

# ZION'S HOPE

"Even a Child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure."—Prov. 20:11.

VOL. XI.

PLANO, ILLINOIS, JULY 1, 1879.

No. 1.

## PANSIES.

Oh, the golden-hearted pansies!  
Oh, the velvet-petaled pansies!  
With their shining faces lifted upward in the morning cool.

Oh, the beauty of the pansies,  
And the blooming of the pansies,  
Like a group of rosy children with their faces washed for school.

Oh, the budding of the pansies,  
And the blossoming of the pansies,  
Filling all the air around with the faintest of perfume,  
Make me sure that purple pansies—  
Yellow pansies—velvet pansies—  
Are the favorite flowers of all that in the Father's garden bloom. —Selection.

## SEEK AND YE SHALL FIND.

BY SISTER LENA.



EARILY had Edward Deane tramped the great city over, and yet no work could he find. Sickness had thrown him out of employment; for, while he was sick, the place left vacant by him was filled by another, and month after month passed away with nothing for him to do. First the pleasant little cottage, where he had spent five happy years, was sold, and cheap rooms taken. One after another the little luxuries of home were given up, and now, as all were gone, starvation stared them in the face. His dear, patient wife grew poorer and fainter each day, while the once round, rosy cheeks of their darling three year old Amy told them too plainly that she was starving.

"Dear wife," said he, entering the place he called home, "I have done all I can. I can not find employment—nothing is left now but to beg, and can I do that? Yes, for your sakes I can; but what good will it do, soon we will be turned from this room to starve and to die. Oh, when I am so willing to work, why does God allow it to be as it is. Yes, the promise is false, 'If ye seek ye shall find;' for have I not sought him? Have I not on bended knees asked Him to provide a way that I could earn something for my darlings to eat. Oh, what was it my little prattler said to-night, 'Has papa brought papa's dirlsomfin to eat;' and when I had nothing to give her, the look of pain that passed over her poor little pinched face, I shall never forget; and looking up with eyes full of tears, she said, 'Papa, does Dod fordit us when he bates daily bread?' And truly it seems that he has forgotten us."

"Not so, my husband; the Lord's word can not be broken. I still have unshaken faith in him. I have spent this day in prayer, and I feel strangely happy to-night. We will yet come out all right. Let us to-night unite our faith and ask God once more to help us."

"Mamma, mamma," came from the bed, "Amy so hundry. Amy wants supper."

"Yes, dear, here is a little piece of bread mamma saved for you."

"And you have done without anything to-day. O, Maggie, little did I think when I took you a happy bride to our little cottage, that this would be the end."

"There, there, you are getting too much discouraged again. This will not be the end; for I truly believe that all will end well."

Morning came. The despondent husband rose, and, as he looked at his wife and child, it made his heart ache, for they had become mere shadows.

"Well," thought he, "I will beg from door to door to-day, until I get them something to eat. That is all that's left me to do now; for I have sold everything that can be sold."

With a heavy heart he bade them goodbye.

"Dood bye, papa, said Amy, "I dess I deamed 'ou dive me lots of bread, and it was so dood. I waked up tryin tause it was not so."

"Yes, dear, it will be true; we will have a good dinner to-day, papa is going now to find it."

How earnestly did poor Maggie pray that her prayer would be answered to-day, for she felt that her strength was fast leaving her.

And now let us follow Edwin. He resolved to make one more effort to get employment before begging for food. Again and again was he turned away, although he had good references. There was no help wanted. He had sold every article of clothing that would sell; so, in his rusty suit of clothes, there was not much attention paid to him. At last, in his despair, he slowly ascended the steps of a handsome dwelling. The lady he knew quite well, for she was a regular customer at the store where he formerly clerked. On ringing the bell he was answered by the house-maid, whom he informed that he wished to see the mistress of the house.

"And pray, sir, do you think she would see the like of you? She is not in the habit of seeing tramps."

"I will not leave until you tell her that Edward Deane, formerly clerk in—wishes to see her."

As he expected, she asked him into the parlor, and there he told her all his troubles, (for she remembered him quite well), first how sickness kept him at home, then of his long tramp for work, of his starving wife and child, and how now some impulse had caused him to humble his pride and come to her, the so-called proud and haughty Mrs. Graham, to ask her for—, yes beg of her some bread for his wife and little one. Slowly raising his eyes he was surprised to find Mrs. Graham weeping bitterly.

"Poor man, can it be that there is such want as this, while thousands have plenty, and more than plenty. Yes, I will help you; I think your little one will not want for bread to-day." And, calling to the servant, she with her own hands helped to fill a basket with such food as had not found its way to the poor man's door for many a month. On coming back she asked him for the number of his house, and said she would see what could be done. The proud, but kind hearted woman, knew she had heard her husband say that morning that he was in need of a trusty man. He she thought was one that would suit him, and she would do one good act by getting the place for him.

What can express the joy of the wife and child when the weary man entered with his basket of food. Amy clapped her thin little hands for joy,—"Dood papa! Amy's deam is true now; and mamma said Dod had not fordod us."

With a grateful smile Maggie clasped her husband's hand and raising her eyes to heaven said, "Thank God, my prayer has been answered."

"Yes, for the present we are provided for; but how long will it last. Still I have a little ray of hope, for Mrs. Graham said she would see what could be done; and if she speaks a word in my favor it will do more good than hundreds that I could speak. But do not blame me, Maggie, for being so quick to think God had cast us off, for think how long I have sought work and could not find it."

"No, I do not blame you; perhaps had I walked the weary miles that you have, I would have given up in despair long ago. But I feel that had we prayed in faith, our

prayer would have been answered, but we are impatient and so ready to doubt."

"Tome papa," said Amy that night, "I's seepy, and I want 'ou to pay 'fore I do to bed; and in mornin 'ou tan tiss wosies all bat to Amy's cheets, for her aint hundry any more."

"Yes, dear, we will thank God for sending baby some bread to-day."

*To be continued.*

## HOT COALS.



JOE BENTON lived in the country. Not far from his father's home was a large pond. His cousin Herbert had given him a beautiful boat, elegantly rigged with masts and sails, all ready to go to sea on the pond.

Joe had formed a sailing company among his school-mates, and they had elected him captain. At three o'clock on Saturday afternoon the boys were to meet and launch the boat, and on the morning of this day, Joe rose bright and early. It was a lovely morning, and he was in fine spirits. He chuckled with delight when he thought of the afternoon.

"Glorious!" said he to himself, as he finished dressing. "Now I've just time to run down to the pond before breakfast, and see that the boat is all right. Then I'll hurry home and learn my lessons for Monday, so as to be ready for the afternoon; for the captain must be up to time."

Away he went, scampering towards the cave where the boat had been ready for the launch. As he drew near, he saw the signs of mischief, and felt uneasy. The big stone before the cave had been rolled away. The moment he looked within he burst into a loud cry. There was the beautiful boat, which his cousin had given him, with its masts and sails all broken to pieces, and a large hole bored in the bottom. Joe stood for a moment, motionless with grief and surprise; then, with his face all red with anger, he exclaimed:

"I know who did it—unkind boy. It was Fritz Brown; he was angry because I did not ask him to the launch; but I'll pay him for this, see if I don't!"

Then he pushed back the ruined boat into the cave, and, hurrying on some way down the road, he fastened a string across the foot-path, a few inches from the ground, and carefully hid himself in the bushes.

Presently a step was heard, and Joe eagerly peeped out. He expected to see Fritz coming along, but instead of that it was his cousin Herbert. He was the last person Joe cared to see just then; so he unfastened the string, and lay quiet, hoping that he would not see him. But Herbert's quick eye soon caught sight of him; and Joe had to tell him all that had happened, and wound up by saying, "but never mind, I mean to make him smart for it."

"Well, what do you mean to do, Joe?" asked Herbert.

"Why, you see, Fritz carries a basket of eggs to market every morning, and I mean

to trip him over this string and smash them all."

Joe knew that this was not a right feeling, and he expected to get a sharp lecture from his cousin. But, to his surprise, he only said, in a quiet way:

"Well, I think Fritz does deserve some punishment. But this string is an old trick. I can tell you something better than that."

