were living at Emsworth, but we are now living at Greenville. It is a pretty place of about four thousand inhabitants. It is not very hilly, and you can see miles over the rolling country. It is a beautiful picture. We are a good ways from a branch, but there are two families of Saints here, so we have meeting sometimes, and do not feel quite so lonely. I have been thinking about how many things we ought to be thankful for. The *Herald* and the *Hope* are welcome visitors. When we read the daily papers there is something unpleasant in them to mar your peace, but not so with the *Herald* and *Hope*. When you read them there is peace for the mind and meat for the soul. I would like to hear some more from Sister Lena. There is something in her articles for both old and young. Bear Hopes, remember me in your prayers, for I never forget you at the throne of grace; and if we pray in faith believing he is sure to answer our prayers. Your sister in the gospel,

MARY E. HULMES.

LITTLE BLUE, Jackson County, Missouri,
January 8th, 1878.

Dear Hopes:—When I wrote before I was in London, Ontario; but now we have moved to Jackson county, Missouri. I like this place very well, and I find it is warmer here than in London. I go to school and I like my teacher, but I have two miles to go, and the roads are so muddy that I cannot go much. A few weeks ago I went with pa to Wyandotte, and we stayed over Sunday with brother Newton. In the afternoon at prayer meeting we had a good time, and were blessed with the gifts of the gospel. I am trying to live this year better than before. Pray for me. Your brother in Christ,

ROBERT PARKER.

BEVIER, Macon County, Missouri,
January 14th, 1878.

Dear Hopes:—I am twelve years old. I was baptized two years ago the fifteenth of this month, by brother James Kemp. My pa and ma and both my sisters and my brother are all in the Church. I do not go to school in the week now. We have Sunday School at ten o'clock every Sunday, and Saints meeting in the afternoon, and preaching in the evening, and prayer meeting on Wednesday evening. Good bye. From your sister in the Church of Christ,

RUTH A. DAVIES.

MILLERSBURG, Ills., Dec. 31st, 1877.

Dear Hopes:—I am ten years old. I have been baptized more than a year. I go to Sunday School every Sabbath. We have prayer meeting every Sunday morning, and preaching in the evening. I love to read the *Hope* very much. I am trying to serve God and to keep his commandments. I went to con-

ference at Peoria the first of this month. We had a good conference and two were baptized. Monday after conference I went around with Harry Briggs sight seeing. We went into the pottery and saw them make earthen ware; and to the water works which are very fine. We went also to Sulphur Park where I saw a bear, a fox, and some other animals. We took a little boat ride on the lake in the park. Your brother in Christ.

FRANK ENNIS.

WARREN'S MILL, Monroe Co., Wisconsin,
December 30th, 1877.

Dear Hopes:—I will improve a few moments writing to you. I would like to see you all, but I cannot; yet I trust that the time will come when we will all see one another face to face. I take pleasure in reading the letters in the *Hope*. I was twelve years old last March. I was baptized when I was eight years old. I hope to meet you in Zion. My love to you all,

VESTA HOSTETTER.

COFFEYVILLE, Kan., Jan. 4th, 1878.

Dear Hopes:—I am glad to write to you again concerning how the Saints are here. We have a very good branch here of thirty members. There is preaching every other Sunday and sacrament once a month. I went to conference at Pleasant View Branch. A great many were there, and we had good meetings. Our next conference will be at Columbus on the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth of March. We have three Elders in our branch, and two teachers and one deacon. I am trying to do my duty as well as I know how, and I intend to go on and do all I can towards building up this work. I ask an interest in your prayers, that I may endure until the end. Your brother in Christ,

GEORGE W. HART.

STARFIELD, Clinton County, Missouri,
January 6th, 1878.

Dear Hopes:—I hope you have all enjoyed a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. The weather here has been very wet and muddy and warm, till since Christmas, but it has turned cold now, and the roads are very rough. I am ten years old. I do not belong to the Church, but I hope I may some day. I went to school some last summer. My studies were reading, writing, spelling, geography and arithmetic. Good by for the present.

ANNIE BINSTAD.

LITTLE BLUE, Jackson County, Missouri,
January 8th, 1878.

Dear Hopes:—The *Herald* and *Hope* are very welcome visitors at our home. I would not like to be without them. We live eight miles from Independence, the nearest branch, so we do not get to meeting every Sunday. I hope that soon there will be a branch nearer us, that we may attend meetings regularly. I am fourteen years old. I was baptized in London, Ontario, nearly two years ago. I hope to meet you all in Zion. Your sister in Christ,

MAGGIE PARKER.

GALENA, Kansas, Jan. 14th, 1878.

Dear Hopes:—This snowy Sabbath morning I feel like writing to our little paper, as I am one of the readers. I am now visiting my sister in Galena, Kansas, but I don't know how long I will remain. It is a very pleasant little mining town, only eight months old, but there is no branch here yet. My home is in Atchison, about two hundred and twenty miles from here. We have a nice little branch there, and there are prayer meetings Sunday afternoon, and preaching at night, and prayer meeting Wednesday night. There is a branch in Joplin, Missouri, about eight miles from here, but I don't know how large it is. Asking an interest in your prayers, that I may be faithful. I am yours with love.

LUCY STAWPERT.

NEBRASKA CITY, Nebraska,
January 16th, 1878.

Dear Hopes:—It is with a happy feeling I attempt to write, because I, as well as many of you have rendered obedience to the Gospel of Jesus Christ while young, and have an abiding testimony for myself that the gospel is true, which I rejoice in continually. Our conference was held here January thirteenth and fourteenth, and we had a joyful time in our fellowship meetings Sunday and Monday nights. The Spirit of God was present, and the Gifts of the gospel were enjoyed, tongues, interpretations and prophecy by several of the brethren, which gladdened and cheered our hearts. We did not close till after twelve o'clock Monday night. The Spirit spoke both to the old and to the young in regard to what God required of them. The young were commanded to forsake their follies and to use their time in doing God's will, and not to follow the things of the world, because the time was fast approaching when Jesus Christ would come in the clouds with his Saints. Therefore, if they would not heed the word of God here, then in

that day he would not own them as his children. Then they would ask him to let them in also, but his answer would be, "Depart from me ye workers of iniquity; I know you not." My prayer is that both old and young may so live that when Christ shall come we may be found among those on his right hand, and receive his approval and blessing for our work here on earth. If Jesus shall say unto us in that day, "I know you not," O how painful it will be. May God help all to be faithful to our covenants, that Christ may own and accept us in his kingdom. Your sister in the gospel,

ANNA NIELSEN.

Puzzle Corner.

Answers in One Month.

WORD PUZZLE.—No. 3.

My 1st is in joy, but not in peace.
My 3d is in low, but not in high.
My 3d is in heart, but not in soul.
My 4th is in Nephi, but not in Lehi.
My 5th is in thee, but not in me.
My 6th is in David, but not in Solomon.
My 7th is in man, but not in boy.
My 8th is in evil, but not in good.
My 9th is in spirit but not in flesh.
My 10th is in his, but not in mine.
My whole is the name of a man of God.

GEORGE W. HART.

ANAGRAM.—No. 3.

"Helbod, I ilwl nesd rof ynam hisfres, aisth het Dorl, adn yeth ahsel hsef meth; nad retaf wlll I need ofr ynam nuhsret nad yeth lihah nuth hemt orfm veery euntnaim, nad orfm reevy illh dna uto fo eth seloh fo teh corks."

ELAIC TRGSONAMR.

HIDDEN RIVERS.—No. 2.

1 Can you rally your forces for another attack?
2 Major Danforth is an old friend.
3 I have abandoned that course of action.
4 Oh, I owe you a quarter, don't I?

PUZZLE.—No. 3.

[Use Roman Numerals.] From six take 9; from nine take 10; from forty take 50, and have six left from the lot.

J. E. ROGERSON.

Answers to Puzzle Corner of Jan. 1st.

1 To Word Puzzle, No. 1.—Jeremiah Jeremiah.
2 To Anagram, No. 1.—

Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do;"
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you.
Take the task he gives you, gladly;
Let his work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly, when he calleth,
"Here am I,—send me, send me."

3 To Puzzle, No. 1.—Tobacco.

4 To Hidden Rivers, No. 1.—Rhone, Aar, Seine, Loire.

Correct answers received from Mary E. McGuire to Nos. 2 and 3; Maggie Parker, 2; Lottie Phillips, 2; Mary E. Allen, 2, 3, also, to Puzzle No. 10, of December 15th; Cora Beagle, 2; Geo. W. Hart, 2; Willie Lindsley, 2; Maggie Evans, 1; Emma Gamet, 2.

THE SAINTS' HERALD.

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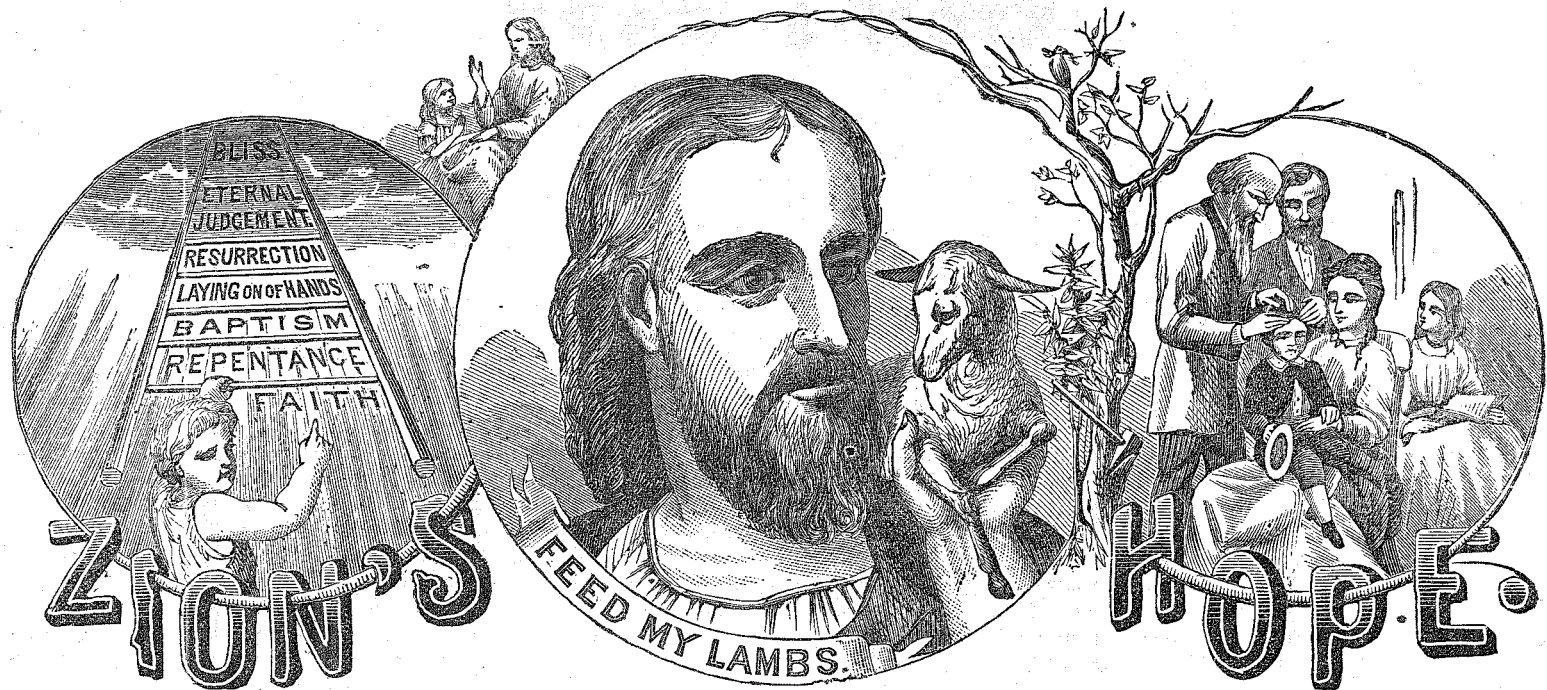
A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue. Owing to the fact that we make nothing on the *Hope* we would like to see subscriptions paid up as early as possible, and delinquent ones especially. With the small margin to work upon, the cost of paper and postage for papers sent on credit for a few issues or for months, forces us as a general rule to discontinue sending it when the time is out, at which we hope no one will take offence but watch this notice hereafter for the blue mark.

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Superintendents and Teachers of Sunday schools, Book Agent 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."

THE LOVE OF GOD.

Could oceans, rivers, springs, and lakes,
All that the name of water takes,
Beneath the expanded sky,
Be turned to ink of blackest hue,
And every drop of falling dew,
To make the wonder rise;

A book so large could we suppose,
Which thinnest paper could compose,
As the whole earthly ball;
Were every shrub and every tree,
And every blade of grass we see,
'A pen to write withal;

Were all that ever lived on earth,
Since nature first received her birth,
Most skillful scribes, to place
In clearest light that wondrous love,
Found in the heart of God above,
Towards Adam's ruined race;

Were each Methuselah in age,
And every moment wrote a page,
They would all be tired and die;
The pens would every one wear out,
The book be fill'd within—without,
The ink be drain'd all dry;

And then to show that love, oh! then,
Angels above as well as men,
Archangels-e'en would fail;
Nay—, till eternity should end,
A whole eternity they'd spend,
And not have told the tale.

Selected by DAVID A. CALHOON.

SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES.

DEAR HOPES:—In my former article I advised you to buy the truth, and sell it not, and we discovered that truth was the word of the Lord, the law of the Lord; or, in other words, his will concerning the children of men.

Now, Dear Hopes, if the word of the Lord is truth, and if the Bible, Book of Mormon, or any other inspired records are the word, or words of the Lord, what are we to understand by buying the truth? Is it to buy some of those books or records, and then lay them away where they will neither get soiled nor worn out? Or is it to study them and become familiar with their contents, or to search the Scriptures? Truly if the truth is to make us free from the bondage of sin and death, as was shown in my article, it is by having the truth in our hearts, where we can use it, and not to have it hid away, or locked up in our trunks.

This is the correct view of buying the truth. Paul says:

"All Scripture, given by inspiration of God, is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness; that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works."—2 Tim. 3: 16, 17. (I. T.)

Then, as the Book of Mormon was brought forth by the power of God, and is both Scripture, and the word of the Lord, let us see what some of the teachings of that book are; therefore read Mosiah 1: 9, 10, *carefully*, and observe the instructions concerning obedience and humility that are given; also the caution and warning against the enticings of the wicked one, and the fearful consequences of the same. In Mosiah, second chapter, we find that it was the words of an angel that Benjamin taught his people. We also find that the people believed his words, and that they began to plead with the Lord for mercy and the forgiveness of their sins; and that the kind Father heard and granted their prayers.

Truly, here was a people who bought the truth and were made free from their sins, by believing and receiving the word of the Lord by the angel unto King Benjamin. Was it not by having those words or truths in their hearts, and by complying with the conditions of the same, that made them free? I wish that you would read carefully the whole of this second chapter. I will quote a portion of it.

"And ye will not have a mind to injure one another, but to live peaceably, and to render to every man according to that which is his due. And ye will not suffer your children, that they go hungry or naked; neither will ye suffer that they transgress the laws of God, and fight and quarrel one with another, and serve the devil, who is the master of sin, or who is the evil spirit which hath been spoken of by our fathers."—Mosiah 2: 3.

There is a lesson, not for the little Hopes alone, but for the Saints, their parents to heed. Is there not a great responsibility for us as parents, to instruct our children in the things of God, and in the ways of truth, virtue, peace and love; not only by precept but by *example* also, that they, observing our walk, may strive to imitate our virtues. King Benjamin continues.

"But ye will teach them to walk in the ways of truth and soberness; ye will teach them to love one another, and to serve one another; and also ye yourselves will succor those that stand in need of your succor. Ye will administer of your substance unto him that standeth in need; and ye will not suffer that the beggar putteth up his petition to you in vain, and turn him out to perish.

Perhaps thou shalt say, The man hath brought upon himself his misery; therefore I will stay my hand, and will not give unto him of my food, nor impart unto him of my substance, that he may not suffer, for his punishments are just. But I say unto you, O man, whosoever doeth this, the same hath great cause to repent: and except he repenteth of that which he hath done, he perisheth forever, and hath no interest in the kingdom of God."—Mosiah 2: 3.

What a caution here is to us, lest we set in judgment upon our fellow man, and turn a deaf ear to his petitions. Again we read.

"And if ye judge the man who putteth up his petition to you for your substance, that he perish not, and condemn him, how much more just will be your condemnation, for withholding your substance, which doth not belong to you, but to God. * * * I say unto you, we be unto that man, for his substance shall perish with him; and now, I say these things unto those who are rich, as pertaining to the things of this world. And again, I say unto the poor, ye who have not and yet have sufficient, that ye remain from day to day; I mean all you who deny the beggar, because ye have not; I would that ye say in your hearts, that I give not because I have not; but if I had, I would give. And now, if ye say this in your hearts, ye remain guiltless, otherwise ye are condemned, and your condemnation is just; for ye covet that which ye have not received."—Mosiah 2: 4.

O what a lesson here is, for us to treasure up in our hearts; and thus buy, or come in possession of the truth.

"Then let us keep our spirits pure,
That Christ, the Lord, may be our king;
Steadfast unto the end endure,
Is what the Saints delight to sing;
"That when our warfare's ended here,"
If we are walking in the light;
We'll meet the Savior in the air,
In robes of pure and spotless white.
We will hold fast, "the iron rod," *
While walking in the light of God.

CORTLAND, Illinois.

UNCLE W. R.

* The word of God.—1 Nephi 3: 17.

THOUGHTS BY THE WAY.

WHILE sitting by my window I see the little crystal raindrops chasing one another down the leaf forsaken limb of a willow, and they seem to say "Step along down a little lower there, and drop off, so that we can fill your place." If the little raindrop was dissatisfied with its own place, and should refuse to obey the laws that govern it, clutching the limb and saying to the one above it, "I will stay here in my own place and enjoy

the pleasure of my situation, and if you want to come down, you may roll over me." I think there would be some disturbance in the raindrop kingdom. But no, it innocently and quietly comes down upon the limb, filling its own place only, as it moves down and off the limb to the earth, from whence it came, to rise again in its own resurrection, to a new and beautiful life. This, to our minds, contrasts well with human life, also gives example of useful lessons, first its seeming persisting in its own life purpose, self denial, humility, and resignation, also the power and mercy of God, in creating and causing it to answer the end of his glory.

Our life is given us here for a stepping-stone to the life to come, a very wise and good end. We are surrounded with, and have given to us all things for our present benefit and use, as we move along down life's current. We can use them as we need them, and then pass them on to our brother, not hold on to them, for they would perish in our hand, and keep us from going on and filling our place as we went.

If it was designed by the great Giver that what we need for our benefit would remain with us, all things would have been made so that they would last forever; and we would take whatever we chose to lay by, with us to the next world. But it was not so designed; consequently all things are so made, to answer present use, and then decay. Truly they are beautiful and sweet, and for this we should be the more thankful, that what we are to need only a short time should be decked in beauty and handed thus to us from the kind hand of our father. It should teach us how much he appreciates that part that will live forever, the immortal mind. He gives these things to cheer us on our way, showing that if earthly things and flowers which last but for a day, are so beautiful, what will those be in glory and beauty that endure forever? For this reason the Savior says, "Set your affections on things above, not on the things on the earth."

And happy will it be for us, if we, as stewards of the heritage given us, do, like the little raindrop, cheerfully and resignedly move down, and off the limb of life, giving room for those that follow. This we may do, by rightly estimating human life, improving circumstances, making the best possible use of what may be loaned us here, for the general good, thereby rearing a structure, that time cannot destroy, and that we will find marked upon life's pages, when called to give an account for the deeds done in the body.

L. A. RASEY.

WHY NOT NOW?

CHAPTER III.

TWO days after the hurt was received by Frank Mason, Philip was sitting by his bedside visiting with him. The afternoon was pleasant, the window of the room open, and a balmy, invigorating breeze blowing through. Frank was propped up in the bed by a chair turned down with a pillow laid over it, and lay watching the window and Philip, as the latter was alternately silent, or talking. No reference to the subject of their conversation at the time of the interruption by the runaway horses, had been made by either of the young men; and it might have been supposed by either that the other had forgotten it, only for the fact, that Philip knew, or thought he did, that his friend, was by no means so forgetful, and fully believed that he would, sooner or later bring up the matter in a way characteristic of himself.

There was a lull in the conversation, both of the young men were silent; Philip, because he had run out of small talk, and did not wish to worry the other by weightier matters; and Frank, because he was busy with his thoughts. Some moments passed before either choose to speak. At length Frank, as if taking the thread of conversation up just where it was broken off, "Philip, an answer to your question of why not now is due

you. I am quite willing to answer you, but before doing so finally, let me ask you a question, or two; and after that let us talk the situation over, and then if you insist upon it, I am ready, either to go with you as you may choose to go; or to tell you the reason why I do not."

Philip looked up with a pleased smile and sigh of relief; "Frank I am glad to hear this; for now, I can see that we shall still be together; for you must conclude to go with me. I was last evening and the evening before at the meetings, and so many were asking to be prayed for, and offering themselves to the church, that I was beginning to be afraid that I might be left till the last, and—then have to go alone." The last of the sentence was so impulsively spoken that his companion smiled at the reflection that Phil's idea of going alone meant without him; and though there might be many going into the open doors of the tabernacle, his friend was *alone* unless he were with him.

"Phil, what is an apostle?"

"What a question to ask me;" was Philip's rejoinder. "What has that to do with the question of our joining the church, Frank? I should like to know.

"Well, perhaps not much, my boy; only while I have been lying here thinking, I have now and then read a verse, or chapter in the Bible, and tried to come to some conclusion what reply to make to your question. And do what I can, I can not banish some things suggested by what I read from my mind. This idea of an apostle, is one of them. What is an apostle? Now Philip, don't you be alarmed at my odd expressions; for I am just as serious, and sober as I ever was; in fact, I was never more interested in any matter, than I now am in my desire to be able to answer your question satisfactorily to you and to myself."

"I am not alarmed, Frank; but I can not see any relation between the idea of our going forward at these meetings and making a profession of religion, and the question, 'what is an apostle.'"

"No. And yet, I must ask the question. And in connection with it, I must ask another, perhaps more. One of them is,—and you will excuse me if I say that this is a very important one,—what is it that we are admitted into, in being taken into the church? Please to answer this, Philip; for upon a proper and mutual understanding of this, our agreement to go together, may depend; mind you, I do not say *does* depend, but *may* depend."

Philip did not at once answer; but leaning his head upon his hand pondered it; while his friend waited quietly for the result. Presently, Philip raised his head and looking straight at his friend replied, "Why, I suppose into the fellowship of the people of God; as the preacher says, into association with a band of believers who are striving to live righteously, that they may get to heaven."

"Is there nothing more than this? Think a little."

"No. I can not think of anything else. What makes you ask such questions—and so seriously too?"

"Well, Phil, I will tell you. In thinking the matter over, I am strongly inclined to think we may err in failing to comprehend fully the full effect of attempting to join the church. To my mind, when I unite myself with the church,—professedly the church of God—I must have some sort of an assurance that I am becoming a member of the body of Christ; and am not only being received into association with a band of believers, who call themselves the people of God, but that I am being received into fellowship with the church of the days of the Savior, the saints of the times of James, Peter and Paul; the friendship and association of the Spirit, the angels and Christ—Do you comprehend me, Philip?"

"I don't know that I do, Frank. It seems to me that you are expecting too much. I have never heard anything of this kind before. Why, it seems that you would almost have the absolute

things of the days of Paul to be with us now."

"Precisely, Philip. It is for this reason that I ask you, what we are received into, when we join the church. For instance, suppose that we should go forward next Sunday night, and unite with the church which Mr. Moody represents—"

"But," interrupted Philip, "Mr. Moody does not represent any one church. He is an evangelist, and after he converts people to Christ, they unite with any church that may please them; or that may seem to them to be most convenient."

"Does not Mr. Moody then represent the church of Christ! Is he not connected with an evangelical body, and empowered to receive seekers after truth into the one body spoken of by him in the last sermon we together heard him preach, the night before I got this hurt; when he spoke upon the 'one way!' You have not forgotten it, have you?"

"No, I have not forgotten it; but your questions have suggested something to me that I have not before thought of; and if you please, Frank, let us defer any further talk on the matter, until I have had time to think it all over."

"Be it as you wish, Philip. I shall, I hope, be able to accompany you to the meeting on Sunday night, next, as usual; and as I understand that the revivalist will soon be gone; if you and I decide to go forward while he is here, we must make our decision before long."

After some chat about the common things of every day life, Philip took leave of his friend and went home. At the gate he met his sister Leonie; a bright, sparkling, blue eyed, fair haired girl of seventeen, just a little above the medium height; with slender, fragile form, clear cut, resolute features, and lips, firm, delicate and expressive, when she smiled, of refinement and feeling; but when at rest of peace and trust. Her meeting of Philip was the result of design upon her part, as she wished to warn him of something that was going on, relative to his friend, Frank Mason.

Philip was a favorite with all the family; but with none any more so, than with his sister Leonie. "What is it sister?" was his query, when they thus met.

"Philip, papa has heard that Mr. Mason is an infidel; and he is anxious about your being with him so much. He is afraid of the influence that he may have over you; and that he will lead you away from the church, rather than accompany you into it. Now, promise me that you will not so hotly resent anything said about Mr. Mason that you don't like; come, promise me, will you?"

"Leonie, it does seem, now that there is likely to be a fair agreement between my friend and myself, we might be left to adjust the matter ourselves,—"

"But, Philip, promise me. You know that I am opposed to any persecution of your friend, as much so as mother is; but she and I want you to do well, and we fear that there may be something said by papa, that you may resent too strongly, and so distress may result to us all. Promise me, Philip, promise. "And she laid her arm over Philip's shoulder, loving sister that she was." Philip promised. UNCLE J.

Continued.

PHILATELY.

I SUPPOSE some, if not all of you, know that this word means pertaining to stamps, and was given to that branch of industry not many years ago, because of the prominence it had obtained.

I often hear the question asked by those examining my collection,—"Well, what are they good for?" Though not feeling as well able to answer this question as some others, I will endeavor to do my best. It will greatly benefit one studying geography, as stamp-collectors often receive stamps of countries they have never heard of, and wishing to know the situation of them, will get their geography and hunt up the places. I wonder how many of my readers who are not

stamp collectors can tell me where Heligoland, Deccan, Shanghai, Bergedorf and Cashmere are, or know the difference between a skilling, grote, real, and ore, or ever heard of them?

In looking over a collection you cannot fail to note the different changes in the political and social life of countries, as the stamps show by the alteration in their designs; the successions of monarchs and revolutions; the influence of other countries, etc. Especially is this true of Mexico, France, Germany, Modena and others.

A great deal of knowledge can be obtained, by advanced scholars, in studying out the mottoes and symbols on them. Besides these, you will have a fine picture gallery, including different scenes peculiar to the countries where they are issued, and photos of noted men; as the *very best* engravers known are hired to engrave the plates, and not the unskilled ones as of yore.

Take, for instance, the last issue of this country. There you have the pictures of many noted men. On the one, Franklin, two Jackson, three Washington, five Taylor, six Lincoln, seven Stanton, ten Jefferson, twelve, Clay, fifteen Webster, twenty-four Scott, thirty Hamilton, and ninety, Perry. These are only a few of its advantages; but after reading this will you not acknowledge that stamp collecting has some *real* value?

ACROSTIC.

G o forward proclaiming the gospel's own truths,
O nward let all the world hear the glad news;
M ay heaven shower as onward you press,
E ven that Spirit that ever doth bless;
R ich be the words that fall from thy mouth,
G arner the sheaves from the North to the South;
R ipe be the harvest the great work begun,
I n the fold He will gather them one by one.
F ar from the reach of dark sorrow's tide,
F ar from the cares that we're ever beside,
I n this bitter world though you're happy not,
T will be sweet over yonder—each trouble forgot,
H eart and hands will be joined in the purest of love,
S afe o'er there may you dwell with angels above.

BY A HEAVENLY FATHER'S HAND.

BY MYRTLE GRAY.
CHAPTER III.

"MY dear Mrs. Manvers," said a caller one fine summer morning, "I really think you ought to know it, and as a mother, I consider it my duty to tell you."

"What is it, my dear friend?"

"Arthur Conway told my Harry that he had seen your Fred on the street with a common laborer!"

"My dear Mrs. Howard, you don't mean to tell me that my son——!" and here she was entirely overcome.

"Not only once but several times. I sympathize with you, Mrs. Manvers, and you must not feel hard toward me for telling you."

As if she could feel hard toward the wealthy Mrs. Howard!

"My dear friend you have done me a great favor, which I shall not soon forget."

"Norah Dunovan, ma'am, and she wont be after going away till she sees you, at all, at all," said Bridget.

"Excuse me, a few moments, Mrs. Howard, Florence will entertain you." "Arthur Conway saw him, and of course he told it at home and what will they think?" she said to herself when she had left the parlor. "Well what do you want?" she said sharply to Norah.

"O, Mrs. Manvers, I wudn't have come till yees, but me swate little baby is so sick, and I've not a cint to buy medicine with, and it's a fearing she will die every hour, that I am; and the landlord says he'll turn us into the strate, if we don't pay the month's rent by noon."

"Well, what is all this to me?" asked Mrs. Manvers angrily.

"O, ma'am, I don't like to ax ye, but would ye

be so kind as to give me them tin dollars for the washing I've done, and sure didn't I wash ivery thing till it was white as snow, many and many a time."

"I can't give it to you to-day, and besides you have no right to interrupt me when I have callers. Now go!"

She turned to go back to the parlor, when the almost frantic woman caught her dress, "O ma'am, my baby is as dear to me as your children are to you, and if you was expecting to see the coffin lid cover their swate faces."

"I tell you to go!" Commanded Mrs. Manvers. Norah turned away with a cry of despair.

"Come on, Norah," said Fred, coming through the library door, where he had heard every word of the conversation, "You go home as quick as you can, and I'll be there soon."

"Fred Manvers!" But Fred was out in the street walking at the top of his speed, and Mrs. Manvers sailed back to the parlor.

"The story of a sick child and a cruel landlord, as usual, but one has always to do something for the poor wretches," she said.

"How tender-hearted you are; I never pay any attention to them," said Mrs. Howard.

"But they do tell such pitiful tales;" then turning to Lulu Howard she said, "What a love of a fan, my dear!"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Howard, "they are very stylish, and entirely new, just recently imported. You must have one, my dear," to Florence.

"Lecompton has such beauties, and so cheap; only ten dollars. They have them with silver chains, but I prefer the gold ones," said Lulu.

"O certainly," said Florence, "the gold ones by all means. I'll have one this very day."

"Yes, and I'll go with you and purchase a few articles I need," said her mother.

Meanwhile Fred had hurried off to a doctor's office and was leading him, through a labyrinth of streets, till at last they reached Norah's dwelling. The child was lying in its mother's arms, moaning, and she was weeping frantically.

"Put the child down here," said the doctor, when Fred had arranged the little crib, "and we'll see what can be done," and he lifted the little white hand, passed his great palm tenderly over the little hand, that was unconscious of the gentle touch. "Pretty sick child," he said; "but if strict attention is paid to the giving of the medicine, it may come out all right, with careful nursing;" and going to the table he spread five or six little papers in which he put the medicine. Then, giving the necessary direction, he said, "I will be back in the evening," and was gone.

"Now, Norah, if you will tell me where your landlord keeps himself, I will try and keep him quiet, at least till the little one is better," said Fred; and receiving the required information, he sped off down the street, found the landlord, paid him the month's rent then due, and advanced the money for the next month's rent. He then bought a basket of groceries, and, taking it to Norah, said, "I'll come again this evening." When Norah began calling down on his head the blessings of all the saints in the calendar, he said, "Hush, Norah, you will disturb the baby."

"But it's an angel you are, and I know that meself," answered the grateful woman.

"There," he said to himself, "goes my whole month's allowance, besides the money father gave me for that curiosity, but somehow I don't begrudge one cent of it, and now I'll go home and finish reading the book Mrs. Allen lent me. Jolly! though, but isn't it queer, I wonder—," and here his mind drifted back into the misty past, until he seemed to be taking an active part in the sayings and doings of—but here he was, still in this great, busy city.

"I don't know what to do about it; it wouldn't do to let him know."

"About what, mother?" asked Florence Manvers.

"Why, about Fred," replied her mother in a vexed tone; "there may be some mistake."

"I think not, mother, if Arthur Conway saw him," said Florence quickly.

"Well, something must be done, for what will people think! I'm sure he spends half his evenings there, and he actually refused to go to that champagne party at Conway's, because he had an engagement with that lowbred!"

"I'll tell you what I'll do, mother; the next time he goes there, I'll go with him."

"You Flo?"

"It is the only way that I can see to find out what these people are."

"But don't let him suspect that you heard anything."

"No, mother; but here he comes now, call him in."

"What are you going to do now, Fred?" asked Florence, as he entered the room at his mother's bidding.

"I guess I'll go up stairs and read awhile."

"What are you reading?" asked his mother, in lieu of something better to say.

"A book Mrs. Allen lent me."

Here, then, was her wished for chance. "What kind of people are these Allens?"

"They are noble people," Fred answered.

"But how do they dress?" questioned Florence.

"Beautifully," said Fred, perceiving the drift.

"Why, it is really a treat to hear you say that, for you are always making fun of people's dress," returned his sister.

"If they are such nice people, and dress so beautifully, perhaps you wouldn't object to taking your sister with you, sometime when you are going," said Mrs. Manvers.

"Would you, Flo?" asked Fred eagerly; "If you will, I'll go there to-morrow, for your express benefit."

"Let it be to-morrow morning, Fred, for in the afternoon I have an engagement," said Florence, thinking how beautifully they were getting along, without Fred suspecting anything.

But wise Fred, they little knew what was going on in his busy brain. "Three cheers, hurrah!" he shouted, throwing his hat up stairs and bounding up after it, laughing softly to himself. "Just what I want, get Flo down there, and maybe it will do her some good."

"There! that is settled without any trouble; now I must see if Henrietta did go to France after all," said Mrs. Manvers taking up her novel, while Florence leaned back in her chair weaving bright pictures in which costly jewels and dresses, grand entertainments and jealous maidens, occupied a conspicuous place.

To be Continued.

A WINTER RAMBLE.

DEAR HOPES:—I wish to tell you of my morning's ramble. The sun was bright, the air clear and frosty, and perhaps you may think it was rather a cool ramble; so it was, but still it was fraught with pleasure. We live by the side of a small stream; called Walnut Creek. Myself and two companions started for this creek and a pond of ice which they wished me to see. After we reached the pond we kept following the creek. The ice was glare, and covered with frost; here and there the water (previous to the last cold storm) had oozed from the bank and started on its way to the stream; but Jack Frost had overtaken it before it reached its destination and it looked like mounds of white marble glistening in the bright sunlight. We passed on until we came to a place where the water flowed over a small cataract in the bed of the stream; there was a thin covering of ice, and underneath you could see the bright, sparkling water, bubbling and dancing over the wall, which, compared with larger cataracts, appeared like miniature falls, yet they were beautiful. Next we came to a place where the bank on one side rose nearly as straight as a wall; and almost at the top of the wall was a spring (like the rest frozen over) which looked like a solid marble wall. We then retraced our

steps, and with happy hearts thought of the beneficence of our Creator in providing so many things for our pleasure and comfort. We thought of Him who created all things, even to Jack Frost who so delicately pencils the frosty covering on everything, and freezes the water (flowing to the creek) in such wonderfully carved piles and ridges, looking like mounds of milk, glass, or white marble. I was taught a lesson which I shall not forget very soon, and the morning will always bring pleasure to me when I think of it.

That we may all be found faithful at the coming of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ is the humble wish of your sister in the One Faith.

BELL CREEK, Neb.,

CYNTHIA H. KENNICUTT.

ON THE IRRESOLUTION OF YOUTH.

AS it has been observed that few are better qualified to give advice to others than those who have taken the least of it themselves, therefore I have a perfect right to offer mine, and so I throw together a few observations upon the subject of young gentlemen and young ladies entering life, as it is called. The most usual way among young people who have no resolution of their own is to first ask the advice of one friend, which advice they follow for sometime, then ask advice of another and turn to that, and so to the third, still unsteady and always changing. However, every change of this nature is for the worse. People may tell you of your being unfit for some particular occupation in life; but heed them not, for whatever employment you follow with perseverance and assiduity, will be found fit for you, it will be your support in youth, and comfort in age. In learning the useful parts of every profession, very moderate abilities will suffice.

Life has been compared to a race; but the allusion still improves by observing that the most swift are ever the most apt to stray from the course.

To thoroughly know one profession is enough for one man, and this whatever the professors may tell you to the contrary is soon learned. Be contented therefore with one good employment; for if you understand two at a time people will give you business in neither.

There are no obstructions more fatal to fortune than pride and resentment. If you must resent injuries at all, at least suppress your indignation till you become rich. The resentment of a poor man is like the effects of a harmless insect to sting; it may cause him to be crushed, but cannot defend him.

Another obstruction to the fortune of youth is that while they are willing to take offence from none, they are also equally desirous of giving nobody offense. Hence they endeavor to please all, to comply with every request, and therefore attempt to suit themselves to every company. And, having no will of their own, they are like wax and take every impression by thus attempting to give universal satisfaction. And at last they find themselves miserably disappointed. It is sufficient to attempt pleasing a very few and not try to please the whole world, because that is impossible for any one, young or old, to accomplish. But let the young work their way up in the world, that they may receive approbation in the end.

ANNA NIELSEN.

Correspondence.

DAVIS CITY, Iowa, Jan. 4th, 1878.

Dear Bro. Henry:—I was very much disappointed when I came home from school, and found you gone. Thanks for that little token of remembrance that you left on the stand for me. I do not go to school now, but I study at home, and mamma hears me recite. We have just been out to Lamoni to conference. Had a very good testimony meeting Saturday evening. Bro. Martin Turpen sung in tongues. It was very pleasant weather, and the house could not hold near all that came. We had a Christmas Tree here. For my Christmas I had a new slate, geography, stockings and vase; and for New Year I got a pair of shoes and rubbers. What did Santa Claus bring to you? I am so glad to get the *Hope* again. It is such a nice little

paper. I like to read it very much. I hope it will not be long before you can come and make us another visit. I am just learning to write letters. May God bless you is the prayer of your little sister,

MAMIE.

LITTLE SIOUX, Iowa, Jan. 13th, 1878.

Dear Hopes:—I am thirteen years of age. I was baptized October 8th, 1876. My mother and two of my sisters belong to the Church, but my father does not yet, but I hope he may sometime. I love to read the *Hope*. I liked the story, "The Light of Love," very much. Good by. Your sister in the Church,

EMMA GAMET.

SULLIVAN, Mo., Jan. 16th, 1878.

Dear Hopes:—We came to this part of the country in 1872, and settled on a new place. We have about thirty acres of land under cultivation now, and doing very well. There is a branch of the Church here, although we lived a long time without one. Brother Hazzledine came a year and a half ago and organized one of eight members. It now numbers twenty-four, for which we are thankful. A. Reese and two young sisters came up to see us two months ago, from Cheltenham, and we all went to the Garrett Cave, four miles South-east of Sullivan, and saw many wonderful things. We ate dinner in the cave and sang a hymn. Brother Reese preached several times and the people liked him very well. Your young brother in the gospel,

GOMER EVANS.

GARLAND, Colo., Jan. 18th, 1878.

Dear Hopes:—I will tell you about our Christmas Tree. We had recitations, dialogues, and singing, and all passed off very pleasantly. The tree was heavily laden with nice presents, and no one was slighted. We have a nice Sabbath School of thirty scholars. Mrs. Crosby is Superintendent when pa is not here. Pa is away preaching. I am a member of the Church. I go to School. Love to all the Saints.

MALISSA C. WARNEY.

WEST BELLEVILLE, Ill., Jan. 22d, 1878.

Dear Hopes:—I thought I would like to have a little talk with you, and tell what Santa Claus brought me. I wonder if he brought any of you such a nice little darling pet as he brought me. You can not guess what it was, 'tis not a doll, nor dishes, nor any thing to play with now; but I can play with it when it gets a little older. O it's such a beauty, a dear little darling sister, with blue eyes. I am a member of the Sunday School and Church, and try to do what is right, but don't do it. I am far from what is right, and am often overcome, and when I would do right evil is present. Pray for me, dear Hopes, that I with you may be saved, and come forth in the first Resurrection, and gain eternal life and glory in the Kingdom of our Lord. Ever praying for you all, I am your sister in the gospel bonds,

MARGARET ARCHIBALD.

MOOREHEAD, Iowa, Jan. 20th, 1878.

Dear Hopes:—To day is Sunday. My father, myself, and some others have been to meeting. We listened to a good discourse from brother Montague, the president of our branch. I go to school now. I like my teacher real well. Her name is Laura Scott. Your sister in Christ,

NETTIE PUTNEY.

MANTEHO, Iowa, Jan. 19th, 1878.

Dear Hopes:—I was baptized by my father, Nathan Lindsey. I am nine years old. We have Sunday School here. I don't have a chance to go to meeting much.

WILLIE LINDSEY.

DEER CREEK, Madison Co., Nebraska, January 20th, 1878.

Dear Hopes:—I am a member of the Church. I was baptized by brother Z. S. Martin, November 25th, 1877. We have meeting every Sunday. Brother Ero(?) is here preaching. I would like to go to conference. I never attended but one. I am thirteen years old. Pray for me. Your sister in Christ,

FLORA M. HUTCHINS.

BRYANT, Fulton County, Illinois, January, 29th, 1878.

Dear Hopes:—I was baptized last December by brother Hyrum Bronson. I am ten years old. The other night I heard a man lecturing against the Saints. He said that he could prove that Joseph Smith, Senior, had more wives than one; but he failed to prove it. One of our brethren replied proving that he had but one wife, and her name was Emma. I have been going to school, but it is out to-day

WILLIAM H. BATH.

CAMERON, Mo., Jan. 27th, 1878.

Dear Hopes:—I hope that we may all meet some day. Would it not be grand to see all the little Hopes together? I have two brothers, William and George, and I have two sisters (one is my twin), Olive Ellen

and Laura. My oldest brother is married. He is twenty-two years old. My other sister is seventeen. I and my twin are eleven years old. I was baptized June 4th, 1876. Good by. Your brother in Christ,

OLIVER FLANDERS.

NEWTON, Kansas, January 22d, 1878.

Dear Brother Joseph:—I am thirteen years old. I go to school. I am in the second room from the highest, and in the highest class. My teacher's name is Miss Dickey. I read in the fourth reader. We will be examined Friday and Saturday. Your sister in Christ,

PERMELIA WALTON.

Puzzle Corner.

Answers in One Month.

SCRIPTURE WORD PUZZLE.—No. 1.

What does Paul say worketh no ill to his neighbor? What did Joseph dream his brother's sheaves made to his sheaf? Who maketh a glad father? What is the fruit of the Spirit? What had the man bought five of as the reason he could not come to the great supper? In whom did Jesus say was no guile? What is the name of the twelfth precious stone with which the wall of the city of gold is garnished? In what city does the Lord say sinners are afraid? Of whose daughter's was Zachariah's wife? What name did Jesus tell men not to be called by? In the days of what Prophet were there many lepers in Israel? Where had Paul determined to winter? Who was Mathusalah's father? The initials to the answers gives one of the beautiful names by which we often speak of Jesus.

ENIGMA.—No. 1.

I am composed of twelve letters.
My 8, 4, 10, is a pronoun.
My 7, 9, 10, is a boy's name.
My 8, 2, 1, is a verb.
My 8, 11, 10, is a kind of meat.
My 3, 4, 12, 5, 7, a verb.
My 6, 9, 1, a sacred name.
My 12, 2, 4, 5, is a verb.
My whole is a name you will find in the *Hope*.

ANAGRAM.—No. 4.

Suth nem og grwn twih na neuisung kills,
Denb eth ightstra leru or eirh now kedoorc liwl,
Nad twih a earol nad ingshin plam pliedsup,
Stir tup ti tou enih keat ti rof a idegu;
Tinghal no heserute fo qualune zesi,
Noe gel yb thrut portedsup noe yb esli,
Yeth dlesi of eth algo thwi wardawk cepa,
Curese fo hingnot tub of selo het cera.

WORD PUZZLE.—No. 4.

My 1st is in whole, but not in part.
My 2d is in rise, but not in start.
My 3d is in work, but not in play.
My 4th is in come, but not in stay.
My 5th is in head, but not in wing.
My whole is the name of a wicked king.
SARAH F. CURTIS.

Answers to Puzzle Corner of Jan. 15th.

- 1 To Word Puzzle, No. 2.—John X. Davis.
- 2 To Anagram, No. 2.—"Even so faith, if it have not works is dead, being alone."—James 2: 17.
- 3 To Puzzle, No. 2.—Eve.
Maggie Evans answers No. 3.

THE SAINTS' HERALD.

The above publication is issued semi-monthly, at Plano, Kendall County, Illinois, by the Board of Publication of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, \$2.15 per year free of postage. Edited by Joseph Smith and Henry A. Stebbins.

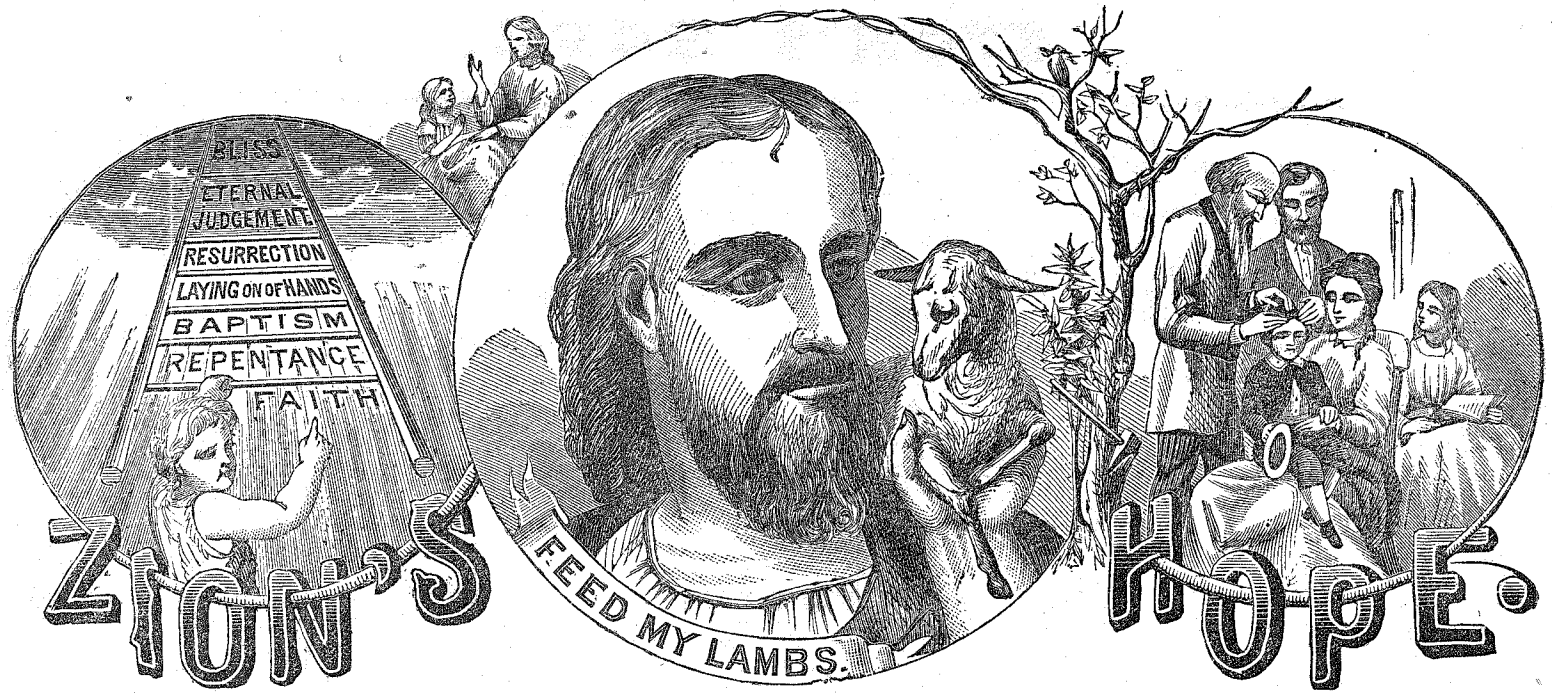
15 February 78.

A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue. Owing to the fact that we make nothing on the *Hope* we would like to see subscriptions paid up as early as possible, and delinquent ones especially. With the small margin to work upon, the cost of paper and postage for papers sent on credit for a few issues or for months, forces us as a general rule to discontinue sending it when the time is out, at which we hope no one will take offence but watch this notice hereafter for the blue mark.

Zion's Hope is published semi-monthly by the Board of Publication of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, at Plano, Kendall Co., Ill., and is edited by Joseph Smith and Henry A. Stebbins.

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Superintendents and Teachers of Sunday schools, Book Agent 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."

UNCLE JOHN TO THE HOPES.

"WE heard a whole tale last night in the *Saturday Night*." These were the words I heard a little boy say after returning home from his Uncle's where he and his brother had stayed all night. It awoke in my mind a chain of thought which I wish to write about.

Our life may be represented by the sturdy oak. The acorn falls into the earth, germinates, and soon appears as a slender and tender shoot, and while in this condition it may be easily bent and shaped as we may desire; and should we place it in a very crooked position, and let it remain so for a short time it will become "set in that shape," and, if left to itself, it will remain so and grow up to be a knotty, crooked, ugly, uncomely looking tree, not fit for any good use, because of its crookedness, and as an ornament it will not do. Now if the twig is watched and kept in a straight position, it will soon grow to be a straight tree, and it will not only be ornamental, because of its symmetry, but it will be useful to form part of the material of a beautiful building; hence it is both beautiful and useful. Now the child is like this twig after it comes above the ground, for when the mind is young, it is very tender and easily influenced to form either good or bad habits, just as the influence may take the young mind and let bad influence be brought to bear, and the mind soon becomes corrupted and gets into habits of bad doing, just as the twig becomes crooked, and directly it will become set in such habits, and if left to itself will grow up to be a surly, ugly, ill-behaved child, as the twig grows to be a knotty, crooked tree; and, as the tree is unfit for any good use, even so the man or woman growing from such a childhood will not be of any good use in society, but will be so crooked that it will fit nowhere, and will finally be good for nothing but "to be burned." Read Malachi last chapter. Now we wish to say that novel reading, which includes all trashy, unedifying reading calculated to please the passion for romance rather than impart moral edification, that is edification calculated to raise the standard of morality, and to make wiser, better and nobler citizens, is one of the worst influences to lead astray the young, and, of course, parents are responsible for this. How many of the precious moments, yes, we may say hours, which Paul tells us to improve, (which of the Hopes can tell me where he said so,) many of these hours, we say, are wasted in the perusal of the *Saturday Night*, *Ledger*, and many other like papers.

Little Hopes let me caution you against this

dire evil. Do not form the habit, for now is the time you are forming habits, and if you find this to be one of them, quit it at once. Now let us look at the other side of the picture. The child placed under good influence, grows as does the straight twig and becomes an ornament, an honor to society; and, when they become men and women, instead of being only fit to be burned, they are found suitable to form a part of the "house of God," as the Church is called a building fitly framed together. Thus, they in consequence of their obedience to the good advice given them, they are elevated and finally exalted to the presence of God.

In conclusion, little Hopes, let me ask you how many are trying to form good habits that may be useful all their lives, and grow to be honorable men and women. And we want you to write often and tell how you are trying to live. Remember that now is the time to form good habits; for habits formed now will likely cleave to you through life. How necessary then that you form good ones. I am glad that Cousin Sarah answered my question. Now cousin I want you to come often; yes, and there is little "Ina," (I suppose she is little for her name is so short), she has given some very good answers. Glad to see it Ina, come again; though you have a long way to come. Hoping we way all meet on Zion's mount, I close for the present. UNCLE JOHN.

BY A HEAVENLY FATHER'S HAND.

BY MYRTLE GRAY.

CHAPTER IV.

"MOTHER," said Fred, putting his head in at the door, "You need not look for me home to-night; I am going to stay with Norah Dunovan; her child is very sick, and everything depends on giving the medicine, and Norah is nearly worn out now." And, making this hurried explanation, he passed out of the door into the street.

"Well, if this doesn't beat everything!" said Mrs. Manvers, holding up her white, jeweled hands, with horror. "I expect he'll apply for a situation in a charity hospital next. I must have more control over him; for last Sabbath our minister said, that we were to be held responsible for the souls of our children, and we should bring them up in the way we want them to go. I do wonder if these gloves are of the same shade as my dress. Flo, do you think emeralds will look well with this cream silk?" she asked as her daughter entered the room in full evening costume.

"Perfection!" exclaimed Florence, clasping

her hands and raising her eyes to the ceiling, an attitude she had acquired, and which she considered particularly becoming to her. "And let me wear the diamonds," she said, coming down to earth again. "When do we start?"

"As soon as the Conways and all the rest of our set do. If I only knew—but I'm sure you will eclipse Mattie, for you are handsomer, and your figure is a great deal more stylish; I'm sure you will be the belle, with all your elegant toilets; and you must improve your chance. Think of you're being the wealthiest lady in town, a trip to Europe, and all that," said Mrs. Manvers, ending in a sort of soliloquy, as she sat toying with the emerald neck lace.

"I'll be as fascinating as possible, and I'm sure of a conquest," said her daughter, admiring herself before the mirror, turning one way then the other, tipping her head first on one side, then on the other, and smiling as though pleased with the effect.

In the meantime Fred had reached Norah's dwelling, and noiselessly entering he found Norah still watching anxiously, half fainting with fatigue.

"Well how is the little one by this time?"

"Better, the doctor says; he has jist gone."

"That's good news," replied Fred, taking a chair beside the little crib.

At this moment three of the neighbor women came in noisily, stating their intentions of remaining through the night. Fred thanked them kindly, but quietly refused any aid, and they reluctantly departed, muttering something about a "slip of a boy," while Fred heard an ominous clinking sound, which sent a cold chill over him.

"Norah, you had better lie down, and try to get a little sleep," said Fred, with an inward misgiving as to how it would be received. "An' does ye think I could slape, wid me darliat at death's door?"

"But I am going to stay with you—"

"You, rich Master Fred Manvers—"

But Fred cut her short, "Why not I as well as any one else, or would you rather have those three women who just went out?"

"No! No!" said Norah quickly, "for did'nt I see thim at a wake once, and did'nt they git to fightin', and pitch the corpse out'n the windy? Bliss your swate soul for stayin wid me!"

"Then go and lie down; do. Don't you see if you lose so much sleep you'll be sick yourself? and then who will take care of the baby?"

"But me a slapin'—"

"I'll take as good care of it as you would, and if you are needed I will call you."

After much persuasion he succeeded in getting her to lie down, when he took up his vigils beside

the sick one. Slowly the hours passed, but he attended to his duty faithfully, striving hard at times to keep awake; and, as he was afraid sleep would conquer, he perceived a faint light in the eastern sky, and he knew his weary watch was nearly ended. He stayed till daylight before he woke the mother, who, when she realized another day had dawned, began scolding herself roundly, "for letting that swate angel sit there all night alone." But the child rested well, and there was no occasion for disturbing her. Bustling around she prepared a simple breakfast, of which Fred partook heartily; after which he started for home. He had gone about half way when he heard some one coming noisily on the opposite side of the street, and, to his dismay he saw Arthur Conway with two of his companions, and they were crossing over to him.

"Where you been?" asked Arthur; orter been 'ith us, had a jolly time; heaps o' wine 'n' quarts o' billiards, eh."

"I should think you had, and something in your hat too."

Arthur took off the hat, looked in it, and said, with a leer, "guess you've been som'er too;" and as Fred started on, he caught him by the sleeve and said, "Say, ole boy tell 'er sister, 'n' th' ole gal at—"

But Fred waited to hear no more, and breaking from his grasp he hurried homeward, and letting himself in with his latch-key, he went quietly to his room, to snatch a few hour's sleep before going with Florence to call on Mrs. Allen. At ten o'clock he arose, and, going down stairs, he found his sister in the library, waiting for him.

"I think you must have forgotten your engagement," she said, impatiently.

"I'll be ready in a minute," returned Fred, and going to the kitchen he found a nice breakfast waiting, which Bridget had prepared especially for him, as she often did when he was late. After eating it, he thanked her for her trouble, and returned to the library.

"Will you have the carriage, or will we walk?"

"Walk, of course;" and, rising, Florence glanced at her dress, as if to say, "How could you expect I should go with such a handsome walking suit on as this?"

Fred said nothing, but secretly wondered, why she should be so willing to walk, when she had always been in the habit of driving, and he looked at her with a strange uneasy feeling at his heart, while she turned her face from him as if afraid he would read her thoughts.

"Now don't overwhelm them with your fine airs, Flo," he said, as he opened the little gate, and, as Florence glanced at the house, her countenance fell. But there was no time for words, and when they were ushered into the little parlor she sank into the nearest chair with ill-concealed disgust. Mrs. Allen looked pained, but she saw that Florence was tired and heated with her long walk and going out she brought her a glass of cool, fresh water, which she accepted as a matter of course. Mary came into the room and on being introduced to Fred's sister, she held out her hand to the proud girl in her simple, artless way, and was greeted by only a scornful curve of the lips. Poor Mary! this was her first lesson, and with quivering lips she took a chair by the side of her mother, who instinctively put her arm around her and drew her close to her as if to shield her from some evil. If Fred thought the pure atmosphere of this unworldly home would penetrate to some corner of his sister's heart he was mistaken, for it was as angels pleading with marble. And after she had rested somewhat, she turned to Fred and begged him to take her away from this "horrid place," and, with a haughty bow to Mrs. Allen, she swept out of the room. As Fred lingered behind, trying to form some excuse for his sister's conduct, Mrs. Allen took both his hands in hers and said kindly.

"I understand it all, dear, but, don't let it discourage you; you know you are always welcome,"

and gently pressing his hands she released him, while he quickly joined his sister.

Poor, misguided girl, little did she realize the value of the pure, true friendship, she had so ruthlessly cast from her and trodden under her feet.

"Where's mother?" she asked as the servant met them at the door.

"Mrs. Colonel Harris took her in the carriage to see Mrs. Conway."

"When she comes tell her I'm in my boudoir," and hastily ascending the stairs, she gained her room and sank into the rich depths of an easy chair, inwardly chafing because she had gone on such a fruitless errand, exclaiming, "At any rate she will find out the reason!"

To be Continued.

RICHIE'S PRAYER.

I WANT to relate a little circumstance that occurred a short time ago in an Elder's family, living in Western Iowa, one with whom I am so well acquainted that I can vouch for its truth. This Elder was traveling abroad as a minister for Christ, when one morning, just before the announcement was made that breakfast was ready, his little boy, three years old, drew his high chair up to the table, carefully seated himself in it, and then allowed his head to drop into his hands, remaining perfectly quiet. By this time his mother's attention was attracted, and she said, "Richie, what are you doing?" The little fellow replied, "I'm praying for papa, so he wont get sick, and come home." When the absent Elder, husband and father, heard of this little circumstance concerning his little boy, his heart was touched, and his eyes filled with tears.

Your correspondent believes that, while many studied, oratorical prayers will fail to move the Father of Love, such prayers as the one offered by this little boy, who felt lonesome without his papa, will be borne aloft to the throne of the great King, and there be carefully considered.

JOSEPH R. LAMBERT.

THE EAR ACHE AND FAITH.

A FEW words on the subject of Faith. I was awakened last night by our little Willie crying with the ear ache, and he refused to be comforted. I arose to see what I could find for his relief. I found I had no consecrated oil, so I placed a small portion of lard and black pepper within a thin piece of muslin, tied it up and warmed it over the lamp then placed it within his ear. I jumped from the cold room, under the desirable cover of the blankets, and my little man (Willie) was crying pitifully. I said, "Shall I pray for you?" "O, yes, ma," he said; and he stopped while I repeated.

Lord rebuke the pain,
That troubles Willie's ear
And may he sleep so sweetly
Protected by thy care.

But the pain did not leave just then, and I had removed my hand from his ear, and he cried out for me to place it there again. So I did as desired and sang the prayer over two or three times and my little boy fell asleep, and did not awake, till twelve o'clock next day, freed from pain.

I thought as I looked at him, how sweet and trusting is his faith in me and in God; and ought I not to learn a lesson from him, to put my trust in the Lord, and to have an abiding faith, the faith that James speaks of, (James 2:17, 24.) He also says in another portion of his book. If any of you are sick call for the Elders of the Church, that they may lay hands on you, anointing you with oil, in the name of the Lord, "and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise them up." Shall we not become as little children? for our Father has said we must, and that without faith it is impossible to please him. O that we may truly contend (as the Scriptures teach) for the faith once delivered

to the Saints.—Jude 3rd verse. The falling away from that faith has caused diverse creeds.

Now children, let us try as well as the Elders, to remove the obstacles. Tell your school-mates what the Lord has done, to bring about the apostolic order, and to establish the gospel, with all its gifts and powers. We believe the Lord will come to redeem Zion, but should he come what would he say if we had not the gifts? It would be as on a certain occasion he said he could not perform miracles because of the lack of faith.

As my thoughts were thus engaged, I glanced around at the other three sleepers, who perhaps were dreaming of their father away in Texas. I felt to ask God to give us wisdom to train them in the path that leads to eternal life.

I was glad to find in the *Herald* of last week the faith of the brother who was so miraculously cured of broken bones. Surely God is just as willing to hear us now as in days of yore. Let us try to prove all things, and learn to appreciate that which is good. I'm glad there are so many workers in the hive, and I will venture to say that Brn. Joseph and Henry would be glad for the friends who have not named our name, to send any cheering communications to help our little paper to shine until the perfect day. Let our faith be cemented by our good works.

ESTHER ROHRER.

WOODBINE, IOWA.

LETTER FROM SISTER JENNET.

ONCE more I have an opportunity of writing to the Hopes. How much I enjoy reading your correspondence, and also when I am having a chat with you in the same way. We thus have a good chance to become acquainted with each other, and can let each other know what we are doing and intending to do.

Our Sabbath School, has never been reported to the *Hope*. It was organized October, 1871, and has survived until now, and, judging from present appearances, it will survive as many more years. We have an interesting school and a good Superintendent. His name is George Richards. He is proud of his school, and he tries all in his power to work for our interest; also we have a good Assistant Superintendent and good teachers, and most of the pupils try to do all they can to please them, and I hope and trust that He who has blessed and cared for us in years past will still bestow his blessing upon our school for years to come, enlightening and inspiring the minds of our teachers that they may be enabled to instruct us in our youthful days, so that when we grow up to be men and women we will never forget the instructions that we received in Sabbath School, but that we may ever walk in the straight and narrow path, trying to do all the good we can to those we can find who are honest, hearted seekers of truth.

Dear sisters, although we can not preach, yet we can talk to those around us and tell them of the glad tidings of great joy and peace which has been revealed unto us in these the latter days; and if we can not find any who will talk with us on our principles of faith and doctrine, don't let us stop and fold our arms and say "There is nothing I can do," for the field is large and laborers are few. Shall we not strive to do all in our power, asking the help of him who said "Lo if ye are weak I am strong, and whatsoever ye ask of me in righteousness it shall be given unto you?" If we but do our part his will not be undone. Can we not find some little children who are in the street and go from one house to another to play and spend their Sabbath days? They do this because they have nothing else to do, and no where else to go. Can we not bring them to Sabbath School and there teach them the ways of life and peace? Do you not know any who are thus circumstanced, those who have never seen the inside of a Sabbath School? Those who do not know any thing of the love of our dear Savior for them? They might be glad to have the chance to meet in a Sabbath School and to

mingle their voices in songs of praise. I know there are many such to be found in nearly every place. There are dozens of children who would be happy and glad to attend such a place. Therefore if we cannot talk to the elderly people, surely, by God's help, we can talk and invite and instruct the children! And as the Sunday School is the nursery of the Lord's vineyard, why not plant the ground with young vines and train and cultivate them; for a vine, if properly trained while young, is more capable of bearing good fruit than one that has never been cultivated, but let grow until it is old and then taken hold of.

Then, dear sisters, while God has been so good to us in extending the gospel of peace and salvation, let us not only pray for it to be extended to every kindred, tribe and nation, but also let us put forth every effort, and embrace every opportunity to spread the gospel. Let us work while the day lasts, for to-day is ours and we know not what to-morrow may bring. Thus when the night cometh that no man can work we may be safe in the fold of the good shepherd who says, "I am the shepherd of the sheep and my sheep hear my voice and follow me." The hours I spend in Sabbath School are among the happiest hours I have.

Brother Joseph was here and preached on Thursday evening, December 27th. He gave us good instructions, and our only disappointment was that he did not stay longer. Your sister in the covenant of love and peace,

JENNET ARCHIBALD.

WHY NOT NOW?

CHAPTER IV.

IT was well that Philip was forearmed by the persistency of his sister, and his promise. At the supper table, his father said to him. "Philip, I hear painful rumors respecting your friend Mason."

Philip's reply was, "I am sorry for that, father. I was in hopes that you would like him. But what is it that you have heard? Is it anything criminal?"

"No, my son. That is, nothing criminal in the sight of the law; but still it is criminal, too, as I and others regard it. I hear that he is an infidel."

"I may not understand just what this offense is, of which you have heard that Frank Mason is guilty; will you please explain what an infidel is, father."

"Why, my son, I supposed that every body knew what an infidel is. It means one that does not believe in anything, neither God, nor Christ, heaven nor hell; a bad man, without morality, or sense of responsibility, one who denies the claims of Christianity, is without faith, hence unfaithful."

"Does it mean so bad things as that! I am quite sure that my friend, Frank, is not so bad as that. He reads the Bible, and seems to believe in it. I have never asked him if he believed that there was a God, for I supposed he did. I think also that he believes in Christ, in some way; but how, I do not know."

"That is it, my son. If he was a believer you would know it."

"Well, father, I will ask him, at the first opportunity. He has promised to talk with me upon the subject of joining the church; and will if he is well enough, go to the meeting Sunday night."

Philip thought it best to thus notify his father of the agreement between Frank and himself, because he thought that he would not be likely to forbid him to go into his company further, until he saw what the issue of the matter would be. He was right in his conjecture, for his father at once replied, "I did think to forbid your longer keeping up your association with this young man, Philip; but I will now wait awhile longer and see how he decides to do. I must warn you,

however, to be very careful how you commit yourself to any views he may present."

Philip glanced across the table and telegraphed his sister Leonie his gratitude for her warning given him at the gate. He gravely turned to his father and said, "Father I hope that you will not forbid my association with Frank Mason, until you are quite sure that the rumors you have heard are true; or until you have yourself talked with him upon the subject of his belief, or unbelief. I believe him to be a man of good, firm, honest principles, and if he does not unite with the church as I am wishing that he would, he will give me some reason, good at least to him why he does not."

Here, unexpectedly to all, a new element of distress to the man of piety and puritanical theology appeared. Flossie, so called because of her wealth of bright soft hair, a girl of some fourteen years' experience, much like her elder sister in general appearance, only shorter and stouter; "a plump rosy cheeked girl," as every one said; broke in with; "Pa, am I a 'wicked, wicked, wicked' girl? Am I all 'bad,' so bad that there isn't a bit, not the least tiny bit of good in me?"

"Why, Flossie, what makes you ask that question?"

"Why, Mr. Brown, the preacher who preached last night, said in his sermon that everybody was just as wicked as wicked could be. He said, 'Even those little girls,' and he pointed his finger right at our seat; and there was Maggie Jones, and Susie Wright, and Charlotte Christian, and Bessie Caton, and Bessie is the best little girl in school, and me, all sitting there, 'even those little girls are totally depraved and wicked from the day they were born, I've been thinking about it all day, and I don't believe that we little girls are such bad, wicked folks. Do you pa?'"

Mr. Lebrae looked at the little speaker as if he would have liked to stop her before she had done; but she talked so fast, and was so in earnest about it, that she had finished ere he had quite made up his mind about it. Even now he did not know quite what to say to her; for he could not hope to make her understand the idea of the "depravity attaching to man by reason of the fall." So he said, "You may not have heard correctly, my dear, what Mr. Brown did say."

"Yes, pa," said Leonie, "she did hear correctly. I was sitting not far away with brother Philip, and when he said it I looked over to where the girls were sitting, thinking that Flossie had been cutting up some of her pranks, and had thus attracted the minister's attention; but the girls were all as quiet as mice."

"Yes," said impulsive Flossie, "and then when he said it, Bessie Caton began to cry. And Mrs. Jones, who sat in the seat behind us, leaned over and spoke to her, and told her to never mind, and not to cry. Now pa, what made him say it? I don't never want to hear him preach any more." And this impulsive little maid shook her head, quite positively. "And then, Mr. Roberts prayed, and he told the Lord that if he had been just, not one of us all would have been there alive; but we would all have been in the bad place. And there was his wife, good Mrs. Roberts, that every body loves, because she is so motherly and kind; and ma, and aunt Judy, and little Toodles, that never did any harm in the world. Now, pa, what made him say such things? I don't want ever to hear him again."

Mr. Lebrae was unable to resist the little girl's questions; so he said, "Well, let it pass now. Some other time I will tell you all about it." He finished his supper in silence lost in thought, and at the close of the meal rising up, he muttered half audibly. "What in the world made minister Brown make such a blunder. I can not answer that girl's questions satisfactorily to her; and she will not willingly go to hear him any more. She is so decided in her likes and dislikes." He went to his store by no means pleased with his table talk.

By Sunday evening Frank Mason was so far

recovered that he went with Philip to the meeting. Mr. Lebrae, and his family, except Flossie, were there. Mr. Brown again occupied the stand and delivered the sermon, Mr. Moody being hoarse. The singing was, as usual, excellent. After the sermon was over, the devotional exercises began. Mr. Moody led off in a stirring appeal to the throne of grace, that there might be an arousing of interest in the minds of the people, and an alarming of the sinners, that there might be a great conversion to the church. Many went forward, but our young friends sat still through it all. Philip's face was aglow with the enthusiasm and life displayed; Frank's face was solemn, and a grave earnest light shone in his eyes. He seemed absorbed in what was going on, and now and then a slight parting of his lips in a half smile, indicated that something pleased him; either what was said or done, or the thought suggested by it. Philip noticed his friend's absorbed manner, and hoped some impression had been made upon him, that would impel him to go forward. Philip's father also noticed his son's friend, and was quite surprised to see him so quiet, respectful and attentive to the services. "He evidently believes," was the mental comment he made, "no man can listen with such a look as that on his face, unless he is a believer."

Just before the close of the evening's services, something occurred that seemed to start a new train of thought in the mind of Philip; the glow departed from his face, and a puzzled expression took the place of the lively look in his eyes. A stranger, a man some thirty nine or forty years of age, just a trifle of gray in his beard, and on his temples, a sober, sedate look about his face and in his eyes, a forehead large and as white as a woman's where his hat shaded it, a little above the ordinary height and clothed in coarse, but clean clothes, rose and asked if he might speak. Mr. Moody, who seemed to be in charge, assented. The stranger then began, "I am by nature and the force of circumstances, a skeptic. I wish to find the truth, and shall welcome it with a glad heart when I find it, or it comes to me. I have waited for the coming apostle, who should bring the news of a risen Redeemer freed from the influences of the narrow creeds of men. It may be that Mr. Moody is he; if so none will be more pleased than I. If he will permit me to ask a few questions and will kindly answer them, it will possibly relieve my mind of doubts, and may help the work he seems desirous of accomplishing."

The stranger paused, waiting a reply. Mr. Moody rose hastily, motioned to Mr. Sankey who took his place at the organ, and answered, "We will answer no questions to-night. We will sing 'What shall the harvest be,' and be dismissed. The song was sung, the audience rose and were dismissed with a benediction.

UNCLE J.

Continued.

DOWVILLE SUNDAY SCHOOL REPORT.

THE Zion's Hope Sunday School at Dowville, Iowa, reports for seventeen weeks as follows: Number scholars enrolled 30, average attendance 15, verses learned during term 4,423, greatest learned by any one scholar 800, teachers in school 5.

Portions of Scripture read and explained during term, first seventeen chapters of Acts.

First prize offered for greatest number verses, are Inspired Translation; second prize Book of Mormon; third prize Saints' Harp.

Class prizes: first, Saints' Harp; second, Hope for year; also for 500 verses recited, a new song book.

Our Sunday School is not large but considering our numbers think we get along very well. We take great pleasure in the Hopes, especially when there are songs in them that we can sing in school. We do strongly appeal to all Latter-Day Saints' Sunday Schools that they do (besides taking the Hopes in their families) keep from eight to one dozen Hopes going to the school for

the benefit of those who are not able to take them, and also to distribute to outsiders.

CLARENCE M. WILDER, *Superintendent.*

CLEAN TEETH.

What is there more refreshing to the eye than a pretty mouth, with nice, clean, white teeth showing through the parted lips? And because we believe this, we advise the girls (and the boys, too—for they have a right to wholesome, healthy-looking mouths, also) to use this simple and inexpensive tooth wash:

Dissolve two ounces of borax in three pints of boiling water, and before it is cold add one teaspoon spirits of camphor, and bottle for use. A teaspoonful of this mixture with an equal quantity of warm water, applied daily with a soft brush, cleanses and preserves the teeth, and makes them pearly white.

Correspondence.

BEAR ISLE, Hancock County, Maine,
January 20th, 1878.

Brother and Sister Hopes:—I am still trying to do my Master's will, although the way looks dark by times; yet we know in whom to trust. I saw brother Joseph when he was here, also brethren Landers, Gurley and Ells. We are all in the Church, father and mother and my two brothers. There is a small band of us here, and we have meeting every Sabbath. Remember me at the throne of grace.

Though we are poor, despised, forsaken,
And oftimes we mourn and weep,
Yet our God and Father loves us,
He will gather all his sheep.

Your brother in the latter day work,

J. E. EATON.

BARNARD, Missouri, January 26th, 1878.

Dear Hopes:—Our school just closed. My little brother and sister and myself have to go three miles to school across a high, rolling prairie. We are the only Hopes going to the school. The scholars are nearly all Irish Catholic. We have no Sunday School, and our branch is scattered, but we meet every Sunday. I was baptized when I was eight years old; I am now twelve. Your sister,

HANNAH K. CHRISTENSEN.

NEBRASKA CITY, Neb., Feb. 3rd, 1878.

Dear Hopes:—This pleasant Sabbath afternoon I feel like writing to you. There is a nice branch here. We have Sunday School at ten o'clock in the morning. It is not a very large one, but we hope that it will become larger. The Sunday School is going to have quarterly entertainments. The next one is to be in the last of March. I was baptized in August. I am thirteen years old, and in the seventh grade. We have not had much snow this winter, but one that came last Sunday has lasted till now. I enjoyed Christmas and New Years very much. We had an entertainment and Christmas Tree. I wish that some of the Hopes at Plano would write to our little Hope. I would like to hear from them. Pray for me.

Your Sister, RUBY C. FORSCUTT.

BRUSH CREEK, Kansas, Feb. 3rd, 1878.

Dear Hopes:—I am going to school. We had a nice dinner on New Year's Day at the school house, and we read in concert and made speeches and had a good time generally.

G. G. DOCKERY.

PLATTSMOUTH, Neb., Feb. 8th, 1878.

Dear Hopes:—I desire to be baptized. I go to the highest school in this place. My teacher's name is Mr. Simmons. He is a good teacher, for he knows how to manage his scholars, and he makes them learn. He is a Christian man and likes to talk about the Lord. We have no Sunday School of our own to go to. I am twelve years old and I can read, write, spell, and know a good deal of the Arithmetic.

Yours Truly, WM. H. MITCHELL.

GLEN EASTON, Marshall Co., West Virginia,
January 29th, 1878.

Dear Little Hopes:—I was baptized Aug. 2d, 1878, by brother James Craig, and I know that this is the true Church of Christ; and I thank the good Father that he has brought me through all troubles. We have a branch of twelve members. Brother Harris is Presiding Elder. I am nearly fourteen years old. Two of my brothers and two of my sisters are in the Church. I am thankful for the glorious gospel. We ought to rejoice together in the hope of eternal life, and that we can rely on all the promises that God has given. Dear Hopes, do not neglect your duty before the Lord; because he will require account of the work

that he has given us to do. Pray for me that I may be faithful unto the end, and gain eternal life.

Your sister in the Church.

SARAH A. DOBBS.

SALT LAKE CITY, Utah, Jan. 29th, 1878.

Dear Hopes:—I am nine years old. I go to the Presbyterian Sunday School, and to day-school. I was baptized about three months ago. The Saints have very nice meetings in my mother's house every Sunday. The President's name is Thomas Hudson. I love him very much, because he is such a good man. My love to all the little Hopes,

JOSEPH SILVER.

OMAHA, Nebraska, Feb. 7th, 1878.

Dear Hopes:—We have no Sunday School here, but hope to have one soon. I go to meeting every Sunday. I would be glad to see all of the sisters and brothers that write to the Hope. Pray for me that I may meet you all in Zion. Your Sister in Christ;

MAMIE H. RUMEL.

GLEN EASTON, Marshall Co., West Virginia,
January 29th, 1878.

Dear Hopes:—I am going to school now at Fairview. I was baptized July 30th, 1877. I have three brothers and one sister younger than myself. The great God has been very kind to me. It is my desire to live right, and I thank him for restoring the gospel, and that I have been spared to obey the same. I am looking for that great day of the coming of the Son of God, and I am trying to do better than I have in the past, the Lord being my helper. Let us all try to live to be worthy of the name of Saints; for it is a great thing to be called sons and daughters of God. Pray for me, that I may live faithful. Your brother in the gospel bonds,

JARED E. DOBBS.

DEER CREEK, Madison County, Nebraska,
February 19th, 1878.

Dear Hopes:—We have meetings every Sunday, but no Sunday School. I am fourteen, and was baptized November 25, 1877. I am going to school. My studies are arithmetic and geography and spelling. I read in the first reader. I have three brothers and one sister younger than myself. I ask an interest in your prayers. Your sister in Christ,

MARY CYNTHIA LOOMIS.

DEER CREEK, Madison County, Nebraska,
February 17th, 1878.

Dear Uncle Joseph:—I am twelve years old. I was baptized last November. All my brothers belong to the Church of the Lord. I want to keep all the commandments of God, so that I may be saved.

Your brother in Christ,

CHAUNCY CHARLES LOOMIS.

DEER CREEK, Madison County, Nebraska,
February 17th, 1878.

Dear Uncle Joseph:—I am trying to be a good boy and to serve God; and, although I make crooked paths, yet I am trying to do better. I ask an interest in all your prayers. I go to school and try to learn as fast as I can. I am past eight years old. I was baptized last November. I try to pray the best I know how. Your brother in Christ,

JOSEPH WESLEY LOOMIS.

LITTLE SIOUX, Harrison County, Iowa,
February 8th, 1878.

Dear Hopes:—I wish to tell you all how good the Lord was to a little Hope, six years old, who lived with her grandma. There was a good deal of diphtheria in the settlement and some died of it. One morning the little Hope had it, and by evening her throat was swelled considerably and she had a fever. When she went to bed her grandma put some oil on her throat, and told her to ask the Lord to cure her, when she said her prayers, and that it would be well in the morning. And so it was, and it never troubled her any more. This little Hope's name was EDITH.

WATSONVILLE, Cal., Feb. 9th, 1878.

Dear Hopes:—I was ten years old last December. We live in the country, five miles from town. I do not belong to the Church. We have no meeting or Sunday School out here. I went to the Saints' Sunday School when I lived in town. I hope I will be a sister in the Church some day. I bid you a kind good by.

ANNIE KING.

LITTLE SIOUX, Iowa, Feb. 14th, 1878.

Dear Hopes:—I am still striving to follow the pattern laid down by our blessed Savior, but I am making little progress in His cause. I meet often with the Saints. The branch is about one mile from where I live. I was baptized October 29th, 1876, by Bro. D. H. Bays. I am now fifteen years old, and I love the cause in which we are enlisted, and I am striving to be a better boy, and I hope to be one of the number who will go up to Mount Zion, singing songs of everlasting joy. Your brother in Christ,

WILLIAM M. CONYERS.

WATSONVILLE, Cal., Feb. 10th, 1878.

Dear Hopes:—I am a little girl only eight years old. I do not belong to the Church, but my mother does. There are nice pieces in the Hopes for little children. Your friend,

NELLIE KING.

UNION FORT, Utah, Feb. 11th, 1878.

Dear Little Hopes:—I have not been baptized yet, but I hope to be before long. My brother is in the Church and also my mother and father. I have a little sister, born February 6th. Yours truly,

ELIZABETH E. YORK.

Puzzle Corner.

Answers in One Month.

ENIGMA.—No. 2.

I am composed of twenty letters.

My 10, 15, 17, 18, 11, 20, 6 is a well known fish.

My 10, 12, 13, 14 is a small coin.

My 10, 3, 14 is a domestic animal.

My 19, 12, 3, 5 is used in unbaked bread.

My 1, 20, 6 is a specie of forest tree.

My 4, 3, 2, 7 is a verb.

My 10, 15, 4, 7 is a verb.

My 6 and 7 is a pronoun.

My 14 and 15 is a preposition.

My 1, 9, 2 is a conjunction.

My whole was an ancient man of God.

ANAGRAM.—No. 5.

Fiel si a care, ewrh mose cuesedc,

Helwi seohrt era ghenbingu;

Sti cluk, ta iestm, ta eisohr pedes,

Ttha sivge na ryale giwinnn.

Uth, fi uyo acnceh of affi dehnib,

En're aknelec rony doasnevyr;

Sujt epek hsit heosmeowl rhutt ni idmn,

Its trefeb tlae athn erven.

SVTEA TEHTRESEOT.

WORD PUZZLE.—No. 5.

My 1st is in stirrup, but not in saddle.

My 2d is in row, but not in paddle.

My 3d is in crow, but not in hawk.

My 4th is in move, but not in walk.

My 5th is in reap, but not in sow.

My 6th is in arrow, but not in bow.

My 7th is in buy, but not in sell.

My 8th is in spring, but not in well.

My whole is one of the books of the Bible.

Selected by ATTILA ADAMS.

Answers to Puzzle Corner of Feb. 1st.

1 To Word Puzzle, No. 3.—John T. Davies.

2 To Anagram, No. 3.—"Behold, I will send for many fishers, saith the Lord, and they shall fish them; and after will I send for many hunters, and they shall hunt them from every mountain, and from every hill, and out of the holes of the rocks."—Jer. 16: 16. ALICE ARMSTRONG.

3 To Hidden Rivers, No. 2.—1 Ural. 2 Jordan. 3 Don. 4 Ohio.

4 To Puzzle, No. 3.—From six, take ix (9); from ix (9) take (x) 10; from xl (40) take (u) 50; leaving six.

Correct answers received from Ruby Forscutt to Nos. 1, 2, 3; Maggie Evans 1, 2; Wm. H. Mitchell 1, 2; Wm. Flanders 1; J. E. Rogerson 1, 2; Jennet Archibald 1, 2, 4; Lizzie Archibald 2; Margaret Archibald 2, 4; B. M. Smith 2, (also to No. 1, in Jan. 1st Hope); F. T. Curtis 1; John W. Ard 2; Willie Best 1, 2, 4; John Marrott 1, 3, 4.

[The hidden rivers are found by taking successive letters in the sentence given; as: MAJOR DANFORTH is an old friend.—Hope, Feb. 1st.—Ed.]

THE SAINTS' HERALD.

The above publication is issued semi-monthly, at Plano, Kendall County, Illinois, by the Board of Publication of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, \$2.15 per year free of postage. Edited by Joseph Smith and Henry A. Stebbins.