"What? cried Joe, eagerly.

"How would you like to put a few coals of fire on his head?"

"What, burn him?" asked Joe, doubtfully. His cousin nodded his head.

With a queer smile, Joe clapped his hands. "Bravo!" said he, "that's just the thing, cousin Herbert. You see his hair is so thick he would not get burned much before he would have time to shake them off; but I would just like to see him jump once. Now tell me how to do it—quick!"

"If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head. Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good." There, said Herbert, "that is what the Bible teaches us to do; that is the best kind of punishment that Fritz could have."

You ought to have seen how long Joe's face grew while Herbert was speaking.

"Now, I do say, cousin Herbert," added Joe, "that is a real take in. Why, it is just no punishment at all."

"Try it once," said Herbert. "Treat Fritz kindly, and I am certain that he will feel so ashamed and unhappy, that kicking or beating him would be like fun in comparison."

Joe was not really a bad boy, but he was now in a very ill temper, and he said sullenly, "But you have told me a story, cousin Herbert. You said this kind of coals would burn, and they don't at all."

"You are mistaken about that," said Herbert. "I have known such coals burn up malice, envy, ill-feeling, and a great deal of rubbish; and then leave some cold hearts feeling as warm and pleasant as possible."

Joe drew a long sigh. "Well, tell me a good coal to put on Fritz's head, and I will see about it."

"You know," said Herbert, "that Fritz is very poor, and can seldom buy himself a book, although he is very fond of reading; but you have quite a library. Now suppose—but no, I won't suppose anything about it. Just think over the matter, and find your own coal. But be sure to kindle it with love, for no other fire burns like that."

Then Herbert sprang over the fence and went whistling away.

Before Joe had time to collect his thoughts he saw Fritz coming down the lane carrying a basket of eggs in one hand and a pail of milk in the other.

For a moment the thought crossed Joe's mind, "What a grand smash it would have been if Fritz had fallen over the string!" But he drove it away in an instant, and was glad enough that the string was put away in his pocket.

Fritz started, and looked very uncomfortable, when he first caught sight of Joe; but the little fellow began at once with:

"Fritz, have you much time to read now?"

"Sometimes," said Fritz, "when I've driven the cows home, and done all my work, I have a little piece of daylight left; but the trouble is, I've read every book I can get hold of."

"How would you like to take my new book of travels?"

Fritz's eyes fairly danced. "O, may I? may I? I'd be so careful of it."

"Yes," answered Joe, "and perhaps I have some others you may like to read. And, Fritz," he added a little slyly, "I would ask you to come and help to sail my new boat this afternoon, but some one has broken the masts, and torn up the sails, and made a great hole in the bottom. Who do you suppose did it?"

Fritz's head dropped on his breast; but, after a moment he looked up with great effort, and said:

"O, Joe! I did it; but I can't begin to tell you how sorry I am. You didn't know that I was so mean when you promised to lend me the books, did you?"

"Well, I rather thought you did it," said Joe, slowly.

"And yet you didn't—." Fritz could get no further. He felt as if he would choke. His face was as red as a live coal. He could stand it no longer, so off he walked without saying a word.

"That coal does burn," said Joe to himself. "I know Fritz would rather I had smashed every egg in his basket, than to have offered to lend him that book. But I feel fine."

Joe took two or three somersaults, and went home with a light heart and a grand appetite for breakfast.

When the captain and crew of the little vessel met at the appointed hour they found Fritz there before them, eagerly trying to repair the mischief. As soon as he saw Joe, he hurried to present him with a beautiful flag which he had bought for the boat with a part of his own money. The boat was repaired and launched, and made a grand trip; and everything had turned out as cousin Herbert had said; for Joe's heart was so warm, and full of kind thoughts, that he was never more happy in his life.

And Joe found out afterwards that the more he used of that curious kind of coal the larger supply he had on hand,—kind thoughts, kind words, and kind actions.

"I declare, cousin Herbert," said he with a merry twinkle of his eye, "I think I shall have to set up a coal-yard."

I should be glad to have all of you, my young friends, engage in this branch of the coal business. If every family would be careful to keep a supply of Joe Benton's coals on hand, and make a good use of them, how happy they would be! Joe was sowing righteousness, when he put the coal on Fritz's head; and he had "a sure reward" in the pleasure it yielded him. Pleasure is one part of the reward of sowing righteousness.

This is certain. My young friends, never forget St. Paul's advice—"Be not overcome of evil; but overcome evil with good."

Selected by William Stuart.

## WHAT THE SPARROW CHIRPS.

**I** AM only a little sparrow,  
A bird of low degree;  
My life is of little value,  
But the dear Lord careth for me.

He gave me a coat of feathers;  
It is very plain I know,  
With never a speck of crimson.  
For it was not made to show.

But it keeps me warm in winter,  
And it shields me from the rain;  
Were it bordered with gold or purple  
Perhaps it would make me vain.

And now that the spring-time cometh,  
I will build me a little nest,  
With many a chirp of pleasure,  
In the spot I like the best.

I have no barn or storehouse,  
I neither sow nor reap;  
God gives me a sparrow's portion,  
But never a seed to keep.

If my meal is sometimes scanty,  
Close picking makes it sweet:  
I have always enough to feed me,  
And "life is more than meat."

I know there are many sparrows;  
All over the world we are found,  
But our Heavenly Father knoweth  
When one of us falls to the ground.

Though small, we are never forgotten;  
Though weak, we are never afraid;  
For we know that the dear Lord keepeth  
The life of the creature he made.

I fly through the thickest forest,  
I light on many a spray;  
I have no chart nor compass,  
But I never lose my way.

And I fold my wings at twilight,  
Wherever I happen to be;  
For the Father is always watching,  
And no harm will come to me.

I am only a little sparrow,  
A bird of low degree;  
But I know the Father loves me—  
Have you less faith than we?

## EGYPT, PALESTINE AND SYRIA.

No. 13.

BY ELDER T. J. ANDREWS.

### JOSEPH'S WELL.



**CITADEL** without water in time of siege would be worse than useless. In clearing away the rubbish, and grading away the rock for its erection, this wonderful well was discovered. It had been dug by the ancients, none can tell when, and was filled with sand and rubbish. It is sunk in the solid rock to the enormous depth of 260 feet, at the mouth 45 feet in diameter. Around the well is a winding stair-way, cut also in the rock, with a partition wall of the rock left three feet thick, with occasional windows or holes to look through into the main shaft, which runs to its bottom; the method of raising the water is worth noticing. A large ox is taken down the winding stair-way to near the bottom of the well, where the pumping or lifting machinery is situated. The food is taken down to him, and he is kept here from year to year. Here, deep in these lower regions, in perpetual darkness and solitude, the patient beast travels round and round his narrow circuit, turning his shrieking machinery and putting

in motion the long belt of earthen jars, by means of which the water is raised for the use of man.

We must now cease our wanderings in Egypt, as other countries must have our attention. We shall first visit Mt. Sinai. A journey to it is always a hard and troublesome one, so much so that but few undertake it; the road lies through a waste and barren desert, often invested with hostile Arab tribes; however we will prepare for the journey.

The first step is to employ a dragoman, or contractor, to take us from Suez to Sinai; these are always numerous in Cairo. One requisite is found to be a great convenience, one who can not only talk good Arabic, but good English, as it will facilitate intercourse with the Arabs and prove of worth in gathering information on the journey. I soon found two associates on the same errand as myself; a dragoman was found with whom we entered into a contract to take us to Sinai and back from Suez for seventy-five pounds sterling; the journey is twenty-three days.