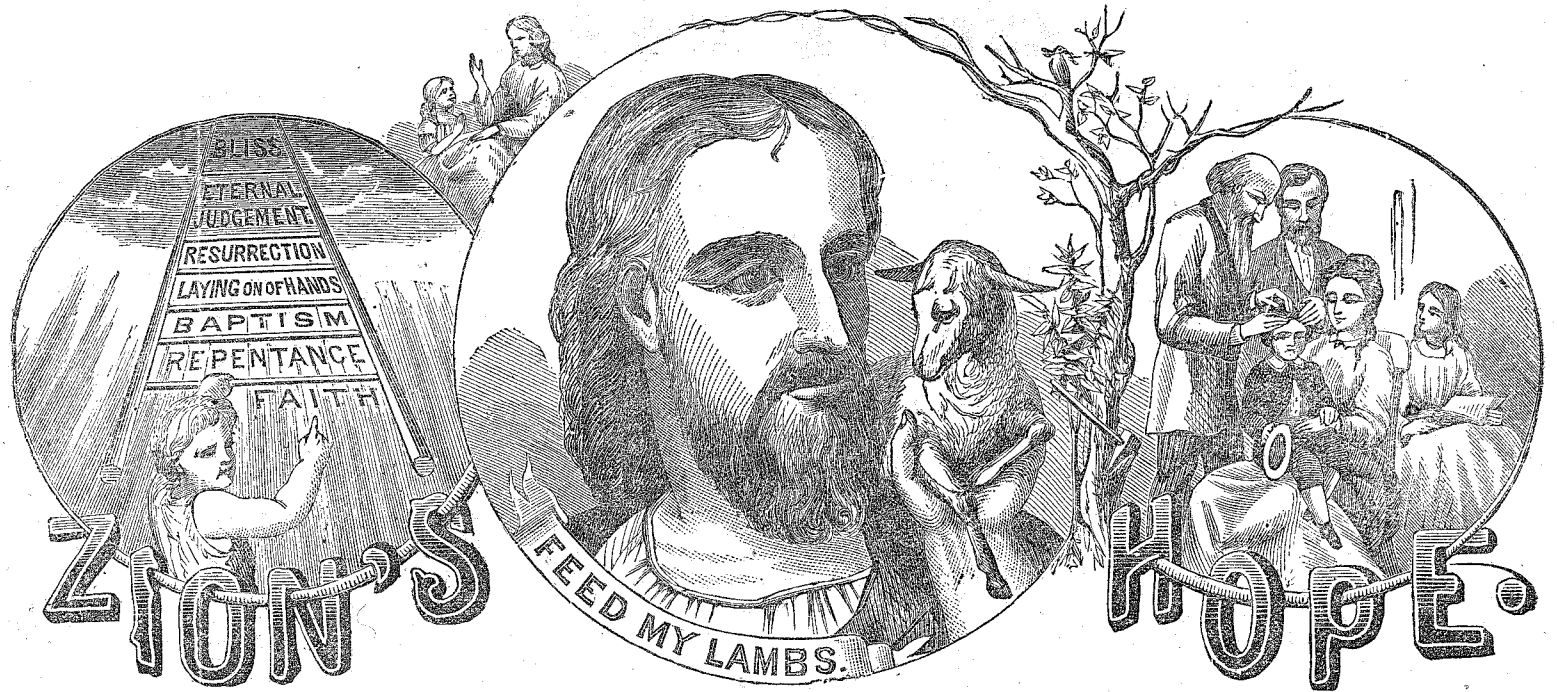
1 March 78.

A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue. Owing to the fact that we make nothing on the Hope we would like to see subscriptions paid up as early as possible, and delinquent ones especially. With the small margin to work upon, the cost of paper and postage for papers sent on credit for a few issues or for months, forces us as a general rule to discontinue sending it when the time is out, at which we hope no one will take offence but watch this notice hereafter for the blue mark.

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Superintendents and Teachers of Sunday schools, Book Agent 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. 9.

PLANO, KENDALL CO., ILL., MARCH 15, 1878.

No. 18.

"BABY, THREE YEARS OLD TO DAY."

O, my baby, darling baby,
Baby Lois, far away,
O, my baby, blessed baby,
Baby, three years old to day!

Baby born in far Nevada;
Dreary nature frowned in vain;
Blooms she now upon the prairies,
And the flow'rets laugh again.

Baby now is looking westward
To the place sought out by prayer,
Saints will give the baby welcome—
Angels cherish baby there.

None beneath the vine and fig-tree
"Shall molest or make afraid."
For her sake the heavens are bending,
And for her the plagues are stayed.

She'll be glad with Zion's daughters,
As by Prophets long foretold:
And with harps from off the willows,
They'll renew the strains of old.

When my weary search is ended,
And my distant wandering o'er;
Lo, the angel I was seeking,
Shall be waiting at my door.

When the snows of age are falling,
And their chill on limb and brain,
Baby's words, and baby's watching,
Shall be health and youth again.

Seal the blessing on the baby,
Dedicated, Lord, to thee—
What was asked, and what was promised,
When Thou gavest her back to me.

O, my baby, darling baby,
Baby Lois, far away,
O, my baby, blessed baby,
Baby, three years old to day!

SMOXY VALLEY.

S. F. W.

WHY NOT NOW?

CHAPTER V.

ON Monday, the day after the meeting, referred to in our last chapter, there was an assembly of the town and country people at the large hall, for the purpose of listening to a discussion of some of the political questions of the day. Mr. Lebrae and Philip both attended leaving Leonie and Flossie in charge of the store, as for some unexplained reason there was no school that day.

Soon after Mr. Lebrae and his son had left the store, Frank Mason came in. He bought some articles of dress of which he had need, and asked where Philip was, stating as his reason for inquiring that he wished to know if Philip was going to the public meeting, and to ask him to accompany him. The girls assured him that their father and Philip had already gone.

As he turned to go out, Flossie said to him, "Are not you Mr. Frank Mason? To this ques-

the young man turning back from the door, replied, "My name is Mason."

Flossie then said, "My name is Florence Lebrae, and this is my sister Leonie. We are Philip's sisters." Leonie had vainly tried to check her impulsive sister, but still retained her presence of mind enough to answer the young man's respectful bow, at this novel introduction.

Leonie, feeling that unless something was said embarrassment would follow, remarked; "I have frequently seen you, Mr. Mason, with my brother, but have not before met you."

To this Mr. Mason responded, "I am thankful to your sister, Miss Lebrae, for the pleasure of your acquaintance. Your brother has often requested me to visit him at his home, but fearing that I might intrude, I have declined."

"Yes, Mr. Mason," said Flossie, "But don't you wait any longer; we are all anxious to know you;—and—"

"Why, Flossie, Mr. Mason will think you rude," and turning to that gentleman, she added, "Pardon my sister's impulsiveness, Mr. Mason. She quite often speaks what she thinks, without much regard to rules."

Mr. Mason smiled, and smiling, said, "I am thankful to be benefited by her sunny heartedness; however, I shall not take advantage of it to annoy you, Miss Lebrae," so saying he departed.

After he was gone Flossie said, "Leo, I like Mr. Mason. He is just splendid. I don't wonder Philip likes him. I hope that Philip will ask him again to come to our house; and I hope he will come—I will tell brother to make him come."

"I will tell you Flossie, if you want him to come, just ask papa to send him word by Philip to come, and I think he will come. He is very sensitive, I should judge, about intruding upon people."

When Mr. Lebrae and his son reached the hall the people were gathering; quite a large number being already in attendance. Some minutes elapsed, during which Mr. Mason came in, with several of the principal men of the place, among them the gentleman who was to be the main speaker of the occasion. The meeting was called to order, a chairman was chosen, and at the choosing of a secretary Mr. Mason was selected. The young man seemed surprised, but made no excuse and walked quietly up to the platform, and bowing to the chairman and the audience, took his seat by the table prepared to take the minutes of the proceedings. Mr. Lebrae was surprised and annoyed. It seemed to him that every thing was at work against him. Here he was striving to secure his son from the influence

of a man whom he supposed to be of a bad, or indifferent character, and this very man was sufficiently well thought of to be named as secretary of a large and enthusiastic meeting, though but a young man. He determined to get acquainted with the man and ascertain for himself about his religious convictions. In this project he was favored by an action of the meeting, which passed a number of resolutions, among them one to the effect that a committee of citizens should be selected to canvass the town and adjacent country to ascertain the feelings of the citizens toward the project of erecting a building for a business college, high school, public library and reading room. A committee of seven was chosen, Mr. Lebrae and Mr. Mason being two of the number.

The meeting was addressed by the principal speaker a Mr. Johnson, and several others, one of whom was Mr. Percival, the man who had wished to ask questions at the meeting in the church the night before. This man spoke in a calm, dignified, resolute way; and among the things stated by him, one that seemed to strike the attention of the assembly with force was the following; "Shams and pretences in government, whether in our homes, towns, cities, state, or the general government must ultimately end in wrong and oppression which bring destruction; nor will the church escape the workings of this general truth. Our only remedy is that we do now and at once sit in examination, on the church with the Bible before us; and on the general affairs of town, country and state with the constitution in our hands; whatsoever does not bear scrutiny, let us either amend, change for the better, or abandon. Unless we do this it does not require the wisdom of a sage, nor the prescience of a prophet to predict fatal results to the country we all love."

In the morning, before going to the store Mr. Lebrae said to his son, Philip, "Bring Mr. Mason round to tea this evening, I want to talk with him on the subject of the committee appointed last night. And if he is willing, to ascertain, also, something of his views on religion."

Philip was quite glad to be authorized by his father to ask his friend to visit the house; so at the first opportunity he hurried round to where Mr. Mason was boarding and delivered the message. That gentleman accepted the invitation and promised to be punctual to the minute.

When Mr. Lebrae arrived at the store and had taken down the shutters, swept the floor and dusted the shelves, counters and desks, preparatory to the day's trading; he was beginning to arrange in his mind the questions with which he should test the belief of his son's friend. He

was not allowed to finish the list without interruption, for Mr. Caton the father of little Bessie, the child so warmly praised by Flossie as we have seen, came in to buy some butter and tea for his family. After he had made his purchases, he tarried for a minute's chat with his neighbor the store-keeper. Mr. Lebrae remarked that Mr. Caton sighed and looked troubled, as he leaned wearily against the counter, and replied to the question as to how his folks were, "All well, except Bessie."

"Ah, what is the matter with the little girl?" was the natural question, asked by Mr. Lebrae.

"Well, neighbor, I hardly know. She was out at meeting, in company with a number of little girls about her age, and returned home crying bitterly. Her mother questioned her as to the cause of her crying, but Bessie would not tell what the trouble was. In the morning she was still sad, and cried at intervals all day. I tried to get her to tell me; but neither coaxing, nor demands, would get a reply from her. She has ever since done little else but cry, refuses to go out any where, is too sick to send to school; and does not want to go to meeting,—which she used to be always anxious to do. And last night she was so restless and uneasy that I slept but little, for watching with her. This morning she is really ill."

During this reply, Flossie came into the store, her mother having sent her down to help her father during the day. Mr. Lebrae hesitated for awhile, before saying anything; at last he said, "Florence, come here," Flossie obeyed him. "Now, Florence, tell Mr. Caton what it was that made little Bessie cry, the night she and the rest of you little folks were sitting together on the seat at church. Be careful now, and don't say anything harsh; just tell the story quietly. Thus cautioned, the girl told the story that we have already heard from her telling. She said nothing more than just to tell what the minister said, and how he said it, and how it affected Bessie.

Mr. Caton's eyes filled with tears as he listened. He sighed once or twice quite heavily, but said nothing until she had done; when, taking up his packages, he went out, remarking, "I shall not speak of this, neighbor Lebrae, till I have thought it over awhile. If you will permit me I will call, sometime during the day, and talk with you about it." Mr. Lebrae gave his assent.

After he had gone out, Mr. Lebrae seemed very quiet, but by remembering that Flossie was watching him, he roused himself, and said to her, "Flossie, daughter, I hope that religion may never make you so unhappy as mine is now making me."

"Why, pa, I am sure that religion, if it makes people good, ought to make them happy."

"Yes, yes, child," said he, "I feel that it ought but it does not,"—and, checking himself he continued, "at least mine does not make me happy."

UNCLE J.

Continued.

PLAIN TALK TO A GIRL.

Your every-day toilet is a part of your character. A girl who looks like a "fury" or a sloven in the morning is not to be trusted in the evening. No matter how humble your room may be, there are eight things it should contain, viz., a mirror, washstand, soap, towel, comb, hair, nail and tooth brushes. These are just as essential as your breakfast, before which you should make good and free use of them. Parents who fail to provide their children with such appliances not only make a great mistake, but commit a sin of omission. Look tidy in the morning, and after the dinner work is over improve your toilet. Make it a rule of your life to "dress up" in the afternoon. Your dress may or may not be anything better than calico, but with a ribbon or flower, or some bit of ornament, you can have an air of self-respect and satisfaction that invariably comes with being well dressed.

BY A HEAVENLY FATHER'S HAND.

BY MYRTLE GRAY.

CHAPTER VI.

"MOTHER, I knew I saw a shadow on your face, the first time Fred came here, why was it?" asked Mary Allen when her mother came back to the parlor.

Mrs. Allen sat down, and gazing tenderly on her daughter for a moment, she said in a low, soft tone, "Martha Stanley and I were school girls together; I thought her the best friend ever a girl had, and I loved her dearly. We lived in the country near neighbors, and were constantly together. What happy days those were! And when John Manvers came among us, no one was surprised when he singled out Martha from the group of merry girls, for it seemed natural that she should be the most favored, for she was the prettiest and brightest of us all. And when she told us she was to be married to the young merchant and live in a splendid home, there was no envy in our hearts, for we rejoiced in her happy prospects. She was married in the little church, and the day before the wedding, the girls got together and trimmed the church with flowers and evergreens. She was dressed simply in white, and we thought there never could be a more beautiful bride than she was. From the church we drove home with her, to the wedding dinner, and stayed till the stage came that was to take them to the city. The last adieus were said, and, with a promise to visit us often, they drove off. Her sister Doris heard from her frequently, and she would always bring the letters to me, to read; but, after awhile, the letters became shorter, and less frequent; and a year or so after Martha's marriage Doris went to visit her, and when she came home I went over, eager to hear the account of the visit. Doris was out in the garden, and looked as if she had been crying.

"Our Martha is gone!" she said sadly, as I came up.

"What! dead?" I exclaimed, with a heavy feeling around my heart. "No, worse than that; if she had died in her innocence, it wouldn't have been so hard."

"Then she told me of beautiful rooms, soft carpets, servants, and of a cold, proud woman, reigning over all! It seemed incredible; and, worse than all, she would not own Doris as her sister, before her richly dressed, fashionable friends!"

"Oh, Mother!"

"Thus the years passed" continued Mrs. Allen; "and, when Mr. and Mrs. Stanley died, Doris sold the old place, and bought a place out west I'm told. When I married, we came to the city, your father thinking he could have more work to do, and I lost track of her. I met Mrs. Manvers near her husband's store, and I'm sure she recognized me; for her face flushed, as she gathered up her frounces and swept past me. Once again I met her with her daughter, who said something, but I only caught the word 'vulgar!' It was long before I could realize that the proud, haughty Mrs. Manvers, was once my dear friend, Martha Stanley. It was Fred's resemblance to his mother that drew me toward him. God save the dear boy, who is not yet in the coils of that deadly serpent, Pride! Can you wonder that I have guarded you so closely from its influence?"

As she ceased speaking her head was resting on her hand, and Mary rose and went softly from the room. * * *

"Well, it's all settled" said Mrs. Manvers coming into her daughter's room; we are to go with the Conway party to some quiet retreat in the White Mountains; that is all the rage now.

"The Conway party!" exclaimed Florence delightedly; "how did you ever manage it?"

"O, I managed it," answered Mrs. Manvers with a self-satisfied air. "And poor, dear Arthur is so sick," she continued; "Mrs. Conway said he took sick down town and was so very weak he could not get home without assistance."

"Poor boy," said Florence, sympathisingly. "I hope it is nothing serious, for I wouldn't for the

world have any thing happen, to upset our plans."

"The doctor says that if he is kept very quiet there is no danger; though he was quite delirious, his mother said. I did not see him for he was asleep while I was there."

"This, then, was the reason I did not meet him," thought Florence. Then, relating her morning adventure, she said in conclusion; "Such horrid people! Beautiful dresses indeed! Why, they were only plain calico dresses, with not a sign of an overskirt or anything. And that girl fifteen or sixteen years old, wears her hair in long curls." But she omitted saying how she envied her for them. "And don't you think she had the impudence to hold out her hand to me! I declare! the conceit of such poor-house trash is truly astonishing!"

"But were they so poor?" asked her mother.

"Poor! why, they had only a common ingrain carpet, and such furniture! And, mother, if you will believe it, she is the very same woman who stared at you so rudely one day, down town."

Mrs. Manvers started. "One has so many people staring at them," she said. "But, Flo, don't mention this story to your father, for he has his business affairs to perplex him, without hearing any of Fred's absurdities."

Well she knew if he heard the story he would go and see for himself; "and then he would find out everything, for he would be sure to recognize her; she has changed so little," she mentally concluded. Then, hearing her son's step in the hall, she went to the door and said, "I wish you would call and see Arthur Conway, this afternoon, Fred, he is very ill."

"Oh don't worry about him, mother, he will be all right after he takes his little nap," he answered, and Mrs. Manvers turned sharply around, and commenced talking on the all important subject of, What shall we wear? and a week later found the "Conway party" en route for the "quiet secluded spot" to revel with the fashionable throng, in one gay round of parties, balls and so on, for a month or more, and this they call rest.

To be Continued.

BEAUTIFUL, UNSELFISH LIVES MAKE DEATH BEAUTIFUL.

YES, dear Hopes, unselfish lives will always be the sweetest. Learn to make yourselves useful in some way to some one, and never say, "I wont do errands for her." Are there any little Hopes who have ever said these words? If so then the moment you say this you shut out of your soul some of God's pure light and love, and every time you allow yourself to do an unkind deed, or to speak unkindly to any one, you shut out a little more beautiful light, till by-and-by, and when you have grown old you will look stiff and forbidding as an old stone castle, instead of cheery and sunny like a snug little cottage tucked in among the roses. The children will avoid you if you are selfish and disagreeable, but they will come with their light hearts and cheerful faces if you only have an unselfish, beautiful, noble soul, looking through the dim eyes that will, ere long, close on earthly scenes, and open to glories such as earth knows not of.

I sincerely pray, dear Hopes, that you will not wait till to-morrow to begin your usefulness; but commence at once, that your lives may be useful, beautiful, and unselfish, made up of noble deeds, as you pass along your journey and in the narrow way. By living such lives you will make death beautiful; for death will have no terror for you, and if you live to be aged children you will wonder if God has not sent angels to dwell on the earth. Will you not try, dear Hopes, to lead useful, unselfish, noble lives. Take our Savior's example of love, kindness, gentleness, meekness, unselfishness. Yes, dear Hopes, if he had had any spark of selfishness about him then he never would have been willing to have laid down his life for you and for me, and for all mankind. If our heavenly Father was a particle selfish he

never would have sent his only begotten Son into the world to save the children of men. Our Savior says that if we are his disciples that we will take up our cross and follow him. Then let us live as he did, an unselfish, loving, beautiful life, so that to us death may be robbed of its terrors; and thus having that blessed assurance that we are only passing from death unto everlasting life. May you, dear Hopes, and all God's children, live so that we may be worthy to receive eternal life, is the prayer of your sister in Christ,
S. C. H.

"SHALL WE GATHER HOME TO ZION."

Hopes of Zion:—While reading the Bible this morning, and meditating upon it, I wish to write something for that most valuable of papers, *Zion's Hope*. With what anxiety many of the Saints look forward to the time when they can be gathered home to Zion, where we can have God's laws to govern us, God's people to associate with, and where we shall be free from unjust laws and from oppression.

Dear children, do you want to gather with the Saints to Zion, and to be numbered with God's people, that you may escape the devastating scourges of the Almighty, those that are soon to be meted out to the wicked inhabitants of the earth? If so there is something for us to do. The Psalmist David asks this question of the Lord.

"Lord who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill of Zion?"—Ps. 15: 1.

What an important question for those who wish to abide in the tabernacle of the Lord, for those who wish to gather with the Saints home to Zion. Now as we are commanded to search the Scriptures, we will do so to see if we can find an answer to the above question. Yes, here it is:

"He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart."—2 verse.

What a lesson here is for both old and young to observe. Surely this means something more than merely to utter the truth with our lips; for with the lips we may utter words of truth but do it in such a way and manner as to convey a false impression, and thus deceive those to whom we speak. But, as the Savior says, that out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh, if we speak the truth in (or from) the heart we will have no desire to deceive. But this is not all that we have to do, to enable us to dwell in Mount Zion. The Psalmist continues:

"He that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbor, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbor."—3 verse.

Dear Hopes of Zion, are we guilty of backbiting, which is to slander, to vilify or to traduce? Are we ready, willing and anxious to take up a reproach against our neighbor; or can we add a little to it and make it a little worse than it is, just to make a good story out of it, so as to have something to talk about? Are we tattlers and tale bearers? If so then the promise of "gathering home to Zion" is not for us. Now let us read again:

"In whose eyes a vile person is contemned but he honoreth them that fear the Lord; swear-eth not falsely to hurt any man, and changeth not."—4 verse.

We hope that there are none of the children of the Saints, or their parents either, who are guilty of swearing falsely to injure any one; or of telling a falsehood for that purpose or for any other. "In whose eyes a vile person is contemned." A vile person is a mean, low, contemptible, shameful person. Now do we hate and despise, (for that is the meaning of contemned), not the person (who is so weak and unfortunate as to come under this head), but their society, and those things or traits that make them base and vile? If so, then, so far we have the promise of gathering home to Zion. But

here is one verse more with a glorious promise attached to it, and those preceding it.

"He that putteth not out his money to usury, nor taketh a reward against the innocent. He that doeth these things shall never be moved."—5 verse.

What glorious promises there are for those who will "buy the truth and sell it not." Who will search the Scriptures and treasure them up in their hearts, and abide by the teachings of the same. Then beloved Saints, both old and young, inasmuch as our kind Father has given us his Spirit, to comfort, console and cheer us on our way, and also the rod of iron, which is the word of God, to test every spirit or doctrine that shall be presented to us, let us ever prove faithful unto our trust.

"Let us walk in the light," as Christ is in the light, And cleave unto the iron rod; Let us speak the truth in our hearts, for this is right: And ne'er forsake the word of God.

All backbiting, and tattling, too, we will forsake, And to our neighbor no evil do; That when the Saints, are gathered home, we will partake Of blessings rich and treasures new.

When judgments sore, shall sweep the earth to cleanse the same,

From vile deceit, from sin and shame, May we among the Saints, in Zion's land, remain; This is my prayer in Jesus name.

CORTLAND, ILLINOIS.

UNCLE W. R.

CHARACTER.

CHARACTER is so much more than wealth or knowledge, fame or power, that it is the measure of the man. When a man is placed in a prominent position of any sort whatever, we say at once, "What is he worth?" not "What does he know?" but "What sort of a man is he?" That is the momentous question that involves all. All others are secondary, wealth, knowledge, fame and power, are most desirable accessions for a good man; but otherwise they add strength in a wrong direction. I wonder if the young men and boys in our land realize that character is the most important capital in any and all business transactions. If a man of large business is looking for a partner or employee, what does he require first and most of all? An honest man or boy. Wealth and position, with this first requisite, will be no detraction, but nothing without it.

What pillars are to a building, what the foundation is, and the corner-stones thereof, so is a good character to a man or woman, boy or girl. The wise man said, "A good name is rather to be chosen than riches," and he had no lack of wealth. Remember, boys—and it will harm none to remember—that what you are is of infinite importance: while what you have is finite in its value; its end is the grave; while the former will grow and enrich its possessor through all the ages of immortality. Strive for it as for your life, for life is naught without it; if a man die for his house, he is an everlasting hero; while if he dies for his wealth, he is a sordid fool. We honor it in death, if not in life. "So teach us to number our days, as to apply our hearts unto wisdom."

At a school examination a visitor asked a boy if he could forgive those who had wronged him. "Could you," said the inspector, "forgive a boy, for example who had insulted or struck you?" "Y-e-s, sir," replied the lad, very slowly, "I think—I—could." But he added, in a much more rapid manner: "I could if he was bigger than I am."

The largest church in the world is St. Peter's at Rome. It is erected over the reputed grave of St. Peter. The cathedral is 613 feet long, and 450 feet across the transepts. The arch of the nave is 90 feet wide, and 152 feet high. The diameter of the dome is 195½ feet. From the pavement to the base of the lantern is 405 feet, and to the top of the cross 434½ feet.

"LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION."

WILLIE Mortimer was a kind and affectionate little boy, but he possessed a hasty temper, which was ever leading him into some harm. Here, you see, it has just led him into trouble, for, in trying to get his mother's work box away from his sister, he has dropped it, and all the things have rolled about the floor. His mother often urged him to strive to govern his temper, and the big tears would roll down his little cheeks as he reflected upon the misdemeanors which his temper ever urged him to commit. Yet he repented quickly of his errors, but somehow he could not "think enough," before his temper had conquered him. He often desired to overcome it, but felt discouraged sometimes. One day, after much enjoyment, he came to his aunt, with whom he was staying, and said,—

"O, I've been so happy, and I got along so well to-day without getting angry."

"How so?" exclaimed his aunt, as she smoothed his brown locks.

"I prayed this morning, before I came out of my room, and I said 'Lead us not into temptation,' and I think God hears my prayer, and helps me to be good," said Willie, and a subdued light shone in Willie's dark eyes, as he so confidently trusted in the grace and help from heaven to overcome his waywardness.

The sun bade the children all, yea, and the fair earth his accustomed "good night," while Willie still remained a conqueror over his temper. As he clasped his hands in his evening prayer, he thanked God for not permitting him to be led into temptation, and with abiding faith in the great Being of love, he laid him down to sleep.

My dear young friends, we all are surrounded with temptation, and like little Willie, are possessed of human weaknesses, and how much we need to pray, with earnest faith. "Suffer us not to be led into temptation."

Selected by UNCLE SAMUEL.

THE GRACES OF THE SPIRIT.

Dear Hopes:—Do you realize what privileges there are within your reach? Can you feel that the gospel is the power of God unto salvation? In it there is ample provision made. First, it is a physician unto us; for, by obeying the ordinances written in the word of truth, the body is restored to good health; the mind is expanded, and new ideas, new beauties are grasped and sustained, while the memory is strengthened to unfold them again. Wisdom, knowledge, and understanding are ours to possess, and they should produce soberness, thoughtfulness, truthfulness, patience, meekness, humility, and usefulness, and we should have kind, affectionate, mild, gentle, loving, long-suffering natures. We should be obedient, careful, watchful, reasonable, valiant, determined, courageous, trusting and faithful, having charity for our fellow creatures. All these are attributes of the spirit of the gospel. Are these not sufficient for us all to attain unto? Did you ever think that these are what God intended we should be on the earth? Do not think however that all these can be attained in a day or a month or a year, but do not give up in despair, but try, try again. Hope on, hope ever, as our sister wrote a few weeks ago. Dear Hopes can you now see the privilege you have, as well as we; for we are Hopes too, only older ones. Good-by for this time,
ELLA R. DEVORE.

TURKISH TOOTHBRUSHES.

A STRICT Turk is obliged not only to wash his head, face, neck, ears and feet, but also his teeth, at each of the five daily calls to prayer, so he very soon wears out his toothbrush, and those articles are generally sold in packets of a dozen. They are made of olive sticks about ten inches long and half an inch in diameter. At one end for about half an inch they are split in

all directions, so as to form a brush closely resembling a stenciling brush. It is easy to see that they are calculated to endure hard ware. The less particular Turks use ordinary European toothbrushes, but as even the most lax among them look on the pig and all belonging to him as vile and unclean, they would as soon think of defiling their mouths with a Russian bristle toothbrush as of eating a pork chop or a rasher of bacon. The shopkeeper, therefore, swears by the heads and souls of his father and mother that the hair of which his toothbrushes are made grew on the back of the camel, the cow, or the horse.

DELOIT SABBATH SCHOOL.

REPORT of the school for the quarter ending January 6th, 1878:

Average attendance of pupils 42, of officers 4.5; number of verses learned by class No. 2, 282, by class No. 3, 642, by class No. 4, 75; cash collection \$2.24.

Sunday School reorganized by choosing N. H. Brogden as superintendent; John Dobson, assistant superintendent; N. L. Hunt, secretary; Jesse Johnson, assistant secretary; Chas. Hunt, librarian; Frank Dobson, assistant librarian; John Dobson, treasurer.

N. L. HUNT, Sec.

EDITORIAL CHAT.

We again inform the contributors to the Puzzle Department that the correct translation must accompany all anagrams, or we cannot insert them; and the answers to enigmas, puzzles and etc., should always be appended below the enigmas, etc., themselves. Anagrams and their answers should be written on the same page, or on two sheets of paper, so that the compositor can readily see both, when the letters are not well formed for him to be certain what the word is. The misplaced letters should be written very plainly.

Correspondence.

CORA, Decatur county, Iowa.

February 28th, 1878.

Brother Stebbins:—I am a member of the Church of Christ. I go to school and study history, arithmetic, geography, penmanship and grammar. Bro. E. H. Gurley is our teacher. There is a branch of the Church here, and besides Sunday meetings we have two during the week, one Tuesday and one Thursday nights. Pray for me that I may hold out to the end and receive the crown. Your brother in Christ,

OLIVER O. HUDSON.

CORA, Decatur county, Iowa.

February 28th, 1878.

Brother Henry:—I wonder what you got for your Christmas present. I did not get anything; but on New Years I got some candy. I guess that the wind blew Santa Claus past our house. I like those articles the "Two Homes" and "Our Heavenly Father's Hand," and "Why not Now." Good-by. Your sister in Christ,

ELLA E. HUDSON.

DODGEVILLE, Iowa, March 3d, 1878.

Dear Hopes:—I have been going to school until a week ago, when it was out. I am twelve years old. I read in the fourth reader, and I study geography, spelling, arithmetic, and grammar. We have no Sunday School, nor any branch here. I went to the Methodist Sunday School a while. We had a good, kind teacher; his name was Mr. Duffield. My mother and father belong to the Church, and my oldest sister. I wish you all a kind good by,

CLARA E. BARCOCK.

ELKHORN, Neb., Feb. 27th, 1878.

Dear Hopes:—I am striving to live as becometh a Christian, and I hope to endure to the end, that I may be one of the happy number that shall see the Lord coming and not fear him. My dearly beloved little brothers and sisters, I exhort you to live faithful, so that we may all meet in that beautiful city that John saw, and rejoice together and live a thousand years with our blessed Redeemer. Let us hope on, hope ever; let us go onward and upward, and never stop until we get to the top. I hope you all enjoy yourselves in doing the will of your Captain and

King; for I know it is a great joy to me when I can do it. I ask the Hopes, little and big ones, if they can tell me who was the mother of Zebedee's children. Pray for me, that I may keep the law of God. Your brother in Christ,

FREDERICK J. CURTIS.

WOODBINE, Iowa, Feb. 20th, 1878

Dear Hopes:—I am now sixteen. I was baptized when I was eight. I live six miles from church. I have two brothers and one sister, three half sisters and one half brother. I believe that this Church is the true Church. Pray for me. Your friend in the Church,

JAMES ISAAC PALMER.

WOODBINE, Iowa, Feb. 20th, 1878.

Dear Hopes:—I am eleven years old. I have two brothers and one sister. I went to conference last fall. We live seven miles from the church. My papa and mamma belong to the Church. I have not been baptized yet, but hope to be soon. I go to school. I like my teacher very well. His name is William O. Riddle. Your little friend,

ISABELLA S. FRY.

Cherokee County, Kansas,

February 25th, 1878.

Dear Little Hopes:—My mother has been ill this winter and I could not go to school much. I read in the fourth reader. My brothers and little sister go to school. We have meeting every Sunday, and I try to live good, so that I may meet you all in heaven.

CATHERINE ANN DAVIES.

SUGAR GROVE, Illinois, March 7th, 1878.

Dear Hopes:—It is a bright morning, and every thing looks very pleasant. I do not go to day school nor Sunday school. We do not have any meetings here. My pa is a blacksmith, and works in Sugar Grove. My pa and ma belong to the Church, and I think it is the only true Church, and hope some day to belong to it. Pray for me. Yours truly,

OLIVE A. GOODRICH.

PREEMPTION, Ills., March 5th, 1878.

Dear Hopes:—I am ten years old. My birthday was on February 14th. There are no Saints' meetings here, and the nearest one is at Millersburg. We do not go very often. My love to all the Hopes.

Yours truly, R. L. TAYLOR.

DEAR CREEK, Madison Co., Neb.,

February 17th, 1878.

Dear Hopes:—I am ten years old, and am glad to say that I am a member of the Church. I was baptized last November by brother Z. S. Martin. Pa and brother Overing, and uncle Charley have gone over across the river to hold meeting to day. It is six miles from here. I go to school and try to learn. My school-mates call me a Mormon, but I am not ashamed of that name. My brother and myself intend to keep all the commandments of the Lord, so that we may be able to help you preach the gospel. Pray for me. Your brother in Christ,

DENSLOW ALMA LOOMIS.

CAMERON Mo., Feb. 21st, 1878.

Dear Brethren and Sisters:—We now live in Missouri, four miles and a half from Cameron, and belong to the Delano Branch. We came here last March. This is a beautiful country. We have prayer meeting Sunday morning and Thursday evening. Preaching by W. T. Bezarth. There is no Sunday School here yet, but we expect to have one next summer. I am acquainted with many of the Hopes, and I hope the time will come when I can see all of you. We have had a pleasant winter, and no snow to amount to anything. I ask you all to pray for me, that I may live faithful. Your sister in Christ,

SADIE E. CADMAN.

WHEELER'S GROVE, Iowa, March 4th, 1878.

Dear Bro. Henry:—I was baptized August 12th, 1877, by Bro. L. Campbell. I love to read the Hope. I go to school, and I like my teacher very well. I am ten years old. Your sister in Christ,

ALICE ANDERSON.

Cherokee Co., Kansas, Feb. 25th, 1878.

Dear Little Hopes:—I am but nine years old. I go to school when I can. I have a mile and a half to go. I read in the third reader.

MARY E. DAVIES.

SPANISH FORK, Utah.

Dear Hopes:—My parents strayed away on the mountains, for they followed the false shepherds, but my grandmother happened to get her eyes open, and saw where the true shepherds were, but she was forbidden to write with them. My mother went once with grandma, but was forbidden to go again, yet she believed in the true shepherds, though she dare not disobey counsel. Grandma was forbidden also, but she dared to think for herself. My mother died soon

after, in 1868, leaving me in the care of my grandma. I have taken a great deal of comfort playing with Emma Rhodes, and her little brother, Henry, and I was sorry when I heard of Emma's death. Little Henry died in Spanish Fork. I have likewise taken a great deal of comfort playing with Olive Raymond, and she has gone away from here, and now I have no companions, only those that call to me as I pass: "There goes the little Josephite." Yours ever,

MARGARET OGDEN.

WEST JORDAN, Utah.

Dear Hopes:—I was baptized into the Church by my grandfather. I am ten years old. I try to be a good girl. I live with my grandfather and grandmother. We live four miles from the Union Fort Branch. I love to go there. It seems to do me good.

JANE E. MARRIOTT.

Puzzle Corner.

Answers in One Month.

WORD PUZZLE—No. 6.

My 1st is in new, but not in old.
My 2nd is in come, but not in stay.
My 3rd is in head, but not in wing.
My 4th is in high, but not in low.
My whole was a man of God.

OLIVER O. HUDSON.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—No. 1.

1 A tunnel in New England.
2 One of England's celebrated queens.
3 A sea port in the Bahama Islands.
4 One of the titles of Joseph the Seer.
5 The name of a christian grace written backward.
6 Where the disciples were first called Christians.
7 A town in Brazil.
8 A town in Pennsylvania.
9 Means pertaining to the gospel.
10 An island in the Indian Archipelago.
11 A town in the state of Maine.
12 Sometimes called the Emerald Isle.
13 An ancient inhabitant of America.
14 What the name of Jesus means.

The initials give the name of one of the most faithful servants of the Church, and the finals give one of his duties.

T. W. S.

Answers to Puzzle Corner of Feb. 15th.

1 To Scripture Word Puzzle, No. 1.—Love.—Rom. 13:10. Obedience.—Gen. 37:7. Wise Son.—Prov. 10:1. Love.—Gal. 5:22. Yoke of Oxen.—Luke 14:19. Nathaniel.—John 1:47. Amethyst.—Rev. 21:20. Zion.—Isa. 33:14. Aaron's.—Luke 1:5. Rabbi.—Matt. 23:8. Elisus.—Luke 4:27. Nicopolis.—Titus 3:12. Enoch.—Luke 3:37. The initials form a title applied to Christ—Lowly Nazarene.

2 To Enigma, No. 1.—Him, Tom, Had, Ham, Visit, God, Said. Whole—David G. Thomas.

3 To Anagram, No. 4.—Thus men go wrong with an ingenious skill, Bend the straight rule to their own crooked will, And with a clear and shining lamp supplied, First put it out then take it for a guide; Halting on crutches of unequal size, One leg by truth supported, one by lies, They sidle to the goal with awkward pace, Secure of nothing but to lose the race.

4 To Word Puzzle, No. 4.—Herod.

Answers received from Leslie M. Waldsmith to Nos. 3, 4; Oliver Hudson 4; Frederick J. Curtis 1; Robert Cadman 4.

THE SAINTS' HERALD.

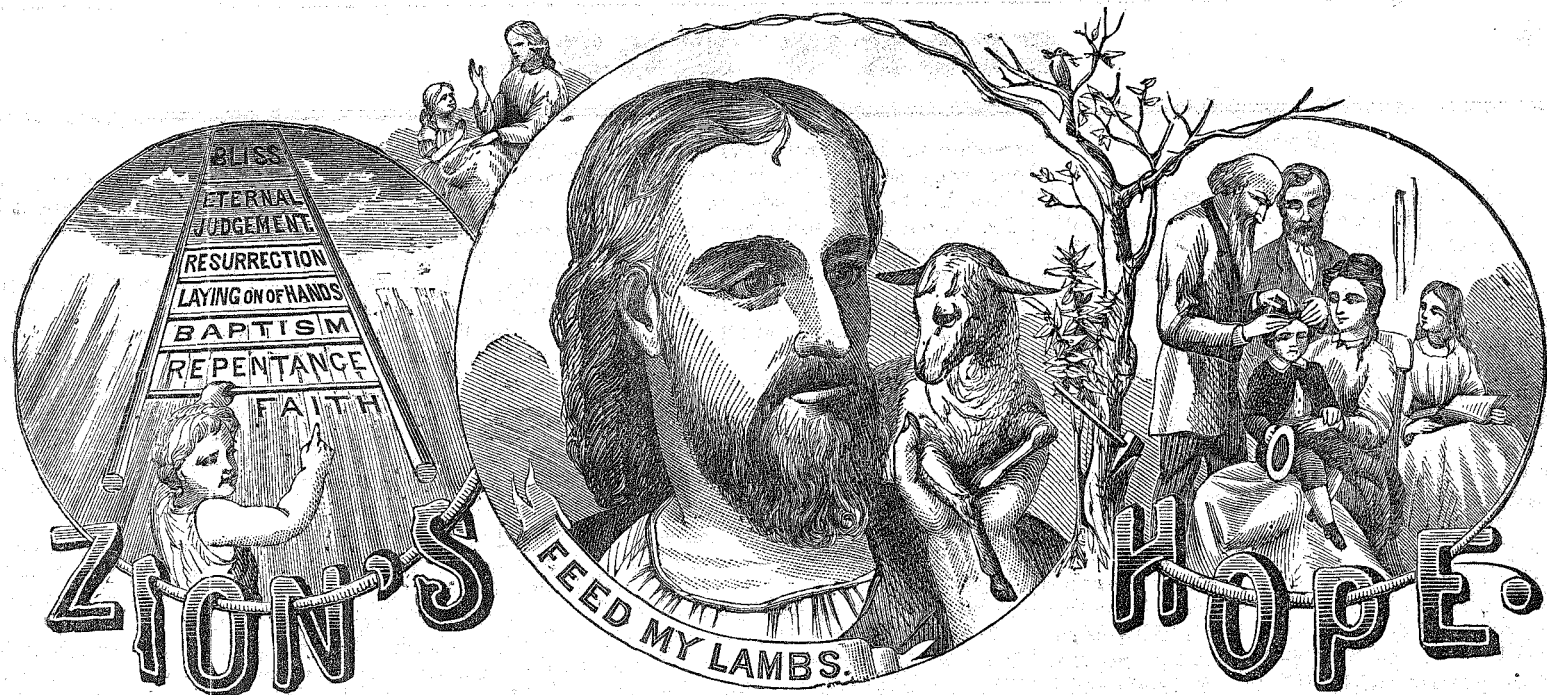
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15 March 78.

A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue. Owing to the fact that we make nothing on the Hope we would like to see subscriptions paid up as early as possible, and delinquent ones especially. With the small margin to work upon, the cost of paper and postage for papers sent on credit for a few issues or for months, forces us as a general rule to discontinue sending it when the time is out, at which we hope no one will take offence but watch this notice hereafter for the blue mark.

Zion's Hope is published semi-monthly by the Board of Publication of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, at Plano, Kendall Co., Ill., and is edited by Joseph Smith and Henry A. Stebbins.

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

LITTLE HOPES.

To be a little Hope what is it,
But to be a child of God,
Working always for his kingdom,
Living only by his word;
Looking always up to Jesus
For the promises he gave,
In patience waiting for his coming,
All the little Hopes to save.

Then the Hopes will have white raiment,
All pure and stainless as the snow,
Jesus himself, 'tis him will clothe you,
If to him you will but go;
In his arms then he will take you,
And press kisses on your cheek,
Jesus does love little children,
That are gentle, kind, and meek.

Little Hopes, think what a pleasure,
To dwell for ever near the throne,
To have our Savior always with you
When he claims you as his own.
This love is yours, if you'll obey him,
He'll help you if you will but try;
Then be ever good, obey your parents,
And never, never, tell a lie.

Thus little Hopes may see God's kingdom,
For Jesus said of such it was,
Therefore, forget not God's commandments,
For you know they are his laws.

JOHN A. GRAY.

SULPHUR CREEK, CAL.

EASTER EGGS.

THE origin of the custom of using eggs at Easter is ancient and obvious. Hutchinson, in his "History of Northumberland," in speaking of the paste or Pashe Eggs, says: "Eggs were held by the Egyptians as a sacred emblem of the renovation of mankind after the deluge. The Jews adopted an egg to suit the circumstances of History, as a type of their departure from the land of Egypt; and it was used in the Feast of the Passover as a part of the furniture of the table with the paschal lamb. The Christians have certainly used it on Easter as containing the elements of future life, for the emblem of the Resurrection."

Noting that the egg was in some wise dyed or ornamented, he goes on to say: "It seems as if the egg was thus decorated for a religious trophy, after the days of mortification and abstinence

were over, and festivity had taken their place; and as an emblem of the resurrection of life, as certified to us by the resurrection from the regions of death and the grave."

"Not only do we find this record of the use of eggs among the practices of the Egyptians, the ancient Israelites, and the early Christians, but DeGebel in his 'Religious History of the Calendar,' informs us that the custom of using eggs at Easter may be traced up, not only to the theology of the people of Egypt, but to the theology and philosophy of the Persians, the Gauls, the Greeks, and the Romans, all of whom regarded the egg as an emblem of the universe, and the work of the supreme divinity." "Easter," says Gebelin, "and the New Year, have been marked by similar distinctions."

Among the Persians the New Year is looked upon as the removal of all things, and is noted for the triumph of the son of nature, as Easter is with the Christians for the son of justice, the Savior of the world, over death, by his resurrection." Continuing the subject he adds, "the Feast of the New Year was celebrated at the vernal equinox, that is, at a time when the Christians, removing their New Year to the winter solstice, kept only the Festival of Easter. Hence, with the latter, the Feast of Eggs has been attached to Easter, so that eggs no longer made presents at the New Year."

"The Jews in former times, in celebrating their Passover, placed on the table two unleavened cakes and two pieces of lamb, to which they added a few small fishes 'because of the bird Ziz,' concerning which the Rabbis entertained many fabulous ideas, and some meal, 'because of the Behemoth,' these being according to the Rabbinical Doctors, appointed for the elect in the other life."

"From what we learn of the oriental sports of the early Christians of Mesopotamia and other eastern countries, we find not only a warrant for the custom of dyeing and decorating eggs at Easter but also for the species of gambling that somehow came down to the younger members of some of our Church. On Easter day, and forty days afterward, the children buy as many eggs as they can get, and stain them a red color in memory of the blood of Christ, shed at the time of his crucifixion. One of the sports of the season consists in the pitting of one egg against another, the egg broken in the collision being surrendered to the owner of the egg, which made the fracture."

Father Carmeli, a pious monk of the Roman Church, in an interesting work entitled "The History of Customs," has left many valuable hints in reference to what obtained among different

nations in the early days of Christianity. He tells us that, during Easter and the following days, eggs boiled hard and painted red, were the ordinary food of the season. He says also that in Italy, Spain and Provence, where almost every ancient superstition is religiously retained, there were in public places sports with eggs—a custom which he thinks was derived from the Jews or the Pagans, as it was common at certain seasons to both.

That the Church at Rome has, for many centuries, regarded the egg as an emblem of the Resurrection, may be gathered from the celebrated benediction, found with various others, in the ritual of Pope Paul V, who reigned from the year 1605 to 1621. It reads thus: "Bless, O Lord, we beseech thee, this thy creature of eggs, that it may become a wholesome sustenance to thy faithful servants, eating it in thankfulness to thee on account of the resurrection of the Lord."

In Italy, even up to the present time, on Easter eve and Easter day, it is the custom for the heads of the families to send great chargers full of hard boiled eggs to the church to have them blessed. This blessing the priests perform by set prayers, signs of the cross, and sprinkling the eggs with holy water, the ceremony finished, demanding how many dozen eggs there were in the charger. These blessed eggs they believe have the virtue of sanctifying the entrails of the body, and, therefore, are the first fat or fleshy nourishment prescribed to be taken after the abstinence of Lent. As soon as the eggs are blessed, every one carries his portion home, and set a large table, with the finest linen belonging to the family, and in the best room in the house. This table bestrewn with flowers, has on it about a dozen dishes of meat, and the great basin of eggs in the center. —Sunday Magazine.

Selected by HATTIE MCKIERNAN.

A gentleman visited an unhappy man in jail awaiting his trial. "Sir," said the prisoner, tears running down his cheeks, "I had a good home education; it was my street education that ruined me. I used to slip out of the house and go off with the boys in the street. In the street I learned to lounge; in the street I learned to swear; in the street I learned to smoke; in the street I learned to gamble; in the street I learned to pilfer. Oh, sir, it is in the street the devil lurks to work the ruin of the young."

The sight of a drunkard is a better sermon against that vice than the best that was ever preached upon that subject.

A LETTER.

DEAR HOPES:—I am thinking of some of you whom I am personally acquainted with, and also of some with whom I am not acquainted, only by the correspondence column; and when I think of you all it seems but natural for me to think of your hopes and your desires. And if we have any particular desire we ought to strive to learn what we have to do, so as to be able to train them; for it seems to be a self evident truth that we cannot obtain anything but by our acts of obedience. The laws and commandments of Jesus are words of truth, and truth is said to be "sharper than a two-edged sword, to the dividing asunder of both joints and marrow." I ask the young Hopes who have taken upon them the name of Jesus by entering in at the straight gate of baptism, if they ever think of the promise that our Savior made when he gave his disciples the commission to go forth and preach the gospel to every creature saying, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." It seems that there are some who, if they ever do think of it, seem to think that all that is needful to obtain eternal life (at least they act as though they thought so); but I am thankful that I have been awakened from this class of individuals to see another promise, which is also on conditions, which says "He that endureth to the end, the same shall be saved." Some must surely take this to mean if we endure in ease to the end we shall be saved, but I understand it to mean that we shall be saved if we endure the trials and persecutions which come to us by doing his will to the end. Now believing in him and for the remission of our sins being baptized by those whom he has authorized to officiate in his ordinances, is but a beginning, for it is said, "He that lives godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution;" and there is another promise contained in the Book of Covenants, which says, "And he that will not take up his cross and follow me, and keep my commandments, the same shall not be saved."—B. of C. 56: 1. These promises are the words of him who has said that though heaven and earth should pass away his words should not pass away. Some dispute his words because they do not know that they are true, or that there is any more power in his words than there is in the words of any other person; but the reason they do not know is because they have not yet believed in his word. And it is impossible to get a knowledge of any thing (such as doctrine) without first believing in it; for when we believe in any thing we are moved by the belief which we entertain to search for a knowledge of the things we believe. Faith moves us to action, and action gives us experience, and experience gives us knowledge of the things which we do experience; but I trust that none of us who call ourselves Hopes of Zion have been so inactive as to not have had ample experience in practicing his words to have proved them to be both true and powerful. Now I will tell you some of what I know about the truthfulness and the power there is contained in his word; and it is by experience and obedience in complying with the provisions he had made, that I have achieved this knowledge. In the first place Christ said, "He that will do the will of my father shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God or of man." He also said, "These signs shall follow them that believe;" and this I have also proved to be true, and that he has power to heal the sick I know, for I have been healed immediately, even before the administrators had taken their hands off my head. I have heard prophecies spoken and have seen them fulfilled; and, as we have seen some of his promises come to pass, it strengthens our hopes with respect to those which remain unfulfilled, for we think that just as sure as his words have had a fulfillment so sure will the remainder come to pass, some of which we are acquainted with. Jesus said, "I come not to judge the world; my word shall judge you at the last day." As we have proved his word to be true let us search and

treasure up his words which are truth, so that our every act may be in accordance to them. Then, in the day of judgment we may be justified by our good works, and not be condemned. I am young and I have many temptations to overcome. I feel to ask an interest in the prayers of the Hopes. I am a Hope of Zion, and I intend to labor for its redemption.

DAVID ARCHIBALD.

BY A HEAVENLY FATHER'S HAND.

BY MYRTLE GRAY.

CHAPTER VII.

"BUT what I don't understand is this," said Fred Manvers to Mr Allen, as they were returning from the weekly prayer meeting, whither he had attended them, "how you know the work in which you are engaged is of God."

"One of Christ's most blessed promises is, 'If ye do my will, ye shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God or not,' and when he says *shall*, he means it," answered Mr. Allen.

"But how does God give you this knowledge?" "Sometimes in one way and sometimes another. When I first heard this gospel preached, I knew it was something I had never heard before, and I said that if there was such a thing as obtaining this knowledge, I would test the promise. As I was coming out of the water when I was baptized, I felt an almost overpowering weight upon me, and, that had I died then, I should have died without sin. I was happy beyond expression. And, as if this was not enough, I received a dream or vision, of the coming of Christ, the New Jerusalem, and the two resurrections, which I shall never forget while I live. Besides this," he said tremulously, "we have been greatly blessed in the time of sickness; my wife was raised from what every one thought was her death bed, and almost immediately after the administration, and many times have our prayers been answered."

Fred felt within himself that what this friend said was true, and he was much concerned about the welfare of his soul. "You have a knowledge that you are accepted of God, the great Creator of the universe!" and he looked up into the starry sky, as if to grasp with his feeble mind more fully the meaning of the words, "of these numberless worlds! and yet, you say, Mrs. Allen, that you fear that *pride* is creeping in among you!"

"Alas, yes, I fear it is so," she answered sadly. "Why, if I had the knowledge that I was accepted of God, and if he would bend his ear to hear my feeble prayers, I would consider nothing too great to sacrifice in his cause. I would not lower my mind to let it dwell on such things," said Fred impetuously.

"I think that they who seek after the approbation of the world, rather than that of God, do not fully realize the grandeur and sublimity of this great latter day work," answered Mrs. Allen.

"Satan always tries to overthrow everything that is good, and the greater is his rejoicing when he can use as his instruments some of the people of God, and if God had not been at the helm, this ship would have gone down long ago; but, amid the missiles of the enemy, it rides the waves triumphantly."

Before they were aware of it they had reached the gate, so earnest had been their conversation, and, bidding his friends good night, Fred hastened home, where he found his father in the library. Hesitating a moment, he ran up to his room, returning with a book in his hand, and, holding it out to Mr. Manvers, he said: "Did you ever see this before, father?"

Mr. Manvers took the book, looked at it curiously then exclaimed, "Book of Mormon! No, but I have often heard of it. So this is the great book, that was translated from those plates, is it? Did you buy it for your curiosity shop? Where did you find it?"

"No, I did not buy it. A friend who is a believer in it lent it to me to read," answered Fred.

"And how do you like it?"

"I think it is a true history of Ancient America, and it clearly explains the mystery about the Indians. And, as far as I have heard, theirs is a glorious faith."

"Converted are you!" laughed Mr. Manvers. "Well, go ahead my son, I know you'll not do anything to bring my gray hairs down in sorrow to the grave." Then, sighing, he said mentally: "I wish I could trust Florence, as far."

"And, father, Mr. Allen is working hard and laying up his wages, in order to buy a farm out west some place, and he says if you and mother are willing he will be glad to take me with him when he goes."

So you've found your man at last; well I'll see." Then throwing a letter on the table he said, "Here is a letter from your mother, they will be at home next week."

So, with the beginning of the beautiful September days, Mrs. Manvers and her daughter returned, weary and jaded, but triumphant. Some days after this, as Fred was coming from his usual walk, he met his sister in the hall, with, "What do you think, Fred, mother's sister has come, and she's the most horrid spectacle I ever saw; as old fashioned as the hills, and calls mother Martha. What do you think?"

"Oh, awful!" groaned her brother; but I suppose Martha is old fashioned for Marcia. When did she come?"

"About three hours ago. I stood by the statue on the first landing, and heard her say 'Sister I wanted to see you so much; we are the only ones left now;' and I guess mother isn't very well pleased."

"Been here three hours, and you've not been in to see her yet?" said Fred.

"O I'm in no hurry," answered Florence, indifferently.

"Well I am, and I'm going in to see her; so come along."

Florence entered first, and, when her mother presented her, she made a superb bow and swept off to the other side of the room, took up a book and commenced reading.

A queer smile flitted across aunt Doris' face, and at that instant some one slipped up and gave her a hearty smack.

"Why Fred!" exclaimed his mother. Then she said to her sister, "You must excuse him, he is so different from Flo."

"Excuse him!" said Aunt Doris, "I see nothing to excuse," and she felt more comfortable, for his presence took some of the *ice* out of the atmosphere.

"Florence, perhaps your aunt would like to hear some music," said Mrs. Manvers after awhile.

"Yes I dearly love music," answered Aunt Doris.

Florence laid down her book indifferently, seated herself at the piano, selected an eight page operatic piece, and rattled and banged away with so much force that Aunt Doris feared for both the instrument and player. At last, much to her relief, the noise ceased and, as Florence rose from her seat, her aunt, feeling that she was expected to say something, said,

"You are a brilliant player."

"So I am told," she answered, as she left the room.

As if in apology for his sister's music, Fred seated himself at the instrument, and, after playing a few sweet chords, sang with a clear rich voice, "Home, sweet, home."

"How true that is," said Aunt Doris, as he finished the song, and already a homesick feeling began to creep around her heart.

Fred must have perceived this, for dashing off in a lively prelude he sang one of the comic songs of the day, giving it the expression he considered necessary, at which both his listeners laughed heartily. Then he poured forth a volley of questions about the farm crops, etc., till his

mother, thoroughly disgusted, left the room, and went to her daughter.

"Flo, how shall we ever manage? Mrs. Conway is coming here this afternoon, and what will she say when she sees your aunt? I'm afraid she would drop us immediately."

"Leave it to me, mother, I'll fix it some way," and Mrs. Manvers was somewhat relieved.

Accordingly in the afternoon, when Mrs. Conway's carriage rolled up to the gate, Mrs. Manvers looked at her daughter in distress. What was to be done? It was plain to be seen that Florence had neglected to "fix it," but there was no time for regrets, for, instead of taking the visitor to the reception room, the servant threw open the door and Mrs. Conway stood in their midst, Hiding her anger, Mrs. Manvers went smilingly forward, and welcomed the visitor in the most approved style; and Aunt Doris could not help thinking what a difference there was shown between herself and Mrs. Conway, a comparative stranger. Mrs. Manvers turning to her sister said,

"Miss Stanley, my dear friend Mrs. Conway."

Mrs. Conway thinking her only one of the neighbors, bowed coldly, and seated herself, and politely turned her back to Aunt Doris. Fred flushed indignantly, and rising, said,

"Aunt Doris, if the ladies will excuse you, I would like to show you my den."

As his aunt arose, Mrs. Conway stared at Mrs. Manvers, who said coolly,

"Fred is so familiar with every one; it is his way," and the conversation went on without further interruption.

To be Continued.

THE LITERATURE OF CRIME.

AMERICA presents a most prolific field for cheap [i. e. low grade] literature; and as our boys and girls are essentially a reading class, and the demand for this literature is large, the bookstores and news stands are stocked with it. An unnatural development of sentiment, at the expense of judgment, leads the young of both sexes to patronize that species of sensational romance, startling fiction, or even coarse vulgarity, that is so unsparingly meted out to them in the novels and story papers that have attained immense circulation in the land. They devour with avidity the account of imaginary adventures, and follow with all the interest of absolute reality, through the pages of these highly wrought literary productions, the wavering fortunes of some fictitious hero or equally mythical heroine. And the same irresistible *penchant* for these sensational romances that has enthralled the intellects of much of our adult population, has become a kind of second nature with our rising generation. It has become woven with their very being, so that it would appear to be a necessary adjunct to their existence. They neglect the performance of their ordinary occupations and shirk the responsibilities of position or duty to indulge their propensities for such reading. It appears to carry with it a fascination, that imperceptibly steals over the senses of its votaries and *chains their intellect to its dominion.*

We advise parents to exclude from their homes the story papers which constitute "the literature of crime," and we would warn them that when once a youth has yielded his undeveloped intellect to the subtle and poisonous influence, he endangers the safety of his intellectual aspirations. No more will he aspire to true and substantial literature; no more will his ambition prompt him to covet intellectual study; no more will he seek to make everything subservient to the increase of his intelligence and the proper culture of his genius and talents; solid literature will no longer have any charms for him, as his tastes become submerged in the yawning gulf of debasement.

Many a young man of the brightest talents, whose career at school was honorable and successful, has thwarted his high anticipations by

the habit of reading "the literature of crime." It is, then, the solemn duty of parents and guardians to see that their sons and daughters do not read this intellectual poison which is daily poured from the press.—*School and Home.*

WHY NOT NOW?

CHAPTER VI.

THE day passed rapidly, too rapidly, as Mr. Lebrae thought; for when the time to return to his house for tea came, he had failed to arrange in his mind the questions he intended to ask Mr. Frank Mason. So he went home gloomy and half disconcerted, almost determined to abandon his intention to examine that young man's creed. An accident helped him, as we shall see.

Mr. Mason came in a little before six, the usual village tea time, and was introduced by Philip to the family gathered in the sitting room, with the exception of Flossie who remained at the store, and Leonie who was busy with the preparations for tea; but these he had already formed an acquaintance with, as we have seen. Mr. Lebrae informed his guest of his desire for a conversation relative to the work assigned them by the meeting held the night before; but said nothing about the other and to him more important subject. He also said that after tea would be soon enough to engage in the business affair.

Mr. Lebrae grew constrained after a little, and the conversation flagged, and indeed, it almost seemed that painful embarrassment must ensue for all, when Mrs. Lebrae remarked to her husband, "I was over to see Bessie Caton, this afternoon. She is strangely affected. Her father sits by her all the time and has tried every way he can think of to soothe her; she seems so disturbed and nervous. He proposed once to send for Mr. Brown, the minister, but Bessie moaned, 'Oh, pa, don't; I don't want to see Mr. Brown.' So he refrained; though I could see that he was greatly troubled. Bessie would not consent to his leaving her side for a moment; and was much more restless and uneasy when he was gone, if he stepped out for a minute's rest. His wife told me that Bessie has acted that way ever since the night Mr. Brown preached the sermon referred to by Flossie the other day."

"Do you think it possible that what he said then could have anything to do with the child's distress?"

Here was the accident that enabled Mr. Lebrae to recover from his embarrassment, and also shaped his course in regard to the inquiries he wished to make of Mr. Mason. He replied to his wife, however, thus; "I do not doubt, mother, that what Mr. Brown said did affect Bessie. Her father was in the store this morning and told me about her illness; but knew nothing of what had transpired at the meeting referred to, until I had Flossie tell him what happened that night. This seemed to disturb him; and he proposed to come in this afternoon and talk it over with me, but did not come. I suppose that Bessie's not wanting him to leave her was his reason for not coming." He then turned to Mr. Mason and related the circumstance, and closed by the remark, "I am at a loss to understand why Elder Brown should have used so personal a figure to illustrate his points, however true his statement might be."

Mr. Mason feeling called upon to say something, replied, "It is just such statements as the one Elder Brown made on that occasion that has prevented the effect upon me, that my friend, your son, has so much desired might take place. I have heard Mr. Brown make similar statements, and have heard them made by others; and while I hold an honest reverence for the Bible, believing it to contain a revelation of God's will to man I can find no warrant in its teaching for such statements. This has given me the reputation of being an infidel; which, indeed I am not, as I believe fully and sincerely in God, in his Son and in the Spirit. But, my mind has

been led to inquire, often when I wished it otherwise, whether this popular expression of religion that I see almost every where, is a saving religion, with any more power in it than in the moral precepts of the Decalogue, followed sincerely, without an open profession of belief or church association. You will pardon me, sir, I fear I am intruding my opinions unnecessarily."

Mr. Lebrae rose, as supper was announced by Leonie, who came in quietly, bidding Mr. Mason, good evening," as she closed the door; and said: "Mr. Mason, I am extremely well pleased to hear what you have just stated. For some time I have been wishing to ask you something relative to your faith religiously, fearing, on my son's account, that you had none; and was much concerned about the proper way to make my inquiries without seeming meddlesome. You have relieved my mind of its distrust. We will go into tea."

The conversation at the supper table was cheerful and pleasant; Mr. Lebrae seemed to be in fine spirits; Mrs. Lebrae and Leonie joined in as opportunity offered, Philip only, was silent. No one noticed this; nor was his absence noted, when after the meal was over, his father invited Mr. Mason into the library to talk over the business relating to their appointment on the committee, and he took down his hat and went out.

He returned soon after eight and was present at the evening's devotional exercises, so constantly observed in his father's house. Mr. Mason tarried for a few moments after this, and when he had gone. Philip observed to his mother: "Bessie Caton is quite ill to-night. Dr. Emmett has been called to see her; but as yet can make out nothing as regards what ails her. I sat by her a half hour to-night, while her father ate his supper, and went out for something needed. She asked me if I thought she was a 'wicked, wicked girl,' I told her that I did not. She then wanted to know if such things were in the Bible, and I could not tell her. She thinks that they must be there or Mr. Brown would not have said what he did. I wish some one who was informed upon the matter, and who was quiet and cool enough to talk without exciting her would go and see her; and talk the notion out of her head. I started to say something and grew so earnest that she begged me not to say anything hard of Mr. Brown; he was 'such a good man.' If Frank Mason was only a member of the church so that she would not be afraid of him, he could do it. I have a notion to ask Mr. Caton to send for him any way. What do you say, mother?"

His mother did not answer hastily; for she thought twice before speaking usually, and now waited longer than customary, Philip waited quietly; he knew his mother's ways, and did not doubt her replying in time.

"My son, Mr. Caton is a sincere man, and has passed through many trying scenes. I presume that he will seek the best aid and comfort for his daughter that he can procure. But, it would do the child good if some one could see her and talk to her about what grieves her. Your friend, if he is as kind hearted as he appears to be, could do her good. She is a child of quick apprehension, and a mind beyond her years. She has doubtless grown morbid thinking about it. If she could be induced to forget what was said, or to feel differently about it, she would at once rally from her present state of distress. I will go over and see her myself in the morning."

"For my part," said Mr. Lebrae, "I am sorely perplexed by the course Elder Brown took. I see no excuse for him in the case. He was preaching to intelligent people and no need occurred for so direct an application. Mr. Caton was already burdened heavily by the last summer's trouble; and now it is too bad." He was evidently becoming irritated over this question of religion, and how to get along with it. The family forebore making any further remark about it, and all retired.

No change occurred in Bessie Caton's condition

during the next day, Mr. Caton came over to the store, while Mrs. Lebrae sat with the child, and had a long chat with Mr. Lebrae, the result of which was that they both agreed that something was wrong; either with the creed or with Elder Brown's rendition of it, though neither said which it was.

ANSWERS TO UNCLE JOHN.

THE following letters are from the Hopes in answer to the questions asked by Uncle John.

ELKHORN CITY, Neb., March 8th, 1878.

Dear Uncle John:—I attempt to answer your questions. You asked which of the Hopes could tell where Paul directs us to improve the hours. You will find it in Ephesians 5: 15, 16, 17, 18. "See then that ye walk circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise, redeeming the time, because the days are evil. Wherefore be ye not unwise, but understanding what the will of the Lord is. And be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit."

Now Uncle John I would like to ask you a question: What did Paul mean when he said, "because the days are evil?"

You will also find in Galatians 6: 10, "As we have opportunity let us do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith." And Uncle John I try to do as this verse says, I try to do unto my brethren as I would have them do to me.

Read also Colossians 4: 5: "Walk in wisdom toward them that are without, redeeming the time." Paul also says in Ephesians 5: 4: "Neither filthiness, nor foolish talking, nor jesting, which are not convenient: but rather giving of thanks." From your niece. Pray for me Uncle John.

SARAH FANNY CURTIS.

HUTCHINSON, Jefferson County, Colorado,
March 12th, 1878.

Dear Uncle John:—It is with pleasure I again try and answer some of the questions that were asked in the last *Hopes*. I feel thankful for the good instructions you gave and I hope to live to grow up like the straight oak, so that I may be useful. I don't know that I shall be able to answer correctly the questions. You asked where Paul tells us to improve our time. I read the sixth chapter of Romans and thought it very good for those who have obeyed the gospel. I read Malachi last chapter, and from it I saw that if we are good we will have great privileges over the wicked. My papa and mamma are trying the best they can to bring me up to be good, and to have me do right. I will close for this time, hoping that as I grow older that I may be able to do more.

INA A. KENNEDY.

The Gordian knot was an ingenious knot tied by Gordius, a king of Phrygia, who fastened the pole of his chariot. The oracle promised the kingdom to the man who should untie it. Alexander the Great cut it with his sword.

Correspondence.

GENOA, Douglas County, Nevada,
March 8th, 1878.

Brother H. A. Stebbins:—I was baptized when I was eight years old by my father, and confirmed by brother D. S. Mills. I will be nine years old April eighth. I am a member of the Carson Branch. I go to school every day. I am in the third reader, and I study arithmetic, geography and spelling. My love to all,
ABEDNEGO D. JOHNS.

HUTCHINSON, Colorado, March 8th, 1878.

Dear Hopes:—I am ten years old, and a member of the Church. I was baptized January 9th, 1876, by Elder F. C. Warnky. I have three sisters and two brothers. My oldest brother is nine years old, and is also a member of the Church. He was baptized February 11th, 1876, by Elder John Ellis, our grand father. I hope that when the rest of my sisters and brothers get old enough that they will be baptized too, so that we may all be in the fold of Christ, the good shepherd. We have Saints meeting at two o'clock

Sundays, but not any Sunday School. I have never lived where there was one, but I hope some day to live where there are plenty of little Hopes (and big ones too) so that I can enjoy their company, and be with them at Sunday School. I am very much interested in the story, "By a Heavenly Father's Hand." I bid you good bye, hoping that we may live to meet in Zion.
INA A. KENNEDY.

MAQUOKETA, Iowa, March 15th, 1878.

Uncle Henry:—I go to school and am in the second from the highest room from the high school. I go to two Sunday Schools, the German and the Congregationalist, for the Latter Day Saints do not have any, but we had meetings part of last month. Good bye for this time.
CARRIE M. MAUDSLEY.

ELKHORN CITY, Neb., Feb. 27th, 1878.

Dear Brothers and Sisters:—I belong to the Elkhorn Branch, of which brother F. W. Curtis is presiding Elder. We have a thriving little branch of about twenty four members. I live three miles from the meeting house, in which we have meeting ever Sabbath. I hope that you will all remember me when you kneel in humble supplication to the Lord. Your sister in Christ,
HELEN A. LEACH.

LA FAYETTE, Georgia, March 8th, 1878.

Dear Hopes:—I have joined the Church since I wrote to you last, and I feel thankful that I have found the true light. Pray for me, for I am weak and I feel that there are many temptations for me to undergo. Our good and faithful brother Hanson has been in this part of the country preaching, and he made the word so plain that it seemed almost impossible to disbelieve. I have often thought how it will be in the day of judgment, but I know that those who have done the will of God will be glad to enter. Think of it, dear Hopes; will it not be a great thing to meet one another there. But to the wicked people there will be weeping and gnashing of teeth. Let us try to live right before God, so that we may not be turned off as unprofitable. The Brighamite Elders have come back to this part of the country again. Brother Hanson is here now. He was about a hundred miles on his way home when he heard that the Brighamites had come back. They will have a discussion this month. I will let you know more about it after the debate, as I expect to attend. It will be about ten miles west of La Fayette. I want to come to western Missouri early next year, to Independence, or some where near there; I also wish that some of the Hopes would write to me from that part of the country, for I would like to correspond with them. If any one writes give me your address in full. I am a brother of F. J. Gerber of Wyandotte, Kansas. Yours truly,
THEODORE GERBER.

CRESCENT CITY, Iowa, March 9th, 1878.

Dear Hopes:—We have a Sunday School and it is successful; but as it only commenced in December it has not got as well started as it might. We have twelve copies of the *Hope* in the school, but that is not enough. Pray for me that I may meet you all in Zion. Your brother in Christ,
WILLIAM STRANG.

SPRINGERTON, Ill., March 10th, 1878.

Dear Little Hopes:—I am eleven years old and have three little sisters. We go to Sunday School every Sunday. Conference convenes here next Friday. We hope to have a good attendance. I do not belong to the Church yet, but I hope to. My father and mother are members. May the blessing of God rest upon all the little ones everywhere.
MARY A. REEDER.

ELKHORN, Douglas County, Nebraska,
February 16th, 1878.

Dear Hopes:—We are striving to do the Master's will, but with shame we have to confess that we go astray often from the path of duty, and we ask an interest in your prayers. I joined the Church Dec. 1st, 1875. I wish Perla Wilde would write again; her stories are so interesting. I would like to live in Missouri. I am trying to do my duty. Pray for me that I may be a good girl. Your sister in Christ,
FLORA IDA CURTIS.

CHEROKEE, Iowa, March 12th, 1878.

Dear Hopes:—I am not in the Church now, but I expect to be. I am fourteen years of age. My father and mother and sister are in the Church. We have good prayer meetings. We have quite a branch. Good bye.
F. M. SHELDON.

SANDWICH, Ill., March 17th, 1878.

Dear Hopes:—I am eleven years old. I have not been baptized yet, but I hope to be soon. I go to school and try to learn. My schoolmates call me a Mormon; but I am not ashamed of that name. Your friend,
LIZZIE A. HOWARD.

CHEROKEE, Iowa, March 12th, 1878.

Dear Hopes:—I am twelve years old. I am in the Church of Christ. I was baptized last September. We have good prayer meetings. There is a nice little branch here. My father and mother are in the Church. I have five brothers and but one sister. I am trying to live a christian life, and I want all your prayers that I may. Your sister in Christ,
DELLA SHELDON.

Puzzle Corner.

Answers in One Month.

ENIGMA.—No. 3.

I am composed of eleven letters.

My 1, 2, 3, is the name of a vegetable.

My 7, 8, 6, is a portion of time.

My 10, 11, 8, is a kind of grain.

My 4, 3, 11, is a portion of light.

My 5, 3, 9, 7, is a kind of grease.

My whole is a little girl's name who lives near Logan, Iowa.

WORD PUZZLE.—No. 7.

My 1st is in field, but not in land.

My 2d is in soil, but not in sand.

My 3d is in ink, but not in dye.

My 4th is in zeal, but not in sigh.

My 5th is in great, also in small.

My 6th is in Fanny, but not in Paul.

My 7th is in Roman, also in Greek.

My 8th is in cleanness, but not in sweep.

My 9th is in lend, but not in borrow.

My 10th is in care, but not in sorrow.

My 11th is in sew, but not in knit.

My 12th is in stocking, but not in mit.

My 13th is in empty, but not in full.

My 14th is in lawn, but not in wool.

My 15th is in death, but not in life.

My 16th is in husband, but not in wife.

My 17th is in beat, but not in drum.

My 18th is in finger, but not in thumb.

My 19th is in listen, but not in hearken.

My 20th is in light, but not in darken.

My 21st is in lock, but not in key.

My 22d is in shrub, but not in tree.

My whole is the name and address of the author.

ANAGRAM.—No. 6.

"Hent Dviad aids et Onanr, Gnatr em eth lacep fo hnts reshthng-loofr, thta I amy dluhi na talar etherni otun hte Olrd; hout haslt gnart ti em ref teh lufi preic, hatt hte pagleu mya eb yast le romf het oeplep."

Answers to Puzzle Corner of March 1st.

1 To Enigma, No. 2.—Codfish, Cent, Cat, Yeast, Ash, Made, Come, He, To, And.—Whole: Adam, the Ancient of Days. [The author left out the letter "a," from the fourth word.—Ebs.]

2 To Anagram, No. 5.—

Life is a race, where some succeed,

While others are beginning;

'Tis luck at times; at others, speed,

That gives an early winning;

But if you chance to fall behind

Ne'er slacken your endeavor;

Just keep this wholesome truth in mind,

"'Tis better late than never."

VESTA HOSTETTER.

3 To Word Puzzle, No. 5.—Proverbs.

Answers received from Olive A. Goodrich to No. 3; Theo. Gerber 3; J. Benson 2; M. Doyle 2; Henry Schmidt 2, 3; Flora J. Curtis 3; Charles J. Cravens 2, (not perfect); J. E. Rogerson 2, 3.

THE SAINTS' HERALD.

The above publication is issued semi-monthly, at Plano, Kendall County, Illinois, by the Board of Publication of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, \$2.15 per year free of postage. Edited by Joseph Smith and Henry A. Stebbins.

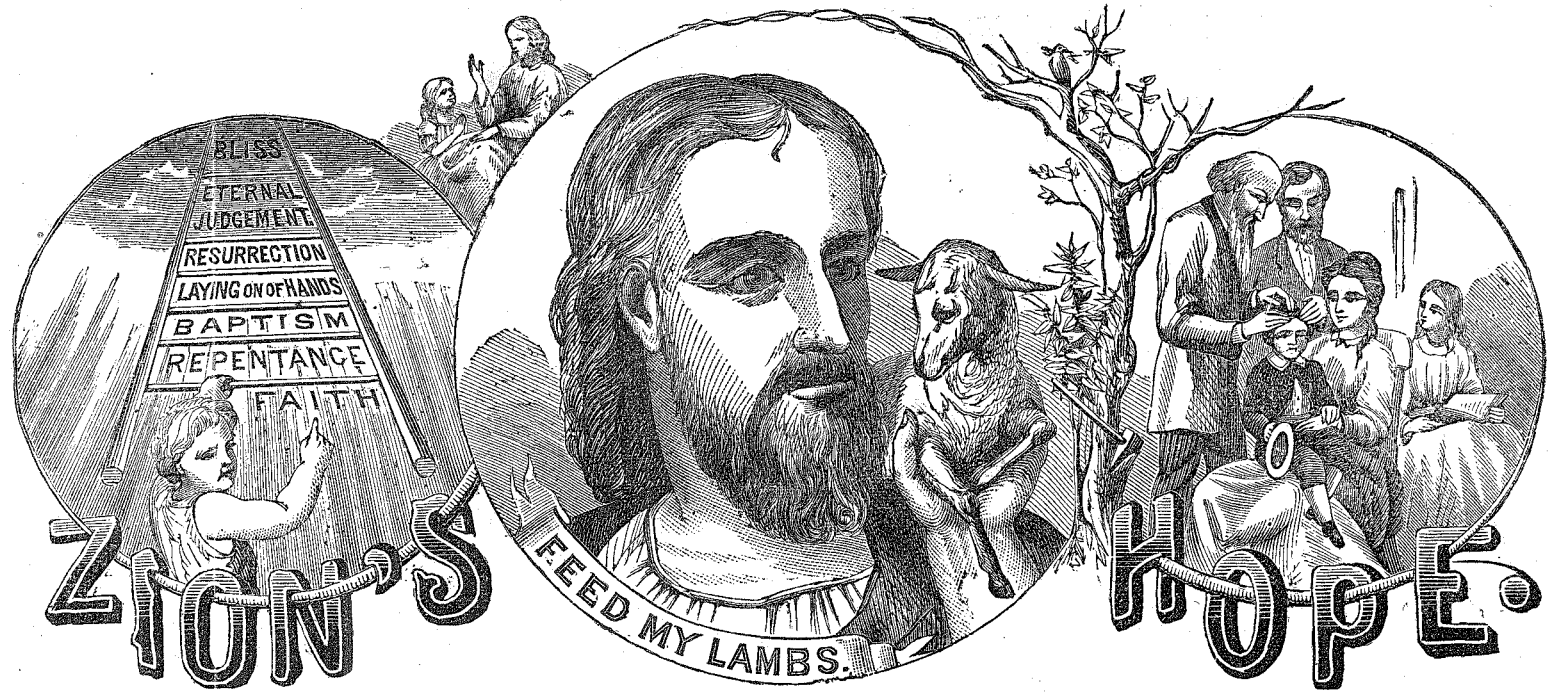
1 April 78.

A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue. Owing to the fact that we make nothing on the *Hope* we would like to see subscriptions paid up as early as possible, and delinquent ones especially. With the small margin to work upon, the cost of paper and postage for papers sent on credit for a few issues or for months, forces us as a general rule to discontinue sending it when the time is out, at which we hope no one will take offence but watch this notice hereafter for the blue mark.

Zion's *HOPE* is published semi-monthly by the Board of Publication of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, at Plano, Kendall Co., Ill., and is edited by Joseph Smith and Henry A. Stebbins.

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

LESSONS FOR THE HOPES.

I HAVE been cheered, comforted and instructed by reading the pages of the *Hope*; and I felt that I ought to pen a few lines and acknowledge the benefit.

I think we have the best paper for children, that I have ever read; and although I am not a little child, yet I always find something in the *Hope* to interest and encourage me. I am glad to have such a paper to put into the hands of my little ones, for I feel that it will assist me in bringing them up in the way they should go.

I have just been reading "Uncle John's Chat with the Hopes," in the *Hope* for January 15th, and I trust that all the Hopes have read it too, and that it will cause them to appreciate the great blessing we enjoy in having the light of the true gospel, to guide us right. What a great difference there is between the God of Heaven, and the gods the heathens worship. No wonder that Paul's spirit was stirred within him, when, on his travels, he found the whole city of Athens, given to idolatry, and superstition; and in his famous speech on Mars' Hill, he told them that he perceived that in all things they were too superstitious; that the God whom they ignorantly worshiped was the God who made the world, and all things therein; and that seeing he was Lord of heaven and earth, he "dwelleth not in temples (or gods) made with hands, neither is worshiped by men's hands."

Paul taught the heathen in that day, that they "should seek the Lord, if haply they might find him," though he was not far off, "for in him we live, and move, and have our being;" also that he are the offspring of God, and that, inasmuch as we are his offspring, "we ought not to think that the Godhead is like unto silver or gold or stone, graven by art or men's device." Paul also told them, that "the times of this ignorance God winked at, but now commanded all men everywhere to repent," for he had "appointed a day, in which he will judge the world in righteousness, by that man whom he hath ordained," which man is Christ, by whom God gave hope to all men by raising Him "from the dead."—Acts 17: 22, 31.

What Paul taught the heathen at Athens will apply the world over; and, dear readers, I hope that none of you may be found among the wicked, but that you may find the truth, and cleave unto it.

As to Uncle John's other questions of "Where is India?" I will let some of the younger Hopes locate the country; and I will only say, that, although it is one of the richest parts of the

world, and exports some of the most costly articles used by the civilized nations, yet it is sad to think that the inhabitants are in such a deplorable state of heathenism as Uncle John represented them to be in.

Now, dear Hopes, young and old, let us strive to improve by the better light which we have received, else these heathens will receive a greater reward than we, in the great day of reckoning, for, "to whom much is given of them is much required."

M. J. MARCHANT.

WHY NOT NOW?

CHAPTER VII.

NOTHING occurred for the next few days to change the state of affairs, everything went on quietly, except that Bessie Caton grew more restless, hollow eyed and haggard; her father more distressed and Mr. Lebrae more perplexed. Mr. Mason visited at the store and house two or three times; but Philip remained silent. Something had disturbed his thought. He no longer urged his friend to answer his question, until one day, when visiting at his friend's room, the latter said, "Philip, I am now prepared to answer, as I was once before, the question why I do not go with you in joining the church."

Philip, who had apparently been expecting something of the sort, hesitatingly replied; "Since we last conversed upon the subject some new ideas have occurred to me; and before I listen to your answer to my question asked some days ago, it is only fair that I inform you what some of them are, will you listen while I tell them?"

"Certainly, I am pleased to wait your leisure. It may be that we can do each other good, by exchanging thoughts."

Philip then continued, "I am quite seriously inclined to inquire whether Mr. Moody is an apostle of Christ. That is idea number one. My feelings are somewhat changed since the night of the meeting we last attended together. The change in my feelings resulted from the manner in which the gentleman who wished to ask a few questions was treated, as I can discover no harm that could have come to the church, from any questions he might have asked. That is idea number two. I have sat by Bessie Caton two, or three evenings this week, and in her talk learn that she has taken a meaning from the words of Elder Brown, that I think different from what the Scriptures teach, respecting the natural condition of man in absolute wickedness, and I find that Elder Brown and the creed of the church he represents agree; and that Bessie gathered the true meaning of what he said; hence, I can

not comfort her as I would; for if I speak what I believe I deny what he said. This I hardly dare to do, as yet; this gives rise to the thought, can this be the teaching of the Bible? This is idea number three. Now, as I begin to think the matter all over, I am like you, inclined to wait a little longer, to see more clearly what it is better to do."

"I see Philip, that without any direct influence upon my part, you have come to think of these things somewhat after my way; and of this I am glad, for I should have disliked to have your father think that I had misled you. I had concluded to tell you that I could not go with you into the church; and to give you my reasons for not doing so. This I will do now; and then, if you choose we can go a step farther, and examine some scriptures that I think fortify me in my refusal.

1st, The spirit that I see manifest in the leading men of the churches here, while it is outwardly a feeling of unity, is one of class prosperity; and this is fostered, even to division. 2nd, The call of the Savior was to sinners; and the church was offered as the place where the sinner could find a resting place—a refuge—from his sins, by a remission of those that were past; and in the church he was to find help and strength to overcome whatever there was of evil in his nature. But, widely to the contrary of this, all who are roused by these frequent appeals and revivals that sweep periodically over the land, must first show that they are able to abide in their own strength, and then they are received into the church. You understand me, I presume?

"I understand you to refer to the fact of putting persons converted upon a term of probation, before admitting them to full membership;" answered Philip.

"Right Philip. Now, as I regard it,—but perhaps I may hurt your feelings of respect for present institutions, if so you will please pardon me"—

"Speak right on, Frank," broke in Philip. "I am anxious now to go just right, if possible, or not to go at all. My feelings are not to stand in the way of the truth."

"Well, then, Philip, as I regard it; if these various and differing creeds are of men only, then I do not question the right to put all comers into them upon just such terms of probation, and other initiatory rules as each society might choose to adopt; but, and here lies one trouble with me, if they are of God, then God's method now, and God's method in Christ's time are quite different. For I can discover no such provisions in the New Testament requirements."

Mr. Mason paused a moment as if to think

about what next to say, when Philip observed. "Some such thought as this was suggested to me the other evening when the stranger at the meeting stated that 'if Mr. Moody were the coming apostle' he would gladly welcome him. I thought of what you said about apostles the day we talked this matter over; and I thought I gathered your meaning. An apostle is, or should be a living agent acting upon the earth in behalf of a heavenly King and host, with authority to admit persons into fellowship with both. Am I right?"

"Yes; this has been my thought. 3rd, Again: The call is to all to come unto Christ. With this call, is the statement. 'My sheep know my voice, and a stranger they will not follow.' A stranger in this regard would be one not sent. I do not want to follow a stranger. I am ready to follow Christ, and with any one who follows him I am ready to walk, and to work. I have so far failed to see Christ in these various churches, as I see and comprehend him in the New Testament; and until I do I can not consent to go in to them, for going into one is confessingly going into all."

"4th, Little Bessie Caton I am told is a very amiable child; one whose tender and loving nature would be taken as a type of the childlike and innocent purity, which Jesus referred to when he said to his disciples, 'Except ye become as this little child, ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven.' When, therefore, a minister, (or one professing to be such), declares such a child to be wicked, I am forced to draw the comparison between his teaching and the Savior's—and which must I receive?"

"Why, the Savior's, of course," said Philip.