All arrangements being completed, the dragoman, camels, drivers, tents, water and provisions left for Suez, February 22d, to be there on the evening of the third day. Myself and fellow travelers were to proceed thither by railroad; the road saves the traveler three days of desert travel; the distance is 83 miles; at the appointed time we were on board the cars, and soon Cairo, with her towering monuments, seemed to glide away in the distance. Every where on the journey sterility abounded; what a contrast to the green valley of the Nile, in which we had been making donkey excursions. No human habitation, save occasionally the low black tent of some wandering Bedouin; no groves, no shrubbery, not a tree, to relieve the monotony of the scene. At last a stony ridge of high lands rose up upon our right, and a dark blue line stretched across our pathway. Those were the mountains of Attaka, and this was our first glimpse of the sea that opened its waves beneath the outstretched rod of Moses; perhaps over this very spot where we now ride, the children of Israel, coming up in multitudes led by the mysterious cloud, camped before these waters; while we were absorbed in these remembrances the cars stopped, we were at Suez. Modern Suez, a few years ago a small village, has, since the termination of the railroad, rapidly increased in size and importance. It is difficult to conceive the sterility that surrounds it, washed by the waters upon one side, the desert sands surround it on the others. There is no fresh water within three miles of it, and then but a scant supply. No green thing is seen in the vicinity. Not a grass plat; not a tree, nor a shrub, to relieve the gloomy monotony.

This is supposed to be the place of the passage of the Israelites; let us wander along the shore and ascend yonder elevation. The sea just before us is only about a mile broad and quite shallow. The tide here rises several feet. Though no mention of this is made in the sacred record, it might have been among the means employed. The Lord brought a

wind which drove back the waters, and he held them by his powerful hand until he was ready to return them to their accustomed place. The position of the waters, and all the surroundings, seem to conspire to fix this locality as the place of the great deliverance of Israel, and destruction of the Egyptian host.

This evening our camels and attendants arrived from Cairo, so to-night we take our first lesson in camp life among the Arabs. To one accustomed all his life to the comforts of civilization, it seems a strange thing to lie down in a canvas tent, amid such surroundings as deserts, Arabs, camels, &c., as surrounded us that night. Morning came at last, and our Egyptian cook, by the time we were dressed, had a bountiful breakfast of smoking viands upon the table for us. This over, the loading of our camels was proceeded with. What a strange paraphernalia, tents, beds, bedsteads, meats, chickens, water, oranges, stools, cooking utensils, feed, provender for the camels, &c., all to be piled and fitted upon the backs of the patient looking beasts.

*To be continued.*

## EXAGGERATIONS.



**ONE** morning, as we sat at our breakfast-table, the conversation turned on strict truthfulness of statement, and as the discussion grew more and more lively, it was finally proposed by one member of the family, that we should all pledge ourselves to the strictest veracity of speech for that day, and see what would come of it. The motion was seconded and carried unanimously, and as a first fruit of the resolve we asked the one who had suggested it, "What made you so late at breakfast this morning?"

She hesitated, began with, "Because I couldn't"—and then, true to her compact, said: "The truth is, I was lazy and didn't hurry, or I might have been down long ago." Presently another one remarked that she had been very cold, adding, "I never was so cold in my life." An enquiring look caused the last speaker to modify this statement instantly, with, "O, I don't mean that, of course; I've been much colder many times; and I don't think it was so cold, after all."

A third remark to the effect that "Miss So-and-so was the homeliest girl in the city," was recalled as soon as made, the speaker being compelled to own that Miss So-and-so was only rather plain, instead of excessively homely.

So it went on through the day, causing much merriment, which was good naturedly accepted by the subjects, and giving rise to constant corrections in the interest of truth. One thing became more and more surprising, however, to each of us, and that was the amount of cutting down which our most careful statements demanded under this new rule. More and more we realized this unconscious exaggeration of our daily speech, and the distance between it and truth; and each one ac-

knowledge at the close of the day that the lesson had been salutary as well as startling.

Such a day may be of service in more ways than one, since it enforces good humor as well as strict truthfulness.

### "DON'T WANT TO SAY MY PRAYERS."

MOTHER, sitting in her parlor, overheard her child, whom an elder sister was dressing in an adjoining bed-room, say, repeatedly, as if in answer to her sister, "No, I don't want to say my prayers; I don't want to say my prayers."

"How many members in good standing," thought the mother to herself, "often say the same thing in their hearts, though they conceal, even from themselves, the feeling."

"Mother," said the child, appearing in a minute or two at the parlor door. The tone and look implied that it was only his morning salutation.

"Good morning, my child!"

"I am going to get my breakfast."

"Stop a minute, I want you to come and see me first."

The mother laid down her work on the next chair, as the boy ran towards her. She took him up. He knelt in her lap, and laid his face down upon her shoulder; his cheek upon her own. The mother rocked slowly backward and forward.

"Are you pretty well this morning?" said she, in a kind and gentle tone.

"Yes mother, I'm very well."

"I'm glad you are well; I am well too, and when I waked up this morning and found that I was very well, I thanked God for taking care of me."

"Did you?" said the boy, in a low tone, half whisper. He paused after it—conscience was at its work.

"Did you ever feel my pulse?" asked his mother, after a minute of silence, at the same time taking the boy down, seating him in her lap, and placing his finger on her wrist.

"No; but I have felt mine."

"Well don't you feel mine now—how it goes beating?"

"Yes," said the child.

"If it should stop beating I would then die."

"Would you?"

"Yes; and I can not keep it beating?"

"Who can?"

A silent pause.

"You have a pulse, too, which beats in your bosom here, and in your arms, and all over you, and I can not keep it beating, nor can you. Nobody can but God. If he would not take care of you, who could?"

"I don't know," said the child with a look of anxiety, and another pause ensued.

"So when I waked this morning, I thought I'd ask God to take care of me. I hope he will take care of me, and all of us."

A long pause ensued.

"Don't you think you had better ask him for yourself?"

"Yes," said the boy readily.

He knelt again in his mother's lap, and uttered in his simple and broken language a prayer for the protection and blessing of heaven.

### Letters from the Hopes.

LITTLE SIoux, Iowa, May 17th, 1879.

My Saturday's work is finished, and I have a few spare moments. This is a very beautiful afternoon, and the birds are singing in the trees, the flowers are blooming in the meadows, the grass waves in the gentle breeze, soft, white clouds dot the blue sky, and everything in nature seems to rejoice in the sunshine. Let us too, dear Hopes, rejoice in the sunshine and light of God's holy Spirit, which he is willing and ever ready to shed abroad in the hearts of all who love and obey him. I don't see how any one can say in his heart, "There is no God," when everything in nature points out the wonderful workmanship of his all powerful hand. Neither can I see how some can let weeks, months and years pass by, and think of doing nothing for their Master, for the redemption of their souls, when they know not but death may come in a single day, or even in a single hour. And then what an account they will have to give of themselves! I tell you, dear Hopes, it makes me shudder to think of the countless millions that are now walking in the road to ruin; and it makes me rejoice to know that some have had hearts to render obedience to God's laws, and are striving to walk in the path marked out by him. O! that all might hear the call before it is too late. For they must remember that

"He'll call, persuade, direct him right,  
Bless him with wisdom, love and light,  
In nameless ways be good and kind;  
But never force the human mind."

God has been pleased to give a dear, tiny, blue-eyed Hope into my care and keeping. Pray, dear Hopes, that he may grow up in obedience to God's laws, and that I may be able to properly instruct him in his youth. I felt sorely grieved at an incident which attracted my attention. I live near the road that leads to town; and a few days ago a wagon-load of intoxicated men passed by shouting and uttering profane words; and in the back part of the wagon was a boy about thirteen years of age, and he was snatching the hats from the heads of the men. Whether he was under the influence of liquor or not, I am unable to say. But just think what an example is being set before the mind of this boy. What the end will be who can tell? I beg of you, boys, to learn the verse written by "Uncle John" and to give heed to the words therein. Shun strong drink as you would a viper, and endeavor to draw others away from the venomous poison. I will close for this time, lest my letter be too long, and I will try to write again some other time. Pray for me, dear Hopes, for I am weak and need the prayers of the faithful. Your sister in the gospel bonds,

SARAH J. ROSS.

BANDERA, Bandera Co., Texas,

May 26th, 1879.

I am nine years old. I am staying with my grandmother, four miles from home, and going to school. I have no sister. I have a brother who is six years old. My father and mother belong to the Church. I am glad Bro. Bays has returned to us. I love to hear him preach. My ma takes the *Herald*, *Hope* and *Advocate*. We have no Sunday School. I wish the little Hopes would pray for me that I may be one of God's children. Good bye.