"Yes," resumed his friend, "I am under this necessity. This makes it harder still. I see a conflict between the Master of Life, and these servants. They place the Bible in my hands and tell me to read it; heed it; and do what it says. I try to do it; and they meet me at the door of the house that they call his, and re-direct me, quite differently to what he has done. I turn to obey them, and another redirects me, differently from the first; and so I keep turning, until wearied out I stop in despair of finding the way. I would willingly go to Christ; I would just as gladly welcome the 'coming apostle' as our stranger friend of the other evening's experience; but there is none to step in beside me and instruct me as Philip did the officer from the courts of queen Candace. I read, but comprehend not; or if I do, my comprehension is quite different from that of others. I have conversed with several ministers of the church. One called me a curiosity hunter; another told me that I was not a whit better than an infidel; another called me a pestilent fellow; and brother Brown, the other day, expressed the idea that my example was a particularly bad one, and that I was hardly better than a sinner of the vilest sort. While you have been anxious for me to go forward, I have been trying all I could to see my way clear to do so, but I can not. Now I propose that you and I devote two hours each Sunday to the reading of the New Testament Scriptures, and in talking about what we read; provided your father does not object; and see if we can agree upon what we ought to do."

To this Philip agreed, and they separated with the understanding that at three o'clock in the afternoon of the next Sunday, they would hold their first examination, if Mr. Lebrae was willing.

UNCLE J.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ACROSTIC.

Jasper, would you serve the Master,
Do his will and keep his laws;
Falter not, but work more faithful,
Learn to love the blessed cause.
Ask the Lord, be earnest, prayerful;
Nearer to him live and serve;
Deep his love he'll not forsake you,
Each day more and more he loves;
Rich his blessings he will claim you,
Safely in his home above,
L. E. F.

WHERE IS FATHER?

We'll put aside our sewing now
And books, and slates, and play,
And sit and talk of one we love
That's very far away.
Where is our father, where is he?
We long to see his face.
There's no one on this earth can fill
A loving father's place.
Near five long years he has been gone,—
Why, we were little then;—
I'm sure he'll scarcely know us all
When he comes back again;
We feel the big tears on our cheeks,
Our hearts to breaking ache,
As we remember the last kiss
He gave us at the gate.

Not time, nor distance can erase
That anxious look of care;
His parting words, the good advice,
The fervent morning prayer;
'Remember me,' he calmly said,
'And nothing evil do;
Be good and kind, my children dear,
'Till I come back to you.'

I know we've murmur'd many times,
Because he did not come;
Forgetful that he had to stay
Until his work is done.
And though he is so far away,
Oft in the evening late
We start, and think we surely hear
His footsteps at the gate.

How many changes we have seen,
As months and years have fled;
And many of his dear old friends
Are number'd with the dead;
His comrade to that distant land
Can not return again;
He sleeps, the rest that all must know,
Far from all earthly pain.
Perhaps our father too, might sleep,
And lie down by his side,
And rest upon a foreign shore
Across the ocean wide;
And then we never more may hear,
Though patiently we wait,
The sound we have been listening for,
His footsteps at the gate. M. R.

March 1878.

ROCK CITY.

A SHORT time since we had the pleasure of visiting Rock City, situated in the township of Genesee, Allegany county, N. Y. As it first appeared to our astonished vision in the distance we were not surprised at the name which it had received; for indeed it looked very much like a collection of brown stone fronts. As we approached the city from the north, up a winding road through the dense woods, we were surprised at the number of springs which bubbled forth from the hill-side, and, which, in rippling streams, descended toward the valley below. A practical test soon convinced us that none but the purest and coolest drinks could be obtained there. After a wearisome ascent of some three fourths of a mile we were at last able to walk the streets of that beautiful city of rocks; a city not particularly famous in a commercial sense of view—which requires no Murphy movement to banish intemperance from its inhabitants, but which has slumbered on in unbroken quietness since the creation of the world.

How striking would be the comparison of this, God's city, with one built by man. We were unable to make more than a rough estimate of the number of rocks, but would say that there were in all about one thousand of them, one hundred of which would average fifty feet square and twenty feet high. They are conglomerate rocks

of a light gray color, the pebbles of which they are composed being from one-half an inch to one inch in diameter. An old farmer and his family, the only inhabitants of the city, seem utterly unconscious of the grandeur which surrounds them. They live in an old hut which is entirely destitute of windows, and seem strongly opposed to artistical ornamentation. With a little expense the city might be made a very attractive summer resort and pecuniarily remunerative to its owner. We are informed that near Olean, N. Y., there is a rock city similar to this one with the exception that the rocks are larger. Many theories are advanced regarding the manner in which the rocks came there, the most noticeable of which is that they floated on a cake of ice from the northern regions where other rocks of a similar kind are found.

SHAY.

BY A HEAVENLY FATHER'S HAND.

BY MYRTLE GRAY.

CHAPTER VII.

THE room Fred showed his aunt into, was a small, blue room, filled with curiosities from different parts of the world. There were beautiful shells of almost every size, shape, and color, Indian necklaces, Chinese boxes of delicately wrought ivory, and one shelf contained some bolts of East India dress goods, made to be worn by the natives. It looked like heavy brown paper, covered with grotesque figures, and was sent to Fred by a lady missionary. There were specimens of coral, a huge elephant's tusk, weapons of different nations, specimens of rock and quartz from celebrated caves and mountains, and many other things too numerous to mention. Each was labeled carefully with the proper name and place from whence it came. A handsome writing desk stood in one corner, and here Fred spent the greater part of his time when he was at home.

After Aunt Doris had looked at the wonders to her satisfaction, she turned to Fred and asked: "Would you like to go home with me, for awhile, Fred?"

"Would I? Yes indeed!" he answered; "but I don't think mother would be willing; for she can't bear the thought of me working; she thinks it isn't genteel."

"Your mother has some queer ideas in her head; but I hope she will get over them some day."

"Mother is always holding up Arthur Conway as a pattern of perfection, and he is a drunkard and a gambler, and I fear that he and Flo are engaged to be married."

Aunt Doris uttered an exclamation of dismay, and said, "My sister would never allow that, I hope!"

"Allow it!" repeated Fred, "Why she encourages it; yes, and has worked for it. He is rich and that covers everything in mother's sight."

"O, what will not pride do! I fear it will drag her soul to perdition. I am sick of the sight of its works, and long to be in my own home again, and take you away from its deadly influence. O, Fred, I have suffered deeply through this one thing. I have lost, yes, more than lost a dear sister, for she does not even own me now it seems."

She spoke rapidly; and, as she ceased speaking, she left the room, and, going to the room assigned to her, she sank into a chair and wept bitterly.

The first Sunday morning after Aunt Doris' arrival, when the family were getting ready for church, Fred tapped at his aunt's door and invited her to go with them. When, a short time after, the quiet, black robed figure presented herself with the others, who were waiting for the carriage, Mrs. Manvers gazed at her in angry astonishment.

"I thought I told you there was no room in the carriage!" she said to Fred.

"Never mind, mother, auntie is going with me;" and handing her into a phaeton which drove up at that instant, they left her standing there.

When they entered the splendid edifice, Fred conducted his aunt to a seat which was less conspicuous than the rest, and where they could see the richly dressed people throng in, until the large church was filled.

When the long and tedious services were ended, they drove home and entered the parlor, where they sat, earnestly conversing when Mrs. Manvers and her daughter, arrived.

"What a beautiful sermon we had," said Mrs. Manvers, throwing herself on a sofa.

"Yes," answered her sister, "so very beautiful, that had some poor wayfaring man strayed there in search of the means of saving his soul I'm afraid he would have had to go away empty."

"But we don't have poor people at our church."

"And yet you pretend to be followers of Christ; and who was poorer in this world's goods than he who had nowhere to lay his head? Don't you think poor people have souls to save as well as you? And let me tell you that the sermon that was preached had not one word of the true gospel of Christ in it."

"Why, Doris!" exclaimed Mrs. Manvers.

"It is the truth, and I'm not afraid to say that not one among that vast congregation was deeply concerned about their souls.

"I don't think we have any thing to do with our souls; it is beyond our reach, and we should let such things alone," answered Mrs. Manvers.

"If Christ should appear I'm thinking he would not own such a proud, haughty people; and, let me tell you sister, if you don't give up some of this worldly pride and deceit you will forfeit your place in heaven."

"I suppose you would have me give up all the comforts of life, and be as poor as yourself, for instance."

"No," answered Aunt Doris, "I believe in making home beautiful, and in gathering around us that which will tend to refine and ennoble; but I don't believe in giving one's whole mind to the perishing things of this earth, which will last so short a time, compared with eternity."

Mrs. Manvers made an impatient gesture, and turning to Florence said,

"Of course, you'll not notice Amy Elliot any more, now they've failed.

"Of course not," answered her daughter; forgetting how many times she would have been in disgrace in school had not Amy helped her out, and also how many times she had taken a difficult passage in music to her, to have her clearer perception set her aright; all this was forgotten now that they were poor.

"And why of course not?" asked aunt Doris.

"Why, Mr. Elliot has failed," she answered.

"But they *did* entertain splendidly," sighed Mrs. Manvers.

"Then I should think that a sufficient reason for you to pay all the mere attention to them," said Aunt Doris sprightly.

"They are poor now, and of course have no right to expect attention from us."

"Which means that now that they are in need of a friend you desert them."

"O, you don't understand such things."

"And I hope I never may," ejaculated Aunt Doris fervently.

All this time Fred sat a silent listener, but a bright smile shone on his countenance, and, in the evening, he asked his aunt to again accompany him to church.

This time he took her to a quiet little building, which presented a striking contrast to the splendid edifice where he had conducted her in the morning.

When the minister rose and gave out the hymn, Aunt Doris glanced quickly at her nephew, who kept his eyes on the minister with apparent unconcern, who, after a few remarks, left the meeting in the hands of the congregation, and, as one after another rose and testified to the truth of the work, Fred was not surprised when Aunt Doris, rose and bore her testimony with the rest. After the meeting closed Fred found Mrs. Allen and

was introducing his aunt when they both stood staring at one another.

"Doris!" "Alice!" they exclaimed simultaneously, and then Fred stood staring.

After the first surprise was over, they explained to Fred how they had known each other from childhood, and how, after so many long years of separation, it rejoiced their hearts to meet again, as sisters. There was so much to talk about, that Mrs. Allen requested Fred to bring his aunt to their home early in the morning, which he readily consented to do, and they bade one another a happy "Good night."

To be Continued.

VERDICT OF A JURY OF BOYS.

WHEN Dr. Nathaniel Prentiss taught a public school in Roxbury, his patience at times would get very much exhausted by the infractions of the school rules by the scholars. On one occasion, in rather a wrathful way, he threatened to punish with six blows of a heavy ferule the first boy detected in whispering, and appointed some as detectors. Shortly after, one of the detectors shouted:

"Master, John Zeigler is whispering."

John was called up and asked if it was a fact. (John, by the way, was a favorite both with his teacher and school-mates).

"Yes," answered John, "I was not aware of what I was about; I was intent on working out a sum, and requested the boy who sat next to hand me the arithmetic that contained the rule which I wished to see."

The doctor regretted his hasty threat, but told John that he could not suffer him to whisper or escape the punishment, and continued:

"I wish I could avoid it, but cannot, without a forfeiture of my word. I will," he continued, "leave it to any three scholars you may choose to say whether or not I omit the punishment."

John said he agreed to that, and immediately called out G. S., T. D. and D. P. D. The doctor told them to return a verdict, which they soon did, (after consultation), as follows:

"The master's word must be kept inviolate—John must receive the threatened six blows of the ferule; but it must be inflicted on voluntary proxies—and we the arbitrators will share the punishment by receiving each of us two of the blows."

John who had listened to the verdict, stepped up to the doctor, and with out stretched hands exclaimed:

"Master, here is my hand; they shan't be struck a blow; I will receive the punishment."

The doctor, under pretence of wiping his face, shielded his eyes, and telling the boys to go to their seats, said he would think of it. I believe he did think of it to his dying day; but the punishment was never inflicted.

EGYPTIAN SCHOOLS.

I WONDER how many of you boys and girls I would like to visit an Egyptian school? Suppose in imagination, we transport ourselves to that Eastern land, and make a visit to one of the numerous schools of Egypt. Here, at this "school," or public fountain, we find one, as we should at nearly all such places. The "koota'b" or school is taught in the open air, and there are a score or so of swarthy youngsters seated on the ground, as is also their "skeykh," or teacher, under the shade of a clump of palm trees. We find no books, maps, slates, or any of the convenient "must-haves" of our schools at home. Only wooden tablets painted white, which are given to each scholar after the master has written the lesson upon it. After that lesson is well learned the tablet is washed and a new lesson written upon it.

Some of the boys have a little kind of desk made of palm sticks, upon which is placed a copy of the Koran (the Mahomedan Bible), or one

of its thirty sections, which he is committing to memory by repeatedly reading it over, meantime swaying his head and body back and forth, as a means of assisting his memory. How droll they look; but not more so than some pupils whom I have seen nearer home, who are in the habit of standing on one leg with one hand behind them on the recitation seat, and the other in their pockets, while they go through the recitation in a sing-song tone of voice that would put an Egyptian to shame. But hark! the class in the Koran are about to recite. At it they go, all together. Mercy, what a racket! I wonder how the "skeykh" can tell who has perfect lessons, and who have not!

The pupil first learns the alphabet, then the vowel points, and other orthographical marks; then the numerical value of each letter of the alphabet. "Then the master writes for him some simple words—the names of men, the ninety-nine names of the Deity, etc." He then begins to learn the Koran, having the first chapter written upon his tablet. When he has learned this perfectly, he proceeds to learn "the last chapter; then the last but one; then the last but two; and so on in an inverted order, ending with the second." If he is to be only a common citizen, this completes his education; but if he is destined for some employment that requires a knowledge of writing and arithmetic, he is given lessons in these by a "ekabba'nee," who is a person employed to weigh goods in the market.

The teacher receives as a compensation for his services, from the parents of each pupil, half a "piaster" every Thursday. Some of our "school-ma'ams" and masters who get sixty and eighty dollars per month, would think that a very poor salary; half a piaster being equal in our money to about two and one-half cents.—*Young Folks Monthly.*

SAMUEL'S CALL.

JUST as you are going to sleep to night, if a voice from heaven should call you by name, John! Charles! Mary! Eliza! it would startle you so that you would not be able to sleep again. Do you remember the story of Samuel, the prophet, how he was called of God when he was a little boy? His mother had brought him to the temple, and left him there to be brought up by the priest, good Eli. Samuel's mother used to come to see him once a year, and always brought him a new coat when she came.

One night, as the little boy was going to bed, he heard some one calling to him.

"Samuel! Samuel!"

He thought it was Eli, the priest, who spoke, and, running into the next room, where the good man was sleeping, he said, "Here am I." Eli told him that he had not called him, and bade him lie down again. He went back to his little room and lay down. How sweet and child-like this was! He was not afraid for Eli told him to go; and though he could not tell who had called him, he lay down again to sleep. And again the same voice called him:

"Samuel! Samuel!"

Now he thought, Surely that must be Eli, the good old priest, who has called me; and, getting up, he went into Eli's room again, but he had not called him. Eli sent him back, and once more he lay down on his pillow. The third time the same voice was heard:

"Samuel! Samuel!"

Was it Eli? It must be, for there was no one else there. So he went to Eli again, and asked him if he had called him. Samuel did not suppose that the Lord would speak to a child; but Eli thought it must be He, and told Samuel to go and lie down, and if he heard the voice again, to say, "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth."

The little boy did as he was told. Once more he went to his bed, and the Lord called again, "Samuel! Samuel!" You would think that a child would be afraid to speak to the great God.

But he was not afraid. He said, as Eli told him, "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth." Then the Lord told him what He would have him do; and afterward trained him up to be a prophet, a preacher, and a very good and useful man.

The God of heaven may never call you by a voice, and ask you to become His child, and grow up in His fear and love, and serve Him. But He has called you in many ways, and very often. Did you ever hear His voice?

He speaks to you in His holy word. When you read the Bible, it is God speaking to you. Every word is His voice. And you should heed what it says, just as you would if you heard Him calling you by name, and saying, "My son, my daughter, give me thy heart."

God speaks to you when your conscience reproves you. When you have done wrong and feel it, the Lord God is calling you to repent and do so no more.

So when one of your young companions is called to die, God speaks to you in His providence, saying, "Be ye also ready."—*S. S. Visitor.*

POOR GIRLS.

THE poorest girls in the world are those who have never been taught to work. There are thousands of them. Rich parents have petted them; they have been taught to despise labor and depend upon others for a living, and are perfectly helpless. If misfortune comes upon their friends, as it often does, their case is hopeless. The most forlorn and miserable women upon earth belong to that class. It belongs to parents to protect their daughters from this deplorable condition. They do them a great wrong if they neglect it. Every daughter should be taught to earn her own living. The rich, as well as the poor, require this training. The wheel of fortune rolls swiftly round—the rich are very likely to become poor, and the poor rich. Skill to labor is no disadvantage to the rich, and is indispensable to the poor. Well-to-do parents must educate their children to work. No reform is more imperative than this.

A CUNNING DOG.

BOB, our mastiff, was always on friendly terms with the cat and kittens of the house, and nothing pleased them better than to crouch up to his warm, curly, coat, and have a snooze. He always received these attentions from his frisky friends with great kindness and condescension on his part, but I am sorry to say he was guilty of a good deal of hypocrisy towards them and their mother. He would never drive them from a dish, or a dripping-pan, or anything else. Oh, no! but when he happened to see them eating out of either, he quietly, but quickly, walked up the coal heap, and picking up as large a lump as he could well hold between his teeth, he would walk gently up to where his friends were feasting, and drop the lump of coal into either basin, dish, or dripping-pan, looking quite innocent all the time. Pussies immediately licked their mouths, and walked away, while their amiable friend finished their meal for them.

CLASS MOTTOES.

Mr. William Street, of Chester, Pennsylvania, sends the following mottoes as being nice for the names of classes in Sabbath Schools. We thank him for them:

1 Daughters of Zion. 2 Sons of Zion. 3 Fruitful Boughs. 4 Buds of Promise. 5 Lillies of the Valley. 6 Lillies of the Field. 7 Rose of Sharon. 8 Fruit Gatherers. 9 Star of Bethlehem. 10 The Crown Seekers. 11 Flowers by the Wayside. 12 The Little Gleaners. 13 Purity, Fidelity and Love. 14 The Fig Tree. 15 Cheerful Givers. 16 Young Pioneers. 17 Hopes of Zion. 18 Golden Links. 19 Try Again Boys. 20 Try Again Girls. 21 The Rose Buds. 22 Happy Voices. 23 Beautiful Laurels. 24 Perseverance Class. 25 Excelsior Class.

Correspondence.

WHEELING, West Virginia,

March 14th, 1878.

Dear Brothers and Sisters:—We sold our farm in Glen Easton and bought town property in this place, and I can now attend the West Wheeling Sunday School and Church. We have a very good Sunday School, and the children seem to take a great interest. I have a small class. Brother Devore is superintendent. I am still striving to do the will of my Father as near as I can. I have a great deal to contend with, but I know inasmuch as I put my trust in God he will bring me safely through. With great pleasure I read the letters of brother and sister Dobbs in *Hope* March first. Often have I met with those dear children, and heard them bear testimony to the truth of the latter day work. Praying for the welfare of Zion, I am your loving sister,

ANNA E. EBELING.

WHEELING, West Virginia,

March 14th, 1878.

Dear Hopes:—I am a member of the Church. I was baptized last June by brother James Craig. I attend the West Wheeling Sunday School where we get the *Hope*. I know the latter day work is true, and am glad that I obeyed the gospel. My father, my mother and my sister are in the Church. I have two brothers and two sisters younger than myself. I am thirteen years old. Pray for me. Your sister in Christ,

LYDIA J. EBELING.

GARLAND CITY, Colorado,

March 23d, 1878.

Dear Hopes:—I do not believe in receiving all the time and never giving. I have been a reader of the *Hope* for some time; and, as I have not seen a report of our Sabbath School I will write a little. We have a very good Sabbath School. It was organized October 1st, 1877, with thirty-one scholars, with Elder Warnky as superintendent. Since then we have seventeen more added to our number. They do not all come every Sabbath; the average attendance being about thirty scholars and five teachers. We have preaching every Sunday evening. We take *Zion's Hope* in our school, first getting twelve numbers, so as to have one for each family; but as the paper gives such good satisfaction, we now send for eighteen numbers. Our town is going to be moved, and I do not know if the school will be moved or disorganized. We hope that Elder Warnky will move to the new town, then our school will go right on, but we will do the best we can if he does not go. We have also a literary society organized here, which is very interesting. This is a very wicked place. Most of the people do not care for God, nor for his laws; but we are striving to learn God's laws, and to do his will, so that we may receive eternal life. Yours ever,

JULIA DOYLE.

SPANISH FORK, Utah, March 23d, 1878.

Dear Hopes:—I live where I have no chance of associating with the Saints, only with the Brighamites, and they are so rude that we do not agree. I have hoped and prayed for the time when I might unite under the true shepherds, but the Elders do not come this way, and so I have no chance. O, how I wish the Elders would come. There are but two members of the Reorganized Church here, and they are brother Morgan David and my grandmother, sister Anna Buchanan. My dear friend, Mary Olive Raymond, I wish to know how you all do. Are you well? I am, and hope that you are. I wish to know if you received what I sent, and why you do not write. My love to all. Pray for me. Your true friend,

MARGARET A. OGDEN.

ANDOVER, Mo., April 8th, 1878.

Dear Bro. Henry and Uncle Joseph:—Our school was out some time ago. I won the prize in the first class, and my sister Ina won it in the second. We have only three months school in the winter, and three in summer. We had a very good teacher last term, his name is F. E. Barnes. I was baptized last summer, so also was my brother Frederick. I try to live as I ought, but often am led astray in the by and forbidden path. We have no Sabbath school yet, but I hope we will have one before long. Pray for me, that I may hold out faithfully, and gain a crown of eternal life. With love to all, I remain your sister in the gospel,

V. E. SMITH.

ANDOVER, Mo., April 8th, 1878.

Dear Uncle Henry and Uncle Joseph:—I am eleven years old. I do not belong to the Church yet, but I hope to. Our peach trees are in bloom, and are so pretty. I am going to school some of the time this summer. My brother and sister are going too. We have a branch here. I read in the fourth reader. My brother and sister belong to the Church of Christ. Good bye. Your friend,

INA SMITH.

ELKHORN CITY, Neb., March 22d, 1878.

Dear Hopes:—I am one of your number now. I was baptized by our district president, Bro. T. J. Smith, March 16th. We have a nice little branch here at Elkhorn, numbering 28 members. My father is president. We have meeting every Sunday in our house. The weather is very fine for March, and we have had a very fine winter. Pray for me that I may be one of the happy number that shall be gathered home to Zion. Your sister in Christ,

MARY ANN F. CURTIS.

SOUTH COTTONWOOD, Utah, March 19th, 1878.

Dear Hopes:—My Uncle William takes the *Hope* for me and I like it very much. I shall be eight years old next May. I have never yet been to school, but I read, write and cipher at home. My love to you all. Good bye for the present.

WARREN HARVEY LYON.

Puzzle Corner.

Answers in One Month.

ENIGMA.—No. 4.

I am composed of fifteen letters.

My 1, 2, 13, 14, is what Hopes should always do.

My 9, 2, 6, 3, 9, 12, 8, 6, is what Hopes should fear or dread.

My 7, 8, 9, 15, 1, 6, 6, 9, 10, 11, 11, is what to wish all God's children.

J. E. ROGERSON.

WORD PUZZLE.—No. 8.

My 1st is in willow, also in hickory.

My 2d is in iron, but not in steel.

My 3d is in Latin, but not in French.

My 4th is in Laura, also in Lillie.

My 5th is in ice, but not in sea.

My 6th is in alley, but not in street.

My 7th is in matron, but not in maid.

My 8th is in tree, but not in branch.

My 9th is in black, but not in white.

My 10th is in old, but not in age.

My 11th is in ziteh, but not in switch.

My 12th is in Cain, also in Able.

My 13th is in Ruth, but not in root.

My 14th is in truth, but not in false.

My 15th is in health, but not in wealth.

My whole is a well known brother.

FLORA B. NOSKER.

ANAGRAM.—No. 7.

1 Ten tea pots—transposed is a title for rulers.

2 Stripes—ecclesiastics.

3 Mad stream—a city.

4 If a lord—a state.

5 A real dew—a state.

6 O my wing—a territory.

T. W. S.

Answers to Puzzle Corner of March 15th.

1 To Double Acrostic, No. 1.—1 Hoosic; 2 Elizabeth; 3 Nassau; 4 Revelator; 5 Yitrahe, (charity); 6 Antioch; 7 San Salvador; 8 Tyrone; 9 Evangelic; 10 Borneo; 11 Bangor; 12 Ireland; 13 Nephite; 14 Savior.—Initials and finals Henry A. Stebbins, Church Recorder.

2 To Word Puzzle, No. 6.—Noah.

Answers to the above from Hattie Thorley to No. 1; Flora I. Curtis 2.

When one asked a learned physician how early the education of a child should begin he replied, "twenty years before he is born." Good mothers make good children.

THE SAINTS' HERALD.

The above publication is issued semi-monthly, at Plano, Kendall County, Illinois, by the Board of Publication of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, \$2.15 per year free of postage. Edited by Joseph Smith and Henry A. Stebbins.

15 April 78.

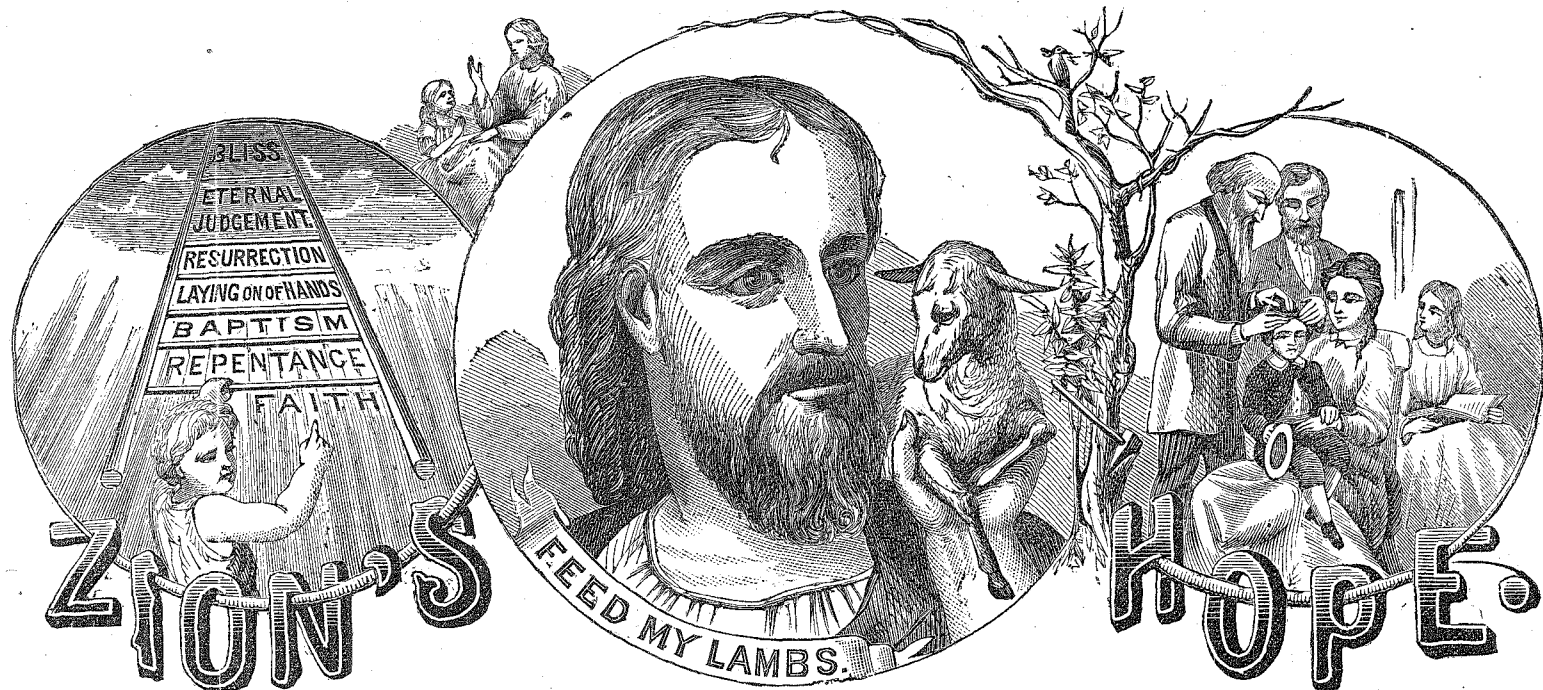
A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue. Owing to the fact that we make nothing on the *Hope* we would like to see subscriptions paid up as early as possible, and delinquent ones especially. With the small margin to work upon, the cost of paper and postage for papers sent on credit for a few issues or for months, forces us as a general rule to discontinue sending it when the time is out, at which we hope no one will take offence but watch this notice hereafter for the blue mark.

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Superintendents and Teachers of Sunday schools, Book Agent 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."

CHILDHOOD.

CHILDHOOD is the springtime of life. Then we are free from care and sorrow, not a cloud dims our pathway; all is flowers and sunshine. And why should it not be so? There is no other time in life in which we can enjoy ourselves so well as in our childhood. As we grow older cares of different kinds occupy our minds and prevent us from enjoying life to a great extent. But no matter where our lot may be cast, or how far we are from the home of our childhood, our minds will often return to those pleasant days. We can think of the days when we used to sit on our mother's lap and listen to the pleasant stories she would tell us. Also of the winter evenings when (after the toils of the day were over) we gathered around the fire and listened to each other as we told riddles or resited to each other the little incidents, which had attracted our attention during the day. Then again (in our imagination) we can see the trees under which we used to build our little play-houses and play day after day with our little playmates and brothers and sister. There in the shade of the tall elms we took our first lessons in housekeeping, visiting and schoolkeeping, and several other things too numerous to mention. And how well we remember how we used to ramble in the woods and gather the flowers which grew upon the bank of some pleasant stream. And after we had gathered our hands full we would sit down on the grass in the shade of some tree and there would arrange our flowers in bouquets, as nicely as we knew how; after which we would take them home to our mothers.

Also the little path which we so often walked to school is fresh in our memory. Part of the time it led us through the woods over some hill and then by some pleasant stream, on whose bank the little old log school-house stood, where we first learned our A B C's. All these and many other things which happened in our childhood are, and ever will be fresh in our memories. We will never forget them. In after life when care and trouble seem to be our only lot we will think of the days when we had a kind father and mother to help us bear our little troubles and disappointments. There are many people who may say their childhood days were not very pleasant; but they are those who had no home, who wondered about the streets begging for bread to keep from starving. But there are not many who can look back upon their childhood days as not a pleasant and happy time. Then little Hopes remember you are seeing your happiest days. The time will soon come when you will have to fight

your own way through the world. You will then have no father or mother to take your part. You should be very thankful for the happy homes and kind parents God has given you.

NEWTONIA, MISSOURI.

SOPHIA WALLIS.

WHY NOT NOW?

CHAPTER VIII.

AT the appointed time on the Sunday referred to in our last chapter, Philip and his friend met at the room of the latter, Philip bringing a written note from Mr. Lebrae stating that he should like to be present at their inquiry meetings, if Mr. Mason did not object, and inviting the young man to his library the coming Sunday afternoon. Mr. Mason read the note, but made no mention of it nor its contents at the time.

"Where shall we begin," said Philip.

"As to that," remarked his friend, "a moment's previous thought is necessary. Let us see; we both believe that there is a God; therefore, we need seek no proof to further convince us of that. We are both willing to believe that he has spoken unto man, either in nature or by revelation; that if by revelation then that revelation is to be found in the Bible, or not at all; and that Jesus is somehow connected with it. Of how he is connected, and how we are to understand him, is perhaps the chief difficulty with us at present; let us therefore turn our attention to Jesus, his life and mission; this will be more than enough for to-day."

They then read the account of the birth of Jesus at Bethlehem, as told by Matthew and Luke, comparing it with the prophecies respecting the Messiah, and at the conclusion of their two hours' time, agreed to receive the statement that he was the Son of the Highest, the child of the Virgin Mary, and the one of whom it was said,

"The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor, he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and the recovering of sight to the blind; to set at liberty them who are bruised; to preach the acceptable year of the Lord."—Luke 4: 18, 19.

The week following another meeting was held; the committee reported a favorable reception among the people respecting the building of a school-house as already stated. It was resolved to make the attempt; a canvassing committee of three was appointed to solicit subscriptions, in addition to a large amount pledged on the spot, and the people dispersed feeling elated at the prospect.

On their way home, Mr. Lebrae, Leonie and

Flossie, called at Mr. Caton's to see how the little girl was getting on; they found Mr. Mason already there, he having left the meeting sooner than they, while Mr. Lebrae was engaged with a friend or two congratulating each other on the work done. Bessie was still tearful and nervous, lying quite still the most of the time, yielding now and then to spells of passionate weeping and moaning. Mr. Mason had laid aside his hat and was sitting at Bessie's bedside holding her hands, thin and white, one in each of his strong and brown hands. She had just been crying, and the traces of tears were plain on her pale cheek. The young man did not notice them when they came in, but was talking to the sick child quietly and softly, in tones so tender and feeling, that the ones just come in wondered if it were really he. He was telling her of the good that Jesus did to all; and how, for the gentle, kind and loving he always had been in his life to the little children. He told her of his setting the little child in the midst of the disciples with their brown faces and long beards, and telling them that if they did not become like that little child, not one of them should go into the kingdom. "Just think of it, Bessie, there were all these strong disciples, eager, earnest men, trying to learn the ways of life of Jesus the best and wisest of them all; and he thought the child, weak and innocent was nearer to heaven's door than they. Don't you think, Bessie, that if Jesus thought so much of children, all of his disciples ought to think so too?"

"I suppose they ought, said Bessie, but do they?" Then after a pause of a moment she said, "are you a preacher?"

"No, Bessie," said Mr. Mason in reply, "I am not a preacher, but I read the good book, and love Jesus because he was so good and wise; and so kind to little children."

"Did I ever see you before?" continued Bessie, apparently striving to fix her remembrance of him.

"Yes, Bessie, once before. I was in here one evening last week, and sat by you while your parent went out for a walk."

"O, now I remember, you brought me an orange and a bunch of grapes,—and I fell asleep while you was holding my hands, just as you be now. I aint afraid when you are here, and?"—hesitatingly—"I like you."

Those looking on could see the hands of the strong man tremble a little; but his voice was steady as he said, "I love the children, Bessie, not so well as Jesus does, for I can not do so much for them as he did; but I am trying to do them all the good I can. And, Bessie, I like you, and am sorry to find you so sick. Now, if we pray to

the Lord to make you well, and to forget your trouble, and make you feel how much he loves all the little girls and boys, and will save them, don't you think that he will hear us and answer?"

"But, I aint good enough to pray to him," argued Bessie.

"Why, Bessie, don't you remember the man who stood away off from the temple, and who felt so sad and unworthy, that he would not look up, but only said, 'Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner,' and if a strong man who might have been a bad, bad man, was not too bad to pray, why should not a little girl who loves every body, be good enough to pray?"

"Do you think God would hear a little girl, like me, if she prayed to him when she felt as I do?"

"Yes, Bessie, I do; and I should like to hear you pray that the good Lord would help you; and if you want me to, I will pray first, just as we be, I sitting by you, holding your hands, and you lying still and quiet." The girl consented, and the young man closed his eyes and prayed:

"Father, who art in heaven; this little one of thine has been hurt by one who should have been a shepherd of thy sheep, and looking after thy lambs; and while I pray thee to pardon him, I pray thee to help thy child. Let thy Spirit in its holy power visit her; calm her mind, strengthen her body, and control her tears; that she may no more weep in grief, nor be disturbed in spirit. Relieve her distress and make her well. I ask it in Jesus' name. Now Bessie, pray."

Bessie lay a moment as if in thought; then, speaking slowly yet clearly, said; "Pity, Lord; pity poor Bessie. She has been naughty, but she will try and be good. Lord, forgive Mr. Brown; and forgive Bessie,—and, Lord, make Bessie well. Bless papa, and mamma, and please make Bessie good." She ceased, and in a few minutes was fast asleep. Mr. Mason sat a few moments, still holding her hands; when, satisfied by her measured breathing that she was sleeping, he gently disengaged his hands, placed hers in an easy position, smoothed the pillow, moved the sleeping child's head a trifle that she might breathe easier, and with the gentlest of touches brushed the hair back from her forehead a little. Then, rising and looking round him, he became conscious for the first time of the presence of Mr. Lebrae and his daughters. He was quite embarrassed for a moment, then pointing to Bessie he said: "Her father tells me she has not slept for forty-eight hours; and it will do her worlds of good if she can sleep. I have promised to sit by her awhile."

Mr. Lebrae bowed, stated that they had called to offer the service of one of his girls to Mrs. Caton for a day or two, that the tired woman might rest; and as Mr. Caton was out they would leave Leonie, and go on home. So saying he and Flossie went out, leaving the eldest girl, who removed her hat, and sat holding it in her hand until Mrs. Caton came in.

The sick girl was lying in a bed, fixed for convenience in the sitting room; and hence, care was used to keep the house as quiet as possible. So there was not much opportunity for conversation. This did not seem to disturb either of these three watchers, for each seemed busy with their own thoughts.

Mr. Mason was somewhat a stranger to Mrs. Caton, and that good soul had hesitated to leave her little girl in his charge, but as the girl had seemed to like him, and was trustful of him, upon his first visit, she had the more readily left him upon this occasion to watch by her charge. Mr. Caton was glad of a respite, and was walking off his depression. He too, like his child, trusted this young stranger; and was gratefully pleased when he returned to find his wife in her own room sound asleep, while Mr. Mason sat watching the quietly sleeping child. He had not seen Mr. Lebrae, nor did he know that Miss Leonie was there, she having retired at the time Mrs. Caton did, to be called when Mr. Mason would

go to his boarding-house, further on in the night. The young man persuaded Mr. Caton to go and lie down, promising to call him if Bessie woke and needed him. By ten o'clock the house was still, and Frank Mason watching by Bessie Caton sleeping, was the only waking one; and he, shading the light so that it should not shine upon the sleeper's face, took a testament from his pocket, read a few pages, and kneeling softly by his chair offered a murmured prayer for the stricken household, his friends and himself, commending all to the care of the Father.

It was broad day on the morrow, when Mrs. Caton, waking from her long and undisturbed sleep, rose and dressing, came into the sitting room, to find Frank Mason still a watcher and Bessie still sleeping. She was quite surprised, that they had all allowed him to wake all night; but he stopped her profuse apologies and thanks, by assuring her that it had given him pleasure to aid them. Bessie had slept quietly, waking and asking for drink once, at midnight; she had recognized him, extended her hand to him, and fallen asleep at once when he took it.

Mrs. Caton called Leonie, and the young man took his leave, promising to call on his way down town after dinner to see how his little friend was. When he was gone, Bessie woke up, and seeing only Leonie, laughed softly and said, "Where did you put him?"

"Him, who, Bessie," said Leonie.

"The man that watched me to sleep," said Bessie, and she laughed softly to herself as she murmured, "He was good to Bessie," and the child held up an orange and rosy cheeked apple that she had found on her pillow at her waking.

Leonie told her that he had gone home to get his breakfast, and would come and see her in the afternoon.

After the family had risen, Bessie insisted upon being helped out of bed and dressed. She was indeed much better, and looked quite contented and happy. She did not cry nor moan, but was like herself; a change remarkable and striking, had taken place for the better.

UNCLE J.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ROBIN HOOD'S MIRACLE.

FAIR, fair was the forest of Sherwood in the days of Robin Hood; long were the summers that garmented the forests with green, and bright were the autumns that browned the thickets and coverts from which the merry hunters, clad in Lincoln-green, started the deer. The silver horns of Robin Hood's merry men divided in the morning and their notes were lost in the great deep forests, but they blended again at evening, echoing at first from afar and then drawing near.

Then merry were the tales of the hunters, as the red moon rose in the dusky shadows, and poured her light over the forest like a silver sea. Robin Hood performed a most wonderful miracle in his day.

Perhaps, though you may not think it so wonderful after all.

We will tell it to you, as a very old ballad told it to us.

One day, Robin, being in a merry mood, took it into his head to go into the king's highway in the disguise of a friar. He put on hood, gown, crucifix, and beads, and walked off slowly, looking very demure and woe-begone.

He had not gone far, when he met two lusty priests, clad all in black, and riding gallantly along.

"Benedicite!" he said. "Have pity on a poor friar, who has been wandering since morning, without meat or drink."

"In the name of the virgin," said one of the priests, "we can not help thee. We've been robbed, and haven't a penny to help ourselves."

Robin laid hold of the priest's robes, and drew him from his horse. Robin was so stout a man that the priest could not resist, and when he

commanded the other priest to dismount, he dared not disobey him.

"You say you have no money," said Robin. "Neither have I."

"You know how to pray?" said Robin.

"Yes," said the priests.

"Then let us all fall on our knees, we three together, and for money we will pray earnestly, and we will see what heaven will send."

The priests knelt down.

"Now, pray," said Robin.

They prayed very dolefully. At last they began to weep and wring their hands. Then Robin began to dance.

The priests' prayer became more doleful than ever. But Robin said—

"Pray! Pray!"

They prayed a very long time.

"Now put your hands into your pockets, and see if you have received an answer to your prayers."

The first priest felt in his pockets, then rolled up his eyes very solemnly and said—

"Nothing."

"Let me feel," said Robin.

The priests now looked more troubled than ever.

Robin searched the pockets of one and drew forth a purse heavy with gold.

"What an answer to prayers!" said Robin, and he searched the other, and found another purse.

The two priests were struck dumb—what could they say? If they had spoken truly at first, here indeed was a miracle! The old ballad says they "sighed wondrous heavy."

"You have prayed well," said Robin, encouragingly, seeing their dejected looks. "Here are five hundred pounds. Now we will divide it."

And divide it he did. He gave each priest fifty pounds for praying so well, and kept the rest himself. But the two priests did not seem very much pleased with Robin's division and liberal present, but rode away looking more woeful than ever.

"Always speak the truth," said Robin to the two priests, as they departed; and we have a sort of suspicion that if they had spoken the truth about their money to the bold outlaw, as good priests ought, the miracle would not have been so great.

THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

THERE is no form of church service or instruction which deserves greater commendation than the Sabbath School. Its home-like manner of unfolding those truths which are the most important elements in the composition of the moral character of mankind renders it the foundation of all true greatness and goodness; hence it is, boys and girls, that if you desire to become great, good and useful in the world, you should go to the Sunday School. Its teachings will enable you to withstand the terrible temptations to which you are daily exposed. It will give your minds employment upon the Sabbath while your bodies are resting from the labors of the week.

Boys and girls, especially those without homes, are more apt to fall into sin upon the Sabbath than upon any other day of the week, for business being suspended, they are without their ordinary employment and are more easily led into temptation, for "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do."

Then, boys and girls, as you all desire to become men and women of moral strength and purity, do not spend your Sabbaths in wandering about, but go to the Sunday School, and there, surrounded by its sacred influence, you will learn those principles of the true, grand and noble, which will make you men and women of usefulness and power.—*News Boy's Appeal.*

HOPE ROLL OF HONOR.

Esther Rohrer, Woodbine, Harrison Co., Iowa, \$1.60.

BY A HEAVENLY FATHER'S HAND.

BY MYRTLE GRAY.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN Aunt Doris heard her friend's plans of the future, she resolved on a plan of her own, one which she thought would bring much happiness. There were many sober consultations held, first with her friends, the Allens, then with her sister and Mr. Manvers, and at the end of the week she told Fred, that all the necessary arrangements had been made, and that she should start for home taking with her the Allen family and himself which news he received with unbounded delight.

"I have a room which I know will suit you exactly for a 'den,' as you call it; and if you wish to take your treasures with you I will help you pack them," said Aunt Doris.

So Fred procured huge boxes, which his aunt packed carefully. Florence looked on the whole proceedings with disgust, and Mrs. Manvers felt, not grieved to part with her son, but a sort of satisfaction in knowing he would not be near to interfere with her precious plans. When the travelers were saying their adieus, Aunt Doris stepped toward her sister, and, holding a Bible in her hand, said:

"Sister will you promise me one thing?"

"What is it?"

"It is this: When you are in need of a true friend, will you unclasp this Bible and read it?"

"As if I ever should need a friend!" and a scornful laugh broke from her lips.

"Will you take it and promise me faithfully, Martha?" pleaded her sister.

"Oh yes," she said, impatiently, and when the party drove off they left behind but one aching heart, that of Mr. Manvers, who felt that there was a providence in it, and he bowed his head to the decree.

"Mrs. Manvers took the Bible to the attic, and throwing it into an old trunk, exclaimed:

"There! that ends that piece of nonsense."

The journey came to an end, and the travelers could but acknowledge it had been a pleasant one. When the party arrived at the gate, an exclamation burst from every one, except Aunt Doris, who sat complacently enjoying their surprise. A large lawn, dotted here and there with shrubbery gradually rising stretched out before them, and at the top, crowning the eminence, stood a large rambling building, half nestling in a small grove of trees, while a stream of water wound around one side of the garden, and as they were silently gazing on the beautiful scenery, the setting sun burst from a cloud, as if to welcome them, gilding the scene with a natural splendor, and the picture was complete. As the party drove up to the verandah, Aunt Doris was the first to spring out, and throwing open the door, stood there with beaming eyes, saying:

"Welcome! welcome!"

The old overseer came forward and Aunt Doris extending her hand to him said:

"You see James I brought home another overseer."

The old man's countenance fell and his voice trembled as he asked:

"Didn't I suit you, Miss Doris?"

"Why certainly," she answered; then seeing how he had interpreted her meanings she said, "Did you think I could be so cruel as to turn off such a faithful man as you have been? No indeed! but I thought you were getting along in years and this large farm is too much for you to manage, so I brought you help. Doesn't it suit you?"

"You are always doing just the right thing," he answered gratefully; and conducting them through a long hall, he threw open a door, and ushered them into a large room, where they found a cheerful fire burning in an old fashioned fire place. Comfort and beauty were seen on all sides; and turning to her guests Aunt Doris said:

"You see there is room for all." Going to

her organ she touched the keys, flooding the whole room with a melody which rose and fell like the waves of the sea, and finally ending with a sweep, grandly, exultingly, holding her listeners entranced.

"We shall be very happy here," said Fred, as she came and stood by his chair.

"Bye and bye," she answered softly. Was it prophecy?

When Fred wrote to his mother he told her of a beautiful path he had found, and of his desire to walk therein; of the beautiful truths he had learned; of the knowledge he wished to obtain, and of his hope of sharing with his father, mother and sister, the joys of the Eternal City. When Mrs. Manvers read the letter she could not understand it, and when Mr. Manvers explained to her the meaning, her rage knew no bounds. She sat down and answered the letter immediately. She threatened, coaxed, and then flattered, and finally vowed to disown him. She said:

"You may as well know it now, Florence will soon be married to Arthur Conway; and now Fred don't go and disgrace the name of Manvers. You ought to be an honor to the name instead of a disgrace; and the day you join that awful church, that day you must stop calling me mother. When she had finished she destroyed the few encouraging lines written by Mr. Manvers, and sealing her letter, had it posted as soon as possible.

When Fred received the letter, he read it and then passed it to his aunt, while he tried to stifle the sobs that almost choked him. Aunt Doris lips quivered as she handed it to Mrs. Allen, and going to Fred she laid her hand gently on his shoulder saying.

"My dear boy, your duty is plain before you. Your mother little knows what she is doing, and I'm sure if you do your duty, God will bring it about all right."

"I know, I know," he sobbed.

"Fred," said a sweet voice, "don't grieve, God always answers our prayers, if they are for the best; and I am going to pray for your mother."

Fred looked at the trusting girl, as she stood there and said:

"Bless you, Mary! I don't see how He can help answering your prayers."

At a sign from Mr. Allen, they all knelt while he offered up a prayer, and Fred felt comforted, and resolved to walk in the path which had been laid before him. The next letter he wrote contained these words:

"Mother, I have done the will of my Father in Heaven."

Oh! the cruel, heartless letter he received in reply, she never wanted to hear from him or his aunt, again; that he was no longer her son; and that she should forget he had ever been born. ***

Not long after this Mr. Manvers came into the library, with a troubled countenance, where he found his wife and daughter, making out a list of invitations for a grand reception.

"Martha," he said.

"Mrs. Manvers if you please."

"Well, then, Mrs. Manvers, I would rather you would not give a party just at present; I am rather embarrassed and we will have to economize a little while."

"The idea of economizing!" she said scornfully, "We must give this party."

Mr. Manvers said nothing, but left the room with compressed lips. The party came off, and was a brilliant affair, as had been intended. Day by day the shadows deepened on Mr. Manvers face, till at last one night he came home with a look of utter hopelessness, that plainly told the tale. He had failed! A faint ray of hope flickered in his heart, as he thought this trial might serve to bring his family nearer to him, for which he would have gladly given his wealth; but when he told the news, it went out suddenly.

Let us draw a curtain over the scene that ensued. Their beautiful place was sold and they took a cheap dwelling in a distant part of the

city. Friends all fled, like snow before the sun. This was the bitterest cut of all. At the first intimation of a failure Arthur Conway no longer recognized his betrothed. If Mrs. Manvers had tried to face the matter cheerfully, her husband would have stood it better, but day after day he had to listen to her bitter reproaches, till it became unbearable, and one night he took his hat and went out into the darkness. The next day a hat was found on the shore, which was identified as Mr. Manvers', and the conclusion was that he had committed suicide. One by one the costly dresses and jewelry sold for a mere nothing, to furnish them the necessities of life, till at last nothing remained to sell, and starvation stared them in the face.

To be Continued.

HOW JOHN ROSS BEGAN TO "KNEEL DOWN."

THE room was small and the furniture old-fashioned; but there was a neatness and warmth about it that made it look pleasant and comfortable. On a stool by the fire was a bright little girl; and at the tea table sat a pale matron, anxiously seeing that her husband had all that he wanted, while he for his part was entirely absorbed in his evening meal of "haricot." Mrs. Ross understood the art of cooking; and the dish which she had set before her husband was delicious.

"Was it nice, father?" asked Ally, as he he turned toward her.

"Ay, just as usual" was the answer. "Hunter's the best sauce, you know, Ally."

The mother smiled. It was scant praise, but she was satisfied.

"You won't be going out again to-night, John, will you?" she inquired, presently.

Her husband hesitated. He was no drunkard, yet the tavern had for him very great attractions. He liked excitement—the talk about politics, and other gossip. It never occurred to him that it was worth while to converse with his little daughter, and his thoughtful, intelligent wife. Laughter at home would have grated on his ear; and the idea of telling the two who, in all the world, best loved him, what he read in the newspapers, was as far from his thoughts as Lapland is from Patagonia. Poor John Ross! He had yet to learn that a man has other duties besides those of earning, spending, and boasting of his wages.

"I must go," he said "for they will expect me."

"They," were some fellow-workmen and the landlord.

"But you will not be long?"

"I don't know; that depends. But you need not sit up, burning candle for nothing, as you did last night."

"Very well, John. Say 'good-night' to father, Ally dear."

The child put up her mouth for a kiss. "Good-night, father," the child whispered, as he stooped to receive her caress, "come home as quick as you can."

He was gone. Mrs. Ross washed up the plates and dishes, and put them, with Ally's help, into the cupboard. Then she sat down to mend her husband's waistcoat. They were dull that night, and with reason; yet the child laid her head on her mother's knee with a sense of rest and calm that seldom came to her in her father's presence. Soon she began to sing the hymns which she learned at school. Then, kneeling to pray beside her mother's chair, she began to say, "God bless dear father—" Hush! Was that some one at the window, or was it only a puff of wind that rattled the one half-frame against the other? Ally looked up, and listened. "It is nothing," said her mother, and the child went on: "Bless dear father to-night, and bring him home safe, and help me to be a good child to him and mother; for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

As these words rose to heaven the door was

opened by John Ross himself. Unseen by his wife and child, he waited in the shadow to hear the rest. It was not much, if measured by the number of its words—simply a similar prayer for other relations, and that short prayer so full of meaning which Christ taught his disciples—but there was a beauty in the scene, a touching pathos in the voice, and, above all, a reality in the petition, which compelled John Ross to bow his head and worship. Nor, even when the last amen was uttered, could he persuade himself to come forward and disturb them; for Ally began to talk about him, saying,

"I do hope he will come before I go to sleep. Don't you, mother?"

"Yes, darling; though I can not expect it," said her mother.

The child waited a little while, and then said, "Is it far?"

Mrs. Ross had been sitting with her eyes fixed on the fire, thinking, perhaps, of her blithe girlhood and earlier married life. She started now, asking, "Is what far?" in a vain effort to understand the child's question.

"The Welcome Home, where father goes every evening; don't you know?"

Did she know? Ah, too well, too well! It required some effort to answer calmly, "Half a mile."

"And why does he never take us there?" continued Alice.

"It is not a place for little girls, my child."

"Do people work there, then?"

"Work? Oh, no."

"What do they do, mother?"

"They talk, Ally, and—and smoke."

"And, I suppose," said Ally, gravely—"I suppose they kneel down, too?"

"What makes you think so?"

"Because, when I stay awake till father comes, I see that he does not kneel down here; and so I think he must have said his prayers at 'The Welcome Home.'"

There was no answer; and in a few minutes Ally's little feet went pattering into an inner room, where, after being snugly tucked up by her mother, she lay awake, listening for the step that was too often so long in coming.

Meanwhile the father, sitting alone beside the hearth, mused over the little sermon which his child had, all unconsciously, been preaching. He would never forget that sermon while he lived, for it had awakened hopes and fears that had been sleeping within his breast for a long season. Ah, how many years had gone by since he, John Ross, *kneelt down!* and how long had he found his chief pleasure in a "home" in which prayer was never made, and in which he had wasted, night after night, the time and money which belonged of right to wife and child! Sweet little Ally! could any society be more refreshing than thine when the day's work is over, and thy father rests beside his own cosy hearth? Could any face gleam more brightly, could any smile be more beautiful, than that which thou dost turn upon the beloved one in whom thou trustest? And the mother, was she not worthy of his care and love? Could she not listen while he read to her of the great events which were passing on the solemn stage of time? Had he a *right* to regard her as a mere food preparing and clothes-mending machine, or as a servant of all work to John Ross, Esq., lord of creation? Surely, *no!* She was his *help-meet*, not his slave; his friend, not his hired servant; and it became him to do his part towards making her life bright and joyous.

"I have been strangely blind," he began to say to himself that night; "but now I think I see. The child's words have opened my eyes. Thank God for that!" It might be absurd, but it was very natural, he thought, that at this moment he should remember a time long ago, it seemed—when, having a hurt foot, he had spent a whole evening at home; and when Ally, standing on a high stool at his elbow, had brushed his hair till

he fell asleep, and he woke to find her laughing on his knee. How firmly, as he then thought, he had determined to spend at least four nights a week at his own ever-bright fireside, and how miserably he had failed to keep his resolve! Truly, John Ross had small reason to trust himself! In whom, then, could he trust? Of whom seek power to act rightly towards self, wife, and child? Must he not, if he would be firm and strong, look upward? In other words, must he not, from that hour, begin to "kneel down?"

Nearly a year has gone by, and still John Ross spends his evenings at home. The paleness has left his wife's face, and little Ally is making wonderful progress in arithmetic. If you could look in upon them to-night, you would see them all busy in making a child's scrap-book, and you would hear a sound of ringing laughter, and a manly voice making funny speeches, and you would see the mother's pretended chiding as the mirth delays "the work," and you would know at once that they were happy. Happy they are; for the peace of God, which passes all understanding, dwells with them in their home; and being united to each other and to God, they fear no evil. My good reader, do you think it would have been thus with John Ross if he had continued to spend his evenings at "The Welcome Home?" Impossible! for "no man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon!"

MASON'S GROVE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

REPORT of the Mason's Grove Sunday School, at Deloit, Crawford county, Iowa, for the quarter ending March 31st, 1878:

Total number of officers, 5; of teachers, 4; total attendance of officers, 46; of teachers, 26; average daily attendance of officers, 46; of teachers, 26; total attendance of female pupils, 115; of male pupils, 160; of visitors, 8.6; total attendance of all, 436; average female attendance, 11.5; average of male attendance, 16; average attendance of visitors, 8.6. Total number of verses learned by class No. 2, 944; class No. 3, 931; class No. 4, 175; average number learned by class No. 2, 94.4; No. 3, 93.1; No. 4, 17.5; total average each day 205. Total number learned during the quarter 250. Total amount of cash collection, \$1.70, daily average 17c. The officers for the ensuing three months are as follows: Superintendent, E. T. Dobson; assistant superintendent, E. C. Dobson; secretary, Jesse Johnson; assistant secretary, Sylvester Horr; librarian, Julian Dobson; treasurer, John Dobson. Teachers as follows: Class No. 1, E. T. Dobson; No. 2, S. P. Spence; No. 3, E. L. Dobson; No. 4, Emma Dobson. Yours truly,

N. L. HUNT, Secretary.

Correspondence.

Doniphan County, Kansas,

March 19th, 1878.

Dear Hopes:—I am twelve years old. I was baptized last May. It is not a very pretty place where we live. There is no school now. It will start the first of April. We have no Sunday School. Your sister in the Church of Christ.

AGNES PRICE.

SOUTH BEND, Nebraska,

April 7th, 1878.

Dear Brothers and Sisters:—I thought that I would spend a few moments in writing to our dear little paper, for it has been some time since I wrote. We have meetings every Sunday, and good ones. Last winter we had prayer meetings every Wednesday evening; but the evenings are getting so short that we don't have any more. Brother Anthony was here not long ago, and two were baptized. I wish that I could see all of the little Hopes; and, dear brothers and sisters, let us all strive to do right, so that we may all meet at last where there will be no parting. Pray for me.

Be faithful, dear young soldiers,

Trust in God's own word,

It will carry you through safely,

If you obey his word.

S. H. A.

UNION, Cass County, Nebraska,
April 6th, 1878.

Dear Brothers and Sisters:—It has been a long time since I wrote a word for the *Hope*. I am a member of the Moroni Branch. I am determined by the help of God to aid and strengthen me, to do His will, for this is the true Church, and I feel thankful to God that I saw the true light, and obeyed it. I have many trials and temptations to undergo.—Pray for me, little Hopes, and large ones too, for I am weak and need the prayers of the faithful. "Let us pray for one another, for the day is fading fast." I want to live faithful, so that I may be saved with you all in God's kingdom. Pray for me brethren, Joseph and Henry. Your sister in Christ,

MARIETTA ERVIN.

BLUE CUT, Jones County, Iowa,
April 5th, 1878.

Dear Little Hopes:—I was ten years old the eighth of March. I do not belong to the Church yet, but I think I will soon. I live with my grandfather and grandmother and they are very kind to me. I have a dear pa and ma two miles west of grandfathers, and one little brother eight years old, and one little sister five years old. I am visiting them now and I have a nice time playing with them. Yours truly,

MARY A. HIND.

SOLDIER, MOHONO COUNTY, IOWA,
April 12th, 1878.

Dear Hopes:—I wish to say that I have not forgotten you. We have a good Sunday School here. I am ten years of age. I like our dear little paper. I don't know how I could get along without it. I like the stories "By a Heavenly Father's Hand" and "Why Not Now?" very much. I like to read the letters in the *Hope*. I would like to have some of the little Hopes write to me, for I would like to hear from them. Your sister in Christ,

GRACE F. MONTAGUE.

Puzzle Corner.

Answers in One Month.

ENIGMA.—No. 5.

I am composed of sixty-six letters.

My 25, 32, 30, 56, 11, 39, was one of King Benjamin's sons.

My 46, 43, 56, 61, 26, 50, 56, was a man that prophesied to king Noah and his people.

My 14, 42, 25, 22, was a man who believed the words of Abinadi the prophet.

My 18, 6, 16, 40, 25, was a man whom Alma baptized in the waters of Mormon.

My 2, 49, 35, 65, 29, was the man who slew Gideon.

My 61, 9, 20, 55, 56, 52, 14, 35, was a man whom Alma appointed chief judge.

My 23, 24, 48, 60, 21, was a land where Alma went preaching.

My 8, 36, 51, 18, was one of Adams sons.

My 34, 56, 58, 11, 15, was a king of nations.

My 44, 4, 53, 93, is the son of Salah.

My 25, 62, 32, 19, 30, was a prophet of God.

My 20, 24, 17, 13, 59, was one of Christ's Apostles.

My 45, 56, 47, 56, 23, 56, 26, where Paul and Silas went confirming the churches.

My 62, 66, 10, queer; strange.

My 12, 21, 56, 64, 2, is to rule over.

My 54, 28, 41, 57, a small room.

My 5, 56, 31, 63, 6, 87, is a river in Ireland.

My 7, 1, 3, unhappy.

My whole is a saying of our Savior.

JOHN MARRIOTT.

Answers to Puzzle Corner of April 1st.

1 To Enigma, No. 3.—Pea, Day, Rye, Ray, Lard.—The whole: Pearley Derry.

2 To Word Puzzle, No. 6.—Eliza France, Kewanee, Illinois.

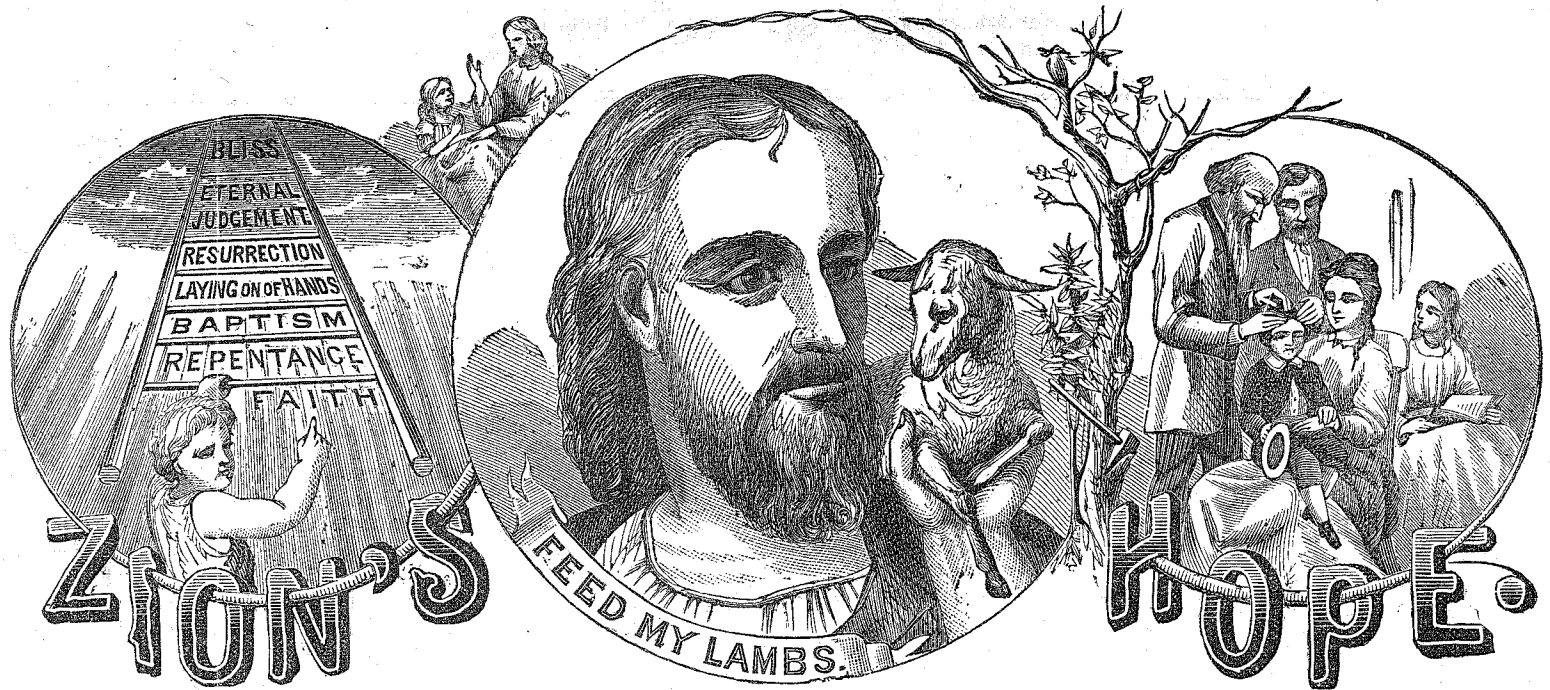
3 To Anagram, No. 6.—"Then David said to Ornan, Grant me the place of this threshing-floor, that I may build an altar therein, unto the Lord; thou shalt grant it me for the full price; that the plague may be stayed from the people."

Answers to the above from Hannah Carter to Nos. 1, 3; Mary A. Atkinson 1, 3; John Marriott 3; Grace Montague 3; Alice Montague 3; Louisa Kahler 3; John Benson 3; Vina Brand 3; Hattie A. Crawley 3; Marietta Ervin 3;

1 May 78.

A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue. Owing to the fact that we make nothing on the *Hope* we would like to see subscriptions paid up as early as possible, and delinquent ones especially. With the small margin to work upon, the cost of paper and postage for papers sent on credit for a few issues or for months, forces us as a general rule to discontinue sending it when the time is out, at which we hope no one will take offence but watch this notice hereafter for the blue mark.

ZION'S HOPE is published semi-monthly by the Board of Publication of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, at Plano, Kendall Co., Ill., and is edited by Joseph Smith and Henry A. Stebbins.



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

TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF BERTHA R., AGED THREE.

Over the beautiful river,
So silent, so placid, and grand,
To the shining home of God's angels,
In the beautiful Summer Land.

Around the feet of Jesus,
Together hand in hand,
With shining crowns upon their heads,
Stand a happy cherub band.

Hark! what rapturous strains of music
Are wafted on the air;
'Tis the song of the infant choral,
Echo of their happiness there.

Tenderly smiled the Savior;
He spoke, the music ceased;
The angel throng was silent;
A soul was being released!

A knock was heard at the portal,
An angel glided in,
Bringing a little stainless form,
From the dreary world of sin.

The Savior rose, stretched out his arms,
To his breast the child he held;
He kissed the little smiling lips,
And murmur'd "Sweet one, 'tis well."

Then he placed a starry crown
On the little golden head,
And stood her in the shining throng,
While the angels, sweet welcome said.

Then rose a glorious anthem
From the white-robed, cherub throng,
And one sweet voice was added there,
'Twas our darling Bertha's own.

Look up, dear sad-eyed parents,
See through the "Gates ajar,"
Try and catch one gleam of the glory,
That encircles your darling there.

M. G.

BUFFALO, Iowa,

LETTER FOR THE HOPES.

DEAR LITTLE HOPES:—I enjoy reading your letters very much. It gives me new zeal to go onward and upward, and it prompts me to keep the Lord's commandments. Let us keep within the strait and narrow path which Nephi speaks about; (which of the Hopes can tell me where to find this)? Let us not think as he says that when we have been baptized all our work is done, but rather let us do as Paul

says, "Go on to perfection;" (also who can tell me where we can find this)? Let us be like unto our father Abraham, who had faith enough in God to offer up his son Isaac when God commanded him to do so. He believed that God was able to fulfill the promises which he had made to him, even if he did offer up Isaac, the child of promise; (where do you find this)? Let us strive ever to be found trying to imitate the example of such men; let us keep in the footsteps of Jesus our Lord and Savior, so that we can gain eternal life; for he said "He that loveth me will keep my commandments; (where do you find this)? Now I think we all love Jesus, do we not? Now if we do let us show our faith by our works; (which of the Apostles said this and where do you find it)? Let us have faith in Jesus so that when he comes we may not be afraid, for it is written that the wicked will tremble when he comes in power and great glory; (where do you find this)? Ever praying for the redemption of Zion I am your cousin,

FRED.

WHY NOT NOW?

CHAPTER IX.

A LITTLE after two in the afternoon, Mr. Frank Mason called at Mr. Caton's, on his way to the office, as he had said that he would. He found the house looking cheerful and bright; little Bessie was lying on the lounge, dressed, holding the orange he had given her in her hand. The traces of tears were gone, the troubled look that had been in her eyes had vanished and in its place was a look of peace; her face indicated, that whatever had been her sorrow it had been settled and she was contented.

Leonie sat on a low chair by the side of the lounge, sewing. Mrs. Caton was busy somewhere about the house and Mr. Caton had gone to his work, satisfied that his darling girl was in a fair way to get well, his mind quite relieved of fear. Leonie saw Mr. Mason first and bowed and said, "Good afternoon, Mr. Mason." At this Bessie raised her head and seeing the young man, cried out, "O, sir, I am so glad you have come, I feel so much better; and I am so thankful that God heard us pray." She raised up and made room for him on the lounge by her side, and gave him her hand in greeting with so sweet a smile that the tears stood in Leonie's eyes to see it.

Mr. Mason sat down quietly, and taking Bessie's offered hand shook it gently and answered her pleasant greeting with; "Well, well my little friend, I am glad for your sake, that the good Lord did hear your prayer, I believed he would. And I am also glad to find you so cheerful."

Leonie remarked, "She has been telling me about it, Mr. Mason; and wonders why no one else has talked to her as you did."

"Is your name Mr. Mason?" asked Bessie.

"Yes," replied he.

"Well, what is your other name?"

"My name is Frank Mason, Bessie."

"I am going to call you Mr. Frank; may I?" said the little girl, quite seriously.

"Yes, certainly, all my friends almost, call me only Frank. And, if you will take me as one of your friends you may call me Frank, too."

Bessie here held up her orange, and said, with that low pleasant laugh with which she waked, "See what somebody left last night on my pillow. Don't you think that was good?"

"O, I don't know, Bessie, may be they had more oranges than they wanted, and so gave you one that was left."

"No, Mr. Frank, if they had done that, they would not have had such a nice one left. They would eat the nice ones first."

At this her auditors both laughed; but she did not abate any of earnestness; "Why," said she, "that's the way every body does, use the best, and throw, or give away what's left."

Frank Mason hardly knew whether this little philosopher, mistrusted who gave her the orange or not. He was afraid to make any further inquiries lest he might betray himself, and she did not seem inclined to tell; he therefore turned to Leonie and asked after the general welfare of the family, receiving satisfactory answers to his questions. The young man remained but a few moments, and when rising to bid them good bye, he told Bessie to be a good girl and remember that the Lord had been good to her, and that she must not again become troubled and sorrowful.

She replied, "Well, Mr. Frank, I want you to come every day to see me till I can go to school again; and I will be as good as I can be." To this Mr. Mason consented; and when he had gone Bessie remarked to Leonie, "Miss Leonie, you don't think, Mr. Frank gave me the orange and apple, just because he didn't want them, do you?"

"No, Bessie. He gave them to you because he wanted to please you; and besides, Mr. Mason would not give you any thing that was not nice and good."

"I am so glad you think so; for I thought he gave them to me because he liked me, and I felt so happy this morning when I found them on my pillow. I didn't tell him who I thought gave them to me, though."

Bessie continued to mend fast; she cried no

more, and made no allusion to the cause of her distress. Mr. Brown came in once to see her; but, above answering his questions she took no special notice of him; she showed no fear, nor expressed any feeling about him, neither then nor when her father afterward referred to him in her presence. The only thing that showed that she had any thought about him was, once when Leonie was speaking about the folks going to hear him preach she said, "Well, I guess I shan't go to meeting any more till Mr. Frank preaches; then I'll go." No particular notice was taken of what she said at the time; but to all requests to go to meeting she said, "No, I'd rather stay at home."

The next Sunday, therefore, when the family were getting ready for morning meeting, she told her mother that they could all go; she was not afraid to stay at home alone, and did not want to go. She only requested that her mother would put her Bible on the stand by the lounge, as she was still not strong enough to be up all the time, and leave the front door unfastened; so that if any one came they could come in without her having to get up to open the door. To all this the family consented, and the little girl was left in charge alone. She laughed softly as the gate swung to after the family passed out, as if it were something pleasant to be left alone; or as if some other thought was in her mind. She waited till satisfied the family were well on their way to church or enjoying the opening services; when she gravely opened the Bible, read the first chapter of John, and kneeling down beside the lounge, she prayed to God to make her good, to take care of her, and her pa and ma, and the rest of the family; and then, after a little stop, she added "and, O, Lord, make Mr. Frank a preacher; he is so good." She then rose up from her knees, and was about to begin reading a book that Leonie had brought to her, called the Shepherd King, when she heard the gate open and somebody walking up the path; she waited quietly until they rapped on the door when she bade them come in. Her eyes shone brightly with pleasure when Mr. Mason and Leonie came in answer to her cheery call.

"Why, Mr. Frank, I thought you would be at meeting this morning. Why didn't you go?"

"Well, Bessie, I was going to church, and had gone round to Mr. Lebrae's to go with Philip, when I met Miss Leonie coming here; and somehow, just then, I thought I would prefer to come and sit with you, and so we came together. But, if you are sorry I came I will at once go away."

"O, Mr. Frank, how can you think I am sorry that you came. O, no, I am real happy to have you come; and Miss Leonie it is so kind of you to come."

"I could not enjoy the thought of going to meeting after I heard you were going to be here alone," said Leonie. "And Mr. Mason declared he would not let me come over without company; and so we are here. And now I will go and get your mother's dinner going; while you and Mr. Mason talk to each other." And away she went on her charitable intent.

The conversation of the two thus left to occupy the time was begun at the first by Bessie who asked her older companion to tell her what John meant by saying that Jesus was the "light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

It was a difficult task for Frank Mason to make his little enquirer comprehend; at least he thought so at the first, but he found that the same quality of mind that made the child so sensitive to the bitter words of the preacher, gave her an ability to understand beyond her years. He explained it like this: Jesus is the man by whom all others live; if it was not for his power of life, no one would live; but for his power, the power of God, all would be darkness, even the sun would not shine, because the law by which it shone would be broken. When he came the world did not understand that he was the power by which they

lived, so he said the light came into the world but the world comprehended it not; he had come to make it known. In order to see if she understood him, he asked her who it was that looked after all the family of her home, to see that they had food and clothing; to provide every thing so that they might all be comfortable; to whom all of them went when they wanted anything about the house.

To this Bessie replied that it was her papa; that he worked and earned the money to buy food, and clothes. He built the fences, and made the garden, and mended what got broken about the house and yard.

"Well," said Mr. Mason, just as your papa is the strength and power of the house; so is Jesus of the world."

"O," said Bessie, "I see now; Jesus looks after all these things; but God's power is what he does it by. Papa couldn't make the trees for the boards, but God lets him use the trees to make the boards from; Papa can't make the seeds grow, but God lets him plant them and take care of the plants when they grow; but it is God's power that makes 'em grow. Papa can't make the nice gravel for our walks, but he puts it in the walks, and lets us walk on it."

"Just so, Bessie. You have a good idea of it." But the family coming in from service at the church stopped their chat. Mr. and Mrs. Caton were surprised and pleased to find their daughter in such good company and in such good spirits. They invited Mr. Mason to stop to dinner, to which he consented.

UNCLE J.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EDUCATION.

STUDY hard in early life, that you may obtain an education; if you do not, you will regret it in your riper years. Now is the seed-time of life. Spur up, or you may see when too late, what you have lost through negligence, and misapplication of your time in youthful days. Sir Walter Scott says: "It is with the greatest regret that I recollect in manhood the opportunities of learning which I neglected in my youth." Some parents, who have never been to school, excuse themselves for not sending their children by saying they never went, and that their children are no better than they. Others think that keeping their children at work, and laying up money for them will be of more advantage than spending it in giving them an education; as though a farmer or mechanic, to be successful in his business, requires no education.

How mistaken and unwise are such. Even if their sons are only to be farmers or mechanics, they still should know how to keep account of income and expenses, of profit and loss. Every one should know how to read and write, and this duty should be enforced by law, as it is in enlightened Germany. Where is the eminent divine, the statesman, or the jurist without an education? Where even the successful farmer or mechanic who had not a fair education? Every one who has a highly educated mind has a hundred chances of becoming *somebody*, and taking a high stand among his fellow countrymen, where another has not one who has not thus improved his mind. The former may succeed in making a bright and lasting mark high up on the walls of honor and fame, in the temple of literature and science, whilst even a trace of the latter may never be seen about its portals. Then strive hard to obtain an education; which neither misfortune can take away from you, no enemy can destroy, nor despotism enslave. At home it is a friend; abroad an introduction; in society a valuable ornament, and a good recommendation anywhere. What would become of a man, and what would he be without it? He would be led back to barbarism; he would be a splendid slave, a reasoning savage. Gold, silver, houses and lands may take to themselves wings and fly away;

but if you have a firm grip on education and lose everything else, yet you can have one comfort and guide. Be careful you do not regret what Sir Walter Scott did, but procure this grand boon while there is yet time and opportunity.

Young Folks' Monthly.

BY A HEAVENLY FATHER'S HAND.

BY MYRTLE GRAY.

CHAPTER IX.

"I DON'T know what we shall do," said Florence Manvers despairingly "I've been out all day and I can not find a pupil. If I only knew how to sew—but it's of no use."

"We must starve; I killed him; we must starve; I killed him!" repeated Mrs. Manvers in a monotone, swaying herself to and fro, as she had been doing so much of late.

Florence looked at her anxiously. "Mother, you must rouse yourself."

Her mother stared at her vacantly.

"Oh God, help us!" exclaimed Florence.

At this her mother roused herself for an instant and said, "There is no God, or he would never have let us come to this."

"We are not the only ones, mother," said Florence soothingly.

"I tell you there is no God!" she cried.

"Mother, do you remember the bible Aunt Doris gave you, the day she started for home?"

"Bible?" repeated Mrs. Manvers.

Yes, don't you remember where you put it?"

She passed her hand over her forehead and said, in that tone Florence shuddered to hear, "When you need a friend."

"That's it mother; what did you do with it?"

"In that old trunk in the attic."

Florence left her mother's side went out into the woodshed, where they had stowed away some old rubbish that was not fit to sell, and found the trunk, and on opening it, found the Bible where her mother had flung it three months ago. She took it out dejectedly, and, going back to the miserable room where her mother sat rocking and moaning, she sat down and began unfastening the clasps. On opening the book, she found on the blank leaf, written these words. "Sister, I am waiting, come." She turned the leaves, found several passages marked, and between the leaves were placed bank notes. As one of them fluttered out of the book, Mrs. Manvers clutched at it wildly, saying "Money, money!" Florence closed the book, lest in her eagerness her mother should destroy the notes, saying as she did so.

"Mother, do you know what this means?"

"Money!" she answered.

"It means we are going to Aunt Doris and Fred."

It gradually dawned on her senses that they were going some place, by Florence telling her the fresh air would do her good. She resolved on a speedy departure, lest it should be too late. She realized the responsibility resting upon her in the care of her mother, and gladly hailed this event, which she hoped would rouse her from this strange apathy, and the terror of being among strangers should her worst fears be realized, nerved her to a new energy. New Year's eve, Doris Stanley, her friends, Alice and Mary, were sitting in the firelight talking, Fred, Mr. Allen and James, were in the dining room looking over some old books. There came a faint rap on the outside door. Doris rose to open it. As she did so she uttered a surprised exclamation, which brought the others to the door. Surprise was manifested by all, and the wanderer was welcomed eagerly, taken in, fed and warmed, and when, with faltering lips, the story was told, tears were seen in every eye. The curtains were drawn closely, the lamp lighted, and a bright fire was burning in the open fireplace, shedding a comfortable warmth through the room, giving no evidence of the storm blowing without. Aunt Doris was thinking anxiously of her sister, and sigh after sigh escaped her lips, while the others

sat in mute sympathy. "Redemption," "atone-ment," "precious promises," came floating to them from the other room, where the gentlemen sat engaged in conversation.

Suddenly Doris arose and began pacing the floor. "I can not endure this suspense, any longer," she said. "Fred is nearly wild, and I have decided to go as soon as possible. You know Alice that she is my sister," she said pathetically. "And Florence, what—hark!"

A wagon drove up to the door and stopped. As Aunt Doris flew to open the door, two half famished creatures staggered into the hall and were led to the warm room, where they were received in open arms.

"Alice! Doris! forgive!"

Fred came rushing in, followed by the others. With a wild cry, Mrs. Manvers sank fainting in her husband's arms. So long did she lie in this faint, that it seemed to the anxious watchers that they were in the presence of death. At last the death-like faint passed off. The sufferer turned her eyes on the group, but with no sign of recognition in them. She was taken to Doris' own comfortable bed-room where she lay for days, raving in delirium.

"Don't you see it?" she would cry. "There it is, the beautiful girl with the hideous serpent winding around her; he is taking her down, down, down," and she would hide her face in the bed-clothes as if to shut out some horrible sight. "Take them away. Those stairs want to fall on me. Cant you read them?" Then she would point her finger at some imaginary thing and say, "First, comes pride, then selfishness, heartlessness, vice, degradation, misery, death, a lost soul! I was on the third step, and that is what killed him."

Her voice would sink to a low, hoarse whisper, causing a shudder to creep over her listeners. Her sister would hold her, and try to soothe her, while the others would be kneeling in prayer that the unhappy sufferer might have relief. Many a midnight has witnessed such scenes as this. So long did she continue in this state, that her friends feared her reason was entirely dethroned. But, through the mercies of the kind Father above, she was allowed to live. So white and still the sufferer lay, it seemed that a breath would waft her to the other shore. When she essayed to speak, Doris placed her hand gently on her lips and shook her head, and, with a peaceful smile, Mrs. Manvers closed her eyes in sleep, the first quiet rest she had experienced since the stormy night, when she tottered over the threshold of her sister's door. How quickly the glad news spread over the house, and prayer after prayer of thanksgiving rose from every heart. A contented expression rested on Mr. Manvers' face, as he quietly waited his time to be called.

Sister Dor, said Mrs. Manvers, three days after consciousness had returned, "Did I dream, or did I really see John?"

Doris looked at her for a moment, then said, "You did not dream it, Martha."

"Is he here now?" she questioned eagerly.

"Promise me, you will be very quiet, and you shall see him."

"I promise."

Mr. Manvers was standing at the window, when Doris went to him, and laying her hand on his arm, said, "You may go now, John." And he went quietly out of the room * * *.

Mrs. Manvers was sitting in an easy chair by a window, gazing out into the sunshine. Her husband was sitting near her, evidently in deep thought, from which he was aroused by his wife's voice, saying,

"John, you have never told me how you came to be here." He started, then began as a person would, who had a dreaded piece of work to perform and was anxious to get through with it.

"You remember the night I left? I went out not caring where I went or what became of me, and I walked till I found myself on a bridge, and

as I raised my head to look around, a breeze lifted my hat and carried it down into the water. Better so, I said to myself; for I cared not whether people thought I was dead or alive. As I stood there, I took a notion I would go to California, and try to make another fortune. When I arrived at the mines I fell sick of some fever, and while I was raving I told the whole story of my loss. The kind hearted miners took compassion on me, and when I was able to travel again, they made up a purse for me, and I turned my face homeward. As I had to pass through this country I concluded to stop off for a day or so then resume the rest of my journey. In my feeble condition it was beyond my strength to undertake the travel, again for some time, and Doris and Fred were going to start the day following that night you came. You know the rest. Let us try and forget the past, dear wife, and begin anew"—

Do you mean that we shall go back to the city?" she asked quickly. "No, No! John if you value your soul and mine do not take me away from here."

She had arisen and was grasping her husband's arm, in her excitement, when gentle hands drew her back into her chair and Doris' voice said.

"What is it Martha dear?"

"Don't let us go back to the city again!" she pleaded.

"Who said anything about going back to the city?" Doris asked quickly. "No John there is plenty of room here for you all, and it is my wish you should all stay here. So don't think of anything else."

Mr. Manvers gratefully acquiesced, for it had been his wish to live on a farm, since the birth of his two children.

A great change had come over Florence during her stay at her aunt's house. She was beginning to learn that life was given to her for something more than to spend in the fashionable follies, which had hitherto possessed her mind. She was learning every day, through the companionship of the sweet girl she had once so deeply scorned. Nearer and nearer was she being drawn towards the light, by the influence of pure, deep, self-sacrificing love. She was finding new joys, new hopes, and higher aspirations. It was a bright balmy day in May, when three more precious souls were added to the kingdom, and it greatly rejoiced the hearts of these five earnest christians, who had prayed for this day to come. Fred rejoiced that his dear family would lift up their voices as one voice, in praise to the Father above, who had so mercifully guided them from the paths of sin, into the path that led to the beautiful and shining city, although it was through so much suffering, but the crowns were shining brightly for them, at the end of the race.

"We are happy now," said Aunt Doris to Fred, as the family were sitting together in the twilight.

"I pray," said Mr. Manvers fervently, "that nothing can enter here to molest us, or destroy our happiness, and that we may always be guided 'By a Heavenly Father's Hand.'"

The End.

WORDS.

HOW often we hear this remark, "Oh! I didn't think when I said that!" Perhaps you have wounded some one's feelings, or caused some one to be justly indignant, because of your "thoughtless" remark. And still worse, you have lowered your standard of self-respect. We do just so, all of us, every day of our lives; and all the consolation you have, in such a case, is the soothing, "Oh, I didn't think" and so we rattle on, saying all manner of foolish, giddy things, making declarations that are only from the lips, and often the exact opposite of our *real meaning*. Have you ever tried, after spending the short space of a few hours in company, to recall everything you have said?