HARRIET AMANDA RAMSEY.

WHEELING, W. Va., June 3rd, 1879.

Dear Brothers and Sisters:—I am at home alone to-night. Although I am not a very little Hope, I am as glad to have it come as the little ones. Do we appreciate the blessings our kind and heavenly father is daily bestowing upon us? Do we strive with all our might to keep the commandments of the Most High. We should be very thankful that we have been privileged to obey the true gospel. All who obey it with an honest heart can testify that it is true. It is now about two years since I obeyed the gospel, and I have never regretted it; all I regret is,

I have not lived as faithful as I should, and have so often neglected my duty before the Lord. Let us live more faithful, letting our light shine to those around us. Only think what a great reward awaits us if faithful to the end. I expect to attend conference the 7th and 8th of this month at the Lampsville branch, in Ohio. Remember me at the throne of grace, and my prayer is ever for the people of God. I remain as ever your sister in Christ,

ANNA E. EBELING.

WHEELING, W. Va., June 3rd, 1879.

Dear Hopes:—I belong to the Church, and am glad I ever obeyed the gospel; for I know it to be true. I desire to live faithful to the end, so that I may be saved in the kingdom of God. Pray for me. Your sister in Christ,

LYDIA J. EBELING.

KNOX, Indiana, June 3rd, 1879.

Dear Hope:—We have a nice Sunday School; my pa is Superintendent, and introduced you as our paper; but, poor little thing, you were rejected. I have two sisters older than myself, who united with the Church when quite young; their names are Jennie, who teaches school; Allie, the youngest, plays the organ in Sunday School. We have no Saints' meetings here, as the branch is disorganized, so many members have moved away. There are none but our own family, my aunt, and Bro. L. B. Scott, who lives twenty miles distant. But the *Hope* and *Herald* are read with great interest, and, for our family, seem about as good as a meeting.

HETTIE C. PRETTYMAN.

VALLEY VIEW, Harrison Co., Iowa,

June 10th, 1879.

It is with feelings of pleasure I write to you, and it is with deep gratitude to my heavenly Father for health and strength which I am again permitted to enjoy. Since last writing I have been prostrated on a bed of sickness, which was very severe; but, praise to God, I am well again. The disease was lung fever. I told you in my last letter that we had no Sabbath School, but we have one started at last.

On the night of the ninth a hail-storm passed through here doing damage to crops. Our corn on Sunday evening was knee high, and the next morning it was broken down till you could hardly see it. Saints, one and all, let us be prepared, for surely this is a day when judgments are abroad in the land, although the world can not see it. Quite a number of deaths in our neighborhood caused by diphtheria, and there are quite a number that are down with it, but I hope they will recover. Your brother,

CHARLES DYKES.

### Editorial Chat.

Any items of interest about the Sabbath Schools in the Church or the organization of new ones, their progress, etc., we would like to publish, or make mention of in the *HOPE*. Also of concerts, recitations, excursions and picnics by the School.

Bro. H. R. Harder writes of the organization of a school at Delevan, Clay county, Kansas. Bro. Harder, Superintendent; Mr. Oliver, Secretary. The school has ordered six copies of the *HOPE*. We wish them good success in this service for the young.

1 July 79.

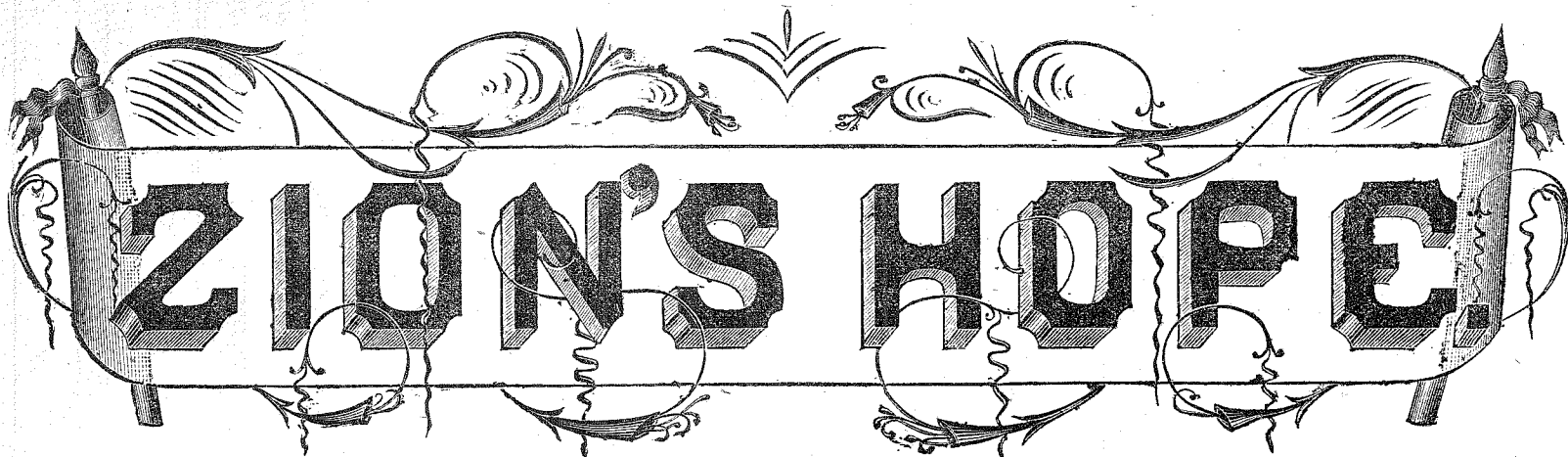
A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue. Owing to the fact that we make nothing on the *HOPE* we would like to see subscriptions paid up as early as possible, and delinquent ones especially. With the small margin to work 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.* 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.

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



"Even a Child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure."—Prov. 20:11.

IN MEMORY OF WILLIE GORTON.

'Twas a murmur sent from heaven,  
Floating through the silence dreary,  
Yet it made our hearts forsaken,  
And the days pass slow and weary;  
For we gave you, little Willie,  
All the love a child could crave,  
And our hearts were chilled with sorrow,  
When we laid you in the grave.

Oh! to think that we shall never  
Hear your sweet voice through death's gloom;  
Sunny dreams are gone forever,  
When we laid you in the tomb.  
Oh, is there any sad to-morrow  
In that land where your spirit's fled?  
For us there's only lingering sorrow,—  
"Willie's dead."

NETTIE.

PLANO, Illinois.

FLOWERS.

**S**WEET gifts from God. O, how thankful we ought to be for the blessing. How thankful we ought to be that the good Father not only gives us such things as we need for our health and comfort, but has in his great goodness and love, given us things that will add to our pleasure—beautiful flowers, birds and fruit. He has taken a great deal of pains to make us not only comfortable and healthful, but to make us happy; and in return he wishes us to do only that which we ought to do his own free will and pleasure to love him and try and please him.

But a great many of us take these kind gifts as if they were just what belong to us, by right, and do not even think of the Giver; and some deny that he exists. Still they receive his blessings day after day; and even while they are receiving them, they take the name of God in vain and break his commandments. We love the bright flowers, but do we love the Giver?

"God is the giver of every good and perfect gift." Look at the flowers as they grow. The rose, the lily, the violet, and honey-suckle. Think of the great and wise God who dwells in the heavens, who made heaven and earth. He has stooped to make a little flower because it would please his children, and in his great goodness and kindness he has supplied our wants, he has made the world beautiful for our sakes; and, in return, he wants our love and gratitude.

And ought we not to be willing to give

him this? It seems to me that we ought to be proud and happy to render praise to him. Yet there are few who care to give him this. Flowers are found everywhere among the rich and among the poor, among the good and among the bad. Into the home of the good they come, but they bring more joy into the home of the wretched, yes, they come like angels, bringing joy, which, if it does not last very long, yet does not leave their paths so dark and long.

Flowers are gentle tokens to show us that God loves us tenderly, and that he cares for all our needs and pleasures, seeking to draw us closer to him.

MINNIE VARANA.

EGYPT, PALESTINE AND SYRIA.

No. 14.

PREPARED BY T. J. ANDREWS.

THE RED SEA.

**A**FTER an equitable distribution of the luggage had been made and loaded upon the camels, the company started to make the circuit of twelve miles around the head of the sea. We preferred to pay ferryage for a half hour's ride across the waters, to a half day's journey by land.

We found the water quite shallow all the way; at low tide the bottom is laid bare half the distance; it was a short distance above this that Bonaparte, during his campaign in Egypt, taking advantage of low tide, crossed over on horse-back to hold an interview with the monks from Mt. Sinai. As he was returning the tide came rolling in upon him, so that he could no longer keep his seat in the saddle. A stout soldier seized him, and bore him on his shoulders to the opposite shore by holding on to the tail of the guide's horse, or he might have shared the fate of the Egyptian prince.

Our caravan soon came up, a hasty lunch from the haversack, and we were ready for our first camel ride on the desert. Three camels were allowed each traveler, the best ones were appropriated to our use; each camel carried a pair of panniers in which were stowed a quantity of grain for his own use in the desert, over these our beds were piled, which made a soft easy seat. At the command of the driver, the tall animal came down upon his knees, then dropped upon his haunches, until he lay flat upon his breast bone, with

his legs folded in a peculiar manner under him. A moment more and I was fairly upon his back. He lifted himself first upon his hind legs, throwing me violently forward and nearly pitching me over his head. When fairly standing up, I was surprised at the giddy height to which I was so suddenly elevated. All in readiness we started upon our long desert journey.

MOSES' WELLS.

A ride of two hours brought us to Moses' Wells, a cluster of springs, an oasis in the desert. A tradition amongst the Arabs says that Moses brought up the water here by striking the ground with his rod. It is supposed that here Israel celebrated their joyful triumphs over their enemies. Our camels drank a little of the water and we passed on.

MARAH.

About noon the next day we made Marah, the bitter well or fountain. Its distance is about forty or fifty miles from the wells, and it is not reasonable to suppose that the vast multitude of Israel would travel more than that in three days. If the little Hopes will read the Exodus narrative, they will see how exactly this corresponds. Without doubt this identical fountain is the bitter waters of Marah mentioned there.

From Marah a ride of two and a half hours brought us to Waddy Ghurundel or Elim. The narrative says, "And they came to Elim where were twelve wells of water and three score and ten palm trees." From Marah this would have been about a half a day's journey; we made it in two and a half hours. The principal fountains are about half an hour's ride down the valley from where the direct road crosses; we made a visit to them but found no streams of living water. The springs are found by digging down into the dry channel about two feet deep, into which the water will readily filter through the gravel and sand.

Having finished our visit to Elim, we passed on and a two hours ride brought us to Useit. Here we found a few palms, tamarisk, and acacia trees; the ground here was encrusted with a white accumulation of salt, and the water in the pools was so salt and brackish as to be unfit for use; here the road branches, and two roads lead to Mt. Sinai, one by some ruins and sculptures, the other by the valley. We go by the latter. The Scripture narrative says, "And they removed

from Elim and encamped by the sea."

Thus far we seem to have been following directly upon the track pursued by the children of Israel in their journey towards the mount of God. After our long desert ride the sight of the clear, cool waters of the sea was truly refreshing. Soon we were close upon the sandy shore. It was a temptation not to be resisted. Four days we had been traveling in the heat and sand, with a scanty allowance of water for face and hands. A few moments more and we were enjoying a most refreshing bath in the inviting waters.

#### THE VALLEY OF THE CATARACTS.

During the afternoon's traveling we passed over the plain of Murkah; it is from ten to fifteen miles broad and deep; it has a fountain of water but almost entirely destitute of verdure, no carpet of green, no tree casting its inviting shade, only here and there a dwarf, scrubby-looking desert shrub. This country by the sea is supposed to be the Wilderness of Sin, in connection with which the astonishing miracle of the quails and manna is mentioned.

A short ride and we left the barren plain and entered the mountain ranges by the pass, The Valley of the Cataracts. The entrance was both grand and beautiful; the narrow pass was level and sandy, and seemed but the entrance to some lordly mansion. As we passed on it narrowed upon us, until it seemed that the passage must soon be stopped. We now commenced to ascend rapidly from the sea level. For an hour we climbed the rocky ascent, and pitched our tents among these rocky fortresses.

#### THE WRITTEN VALLEY.

A long day of eleven hours hard riding had wearied the body and invigorated the stomach. Our supper over we laid our weary limbs upon our beds to rest, the mountains around, our bulwarks; the everlasting God, our guardian. During the following day we passed over the pass of the Sword's point, and through the Valley of the Cave, and soon emerged into "The Written Valley." This has several peculiarities; lofty granite peaks rise up before you, but these rest on softer strata of free and sandstone. The action of the elements during the lapse of ages has crumbled away the foundations, and the overhanging masses have given away and tumbled into the valley below. In many instances as they have been torn away from their natural resting places, the clefts have been so regular and precipitous that you ride along the side of smooth, perpendicular walls rising far above your head, while at some distance back of them the tall, giant cliffs lift their huge forms. The sandstone tablets are invested with interest, for here, for the first time, we found ourselves gazing upon the mysterious characters that have so long excited the wonder of the traveler.

These inscriptions are far from being as numerous as I had expected, from some accounts I had read. I supposed I should find whole mountain sides covered with them, but it is not so; it is chiefly on these advancing

masses where the inscriptions struggle not by thousands, but at most by hundreds and fifties. They are much less numerous than the names of travelers on the monuments in the valley of the Nile since the beginning of the present century. As yet they have not been defined, though some Greek characters are found amongst them. I saw none that had been cut with the Engraver's tool. They appear to be simply scratched upon the rock, as if with some sharp instruments, the indentations being very slight. They appear much the same all over, as if executed by the same class of people. Most of them appear to be of the same language, and the inscriptions are as though containing but a single name. The letters are unlike those of any other known language. Their letters in size vary, generally from five to eight inches long; some it is said have been found from six to eight feet in length, and the figures of enormous size, requiring in their formation much labor. The drawing of animals that accompany them are as inexplicable as the letters themselves. There are dogs, horses, camels, bugs and other representations of various kinds.

*To be continued.*

## SEEK AND YE SHALL FIND.

BY SISTER LENA.



IN the morning as they were carefully putting away the contents of the basket, and thinking how long they would last, there was a rap at the door, and on opening it they were surprised to find the stylish Mrs. Graham there.

"Good morning, Mr. Deane; you see I have not forgotten you; and I have come to tell you that Mr. Graham wishes to see you at his office this morning; so you will please go as soon as convenient, and leave me to talk to Mrs. Deane and this sweet little girl who I see wants to become acquainted with me—don't you dear?"

"Yes mam, tause aint 'ou the lady that Dod told to send me some bed?"

"You dear little thing," said the lady, trying to wink back the tears, "I hope you will never want for bread again."

Poor Maggie felt ashamed of her shabby dress and scantily furnished room, but the lady did not seem to notice them at all. She soon saw that Maggie was her equal in every thing except money, for she was an intelligent, well educated woman.

"Now, Mrs. Deane, you will tell me, wont you, just what you need; for, remember, if your husband suits Mr. Graham, he will get good wages, and you can soon pay back all that I give you, or perhaps when you get well enough you can sew for me."

"O, gladly, for I understand the art of dress-making perfectly. But when neither of us could get work, we were obliged to sell my sewing machine to get food."

"Never mind, I have a good sewing machine, and I am far too idle to use it, so you can borrow it of me; and if you ever see the time you wish to buy it of me I will sell it to you. Now please do not refuse, for it is not

often that the desire to do good deeds enters my giddy head; so do not hinder me from doing good while I am in the humor. I will send the machine in a few days, and with it some things I wish to give this little lady, who thinks it was 'Dod' who put it into my head to be 'dood.' I must go now for it is getting late, but I will see you again in a few days."

It was late in the afternoon before Mrs. Deane had time to think how long Edwin had been gone, when Amy, on looking out of the window, began to clap her hands for joy, saying, "O, mamma, papa is tomin, and he is glad too, for he is whislin. See! see! mamma, des lite he used to."