If so, you have certainly been deeply pained and humiliated, and have suffered pangs of self-reproach that were anything but agreeable. You may recall some thoughtless remark you have made, which perhaps has deeply wounded some proud, sensitive nature, but, too proud to let you see how it stung, has answered you in words as light, but as stinging, as your own. We do not claim that it is in any degree criminal to speak without thought, but it certainly is very embarrassing, undignified, and often extremely cruel. We are told that a word is a sign of an idea, but sometimes we are inclined to believe otherwise.

Especially when we hear a person using "slang," that terrible symptom which indicates most plainly that sin's sooty finger is dangerously near the whiteness of your soul. Now, if we would only determine to control our expressions, it would be much better for ourselves and all around us. If we would only turn our talent for "talk" in a good direction, we could accomplish an incalculable amount of good. The little word of praise or encouragement, although perhaps not wholly deserving, often does more good than you imagine, and gives the recipient of your kindness, a grateful heart, and strength for renewed efforts.

How often, after declaring mentally that the world is cold and heartless, have we been prevailed upon to change our opinion, by a well-timed inquiry regarding our health or happiness, which dispels dark clouds for the time being. We have all felt the truth of this couplet:

"I have known a word to hang starlike,
O'er a dreary waste of years."

Then let us guard our lips, guard them closely, "speaking no guile," and help each other as much as we can, by sympathy, kind words, and if necessary, reproof given with delicacy, for we are told that "open rebuke is better than secret love." No doubt we would be amply repaid for all it would cost us, remembering always, that "words fitly spoken are like apples of Gold, in pictures silver."

Young Folks' Monthly.

A WICKED QUEEN.

THE beautiful Cleopatra lived thirty years before the Christian era. She was the wife of Ptolemy Dionysias. She made war against her husband and defeated him in battle. He attempted to escape, but was drowned in the Nile, and Cleopatra became sole ruler of Egypt. She was the loveliest woman the world has yet known, and her talents and accomplishments were equal to her personal beauty. Yet she was very wicked. Among other horrid crimes, Cleopatra poisoned her young brother, who was only eleven years old. Yet, though all the world knew what an abandoned being she was, the greatest heroes could not or would not resist the enticements of her beauty. When Marc Antony, a Roman general, had defeated Brutus and Cassius at Philippi, in Greece, he summoned Cleopatra to come to Silesia, on the North-Eastern coast of the Mediterranean. He intended to punish her for having assisted Brutus. As soon as she received the summons, she hastened to obey. She went on board a splendid vessel, richly adorned with gold; the sails were made of the costliest silk, and the crew consisted of lovely maidens, who rowed with silver oars, and their strokes kept time to melodious music. Queen Cleopatra reclined on the deck beneath a silken awning. In this manner she went sailing along the river Cydnus; her vessel was so magnificent, and she was so lovely, the whole spectacle appeared like a vision.

Marc Antony was warned of her approach, by the odor of delicious perfumes which the wind wafted from the silken sails of the vessel. He heard the strains of music, and saw the gleaming of the silver oars. But when he beheld the rare and wonderful loveliness of the Egyptian queen, he thought of nothing else. From that day, instead of inflicting punishment upon her, he became her slave. Owing to Cleopatra's miscon-

duct, and his own shameless apathy, Antony was defeated by Octavius, another Roman general at Actium, in Greece. He then killed himself by falling upon his sword. Cleopatra knew that if Octavius took her alive, he would carry her to Rome and there expose her in the procession, to the derision of the populace. So she resolved not to endure this ignominy. In Egypt there is a venomous asp, whose bite is mortal but not painful. Cleopatra applied one of these snakes to her bosom. Soon her body grew benumbed and her heart ceased to beat. Thus died the beautiful but unprincipled Egyptian queen.

BOY WANTED.

I WENT once to an intelligent man of business to apply for a situation on behalf of a friend of mine out of employment. I was able to give a good account of my friend's qualifications, and I did so.

"Send him along," said the business man, "and let me see him. If he is what you describe we want him a great deal more than he wants us."

It does not matter for my purpose, but as I am writing for boys, and boys always like to know how things come out, I may as well tell that my friend got the situation and made a valuable assistant.

The fact is, boys, what this business man said is true almost always and almost everywhere. Situations are hunting for men far more keenly and far more constantly than men for situations. And the same thing is true in respect to boys. There is always a boy wanted. "Is there?" you brighten up and say. "If that's so, then I'm the chap they are looking for."

Hold! not so fast, my lad! Let us see. Are you honest? Yes. How do you know you are? You never steal. Very good, so far. That means, I suppose, you never did steal. But there is many and many a boy—and man, too, for that matter—that never stole, who yet is not honest. They have not had the chance, or not the temptation; that is all. Put them to the test. Alas for their virtue! The question is not simply, "Did you ever steal?" but "Would you ever?" You are sure, perhaps; but it takes time for us to be sure about you. We shall have to try you. We want, first of all, an honest boy. He must be a boy that would not steal. Boy wanted.

Again, are you truthful? Do you never tell a falsehood? Did you never? Would you never? How near can you come to telling a lie and not quite tell one? Have you done anything smart in this line? Ever deceived your mother, your brother, your playmate and bragged of it? Well then, perhaps indeed you never told a lie outright, but you are not truthful, nevertheless. Did you ever hear of the gentleman that advertised for a coachman? He asked each comer, "How near can you drive to the edge of a precipice and not go over?" One man could drive within two feet, another within one foot, another within six inches, still another would undertake to shave along within an inch. None of these would suit. Finally a man came that said, "I would keep as far away as I could." "You're my coachman!" exclaimed the gentleman; and he hired him. The boy that keeps as far away from a lie as he can is the boy for us. Boy wanted.

Are you faithful? Now, a modest boy may claim to be honest and claim to be truthful without damage to his modesty. But to the question, "Are you faithful?" a modest boy can only say, "Try me." Still, my lad, if you are not faithful you are neither truthful nor honest; for, if you accept a trust or undertake to do an errand, you virtually, by so doing, promise to be faithful, whether you promise in words or not. If you are not faithful you fail in truthfulness. You have not kept your promise—your virtual promise; and you are not honest, for you have not done right by the person whom you undertook to serve. You did not, indeed, steal the money from his

letter, but by not putting his letter in the office when you should, you have, perhaps, done him more damage than the loss of so much money twice over. We want a boy who will do what he undertakes to do when he undertakes to do it and as he undertakes to do it. That is faithfulness. Boy wanted.

Are you capable? Modesty forbids you to say "Yes," and truthfulness forbids you to say "No." Well, then, keep silent; we shall not think the less of you for holding your tongue.

And, by the way, can you hold your tongue? This is an important talent in a boy—in a man as well, but it is a little rarer in a boy. Do not talk too much. Do not brag. Do not tell long stories. Do not let out secrets that you happen to know. A quiet boy—one that goes about his work and says nothing—is a treasure. Do not ask many questions. Watch with eye and ear and keep up a "terrible thinking," but keep a close mouth. Learn silently. Make few excuses. Do the thing. Be sure there is a boy wanted. Do you be the boy!

GALLAND'S GROVE SABBATH SCHOOL.

THE Galland's Grove Sunday School report for the quarter ending March 17th, 1878. Number of pupils 40; number of teachers and officers, 9; total, 49. Total attendance, 588; average attendance, 28. Verses recited, 732. There seems at present to be a greater interest taken by the members than in times that are past. May they wisely improve the present moments that are allotted to them in storing their minds with wisdom and knowledge, that they may be wiser in future than at present. Milton Lynch, Superintendent, Wm. Pett, Clerk.

Correspondence.

GILLHALL, Allegheny Co., Pa.,
April 7th, 1878.

Dear Hopes:—I feel it my duty to write a few lines to tell you how I am prospering since I have obeyed this true gospel; for I know that it is the only true way whereby we can be saved. I feel to rejoice and praise God, for the blessings I have received from his bounteous hand. It is sweet to my soul to know that I have entered into the true Church of God, and my determination is to press onward, to the calling of my duty, and to strive to keep the commands that God has given us. I am not blessed with the privilege of attending church very often, for we live quite a distance from a branch, and therefore I am deprived of meeting with those who are dear to me in the one covenant. But I am striving to do my duty although surrounded by the many evils, and I feel at times that I have neglected my duty, and not attended it as I should; but, by the assisting grace of God, I will ever try to keep his laws. I bear my testimony that this is the true Church of God, and Joseph Smith is a true prophet. Dear Hopes let us be faithful, and improve the talent that has been given us; for the time is nigh when the Son of God will gather his people. Together let us arise and be at our duty. I feel blest while writing. I asked the good Father to bless me in so doing, and I feel that my prayer has been answered. The Lord says, "If ye desire any thing and ask it in faith believing, ye shall receive." "Ask and it shall be given; knock and it shall be opened unto you." So let us all strive to do the will of our Father. I hope that we will all be faithful and attend to our duties, though we are persecuted, and are looked down on for the truth's sake, but knowing that it is the true work of God, let us never be ashamed of it, and we will surely be blest, if we prove faithful, for the Lord will ever bless those who suffer to be persecuted for the gospel's sake. I will close by asking an interest in your prayers. Your sister in hope
ANNA M. BROWN.

KEOKUK, Iowa, May 1st, 1878.

Dear Hopes of Zion:—Fond as ever am I of the golden treasures which shine forth from the columns of the *Hope*. We all love to read the nice little letters from those, with whom we hope to meet ere long to part no more. Precious thought; may it ever linger in our hearts. I love the cause in which we are engaged, and though I have been sadly afflicted, yet I can now thank God that I am now well and happy. I asked your prayers in my behalf; (do you remember, all of you?); and He heard our prayers. I cannot express my gratitude enough to compensate. We

have a nice Sabbath School in Keokuk. Let us do all the good we can and keep the wedding garments pure and clean. Good-by. Sincerely yours,
GEO. M. JAMISON.

MAGNOLIA, Harrison Co., Iowa,
April 8th, 1878

Dear Little Hopes:—We have Sunday School here every Sunday. Mr. Joseph Merchant is the superintendent. I do not belong to the Church yet, but I hope to. My father and mother are members. May the blessing of God rest upon all the little ones everywhere.
HAITIE E. BLACKMAN.

LOCUST HILL, Knox Co., Mo.,
April 30th, 1878.

Dear Hopes:—My folks are not in the Church yet, but I think that they will be some time. Neither am I but I hope and trust that I will be. I ask the Saints to remember me in their prayers that I may become one of His dear little children. We have had preaching here for the last two weeks by Elder G. T. Griffiths. He preached nearly every night, and the school house was full every time. The people came for miles to hear him preach. Grandmother Califf is the only member living here now, but I believe that there will be a branch of the Church here before very long. All that they have to say now about the Saints, is that they can't help from hearing Elder Griffiths preach, because he preaches the truth. I would like to take the *Zion's Hope*, but I have no money now. I hope that you will all remember me.
Your true friend,
MOILLIE E. CHADWELL.

Puzzle Corner.

Answers in One Month.

WORD PUZZLE.—No. 9.

My 1st is in enjoy, but not in rage.
My 2d is in bird, but not in cage.
My 3d is in fun, but not in play.
My 4th is in leave, but not in stay.
My 5th is in hate, but not in love.
My 6th is in hand, but not in glove.
My 7th is in bed, but not in stove.
My 8th is in tree, but not in grove.
My 9th is in corn, but not in wheat.
My 10th is in house, but not in complete.
My whole is a president of a branch.

ROBERT CADMAN.

ANAGRAM.—No. 8.

Ravois sact a ingtipy see,
Dib ym niss nda roswoers ned;
Herthiw ouldhs a nisner lyf,
Btu tuno ehel nisners rndeif;
Sert ni ehte I moce ot nifd,
Ropadn ohtu ym ering dinm.

THOS. W. WILLIAMS.

Answers to Puzzle Corner of April 15th.

- To Enigma, No. 4.—Pray, Dread, Woe, Speed, All, Whole—Praise God always.
 - To Word Puzzle, No. 7.—William T. Bozarth.
 - To Anagram, No. 6.—1 Potentates, 2 Priests, 3 Amsterdam, 4 Florida, 5 Delaware, 6 Wyoming.
- Louis D. Way answers No. 3. Charles D. Craven answers Anagram No. 6 of April 1st, *Hope*.

Dear young soldiers,

Do not murmur,

At the trials in the way

Meet the tempest,

Fight with courage,

Never faint but often pray. S.A.A.

THE SAINTS' HERALD.

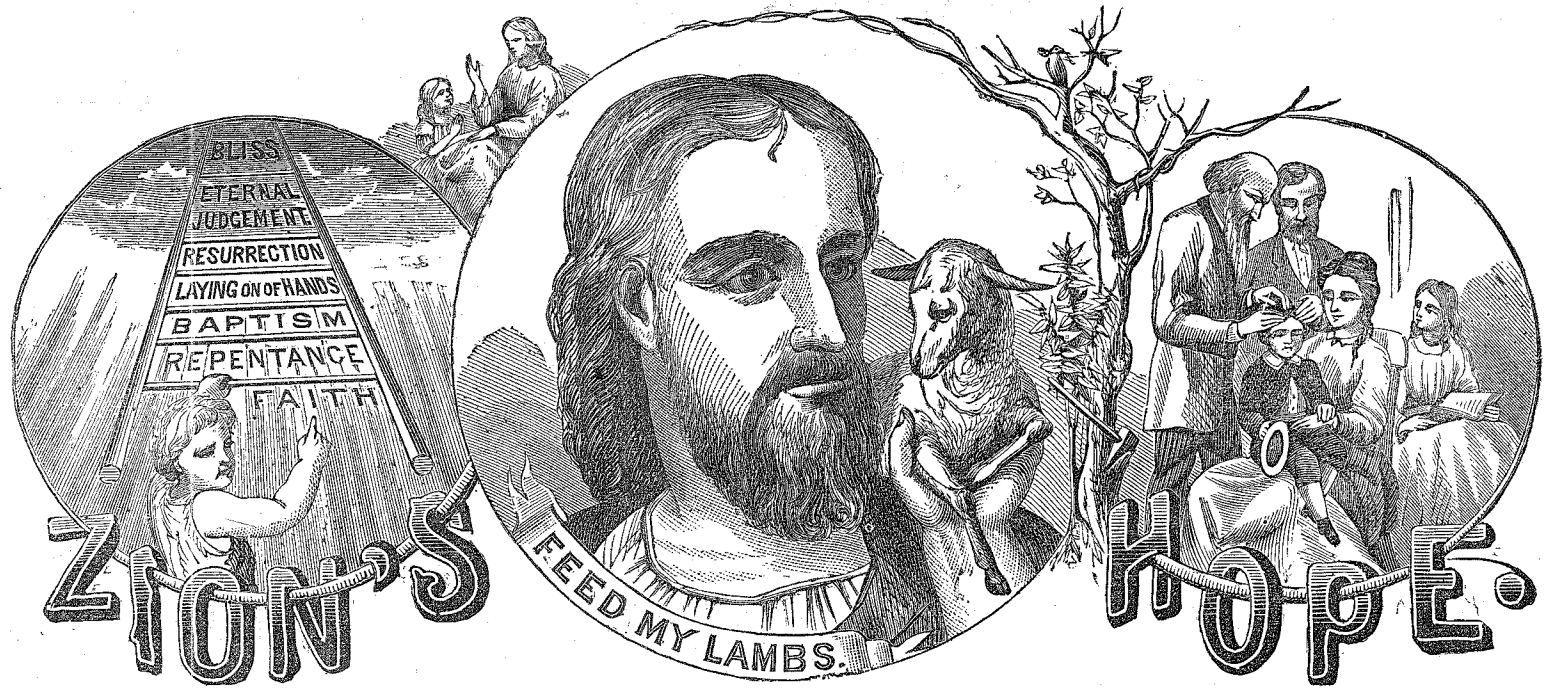
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15 May 78.

A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue. Owing to the fact that we make nothing on the *Hope* we would like to see subscriptions paid up as early as possible, and delinquent ones especially. With the small margin to work upon, the cost of paper and postage for papers sent on credit for a few issues or for months, forces us as a general rule to discontinue sending it when the time is out, at which we hope no one will take offence but watch this notice hereafter for the blue mark.

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

Vol. 9.

PLANO, KENDALL CO., ILL., JUNE 1, 1878.

No. 23.

LINES.

TO BROTHER AND SISTER TERRY, OF CAMERON,
MISSOURI.

Beloved ones, we'll not forget,
Though distance may divide,
The friends with whom so long we've walked
Life's journey—side by side;
Though now we're called from you to part,
Perhaps to meet no more,
Till life with all its cares is past,
And all our wanderings o'er.

We'll not forget—let not the thought
Within your bosoms dwell,
As though our hearts could e'er forget
The friends we love so well;
How many of life's joys we've shared,
And of its sorrows too;
Those sorrows, Oh! how deep and dark,
God and we only knew.

But we have proved the assurance true,
"Fear not, I am thy God;"
Remember this in trying hours,
And may it strength afford,
And humbly place your trust in Him,
And on His arm rely,
Who is an ever present help,
The refuge, ever nigh.

And now, there comes the cheering thought,
With joy our bosoms swell,
If faithful, we shall meet again
On Zion's holy hill;
God grant that we may worthy be,
With all His Saints to dwell
Where ne'er is breathed the parting sigh,
Nor heard the word—farewell.

MILLERSBURG, ILL., April 16th, 1878.

ITEMS OF HISTORY.—No. 21.

[Continued from page 67, Vol. 8, No. 17.]

AS Hyrum Smith had been directed to go to Missouri by way of Detroit, Mother Smith thought it a good opportunity to visit the family of her brother, General Mack, who resided at that place and at Pontiac; and accordingly, she, a niece Almira Mack, Hyrum, brethren—Murdock, Lyman Wight and Corrill, set out on their journey. When they first went on board the vessel that took them across the lake, it was agreed by the company, that they keep still upon the subject of religion; but finding that a hard thing to do, with the light of God's truth shining

in their hearts; it was therefore agreed by the company that Mother Smith should say just what she pleased, and if she got into difficulty, the Elders should help her out of it. Shortly after this, while reading the Book of Mormon, she was enquired of by a lady, what book she was reading, and as the title of the book failed to enlighten her, she having never heard of it, the inquiry led to a conversation upon it, and a brief outline of origin and contents, showing it to be a "record of the origin of the aborigines of America." The lady being interested and "delighted" in what she had seen and heard, remarked, "how I do wish I could get one of your books to carry to my husband, for he is now a missionary among the Indians."

"Just then another lady, a doctor's wife came near us with the appearance of wishing to hear our conversation.

"She was," said the writer, "gorgeously dressed * * and walked to and fro before us. * * Presently she stopped short and said, 'I do not want to hear any more of that stuff, or any thing more about Joe Smith either. They say that he is a Mormon Prophet; but it is nothing but deception and lies. There was one Mr. Murdock, who believed in Joe Smith's doctrines; and the Mormons all believe they can cure the sick and raise the dead; so when this Mr. Murdock's wife was sick, he refused to send for a doctor, although the poor woman wanted him to do so, and so by his neglect his wife died.'

"I told her I thought she must be a little mistaken, that I was acquainted with the family, and knew something in regard to the matter. 'I know all about it' said the lady. Well now, perhaps not said I, just stop a moment and I will explain it to you.

"No I won't," returned the woman. Then said I, I will introduce to you Mr. Murdock, and let him tell the story himself."

Mother Smith then turned to Mr. Murdock and introduced him. But ere scarce a dozen words had passed between them, her husband came bustling up stairs, having been informed of his wife's conduct, by the chamber-maid, and approached her with the remark, "'Here, here they tell me you are abusing this old lady; and taking her hand, he drew it within his arm, and marched her off without further ceremony.'

This introduced the subject of "Mormonism" among the passengers, and it continued to be the topic of conversation until they arrived at Detroit.

On landing, the party at once repaired to a hotel, as Mrs. Cooper, Mother Smith's niece, was exceedingly nervous, and it was deemed imprudent to disturb her that evening.

On the next morning, Mother Smith, in company with Almira Mack, sister to Mrs. Cooper, visited her. Upon their arrival, Almira went in to her room and found her lying on the bed. After the usual salutations she informed her that "Aunt Lucy was in the parlor waiting to see her," and requested the privilege of inviting her into the room; but it was sometime before her nerves were sufficiently settled to see her aunt. Having been informed that her cousin Hyrum and other Elders were in town, she forbade her sister inviting any to see her, but her aunt.

Said Mother Smith, "I went to her, and after the compliments were over, I said, 'Lovisa, I have with me four of my brethren, one of whom is your cousin Hyrum; if I stay they must be invited also. 'O! no, no; I never can consent to it,' exclaimed she,—'why aunt, I am so nervous I am scarcely able to see any company.'

Her aunt then explained to her, what she conceived to be the cause of her nervous agitations; spoke to her of the authority of the priesthood and of the power of God that attended their ministrations, and expressed a desire to have her receive the truth and the blessings that follow, and closed her remarks with the declaration—"If you refuse to receive my brethren into your house, I shall leave it myself."

An invitation was agreed to—a dinner prepared, and administration by the laying on of hands followed with salutary results. And on their departure Mrs. Cooper expressed regret at not having invited—urged—they to stop and preach.

On the next morning Mother Smith, in company with her niece, who accompanied her from home, set out by stage for Pontiac, to visit her brother's widow and Mrs. Whitmore, her daughter, from whom she received kind treatment. At first Mrs. Mack grew a little nervous upon the introduction of the subject of religion, and more especially so at the strangeness of the opening and progress of the Latter Day Work; but a few well timed arguments by Mother Smith, quieted her nerves, and a carefully and prayerfully conducted conversation on the subject of the way of life as taught and practiced by Christ and the apostles, soon convinced her of the truth of the gospel.

"A few days subsequent to this," said Mother Smith, "we all set out to visit Mrs. Stanly, who was also my brother's daughter. Here Mr. Whitmore gave me an introduction to one Mr. Ruggles, the pastor of the Presbyterian Church, to which this Mr. Whitmore belonged.

"And you," said Mr. Ruggles, upon shaking hands with me, 'are the mother of that poor,

foolish, silly boy, Joe Smith, who pretended to translate the Book of Mormon.

"I looked him steadily in the face, and replied, 'I am, sir, the mother of Joseph Smith; but why do you apply to him such epithets as those?'"

"'Because,' said his reverence, 'that he should imagine he was going to break down all other churches with that simple Mormon book.'

"'Did you ever read that book?' I enquired.

"'No,' said he, 'it is beneath my notice.'

"'But,' rejoined I, 'the Scriptures say, Prove all things; and, now sir, let me tell you boldly, that that book contains the everlasting gospel, and it was written for the salvation of your soul, by the gift and power of the Holy Ghost.'

"'Pooh,' said the minister, 'nonsense—I am not afraid of any member of my church being led astray by such stuff; they have too much intelligence.'

"'Now, Mr. Ruggles,' said I, and I spoke with emphasis, for the Spirit of God was upon me, 'mark my words—as true as God lives, before three years we will have more than one-third of your church; and, sir, whether you believe it or not, we will take the very *deacon* too.'

"This produced a hearty laugh at the expense of the minister."

Not to be tedious, I will say that Mother Smith remained in that section of country about four weeks, during which time she labored incessantly for the truth's sake, and succeeded in gaining the hearts of many. Many desired her to use her influence to have an Elder sent into that region of country, to which request she made an affirmative promise.

As she was about taking her leave for home, a gentleman remarked that the ministers "would have more influence if they dressed in broad cloth."

On her return home she "made known to Joseph the situation of things where she had been."

So Jared Carter, was dispatched to that country, dressed as had been suggested. "He went immediately into the midst of Mr. Ruggles' church, and, in a short time, brought away seventy of his best members, among whom was the *deacon*, just as I had told the minister."

This deacon was none other than Br. Bent, who subsequently presided over the High Council.

For a few months subsequent to this, nothing unusual is recorded by the historian, other than that some of the Elders were commanded by revelation, to go on missions into towns in the surrounding country, preaching the word, the fullness of the everlasting gospel; among that number was Samuel Smith; they continued to bear testimony of the truth from place to place, until the latter part of December, when they returned to Kirtland.

"Samuel was not long permitted to remain at home in quiet; on the first of January he was sent, with Orson Hyde, on a mission into the eastern country. They went and preached from city to city until they were called home to receive the ordinance of the washing of feet."

Joseph Smith the Prophet, Pages 186-191.

A GRECIAN LEGEND.

WHEN Bacchus was a boy, he journeyed through Hellas to go to Naxia; and, as the way was very long, he grew tired, and sat down upon a stone to rest. As he sat there, with his eyes upon the ground he saw a little plant spring up between his feet, and was so much pleased with it that he determined to take it with him and plant it in Naxia. He took it up and carried it away with him; but, as the sun was very hot, he feared it might wither before he reached his destination. He found a bird's skeleton, into which he thrust it, and went on. But in his hand, the plant sprouted so fast that it started out of the bones above and below. This gave him fresh fear of its

withering, and he cast about for a remedy. He found a lion's bone, which was thicker than the bird's skeleton, and he stuck the skeleton, with the plant in it into the bone of the lion. Ere long, however, the plant grew out of the lion's bone likewise. Then he found the bone of an ass, larger still than that of the lion; so he put it into the ass's bone, and thus made his way into Naxia. When about to set the plant, he found that the roots had entwined themselves around the bird's skeleton and lion's bone and ass's bone, and as he could not take it out without damaging the roots, he planted it as it was, and it speedily grew, and bore, to his great joy, the most delicious grapes, from which he made the first wine, and gave it to men to drink. But behold, a miracle! When men first drank of it, they sang like birds; after drinking more, they became vigorous and gallant, like lions; but when they drank more still, they began to behave like asses.

"O HOW I LOVE JESUS."

AGAIN, dear Hopes of Zion, with Uncle Henry's permission, we wish to talk with you. We thank him from the heart, that he has in the past, permitted us in our feeble efforts to encourage and instruct you, through the pages of our most excellent paper, Zion's Hope. I also thank my heavenly Father for what success I may have had in setting forth the principles of truth and light, and I also entreat him that I may continue to have a goodly measure of his Spirit, and that my present effort shall not be in vain, to nourish the dear lambs of the fold of Zion. You can see from my text that I design to talk about the principle of love. But, dear children, one request I wish to make of you: When you read this article ask the Lord for the gift of discernment, to discern between truth and error, that you may treasure up the good, but cast the bad away, should there be any. How often I have listened to that sweet song in which the words of our text is contained: "O how I love Jesus;" and often with pain and sorrow. I think that I hear some little boy or girl say, Was Uncle W. R. ever sorry or grieved to hear that beautiful song? I thought that every body loved those sweet words, and especially the Saints. And the writer says that he has listened to that sweet song with pain and sorrow! So they do delight in the sweet songs of Zion; but just now I made a request of the Hopes that they would offer a prayer unto the Lord for the gift of discernment. But, dear Hopes, I have been pained and grieved before now, and that sorely—while listening to prayer. Why? Because the heart was not in it. I once knew some young men to engage in, or attempt to get up a show in the form of a revival or camp meeting. They would sing some sacred hymn or song, then one of them would kneel down and pray, or pretend to pray, then exhort some one to come to the anxious seat to be prayed for. Then they would laugh, and curse and swear. Was not that enough to give a person pain and sorrow to witness such a scene? I have also heard children singing some of the most beautiful hymns and songs, and before they got through singing, go to quarreling and calling names. Who would not be grieved to see the sacred songs of Zion, or of Jesus, put to such a use? But O, when I hear Christians, or those who desire to be such, sing that they love Jesus, or, "O, how sweet is the soul cheering thought," or other sacred songs, it fills my soul with joy that I can not describe.

Now, dear Hopes, in treating upon the subject of love, I wish to relate a story, or scene in real life. Though should I fail to tell as nice a story as do some of the writers of the *Hope*, yet I will try to tell one good enough for my purpose, one that will make plain the principle that I wish to enforce.

My story is of two little girls, sisters, aged respectively twelve and fourteen years. They

were both good singers and very fond of making music. They likewise were (or pretended to be) very fond of their parents, their mother especially. Olive, the oldest, was a very impulsive girl, and was always telling how she loved her dear mother; but should her mother call on her to assist in the duties of the house when she was at play or engaged in reading some story, if she did not tell her mother to have Jane do it, she would say, "As soon as I get this done," or "When I come to a good stop in this story I will go," but presently she would forget all about her mother's request, and should her mother send her on an errand to some of the neighbors and charge her not to play by the way, but to be spry, as like as not when she got there she would have to stop and tell them what a beautiful dress her mother was making her (for Olive was a great talker). Then she would have to describe it and how it was made. Or she would stop to sing some pretty song that she had just learned, and so she would while away the time. Then if her mother chided her for being gone so long, she would begin to pout and cry, and say "You are always scolding me; I don't think that I was gone long." Now Jane was very different. When her mother required any thing of her she would go directly and do as requested, and when sent on an errand she would go and return without delay. As I have before said; these sisters were both good singers, and if you were within hearing distance of Jane when she was at work you might hear her singing,

"O if I love my mother truly,

If I would ease her trials here;

Then let me haste to do her bidding,

That I may prove my love sincere;

Then O how happy I shall be,

For I shall know that she loves me."

Or perhaps she is singing,

"The Savior loves the Hopes of Zion,

If they his precepts will obey;

Then Jesus, help them do their duty,

And keep them in the narrow way;

Lord keep their youthful feet from sliding

Adown the slippery paths of sin,

That they with all the Saints of glory,

Clean robes of purest white may win;

Then they with all thy Saints made free;

Can sing and shout 'Jesus loves me.'"

Think you, dear Hopes, that it needs the gift of prophecy or of revelation to tell which of those girls loved their mother best? I do not.

Then, judging by what has been said of those sisters, let us see if we can find what it is to truly love Jesus; for if we love him in very deed, we know that he will love us. For proof read Prov. 8 : 17, "I will love them that love me; and those that seek me early shall find me." Here is a precious promise for those who seek Jesus in their youth. "They that seek me early shall find me."

For truly may it be said:

"Youth is the time to serve the Lord,

The time to seek the Savior's love;

If we'll obey his sacred word,

Then we'll be fitted for realms above."

Do we love Jesus? Jesus says: "If ye love me keep my commandments." Then again: 21, "He that hath my commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me; and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him. Again, 23 : Jesus answered and said unto him, "If a man love me, he will keep my words; and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him." But who is it that loveth not Jesus? 24 : "He that loveth me not, keepeth not my sayings."—(John 14 : 15-24).

Now can we not tell whether we love Jesus or not? And think you that it is pleasing unto him to hear us sing, "O, how I love Jesus," when we know that we do not love him? Or do you think that the Saints are delighted to hear those precious words sung, when they know by the every day life and actions of the singers that they do not love Jesus, nor his ways. Nor do they profess to love him.

We learn in verse 21, those that have His

commandments, and honoreth (keepeth) them, are the ones who love Him. And in verse 23, those who love Him will keep His words; but in verse 24 we read: "He that loveth me not keepeth not my sayings." Nor would it either add to, nor take from the meaning of the sentence; were we to transpose the words and have it read: "He that keepeth not my sayings loveth me not." We also read in the good book: "There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear, because fear hath torment."—1 John 4 : 18.

Why does perfect love cast out fear? Because we know that if we have that kind of love, that is striving to keep the sayings, (or commands), of Jesus to the best of our ability, that we not only have him for our Savior but also for our friend. Then why should we fear? If he is for us who can prevail against us? Or, if our trust is in the Lord, and we come to him in confidence, knowing that we love the Savior, because we love his laws, and feeling confident that he loves us and cares for us, who shall say that he will deny us, when we come to him in prayer; or seek his aid? Surely no one.

Then dear Hopes, let us all try to walk blameless before the Lord, in all the ordinances of his house, keeping all his righteous commandments. I have not attempted in this article to tell you what any of the laws or commandments of the Lord are, but rather to impress upon you the necessity of obeying those laws when we come to an understanding of the same. When once we come to a determination that we will serve the Lord we shall find out how we are to serve him; for he will not leave those in ignorance, who desire to know the way and walk therein. Desiring that you will make up your mind to serve the Lord, that you may not only sing, "O, how I love Jesus," but that you may also sing, "Jesus loves me," I will close by adding,

Then children, let us love the Savior,
That we his friendship may secure;
Let us obey his just commandments,
And faithful to the end endure;
Then when we sing that we love Jesus,
We'll know we do in very deed;
That he will be our friend and Savior,
When we his righteous laws do heed;
If we'll honor his holy name,
We shall with him in glory reign.

UNCLE W. R.

HOW CAME HE THERE.

ONE day a visitor to a prison saw a gang of convicts going from their day's work. They were walking "lock-step," each prisoner crowded close against another, their feet moving together, their arms pressed back, with each one's hands on the forward one's shoulders. Between a great rough man and a negro with a low, cruel face, was a slender, refined young fellow.

"How came he here?" asked the visitor, and the prisoner overheard the question, if not the answer: "Oh, a breach of trust—cheated his employers out of twenty thousand dollars."

A few minutes later, the young man sat alone in his miserable cell, out of which day-light had faded; cowering on his hard bed he pictured to himself the world outside, full of warmth and light and comfort. That question came to him again sharply: How came you here? Was it really for the stealing of that last great sum? Yes and no. Looking back twenty years, he saw himself a merry-hearted school-boy, ten years old. He remembered so well one lovely June day—why he could fairly see the roses in bloom over the porch, and the dress his mother wore at her work, could hear the laborers in the wheat fields. Freshest of all before him, stood his good old Uncle John—such a queer, kind, forgetful old man! That very morning he had sent him to pay a bill at the country store, and there was seventy-two cents left, and Uncle John did not ask for it. When they met that noon, this boy, now in prison, stood there under the beautiful blue sky, and a great temptation came. "Shall I give it back because I ought? or shall I wait

until he asks? If he *never does*—that is his own lookout. If he *does*, why I can get it again together."

The birds sang as sweetly as if a soul was not in danger—as if a boy was not making his whole future. The boy listened not to the birds; but to the evil spirit, whispering, whispering, and he *never gave back the money*.

Yes, twenty thousand dollars brought the man to the prison-door, but the boy turned that way years before when he sold his honesty for *seventy-two cents*, and never redeemed it. That night as he sat in the chilly cell, Uncle John was long ago dead, the old home desolate, his mother broken-hearted, and the prisoner knew what brought him there was not the man's deed alone, but the child's. Had the ten-year-old boy been true to his honor, life now would have been all different. One little cheating was the first of many, until his character was eaten out, could bear no test, and he wrecked his hope and manliness.

THE WORST BOY IN SCHOOL.

GEORGE BENNET was the worst boy in the class; so every one said, and what every one said must be true. When his teacher left, she called upon the new teacher, who was to take her place, to give her a little advice about managing those boys.

"Will Ennis you will find mischievous and provoking, but he never does a mean thing; Charlie Somers seems better than he really is; William Wright is always to be relied on, but George Bennet is as bold as a lion and as bad as he is bold."

"Which is he?" asked Miss Claremont.

"Don't you know him? Why I thought every one knew his handsome daring face. He always dresses different from the rest, is the largest boy in the class and is sent to the Principal at least once a day for correction."

Miss Claremont took the second class. The roll-book contained over eighty names, all of boys, ranging in age from eleven to fourteen; and towering above all other names, she saw the terrible name George Bennet—and she rested her head upon her hand, fixed her eyes upon the dreaded name and pondered. Was she to beat a retreat at this point, or try by stratagem to command the position? She concluded to attempt the latter.

School-time came, and the boys filed into their seats, and the new teacher scanned the faces closely for the "handsome" face of the bad boy. None answered the description; when the roll was called there was no response to the name of George Bennet. "Is he not here?" gently asked Miss Claremont. "No ma'am, he said he should not come for three days—" was the reply from one of the class.

"Is he ill or out of town?"

Slowly and reluctantly came the answer, "He said he was going to play truant, and he knew he would be punished, so he might as well take three days, and bear it for an old sheep as a lamb."

Three days passed and on the fourth a boy taller than any of the rest, and holding his head so defiantly, that he looked still taller came in and took his seat. She could see why Miss Young had called him handsome, yet she wondered that she had not said magnificent instead. Eyes flashing defiance to the world, cheeks of brightest carnation, a face, oval in its outline and made up of features each of which was perfect in itself, surely he must be a royal sinner, if his deeds were as wonderful as his face and bearing. And this boy studied the new teacher carefully and when the school was almost out, he still had not decided whether he could frighten her, or simply disobey her.

He never once thought that all through the hours of that day, during the recitations, at recess, everywhere, and always, he was being studied too. He never once caught those mild eyes look-

ing at him, and had just said to himself "I'll bet she will open her eyes before many days to the fact that I'm here. I wonder how she will look when I try some of my little surprises."

Just in the middle of this little dream, he heard his name called, and looking up, found Miss Claremont looking at him very innocently, asking if he was willing to remain after school a short time, and assist her in arranging the book-case. This was the time he opened his eyes, and was forced to answer, "Certainly."

The boys exchanged glances as much as to say—"Is'nt she sold!" and went home wondering what the result of it would be, for no teacher had ever asked George Bennet to do such a thing before.

How they did work for a while. Books were carried from shelves to table and dusted and rearranged and as yet but little had been said. All at once as if for the first time conscious of the fact, she said in the gentlest tone possible.

"If I remember rightly you were not here Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, were you ill?"

Without even dropping his eyes, looking her full in the face he said,

"I was playing truant—" to himself he said "now I'll see her eyes open I guess." But no, the eyes did not open—they looked as if it was the most natural thing in the world, and she merely asked—

"Where did you go?"

"Up to the High Bridge—over to Harlem and Yorkville, where I jumped over a fence into a man's garden, stole some fine turnips for mother and then came home." ("I know that will make her stare"), this to himself. Again he was disappointed. She did not seem to hear it at all, merely caught the word mother and enquired.

"Then you have a mother? How nice."

"Yes—and she's a good one too—but father went to California when I was a little fellow and my uncle lives with us, and he flogs me for everything I do; then mother cries and I run away, and catch a worse one when I return."

"O, I am so sorry. That is dreadful. I should think it would make you feel as if no one loved you at all. It is almost enough to make a boy wicked—even horses are not as good for being whipped too much."

Little by little she won his confidence and he told her how lonely he was, how he loved to go to the docks where the great ships were lying—find a chance to go aboard, then climb up the rigging, and look off as far as he could, to see if he could see a place in the world where he could go when he was a man and do as he pleased, fish, hunt, and lie under the trees. Sometimes he grew desperate and would give a jump from the rigging into the water, rise to the surface—go home drenched and be sent to bed. Furthermore he told her of his older brother who was in a large store down town, who kept a horse and always cheered him up, by letting him sleep on the hay summer nights, but not a word more was said about playing truant, or stealing turnips. The books were in nice order—it was growing a little dusky so they must go home. Would he go to the avenue with her for company? He was more than delighted and just as they separated she said:

"I am so glad I asked you to stay to-night, we might never have known each other so well."

When George laid his head down that night upon his pillow—visions of strangest kinds entered it—and his last thought as he turned over to go to sleep was "Yes, I thought I'd make that new teacher open her eyes at my actions, but I'll be blessed if she has not made me open mine instead. She is just splendid, and I am going to help her manage those boys, and I guess there'll be some more eyes opened."

He was as good as his word. Never was he seen to be in disgrace after that, but just as he had been noted as the worst, he became famous as the best boy in the class, and when any of the other boys tried to ridicule his devotion to the

teacher, he would flash one gleam from his bright eyes and the boy was quiet. She really loved the generous, brave fellow, that could never tell a lie to save himself from being whipped, and told him afterward that the reason she said nothing about those stolen turnips, was because she knew if he could not lie he would never steal again, and he never did. At home his uncle wondered what ailed the boy that he studied so every evening—his brother wondered why he found him always whistling and happy—the boys in school could never understand the transformation, while George himself was most puzzled of all, yet kind words and loving sympathy did it all.

To go to bed at night, to rise in the morning, feeling that his teacher carried him in her thoughts, changed the whole current of a life that would have been powerful for evil and made it a blessing instead.

SELECTIONS BY SISTER MARY.

THINK all you can of the good qualities of others, forget and keep silent concerning their bad qualities.

Do not speak anything which you would not like to have repeated to-morrow.

When the idea of pleasure strikes your imagination make a just computation between the duration of the pleasure and that of the repentance that is likely to follow it.

It is always in our power to make a friend by smiles; what a folly then to make an enemy by frowns.

Sabbath heat seems hotter, Sabbath cold, colder, Sabbath rain, wetter than those of any other day, for the same measure of heat, or cold, or rain on any week day will not keep one from his business.

Constant occupation prevents temptation.

If you would be exempt from uneasiness do nothing which you know or suspect is wrong; and if you wish to enjoy the purest pleasure always do everything in your power which you know is right.

Do all the good you can in the world, and make as little noise about it as possible.

He is wise that is honest.

Deeds are fruits; words are but leaves.

Shun evil speakers.

Deal tenderly with the absent; say nothing to inflict a wound on their reputation; they may be wrong and wicked, but your knowledge of it does not oblige you to disclose their characters except to save others from injury, and then do it in a way that bespeaks a spirit of kindness to the absent offender, and be not hasty to credit evil reports; they are often the results of misunderstanding, or evil design, or they proceed from an exaggerated or partial disclosure of facts; wait and learn the whole history before you decide; then believe what evidence compels you to, and no more; but even then take heed not to indulge the least unkindness, else you dissipate all the spirit of your prayer for them, and unnerve yourself for doing them good.

The first book read and the last book laid aside by every child is the conduct of its mother.

"ONLY FIVE MINUTES."

"YOU'VE been stopping on the way again, Tom," said a poor widow to her son as he gave her the article he had been sent for. "Why don't you come straight home, when you know my time's so precious?"

"I did so, mother, until I got to Mr. Gaskill's," he replied; "and then I stayed to have a look through the window for only five minutes."

"Only five minutes," responded the widow, "means a great deal when we come to reckon them up."

Tom Price looked at his mother as if he had not understood her.

"Just reach down your slate," added the widow, "and then you'll see what I mean."

Tom had his slate on his knee in a twinkling: "What am I to put down, mother?"

"Well, begin with five, and then tell me how many more minutes you waste in the course of a day."

Tom wrote the figures, scratched his head and looked into the fire.

"Would thirty be too many?" asked his mother.

Tom did not think so.

"Very well," continued Mrs. Price, "there are three hundred and sixty-five days in a year, and a half an hour for each day gives you a total of one hundred and eighty-two and a half hours, or nearly eight days' time, lost in twelve months."