Edwin came bounding in, caught his baby up—"Hurrah, papa's girl, is it hungry tonight?"

"Yes, but we's doin to have supper soon, and see," said she slapping her little cheeks, "wosies will tome soon."

"Well, dear Maggie, what do you think, Mr. Graham has not only hired me but has paid me a month's wages in advance so I could procure some decent clothes and other things necessary for our comfort; and when I seemed surprised he said his wife had interceded for me; and he had taken the trouble to go and see my old employer. He was told he could trust me. So he bid me take the money and come to work in the morning. So to-morrow morning I will dress up and be the once independent Edward Deane again, not the poor discouraged beggar. But, Maggie dear, it all seems so strange why Mrs. Graham, who is not known by her deeds of charity, should take such an interest in us. I expected she would not refuse me some bread, but I did not expect all this."

"Surely, Edward, you can see that it is all the work of the Lord. He knew there was a vacant chair in Mr. Graham's office that you could fill, and he put in their hearts to employ you. O, I thank him more and more; and I feel that I can never doubt his goodness again. Had we went on in our once prosperous condition I fear we would never have known and loved him as we now do."

There is no use in my making this little story much longer; for every little Hope can look ahead a few years and imagine the Deanes in a comfortable home, with many of the luxuries that they had once given up, now replaced, either by the busy hand of Mrs. Deane and her sewing machine, or by the economy and industry of Mr. Deane.

Amy now spends many a day at the house of their wealthy friends, for Mrs. Graham loves her dearly, and says it was by her that she first learned to love and serve her Savior. She never forgot what she said the first time she saw her, that, "Dess it was Dod put it in your head to be dood." And Mr. Deane no longer says the promise is false, "If ye seek ye shall find."

Dear Hopes, how often I wish I had the faith of a trusting little child, and was as free from sin, for, "of such is the kingdom of heaven." Let us ever strive to become more humble, more faithful, and put all our trust

in God; then, in time of trouble, we will, like Maggie Deane, find a sure friend in him who doeth all things well.—THE END.

## FRIENDSHIP.



**F**RRIENDSHIP is the kind regard with which we esteem those we love, and is awakened by an unselfish interest in their welfare.

There are two kinds of friendship, true and false friendship. "Friend" is only an assumed, or mock title, to those who follow and flatter us in our prosperity, only to desert us in our adversity. The little birds who sing so sweetly in our sunshine are most to desert us when a cloud appears. They do not deserve the name of friends; and, though they are often given the title, they are seldom looked upon as such.

True and unselfish friendship is that which only death can sever. It is the tie which binds the mother to her child; the mutual bond with which a brother regards the sister and the sister the brother, and the hero to his country.

It is one of the most sacred blessings our beneficent creator has given us. Without friendship this life would seem a blank. We can not too highly estimate the value of a true friend, nor too bitterly censure him who would dare to betray such a friend. How can a man be so base as to betray his best and truest friend. Yet there are such persons, persons who will barter their best friend for money.

Some thoughtful has expressed himself in the following terms:

"Better far than gold or jewels,  
In the night of grief and pain,  
Is the thought, through joy or sorrow,  
One true friend will still remain.

"Many friends may gather round us,  
In the day of wealth and power;  
But, alas! how few the numbers,  
In adversity's dark hour.

"Bosom friends may all forsake us,  
Choosing those to them more dear;  
Leaving only sad, sweet memories,  
All our after life to cheer.

Through the clouds that darkly gather,  
As this weary world we roam,  
Faithful friendship, like the Iris,  
Tells of brighter days to come."

MARY A. FREELAND.

ELVASTON, Illinois.

## CAST A LINE FOR YOURSELF.

**A** YOUNG man stood listlessly watching some anglers on a bridge. He was poor and dejected. At last approaching a basket filled with wholesome looking fish, he sighed:

"If now I had these I would be happy. I could sell them at a fair price, and buy me food and lodgings."

"I will give you just as many, and just as good fish," said the owner, who had chanced to overhear his words, "if you will do me a trifling favor."

"And what is that?" asked the other.

"Only to tend this line till I come back, I wish to go on a short errand."

The proposal was gladly accepted. The old man was gone so long that the young man began to be impatient. Meanwhile the

hungry fish snapped greedily at the baited hook, and the young man lost all his depression in the excitement of pulling them in; and, when the owner of the line returned, he had caught a large number. Counting out from them as many as were in the basket, and presenting them to the young man, the old fisherman said:

"I fulfill my promise from the fish you have caught, to teach you whenever you see others earning what you need, to waste no time in fruitless wishing, but cast a line for yourself."

## THE TWO HOMES.



**S**CHOOL for the day was dismissed, and the scholars, who numbered between forty and fifty, were all trying to see which could make the most fuss after being shut up in the schoolroom all day with books and slates.

Among the rest might be seen two girls walking along together talking and laughing with the rest as gay as any. They went the same path for a while, but directly separated and each went toward her own home.

We will follow one as she steps lightly along, humming some favorite tune; and we notice, too, that her dress, though calico, fits neatly, and her apron, cuffs and collars are as white as snow. She soon stops in front of a small, white house, in front of which are beds of flowers all in order, and over the door and the windows hang vines which almost hide the white window curtains, as well as the house, from view. It looks like it might be a home of the fairies, so pleasant and yet so small. As we step into the door we find ourselves in a small room, one well carpeted, and which contains several pieces of furniture well arranged. We pass through the house and each room looks the same, neat, nice and orderly. Even the kitchen, (which is often neglected in our homes), looks nice enough for a king's.

As the girl whom we have followed home steps into the door, her presence is greeted by all. She takes her place among her brothers and sisters, and is soon relating to them the sports and pleasures of the day. Surely such a home must be a happy place.

We will now notice the home of the other girl. She enters a large house, whose outside appearances as well as its surroundings show neglect. She throws her books on the bed and her bonnet on the floor, instead of putting them in their proper places. The room is in disorder; the floor is littered with scraps of paper and rags. No pleasant words or smiles greet her; all seem to be out of humor. The kitchen is quite different from the one in her companion's home; the floor is dirty, while all around you can see unwashed dishes. The broom is on the floor; the churn is tipped over and it looks as though the children had been dragging it around for their wagon, and you can hardly see through the windows for the dirt. No white window curtains, beds of flowers, or vines, are seen to help make this home pleasant.

Little Hopes, and big ones too, which one of these homes is like yours? If the first, then try and keep it so; if the second, then try and improve it. Too many homes of Saints are neglected in this way when there is no use of it. Let us begin and see how much we can improve the looks of our homes. We should set an example before the people of the world and let them know that if we are Mormons we are as nice as any body. Too many girls neglect their work to read trash, such as novels and other books that are of little or no use. Do your work, girls, first, and then see if you do not enjoy your reading better, and also read something worth your time.

SOPHIA WALLIS.

## LESSON ON COPPER.—No. 1.

*Description of appearance, quality, &c.*

The name of copper was derived from Cyprus, from whence the Greeks first obtained it. The Latin name of copper is cuprum. Its color is red. It is lustrous, or bright and glossy. It is malleable, and can be beaten very thin if required. It is ductile, that is flexible, or capable of being bent or lengthened. A pound can be made to stretch over a mile and a quarter. It is very sonorous, that is, it gives a loud sound when struck. It is tenacious, holds fast, sticks or mixes with other metals. It is supposed to be the lightest of metals except iron and tin. It is a good conductor of heat, or holds the heat very much. The Hopes will reap benefit in committing the above to memory.

E. E. ALTROP.

## Letters from the Hopes.

Shenandoah, Iowa, June 24th, 1879.

I attend Sabbath School and have the *Hope* to read. I am twelve years old. Father and mother and I were baptized a few weeks ago. I attend Church every Sabbath. I love to see the work of the Lord prospering, and wish to live right and to do all the good I can to promote the cause. I want you to pray for me that I may be a faithful follower of Christ. Your brother,

W. P. MURPHY.

Pawtucket, R. I., June 20th, 1879.

*Dear Hopes:* It has been a long time since I wrote to you, yet I often think of you. I have been quite unsettled of late, going here and there, and at last back to Pawtucket, but can never call this home. I love the beautiful West too well, and those grand old hills of Missouri, and the vast green fields of the future Zion. Will it not be glorious when we shall gather home, and all the dear Hopes be together. Well remembered by me are the bright eyes and the cheerful faces of the Hopes I learned to love in the West. May God bless the little ones and keep them pure and good is the prayer of

AUNT ANNIE HOLT.

Davis City, Iowa.

I have often thought while reading the *Hope*, what pains Uncles Joseph and Henry must have to take, in correcting and preparing the many letters and articles sent them by the young Hopes, to make them presentable for the columns of our little paper, and I pray our heavenly Father to bless them in their labor of love. I have a request to make of our poets. Will some one give us in rhyme, some rules for writing and composing? And then, dear Hopes, let us commit these rules to memory, that we may ever have them with us, so that we may learn to write correctly. Praying for the cause of truth, I remain your friend,

X. Y. Z.

Davenport, Iowa, June 14th, 1879.

Dear Hopes:—Our school lets out in two weeks. We are going to have a nice time. I take part in it. I am going to be examined for the fifth grade this week. Are not any of the Hopes coming to the Fourth of July here? There is going to be a grand time here. I am alone tonight; and while reading over the *Hope* I noticed that this is the last number of the tenth volume. I love the *Hope*, and I love to read its pleasant columns. I like to see that the little Hopes take so much pains in its care. I am trying to do right and love the Savior who died for us that we might live. Our branch is doing well. I ask the little Hopes to pray for me that I may be faithful to the end; and that we all may meet face to face on Mount Zion. This from your friend in the bonds of love,

CARRIE E. BRIGGS.

St. Joseph, Missouri, June 20th, 1879.

I am trying to live my religion, but I come far short many times. I wish to live nearer to God every day, but I tell you that there are many trials and temptations to pass through in our every day life. I hope that you will all pray for me, and I will pray for you. Yours in Christ,

CHARLES A. SMITH.

Shenandoah, Page Co., Iowa, June 24th, 1879.

Dear Little Hopes:—I am ten years old. I was baptized when I was nine. I go to school and read in the fifth reader. My teacher's name is Miss M. Tubbs. Our school let out last Friday, and will commence the first of September. We have a very nice Sabbath School. Nearly all are there every Sunday. My Sabbath School teacher's name is Mrs. Moore; she is my mother. We have no meeting house of our own, so we have meeting at eleven o'clock at private houses, Sunday School at nine, and prayer meeting at five o'clock. We are all in the Church, but my youngest brother. He is seven years old. With the hope of salvation in the kingdom of God,

LOTTIE MOORE.

Independence, Mo., June 17th, 1879.

I have just read the 24th number of the 10th volume through. It is a very excellent paper. Every child should have it to read. We have a Sabbath-school here. Your humble servant is its superintendent. We have a good time every Sabbath from 10 to 11 o'clock. I hope every branch will have a Sabbath School. With my love to all the children, I remain yours in Christ,

JOHN S. PAGE.

Shenandoah, Iowa.

I am a little boy seven years old. I don't belong to the Church, but my parents do. I go to school and my teacher's name is Miss S. Ritner. I don't know how to write, but my sister will write for me. Pray for me that I may be a better boy hereafter, so I can join the Church.

Your little friend,  
FREDDIE MOORE.

Burlington, Iowa, June 15th, 1879.

Brother Henry: I thought that I would write a little to the *Hope*. My age is nine years. I was baptized yesterday and confirmed to-day. I hope to be a better boy after this. When I was seven years old, I could hardly wait till I was eight to be baptized, but I did not care so much about it after that until now. Your brother,

BRODIE R. SELLO.

Belleville, Ill., June 30th, 1879.

Editors *Hope*: I send the following to be inserted in the *Hope*, as requested:

The Latter Day Saints' District Union Sunday School of St. Louis, comprises St. Louis, Gravois, Cheltenham, Belleville, Caseyville, and Alma Schools. Organized March 9th, 1879, in St. Louis. It is for the mutual benefit of each, and to bring into closer fellowship. The following are the officers elected: Wm. Jaques, of Belleville, president; R. D. Cottam, of St. Louis, treasurer; J. A. Kirke, of Belleville, secretary. It was resolved to meet every three months. At the following meeting in Belleville, June 8th, it was resolved to have a district pic-nic of the schools, in Belleville, on the fourth of July, where arrangements were to be made for the amusement of the scholars. It is hoped they will have a good time.

JAMES A. KIRKE, Sec.

Moorhead, Monona Co., Iowa, June 19th, 1879.

Although I have grown to the years of manhood. I am not ashamed to be called a Zion's Hope; for I do hope for Zion's redemption and glory, and also to be found worthy to be among that number that shall be called Zion. Often whilst thinking of the many trials that a believer in the gospel must pass through, I feel almost discouraged; yet were it not for these trials we would not be prepared to fully realize the glories of heaven, should it be our happy lots to gain this abode.

Do we as children in the gospel think sufficiently of the duty devolving upon us? Are we preparing ourselves, so that when duty calls us we will be able to go forward in discharge of the same; or are we idling away our time; caring not whether we live the life of a Christian or not. These questions are not asked to cast a slur upon any, but they are questions that we should all ask ourselves, and thereby examine ourselves, finding out whether we are doing our duty or not.

As there is hardly ever a letter from these parts, the Hopes, no doubt, will begin to think that we have forgotten that there is such a thing as Christianity; but, although we come far short of our duty, we are not entirely dead in this region as regards spiritual things. We have a flourishing Sabbath-school, with Bro. J. M. Putney as superintendent. We also have Church services every Sabbath, if the weather permits.

It has been nearly fifteen years since I joined the Church, being but eight years old at the time, and am still a firm believer in the principles of the gospel, knowing well that if my life is in accordance with the same, I shall be fully prepared to meet my Savior when called hence. Knowing that my life comes far short of my duty, but still hoping never to do that which will debar me from a place with the righteous, and asking an interest in the prayers of all praying people, I remain,

A Hope of Zion. JOHN W. WIGHT.

Paicines, San Benito Co., Cal., June 2d, 1879.

I was baptized September 14th, 1873, by Bro. J. R. Cook. My parents, my two brothers, and one sister belong to the Church. We have no meetings now. The crops are very bad here. There will be but little grain. It has been extremely warm the last three days. My love to all the Hopes. Your brother in Christ,

JOHN ALBERT LAWN.

Pleasanton, Iowa, June 20th, 1879.

It has been a long time since I had the pleasure of seeing our dear little paper. I miss it very much. I still love the gospel and see the necessity of living up to its teachings every day. I fear I go astray many times, but I hope, by the grace of God, to become stronger to overcome the temptations that are ever in the world to allure us from the path of right. I am truly thankful to God that I have been permitted to hear the gospel preached in its purity. Dear Hopes, do we think of the future and of the time we throw away in following the vanities of the world. I ask an interest in your prayers. Your sister in the bonds of peace,

ZELLA MOORE.

Great Staughton, England, March 24th, 1879.

Dear *Hope*: You are a welcome visitor, together with the beloved *Herald*, in this part of the world. I look for you every half month, and long for you to come, to read your precious pages. We do not have the privilege of meeting with the Saints, as the nearest branch is London, sixty miles away; so we cannot get there at least above once a year. The last time my father and I were there, there were good meetings throughout the day, the gifts being in the meetings; so we had our spiritual strength renewed, and I long for the time when I shall be able to meet oftener with the Saints. The last account I heard was that they have started a Sunday-school in London, and I hope and pray it may prosper and grow, as such schools are the means of teaching young Hopes the true and living way, and also what the requirements of the gospel are, such as they are expected to obey as soon as they get to the age of responsibility.

Dear Hopes, I have been trying to write some short pieces on copper for the *Hope*, if Bro. Henry thinks they will be instructive to you. I hope you will study the dictionary of those words that you do not understand. I

have put them in so that they will learn you about copper and the meaning of the words that are attached. I take two Hopes and one *Herald*, and when done with them, I distribute them with other tracts, as I think a great deal of good may be done in that way. Praying God to attend your precious pages, and be the means of gaining many Hopes for Christ, I am your brother in the gospel of peace,

ERASTUS E. ALTROP.