Tom Price put his pencil between his lips and stared at the sum before him.

"Suppose you put down two hours for each day instead of thirty minutes," added his mother; "that will show a loss of more than a month in the year."

Tom Price was a sharp lad and soon proved the truth of the widow's statement.

"So it does, mother," he said.

"But when I send you for anything I want, and you stay loitering in the street, my time has to be reckoned up as well as yours, hasn't it?"

Of course Tom could not deny that.

"Then try and remember," said the widow, "what a serious loss even five minutes are to me. You know, my boy, how very hard I have to work to pay rent, buy bread and keep you at school, so you should endeavor to help rather than hinder your poor mother."

"I'll run all the way the next time," said Tom.

"No, no; I don't want you to do that. I only want you to bear in mind that our lives are made up of these same minutes, and that we cannot afford to throw them away just as we please."

Like a sensible little fellow, Tom Price took his mother's lesson to heart; and it was a long, long time, before he was again heard to use the words, "Only five minutes."—*Young Reaper*.

Correspondence.

WEIR, Kansas, April 28th, 1878.

Dear Hopes:—I have long been a reader of our little paper, and have always found it interesting and entertaining. I wish Uncle Mark and Perla Wild would write again for the *Hope*. They always wrote such good stories. I am not going to school now but my little brother and sister go. We have a Sabbath School here but it is not a Saints' Sabbath School. There is a Saints' meeting every Sunday at a private house. I have been in the Church for some years and have tried to do what is right. I hope to meet all my brothers and sisters in that bright world beyond the grave. Yours in the bonds of love,

RICHARD M. MALONEY.

INDEPENDENCE, Mo., May 17th, 1878.

Dear Little Hopes:—I am thirteen years of age. I was baptized in 1873 by my father. I am trying to live right, and to do my Heavenly Father's will. We have a Sunday School here, and meetings every Sunday. Now, little Hopes, let all of us live as near to God as we can. He will bless us if we do. He has blessed me many times. I have been very sick and he healed me, and I know this is the true Church of God. Your sister in Christ,

LUNA BRACKENBURY.

St. JOSEPH, Mo., May 19th, 1878.

Dear Hopes:—I am nine years of age, and would like to be baptized; for I believe the doctrine of the Church of Latter Day Saints is true. I would like to see brother Forscutt and brother Derry here preaching again. Dear Hopes I would like to see all of you. I think that "Why not Now," and "By a Heavenly Father's Hand," are very good stories. I pray for you all. Remember me. PERLEY KNIGHTS.

WEIR, Kansas, March 16th, 1878.

Dear Little Sister Clara M. Hartwell:—We rejoice in your grand intentions and good resolutions for the future, as well also as in the plan you have adopted; and if all the little Hopes would live in accordance with your vow and desires, they would not need to ask a part in the faith and prayers of others; for their

lives would be a continual prayer, and their example would be worthy, and would bring down the choicest blessings from our Heavenly parent, which would be more joy and comfort than there is in all the novels and stories, or in the pride, fashion and places of vanity that exist; for these will be worse than nothing in the day of reckoning, when we shall give an account of our stewardship. And in regard to your manner of getting learning, it is an example of ours, it being the manner of our past life, which has been very profitable to both of us, we having grown up on a country farm, entirely deprived of many of the great privileges which our little Hopes now enjoy, and O, how we wish they would improve the time and appreciate their glorious privilege.

C. M. & C. FULKS.

Puzzle Corner.

Answers in One Month.

SCRIPTURAL ENIGMA.—No. 2.

Who, for crime, was marked for life?
Where did Joseph find a wife?
Which of the wise men's sons didn't do right?
What Pharisee visited Jesus by night?
Where was Joseph sold as a slave?
Who fled from Sodom his life to save?
What was Jacob called after wrestling till morn?
Where did Job live, and where was he born?
For whom did Christ to earth descend,
And ask them to their ways amend?
The initials read downward, then will show
One who for light to Peter did go.

E. W. K.

WORD PUZZLE.—No. 10.

My 1st is in church, but not in people.
My 2d is in roof, but not in steeple.
My 3d is in nail, but not in spike.
My 4th is in floor, but not in height.
My 5th is in window, but not in glass.
My 6th is in copper, also in brass.
My 7th is in lumber, but not in wood.
My 8th is in bad, but not in good.
My 9th is in stone, but not in rock.
My 10th is in fright, but not in shock.
My 11th is in North, but not in West.
My 12th is in man, but not in blest.
My whole is a step toward endless rest.

C. ACKERLY.

Answers to Puzzle Corner of May 1st.

1 To Enigma, No. 5.—1 Mosiah, 2 Abinadi, 3 Alma, 4 Helam, 5 Nehor, 6 Nephihah, 7 Melek, 8 Seth, 9 Tidal, 10 Eber, 11 Moses, 12 Peter, 13 Cilicia, 14 Odd, 15 Reign, 16 Cell, 17 Liffey, 18 Sad. The whole.—"And blessed are all the peace makers for they shall be called the children of God."—Book of Nephi 5: 9.

The only answer received to the above Enigma is from Eliza France. Hattie Thorley sends answer to Anagram No. 7, in *Hope* of April 15th.

The May number of the *Young Folks' Rural* opens the fifth volume with a handsome new dress, appropriate to Spring, and filled with interesting stories and matter designed "to promote the pleasure and profit of rural life," the purpose of this popular little paper. It contains a timely portrait and sketch of the late Hon. W. C. Flagg. Young farmers and all farmers' families should have this paper. Only \$1.00 per year, and less than a year in proportion. Samples sent for six cents. Address Young Folks Rural, 116 Monroe street, Chicago.

THE SAINTS' HERALD.

The above publication is issued semi-monthly, at Plano, Kendall County, Illinois, by the Board of Publication of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, \$2.15 per year free of postage. Edited by Joseph Smith and Henry A. Stebbins.

1 June 78.

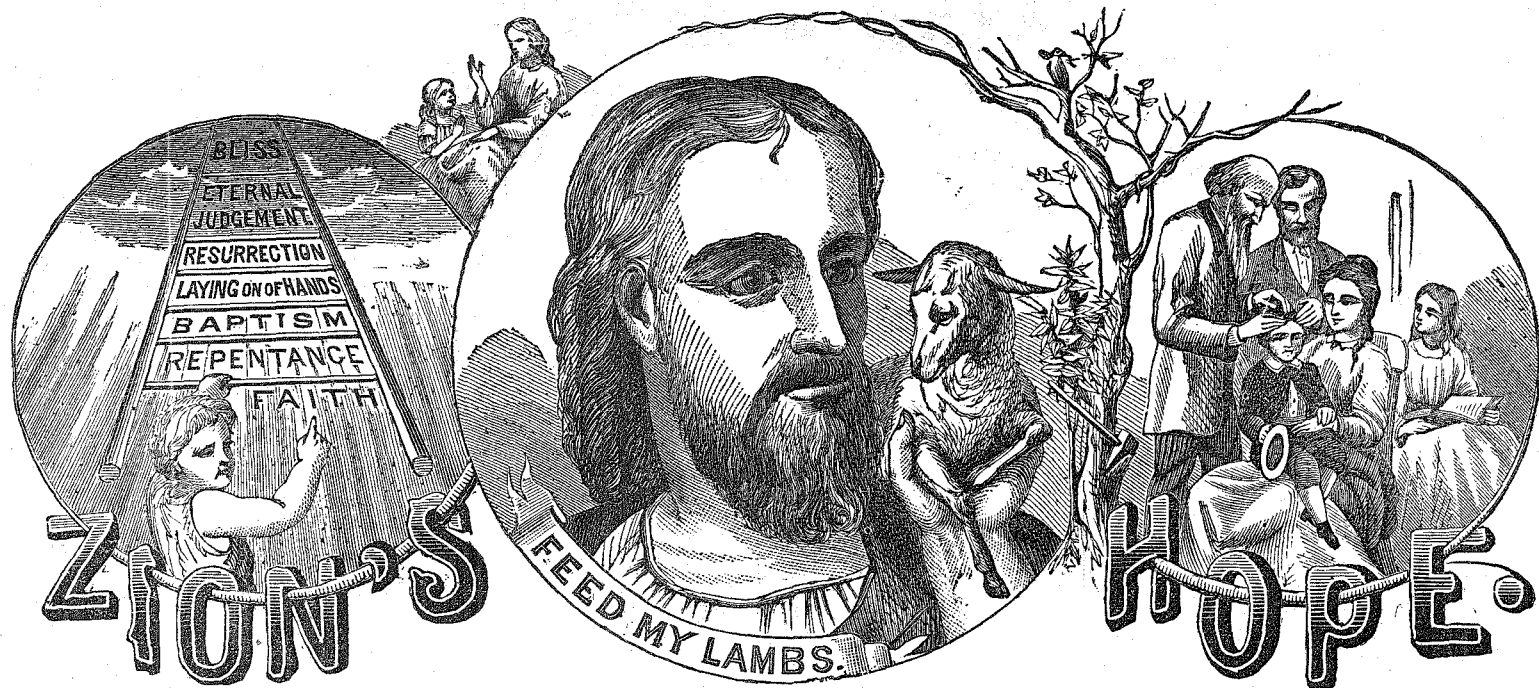
A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue. Owing to the fact that we make nothing on the *Hope* we would like to see subscriptions paid up as early as possible, and delinquent ones especially. With the small margin to work upon, the cost of paper and postage for papers sent on credit for a few issues or for months, forces us as a general rule to discontinue sending it when the time is out, at which we hope no one will take offence but watch this notice hereafter for the blue mark.

Zion's Hope is published semi-monthly by the Board of Publication of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, at Plano, Kendall Co., Ill., and is edited by Joseph Smith and Henry A. Stebbins.

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Superintendents and Teachers of Sunday schools, Book Agent 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."

WHY NOT NOW?

CHAPTER X.

FOR the next few days, Mr. Mason continued to call at Mr. Caton's as he passed going from his boarding house to his office. The business of the firm, Adams and Mason, for the young man had entered into law partnership with Mr. Adams, the father of the children that he had aided Philip to save from hurt while the horses were running away mentioned in chapter one of this story, had increased to quite an extent, and the younger member of the firm was meeting with considerable favor, on account of his manly, frank demeanor in business; and for his studious attention to all matters entrusted to the care of the firm. Mr. Adams was a brilliant scholar, and a good advocate; but was neglectful of the details of business, and trusted too much to his memory and natural sharpness, which had been cause for frequent complaint. He was a little past forty-five years of age, and was quite glad to avail himself of the careful habits of his young partner; and with these qualities between them they made a successful firm.

The office of Adams and Mason was just at the corner of the square, at the north-west corner, in one of a row of fine large brick buildings which had been lately erected there, by some of the enterprising business men of the place. A railway had been laid out through the county, the line running within a quarter of a mile of the square. This had improved the prospects of the village to quite an extent and had been one of the reasons why Mr. Mason had settled there. The prospect of a school, hall and library, had also added to their prosperity and great hopes were entertained of making the village a town of importance. Mr. Adams was one of the committee to obtain subscriptions, and had aided greatly in conducting the affair, and it was hoped building would soon begin.

At each of the visits that Mr. Mason had made at Mr. Caton's, he had found Leonie Lebrae there, and the common sympathy they felt for Bessie, now able to go about the house and into the yard, had always furnished them with a topic of conversation; and naturally enough, each became interested in the other. At the visit on Saturday afternoon, Bessie met Mr. Mason, or Mr. Frank as she would call him, at the gate, and gave him a very cordial and happy welcome. She was quite recovered, except that she looked pale from her confinement, but all other traces of her illness were gone. She at once led the way to the house, and on the way told him that Leonie was to go home that evening, and on Monday she, Bessie, was to start to school again. They

reached the house and when Mr. Mason was seated, Bessie ran to call her mother leaving the young man and Leonie by themselves. He asked her if he might come in the evening and escort her to her home; Leonie pleasantly replied that she would be pleased to have him do so.

Mrs. Caton came in led by Bessie, who was apparently anxious that her mother should grant some request; for she said as they passed in at the door, "Please, ma, do!"

Mrs. Caton had been won to look upon Mr. Mason as the friend of her little girl, by his persistent kindness; and more positively on account of Bessie's unmeasured praises of him, when he was absent. She was pleased to see him, and so stated after the cordial hand shaking was over and she had been seated.

After a few moments passed in the usual chat, Mrs. Caton said to the visitor, "Mr. Mason, my girl, Bessie, wishes me to thank you for your kindness while she was sick; and she fears now that she is getting strong and will soon be going to school again, that you will not call any more; she wants me, therefore to ask you, if not too much trouble to you, to come in once in a while, when she is not at school to see her. She would have made this request herself; but she thought, maybe you would more surely come if her father, or myself asked you. I should be much pleased if you will do so. I am indeed sensible that you must be very busy, and it has been a tax upon your time, and patience too, to visit my sick child so steadily; and I am very thankful to you for your unselfish kindness. I feel that under God you have been a blessing to us in our trial."

Mr. Mason replied, "Mrs. Caton, you embarrass me with your thanks. I am grateful that I have been able to be of service to you. I shall cherish the friendship of little Bessie here, and shall accept your invitation to visit you in your home. I shall however insist that you say no more of the little service I was able to render. I performed only a duty, that interest in your daughter made a pleasure. She and I will get on in our friendship admirably. Don't you think we will Bessie?" said he, turning to her. "O, yes," said she: "And I am coming to your office some time to see how it looks, may I?" "Certainly. I shall be pleased to see you."

It was arranged satisfactorily to them all. Mr. Mason excused himself, bade them good by, and went to his office.

Mrs. Caton went about her work; Bessie sat on the lounge, playfully examining a bit of a work-box belonging to Leonie, a curiosity from some foreign clime, which her father had purchased and given her as a birth-day present, and

Leonie sat sewing, silent, evidently thinking of something interesting to her. Nor did she discover that Bessie was now and then pausing in her play of looking at the box, and gazing at her instead; at length, Bessie, having finished her examination of the curiosity, said to the sewer "Isn't he a nice man?"

"Who?" said Leonie, looking up from her work, and coming out of her reverie; "Who do you mean?"

"Why who should I mean, but Mr. Frank. Wasn't you thinking about him?"

Leonie hardly knew what to say. She had been thinking of him; and yet it scarcely seemed to her that she had. She had been thinking out a future for this young man the friend of her brother; and with him that same brother of hers. She loved her brother, and knew how much his impulsive nature might need the friendship, counsel and strength of a mind evenly poised, as she thought this present friend of his had; and she was wondering if it might be so ordered that their lives as business men might lie together. Mr. Mason she knew to be a rising young lawyer, just now coming into the notice of the people; her brother was yet at school. How many chances there were for them to drift apart, she partly realized. But she had pictured them in her mind as successful men, of different occupations, but fast friends.

She was a truthful, honest, sensible girl; so she gave Bessie a straight forward answer, "Yes, Bessie I was thinking about him. I was thinking how such a man must succeed in the world and do many good things; he is so strong and resolute, so capable of doing what men have to do in this world of work. I was thinking also, that I should like for brother Philip, to have this man for his friend all his life. There was nothing wrong in this, was there Bessie?"

"No, Miss Leonie; only I was thinking about Mr. Frank, and you looked so much like papa does, sometimes when he thinks away off, as he calls it, I thought you might be thinking of him too."

"Well, Bessie, what did you think about Mr. Frank?"

"Why, I just thought that one of these days I should go to meeting, and Mr. Frank would be the preacher; and the people would all like to hear him. He would look so good standing up in the pulpit. Don't you think he would?"

"I don't know about that. Mr. Frank is not a church member at all. He does not belong to any church. Besides he would not preach if he did belong, unless he was to be ordained. What put that into your head, Bessie."

"O, I just lay and thought it all out. I wish he did belong to the church, so that he might preach. Any way, I think he will some day."

Leaving these two to keep each others company, we will follow Mr. Mason to his office. It was a little after two o'clock in the afternoon when he went in. He found his partner, Mr. Adams, in close conversation with a stranger and Mr. Percival. Mr. Adams introduced Mr. Mason to his visitors, and stated the nature of their consultation. It appeared that the stranger owned the title deeds to some lands lying in one of the neighboring counties, and that he found upon visiting the lands, that some persons, other than the one from whom he had bought them, also had claims upon the lands, and were living on them. He had come to the village to make some inquiry about them; had found an old friend in Mr. Percival, and the latter gentleman had brought him to Messrs Adams and Mason, to get them to look after the matter for him. He stated his case; and left his papers with an understanding that Mr. Mason was to go to the county and look after the affair.

Mr. Mason made all his arrangements for going on the Monday morning following, and finishing other business that was to be done, read a few pages as was his custom to do each day; after which he went to his room, and prepared himself for his supper and his appointment to escort Leonie home.

He found the young lady waiting for him; and, bidding Mr. and Mrs. Caton good evening, promising Bessie to come and visit her again, they went out into the evening twilight together. It was not a great ways, only a few blocks, and yet to these two young people, that walk proved to be the most important they had ever taken. They were walking quietly along, in the dusk, for there was not much starlight, and the moon had not yet risen, when they were met by a small party, some three or four roysterers from one of the village saloons, who were coming along the walk in the opposite direction from theirs. What spirit of mischief, or deviltry, possessed one of them to interfere with our two young people, it is hard to say; but one of them staggered up to them and, without paying any attention to the young man, caught hold of Leonie's bonnet and jerking her head up, said in a coarse rough way, "Hold up your head miss; and let a fellow see yer eyes."

The reply to this drunken demand, was given by Frank Mason, who, with a quick motion, caught the ruffianly fellow's hand, released Leonie; and by a vigorous push, aided by a trip from his foot, sent the fellow spinning off the sidewalk into the street. His companions, seeing the action, and thinking it a lark, as they afterwards said, rushed up to overpower Mr. Mason; but that was not so easily done. He had been raised on a farm, was inured to hard work, and had been the hero of many a wrestling match, at threshing bees, husking bees, town meetings and other country gatherings. He was, however, now at a loss what to do, embarrassed as he was by a fear that his lady companion might be frightened, or hurt. He hesitated for only one instant, for they were close upon him. He whispered to Leonie to spring off the walk and run quickly on ahead of him; he would get away from the drunken men and join her in a moment. She had just time to gain the street when the three attacked Mr. Mason. She was much startled, but only ran a few steps after getting back upon the walk when she met her father and Philip, who were coming after her, they not having heard of her escort. She told them briefly what the trouble was; and she had hardly finished when they heard some one coming from the direction of the melee, with quick, rapid steps. It proved to be Mr. Mason, who assured them, in reply to their eager questions, that no one was badly hurt. He thought that they would not be molested again during their walk.

Mr. Mason gave Leonie his arm, which she

took; and, with Mr. Lebrae and Philip going before them, they went on. Leonie, after a few steps seemed to be trembling violently, the hand resting on the young man's arm shook nervously; he, supposing that it was the nervous reaction of the fright received at the strangeness and suddenness of the attack made upon her, reassured her, again and again; but it was not till after some moments had passed, during which they walked slowly, that her nervous excitement was over. He then expressed his regret that she had been so annoyed and distressed, and his hope that it would not deter her from walking with him at some more opportune time.

UNCLE J.

Continued.

'TIS GOOD TO SERVE THE LORD.

Come all dear hopes, both young and old,
And gird your armor on,
To-day is made of fleeting hours,
To-morrow'll soon be gone;
Our Lord and Savior, while on earth,
Delivered us from sin,
Provided we accept his terms,
And to the covenant enter in.

CHORUS.

O! 'Tis good to serve the Lord while we are young;
'Tis good to serve the Lord,
'Tis good to serve the Lord,
Yes, 'tis good to serve the Lord while we are young.

Then have we with these terms complied,
Enlisted in the fight,
To bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by the right?
And, if we have, are we sincere,
And do we mean to stand,
The jeers and scoffs of all the world,
And trials on each hand?

And have we nothing else to do,
Or have we done enough,
Or should we not help on the cause,
Although 'tis oft times rough?
Yes there is always work to do,
For each and every one,
Who has enlisted in this war
And put their armor on.

Now all old Hopes, awake! awake!
Before the time all flies,
Be sure a good example set,
Before the young Hopes' eyes;
Be ready, both in time and out,
To scatter forth the seed,
And let us by our daily walk,
A good example lead.

And all young Hopes make firm resolve,
To every duty do,
Obey your parents day by day,
And to the cause prove true;
And as you grow in strength and years,
You will much knowledge gain,
Until you'll be as firm as rock,
And blessings great obtain.

C. M. WILDER.

BE BRAVE.

YOUNG men, be brave! Many people imagine that courage is confined to the field of battle.

There could be no greater mistake. Even contentions with men—unavoidable contentions—are not by any means limited to the public battle-fields. And there are other struggles in private life—struggles, it may be, with habits or appetites or passions; all of which require as much courage, and more of perseverance, than the brief, exciting encounter of battle. Enough to struggle against, enough to contend with,

enough to overcome lies in the way of every young man. It may be one kind of difficulty or it may be another; but plenty of difficulty of some kind every young man just starting in life may be sure that he will find. And the essential thing about it to him is whether he will have the courage to look all difficulties resolutely in the face, to meet them bravely, and to persevere until he conquers; in other words, whether he will be a coward and succumb, or be what the Indians significantly term a "brave." He who never falters, no matter how adverse the circumstances, always enjoys within himself the consciousness of a perpetual, spiritual triumph, of which nothing can deprive him.

LETTER FROM SISTER REGINA.

Dear Bro. Henry and the Hopes:—Perhaps you think that I have forgotten you all, but I do not forget so easily as that.

I will tell you a little about our town, which you might think, were you to enter it, to be a corn-crib town, as there are thirty or forty large and well filled cribs, so that it does not look like starvation in this beautiful country.

At the Boyer River the boys declare that they have a lovely retreat for a fishing ground, surrounded by a beautiful grove, in which is a band of feathered warblers.

The Methodists are erecting a new bell on their meeting house, and this morning the steeple is peering above the corn-cribs.

The popular notion has been gratified by a visit from Mrs. E. L. Stanton, the noted lecturer. Before she came business men raised \$25 to ensure one lecture at least. My mother said that she wished the people would feel thus liberal towards the Latter Day Saint Elders, whose labor for the salvation of souls is of such essential importance to mankind. Mrs. Stanton's lecture was on "Our Girls," and it was delivered in an able manner, as only a woman of her ability can. She advised the girls as to their health, habits, manner of dress, and the use of their time, etc., etc. And she spoke to the boys about their ways.

Also for six nights we enjoyed an interesting course of lectures by a Malay gentleman, Ronzo DeLeo, who claimed to have traveled for eleven years with David Livingstone, the African explorer, and to have been in nearly all of the ancient cities of the Old World; and he told of the customs, manners and antiquities thereof, as well as of hardships and trials he passed through. His memory and experience are truly valuable, and I hope that we school children appreciated our free tickets. He spoke of Judea and of the under ground discoveries at Jerusalem, Solomon's temple, the tombs etc., as well as of African scenes, and of the mummies and hieroglyphics of Egypt. He visited the Dead Sea and described to us the effect of its water on those who entered it, or who put hand or foot into it, the part becoming numb, or feeling as your foot does when it is said to be asleep. He said that Stanly, the traveler, supposed that the ancient Garden of Eden was located in what is now upper Egypt, for a great variety of fruits and spices grow there in abundance, also the bread tree, and a tree whose fruit contains within it a lump of good butter. The locust and wild-honey bean is all in one, and is a nutritious food. It does not, as some suppose, grow wild on trees. He thought that country to be a favorable place for lazy people, as they could sit down and eat bread and butter from the trees and drink milk. At one of the cities of the East one night, their train was too late to enter the gates, but there was an entrance called the "Needle's Eye," and there the camels went on their knees going through, an illustration used by the Savior in speaking of the rich man entering heaven. There the watchmen, with lamps on their feet, cry the hour of the night and announce the times for prayer. Three times a day on the house tops do they pray. The merchants do business as they did two thousand

years ago. Mr. DeLeo said that he had seen one thousand persons baptized in the river Nile. I can not begin to do justice in trying to tell of his lectures. One of our merchants said that the information he gained was worth fifty dollars to him.

I have read the last chapter of, "By a Heavenly Father's Hand," and I am sorry that it is done. I loved the character of Aunt Doris; and certainly her bank notes were endorsed by "a heavenly Father's hand."

We have no Sunday School yet, but Br. W. C. Cadwell and the "five sisters of Woodbine" were talking last Sunday about having one.

Love to all and may the work prosper. Let us pray for one another. Your sister,

REGINA L. ROHRER.

WOODBINE, Iowa, May 12th, 1878.

THE TWO NOBLEMEN.

"MAMMA, I don't want to forgive Jim Reese," said little Louis Nevin earnestly. "Not a bit of wonder, mamma," said Eunice, "for Jim called him 'an ugly little cripple.' Wasn't it cruel?"

"Very cruel, darling," said mamma.

"I can't help being a cripple," sobbed Louis, hiding his head in his mother's arms; "don't you think such a speech is a little too much to forgive?"

"It is a great deal, but not as much as some one else forgave over and over again."

"Oh! you mean Jesus Christ. But you don't expect me to be like Him?"

"Let me tell you a story. Long ago in the middle ages lived a nobleman who had a strong castle and many servants, and all the power that he needed to fight against his enemies. A certain great baron had done something to offend him. 'I will have my revenge,' cried the man; so he waited and watched, but did nothing in a hurry, lest the baron should hear and be ready to defend himself. One day the nobleman heard that the baron was to pass by his castle attended by only a small party of servants. 'Then will be my time to fall upon him and slay him,' he thought. So he called his men together and gave them arms, and got ready to march out of his castle. Now the nobleman had a good man in his house called his chaplain. This chaplain pleaded with him to forgive the baron.

"I will not," said the nobleman.

"At least come into the chapel with me, and say the Lord's Prayer before you go out to attack him."

"That I will do willingly."

"So they knelt together, and the nobleman said the prayer until they came to the words, 'Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us.' The chaplain repeated it a second and a third time, still no response from the nobleman. At last he burst into tears and cried, 'I can not say that.'

"But you must," said the chaplain. "How can you expect forgiveness if you do not ask for it?"

"I do not want God to treat me as I am going to treat those who trespass against me," groaned the nobleman.

"You are indeed in a sad case," said the chaplain.

"They knelt in silence a moment longer, when the nobleman said, 'I will say it now.' He rose from his knees with his heart full of forgiveness toward his enemy. You see, darling, he would not dare to have said the Lord's Prayer with that angry purpose in his heart."

"Then, mamma, I can not say it either, unless I make up my mind to forgive Jim."

"How will you do about it, my son?"

"Forgive him this very moment. Then I can ask my Heavenly Father to forgive all my sins, for Jesus Christ's sake."—*Child's World.*

Danties, to make a better show, wear coats stuck out with pads and puffing; and this is surely apropos, for what's a goose without the stuffing.

ITEMS OF HISTORY.—No. 22.

WE will now return to the month of September, 1831; at which time Joseph was engaged in translating the Bible, and Sidney Rigdon was writing for him. About the first of the month, Joseph concluded to remove himself and clerk, as well as their families to the town of Hiram, in order to expedite the work. "They moved to the house of Father Johnson, and they lived with him in peace until the following March, when a circumstance occurred, which I shall relate in his [Joseph's] own words:—

"On the 25th of March, (1832), the twins before mentioned, which had been sick of the measles for some time, caused us to be broke of our rest in taking care of them, especially my wife. In the evening I told her she had better retire to rest with one of the children, and I would watch with the sickest child. In the night she told me I had better lie down on the trundle bed, and I did so, and was soon after awoke by her screaming *murder!* when I found myself going out of the door in the hands of about a dozen men; some of whose hands were in my hair, and some hold of my shirt, drawers and limbs. The foot of the trundle bed was toward the door, leaving only room enough for the door to swing. My wife heard a gentle tapping on the windows, which she then took no particular notice of (but which was unquestionably designed for ascertaining whether we were all asleep), and, soon after, the mob burst open the door and surrounded the bed in an instant, and, as I said, the first I knew, I was going out of the door, in the hands of an infuriated mob. I made a desperate struggle as I was forced out, to extricate myself, but only cleared one leg, with which I made a pass at one man, and he fell on the door steps. I was immediately confined again, and they swore by God they would kill me if I did not be still, which quieted me. As they passed around the house with me, the fellow that I had kicked, came to me and thrust his hands into my face all covered with blood, (for I hit him on the nose), and with an exulting horse laugh, muttered ———— I'll fix ye."

"They then seized me by the throat, and held on till I lost my breath. After I came to, as they passed along with me, about thirty rods from the house, I saw Elder Rigdon stretched out on the ground, whither they had dragged him by the heels. I supposed he was dead. I began to plead with them, saying, you will have mercy and spare my life, I hope. To which they replied, ———— call on your God for help, we'll show ye no mercy;" and the people began to show themselves in every direction; one coming from the orchard had a plank, and I expected they would kill me, and carry me off on a plank. They then turned to the right, and went on about thirty rods further—about sixty rods from the house, and about thirty rods from where I saw Elder Rigdon—into the meadow, where they stopp'd, and one said, 'Simonds, Simonds,' (meaning I suppose, Simonds Rider), 'pull up his drawers, he will take cold.' Another replied, 'A'nt ye going to kill 'im? A'nt ye going to kill 'im? when a group of mobbers collected a little way off, and said, 'Simonds Simonds, come here;' and Simonds charged those who had hold of me to keep me from touching the ground (as they had done all the time), lest I should get a spring upon them. They went and held a council, and as I could occasionally overhear a word, I supposed it was to know whether it was best to kill me. They returned after a while, when I learned that they had concluded not to kill me, but pound and scratch me well, tear off my shirt and drawers and leave me naked: one cried, 'Simonds, Simonds, where is the tar bucket?' 'I don't know,' answered one, 'where 'tis, Eli's left it.' They ran back and fetched the bucket of tar, when one exclaimed, ———— let us tar up his mouth;" and they tried to force the tar paddle into my mouth; I twisted my head

around, so that they could not; and they cried out, ———— *hold up your head and let us give ye some tar.* They then tried to force a vial into my mouth, and broke it in my teeth. All my clothes were torn off me, except my shirt collar; and one man fell on me and scratched my body with his nails like a mad cat, and then muttered out, ———— *that's the way the Holy Ghost falls on folks.*

"They then left me, and I attempted to rise, but fell back again; I pulled the tar away from my lips, &c., so that I could breathe more freely, and after a while I began to recover, and raised myself up, when I saw two lights. I made my way towards one of them, and found it was Father Johnson's. When I had come to the door I was naked, and the tar made me look as though I was covered with blood: and when my wife saw me, she thought I was all mashed to pieces, and fainted. During the affray abroad, the sisters of the neighbourhood had collected at my room. I called for a blanket, they threw me one and shut the door; I wrapped it around me, and went in. * * *

"My friends spent the night in scraping and removing the tar, and washing and cleansing my body; so that by morning I was ready to be clothed again. This being Sabbath morning, the people assembled for meeting at the usual hour of worship, and among those came the mobbers, viz, Simonds Rider, a Campbellite preacher, and leader of the mob; one McClellie, son of a Disciple or Campbellite minister; and Pelatia Allen, Esq., who gave the mob a barrel of whisky to raise their spirits; and many others.

"With my flesh all scarified and defaced, I preached to the congregation, as usual, and in the afternoon of the same day baptized three individuals."

Times and Seasons, Vol. 5, p. 611. Joseph Smith the Prophet, pages 192-194.

A BAD FIRE.

"JONES, have you heard of the fire that burned up the man's house and lot?"

"No, Smith; where was it?"

"Here in this city."

"What a misfortune to him. Was it a good house?"

"Yes, nice house and lot—a good home for any family."

"What a pity. How did the fire take?"

"The man played with fire, and thoughtlessly set it himself."

"How silly! Did you say the lot was burned, too?"

"Yes, lot and all; all gone slick and clean."

"That 's singular. It must have been a terrible hot fire, and then I don't see how it could have burned the lot!"

"No, it was not a very hot fire. Indeed, it was so small that it attracted but little attention, and did not alarm anybody."

"But how could such a little fire burn up a house and lot. You haven't told me."

"It burned a long time—more than twenty years. And, though it seemed to consume very slowly, yet wore away about \$150 worth every year, till it was all gone."

"I don't understand you yet. Tell me where the fire was kindled, and all about it."

"Well, then, it was kindled in the end of a cigar. The cigar cost him, he himself told me, \$12.50 per month, or \$150 a year, and that in twenty-one years would amount to \$3,150, besides all the interest. Now, the money was worth at least 10 per cent., and at that rate it would double once in seven years, so that the whole sum would be more than \$20,000. That would buy a nice house and lot in any city. It would pay for a large farm in the country. Don't you pity the family of the man who has slowly burned up their home?"

"Whew! I guess you mean me, for I have smoked more than twenty years. But it didn't

cost as much as that, and I haven't any house of my own. Have always rented—thought I was too poor to buy a house. And all because I have been burning it up! What a fool I have been!"

The boys had better never set a fire which costs so much, and which, though so easily put out, is yet likely, if once kindled, to keep burning all their lives.

WHO IS THE GREATEST?

CHARACTERS: Uncle Will, Frank, Jim, Carl, Steve.

FRANK:—The greatest man I ever read or heard of was Washington! He it was, who first occupied the presidential chair, who took for his motto "Never put off till to-morrow, what can be done to-day," and followed it. He crossed the Delaware, when other men would have given it up as impossible. He was "first in peace, first in war, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." He was the father of his country. What more could you ask? George Washington is *my* hero.

JIM:—I take as my model the world-renowned Franklin. He founded the Philadelphia Library. He was only a poor boy, but he raised himself to riches and power. With no one to teach him, he became a most learned man. He loved virtue, and thrift, and hated vice, laziness and waste. He did good to all, and faithfully served his country. Benjamin Franklin is *my* hero.

CARL:—I agree with you that Franklin and Washington were great men. But they would not have been if it were not for Columbus. He was a poor Italian mariner, yet was the first to make the suggestion that the earth was round. He was not daunted, when on applying to the power of Europe for aid, to discover new lands he was refused; but persisted in his efforts, until he had enlisted Queen Isabella on his side, and then discovered America. He speaks for himself. Christopher Columbus is *my* hero.

STEVE:—I shall take Peter the Great. He worked as one of the lowest deckhands, so he could understand thoroughly everything about ships. He built the noble city of St. Petersburg. He conquered the greatest General in Europe. He civilized the most savage nation. Peter, the Czar of Russia is *my* hero. (Enter Uncle Will).

UNCLE WILL:—What's this I hear about heroes?

CARL:—We were each saying who we thought was the greatest man, in our estimation. Uncle Will, who do you think?

FRANK:—Oh, yes, do tell us!

UNCLE WILL:—Well, boys, in my opinion

"The greatest hero of the whole
Is he who can himself control."

BAD LANGUAGE.

BAD language easily runs into bad deeds. Select any society you please; suffer yourself to converse in its dialect, to use its slang, to speak in the character of one who relishes it, and your moral sense will very soon lower down to its level. Becoming intimate with it you lose your horror of it. To be too much with bad men and in bad places, is not only unwholesome to a man's morality, but unfavorable to his faith and trust in God. It is not every man that could live as Lot did in Sodom, and then be fit to go out of it under God's convoy. This obvious principle, of itself, furnishes a reason not only for watching the tongue, but for keeping ourselves as much as possible out of the company of bad associates.

MASON'S GROVE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

THE above Sunday School located at Deloit, Crawford county, Iowa, reports for the quarter ending March 31st, 1878, as follows:

Total number of officers 5, of teachers 4; total attendance of officers 46, of teachers 26. Average daily attendance of officers 4.6, of teachers 2.6; total attendance of female pupils 115, of male

pupils 160, of visitors 86; total attendance of all 453. Average female attendance 11.5, average of male attendance 16, average attendance of visitors 8.6; total average attendance 45.3. Total number of verses learned by class No. 2, 944; class No. 3, 931; class No. 4, 175. The average daily number learned by class No. 2, 94.4; No. 3, 93.1; No. 4, 17.5; total average each day 205. Total number learned during the quarter 2050. Total amount of cash collection \$1.70, daily average 17 cents. The officers for the ensuing three months are as follows: Superintendent, E. T. Dobson; assistant superintendent, E. C. Dobson; secretary, Jesse Johnson; assistant secretary, Sylvester Horr; librarian, Julian Dobson; treasurer, John Dobson. Teachers as follows: Class No. 1, E. T. Dobson; No. 2, S. P. Spence; No. 3, E. L. Dobson; No. 4, Emma Dobson. N. L. Hunt, secretary.

Correspondence.

LAMONI, Decatur county, Iowa,
May 16th, 1878.

Dear Brother Henry:—I am eleven years old but not a member of the Church yet but will be some day, I hope. My father and mother and sister are members. We have Sunday School and meetings regularly. I was there yesterday. I send you a card of mine. When are you and Uncle Joseph coming out here again? Your little friend,

HARRIET SHEEN.

DEER LODGE, Montana,
April 8th, 1878.

Dear Hopes of Zion:—It is a long time since I wrote to you, but you must not think I have forgotten you. The *Hope* is a welcome visitor here, and I wish it would come every week. I wish there were some Saints here so we could have meetings, and so that I could be baptized. I have not been to a meeting for seven or eight years, therefore it would be pleasant to hear the word of God spoken, again. My mother has been sick for two weeks, and she is not well yet, but we trust that she will be soon. It is exactly six years to-day since we moved up on this ranch. We have had a beautiful winter here; there has been very little snow on the ground, but it snowed a little last night and it is quite cold to-day. This is all I have to write for this time. From yours truly,
AUGUSTA ELIASSON.

SAN JOSE, California, May 18th, 1878.

Dear Uncle Joseph:—I think it is my duty to write to the little Hopes after so many years. My aged grand mother has taught me the only way of life and salvation, for I have neither father nor mother. I have two sisters a little older than myself. I am ten years old. We were born in San Jose. I am sorry to say that I have injured myself for life by being very silly; for, when I was in San Francisco minding my sick mother, I went with other bad boys and jumped behind a wagon and broke my back. I wish I had a little Hope Sunday School to go to. I will try to be a good boy.
BENNY BARDWELL.

SAN JOSE, California.

Dear Hopes:—My grandma is an English woman. She obeyed the gospel of Jesus Christ, twenty-nine years ago, having been baptized by Elder John Lewis of the Hammersmith Branch, England. She left London fifteen years ago to come to Salt Lake. She reached there safely, but, to her great surprise, she found nothing to comfort her. Afterwards she was baptized into the Reorganized Church by brother Cook. There is no branch here yet, but I hope that there will be one, for there are several Saints here. My dear grandma is three score and three years old. I thank God that he has permitted me to live on this beautiful earth so many days, and that I am able to work. I ask an interest in your prayers.
ANN BOLTON.

St. JOSEPH, Missouri, May 28th, 1878.

Dear Little Hopes:—I am eleven years old. I was baptized into the Church August 26th, 1877. I am trying to live my profession, but I know that I do come far short of my duty many times, but the great desire of my heart is that I may hold out faithful unto the end. Pray for me. Your brother in Christ,
CHARLES A. SMITH.

ELKHORN, Neb., June 1st, 1878.

Dear Cousin Fred J. Gerber:—I am one of the Hopes and I will try to answer your questions. You said, "Let us keep in the straight and narrow path which Nephi speaks about." You will find it in 2

Nephi 13: 2. And your second question is: "Where does Paul say, 'Go on to perfection?'" It is in Hebrews 6: 1. Your third question was: "Where do we find that the Lord commanded Abraham to offer up Isaac?" This is in Genesis 22: 2. Your fourth question is: "He that loves me will keep my commandments." You will find this in John 14: 15. Your fifth question is "Let us show our faith by our works." You asked where to find this, and who it was that wrote it. It was written by James, in his 2d chapter and 18th verse. Your sixth question was about finding where the Lord speaks about the wicked trembling when he comes in power and great glory. You will find it in Matthew 24: 30. I remain as ever your cousin, ever praying for the redemption of Zion,
SARAH FANNIE CURTIS.

Puzzle Corner.

Answers in One Month.

WORD PUZZLE.—No. 11.

My 1st is in word, but not in talk.
My 2d is in wisdom, but not in walk.
My 3d is in love, but not in peace.
My 4th is in labor, but not in cease.
My 5th is in morning, but not in day.
My 6th is in warning, also in pray.
My 7th is in mercy, but not in seek.
My 8th is in truth, but not in meek.
My 9th is in bless, but not in live.
My 10th is in bestow, but not in give.
My 11th is in Zion, but not in glory.
My 12th is in Israel, but not in story.
My 13th is in Lord, but not in Messiah.
My 14th is in teach, but not in acquire.
My 15th is in Joseph, but not in Jews.
My whole is the name of one who loves to tell the good news.

ENIGMA.—No. 6.

I am composed of thirty-two letters.
My 15, 25, 30, is a plaything for children.
My 11, 24, 2, is the most wonderful thing ever made.
My 9, 7, 26, was one of the twelve Patriarchs.
My 14, 1, 16, 17, 18, is at the end of the race.
My 10, 4, 23, 1, 24, is a small fruit.
My 13, 12, 28, 32, 6, means near or at hand.
My 22, 21, 11, 8, is an adverb or an adjective.
My 3, 31, 5, 19, is a body of water.
My 29, 20, 4, is what many ministers preach for.
My whole is a saying of St. Peter.

ANAGRAM.—No. 9.

1 Coal door.—A state.
2 Break an S.—A state.
3 A hut.—A territory.
4 O I had.—A territory.
5 Not a man.—A territory.
6 Nor bear in sand.—A city.

T. W. S.

Answers to Puzzle Corner of May 15th.

1 To Word Puzzle No. 9.—J. D. Flanders.

2 To Anagram No. 8.—

Savior cast a pitying eye,
Bid my sins and sorrows end,
Whither should a sinner fly,
But unto the sinner's friend.
Rest in thee I come to find,
Pardon thou my erring mind.

Answers to the above received as follows: Perley Knights No. 2; Sadie E. Cadman 2; Mattie P. Bozarth 1, 2; Sarah F. Curtis 2.

Mary Atkinson answers Enigma No. 5, published in *Hope* of May 1st.

THE SAINTS' HERALD.

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15 June 78.

A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue. Owing to the fact that we make nothing on the *Hope* we would like to see subscriptions paid up as early as possible, and delinquent ones especially. With the small margin to work upon, the cost of paper and postage for papers sent on credit for a few issues or for months, forces us as a general rule to discontinue sending it when the time is out, at which we hope no one will take offence but watch this notice hereafter for the blue mark.

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