Magnolia, Harrison Co., Iowa, July 2nd, 1879.

I have not written for a good while. There have been six baptized since my last letter. My father and mother are going to Union Grove to two-days meeting next Saturday and Sunday. I like the dress of the *Hope* very well, but not as well as before. I think "Seek and ye shall find," and "Life sketches of an orphan," are real good pieces, and wish the authors would continue them. Bro. Chas. Derry has bought a place in Magnolia. I go to Sunday-school; there is no day-school now. I have two brothers that also go to Sunday-school. From your little sister,

ADDIE M. SHEPARD.

## NEBRASKA CITY SUNDAY SCHOOL REPORTS.

Report of Zion's Hope Sunday School of Nebraska City, Nebraska, for quarter ending December 31st, 1878: Number of sessions, 13; whole number present during quarter, 392; of verses recited, 925; of cash collected, \$5.84.

Officers: J. W. Waldsmith, Superintendent; N. Nielson, Assistant; Mattie Elvin, Secretary and Librarian; Leslie Waldsmith, Assistant; James Perrin, Treasurer.

Teachers of classes: Class No. 1, N. Nielson; No. 2, James Thompson; No. 3, Lizzie Elvin; No. 4, Amelia Osborn; No. 5, Ella Mott.

We feel thankful to say that our Sunday School is prospering. There is more interest taken than in times past, and we feel to go on in the good work, and also ask the prayers of the Saints for our Sunday School.

## QUARTERLY REPORT.

Quarterly report of the same school for quarter ending March 30th, 1879:

Sessions, 12; attendance, 369; collections, \$5.40. Total number of verses recited 410; of questions 687.

Anna Mickleson became entitled to first prize in class No. 3, for reciting highest number of questions, 296; John Anderson second prize in class No. 3, for highest number of verses, 46; Christian Myer same in class No. 4, 136; Rosa Chapell same in class No. 5, 19.

We are still prospering through the integrity of the Superintendent and teachers.

J. W. WALDSMITH, Superintendent.  
MATTIE ELVIN, Secretary.

## ANSWER TO PUZZLES, MAY 15TH, 1879.

TO SCRIPTURAL ENIGMA.—No. 3.

1 Abraham. 2 Balaam. 3 Cedars. 4 David. 5 Ecbatana. 6 Fortunatus. 7 Gershom. 8 Hamongog. 9 Isaiah. 10 Joshua. 11 Kings. 12 Lantern. 13 Moses. 14 Nathan. 15 Ophir. 16 Phebe. 17 Quartus. 18 Raphael. 19 Samson. 20 Three thousand. 21 Uza. 22 Vejezatha. 23 Wisdom. 24 X. 25 Y. 26 Zadok.  
No answers.

## ANSWER TO PUZZLES, JUNE 15TH, 1879.

1 To Word Puzzle.—No. 5.—Kate Bradley.  
2 To ENIGMA.—No. 2.—Bat. Bread. Rose. To. Vest. Is. Steve. Tea. Rabbit. Whole.—Robert Davis.  
Answers to 1 and 2 received from J. S. P.; X. Y. Z. And to 2 from Charles A. Smith and Addie M. Shepard.

## 15 July 79.

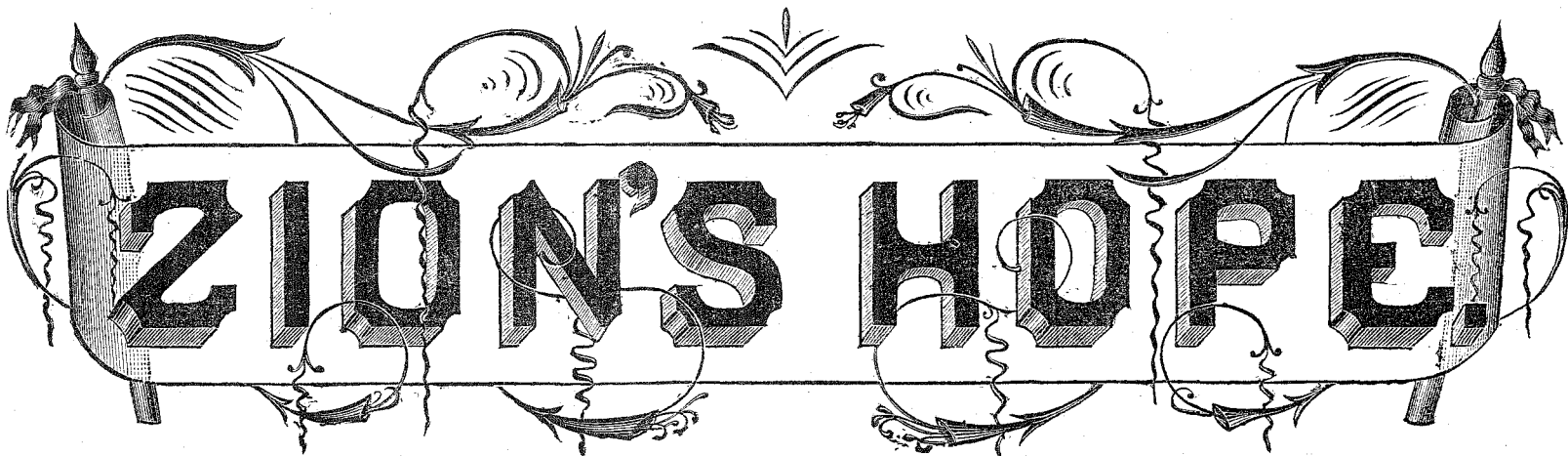
A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue. Owing to the fact that we make nothing on the *Hope* we would like to see subscriptions paid up as early as possible, and delinquent ones especially. With the small margin to work 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. 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.

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





"Even a Child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure."—Prov. 20 : 11.

VOL. XI.

PLANO, ILLINOIS, AUGUST 1, 1879.

No. 3.

### LATTER DAY WORK.

**G**OD hath led me strangely,  
This I surely know;  
For what purpose truly,  
Soon to me he'll show.

So I will be faithful,  
Trusting still in God,  
Looking for the promise,  
Given in his word.

Promise of this gospel  
In these latter days;  
He would raise a people,  
Show to them his ways.

As he did to Moses,  
In the days of old,  
E'er they grew rebellious,  
And worshiped gods of gold.

This gospel has been blind,  
For generations past,  
God has again revealed it,  
Through Joseph Smith at last.

The people oft despise him,  
For the good things done,  
Thus they did to Jesus,  
God's anointed one.

And this glorious gospel  
Has been sent to me,  
From the God of heaven,  
Thus to set me free.

CARRIE I. JOHNSON.

*A member of the Plainville Branch, Mass.*

### MAKE HAY WHILE THE SUN SHINES.

**H**AY is grass which is dried or cured for winter's use. Green grass contains from seventy-five to eighty parts of water in one hundred, and dry hay about fifteen parts, and the curing process consists chiefly in the elimination of the sixty to sixty-five parts of water.

The heat of the sun is the agent usually employed in the curing process. The cut grass is left lying in the field until it is dried or cured before taking it into the barn. The less time occupied in the curing process the better the hay. Should clouds intervene and the curing process be delayed, the hay will be injured and even become black, mouldy, or sour, and perhaps rotten. This is what is called bad hay. If it was not for the heat of the sun, the grass would have to be taken to a building prepared to receive it, and dried by artificial heat, thus incurring great expense. Hence we can see the necessity for diligence on the part of the farmer when the weather is favorable. Out of this necessity has grown the homely proverb, "Make hay while the sun shines."

But, however applicable our motto may be

to the farmer, its truth in general is of much wider application, and may be applied to all the affairs of life. Solomon says "There is a time for everything." Hence all duties should receive attention in their proper time.

This life is one round of duties, duties which we owe to our friends, to our neighbors, to our country, and to our God; and, as we can not attend to all of them at the same time, and as all are equally urgent, to each must be assigned its proper time, and when that time arrives give to the duty of the hour the necessary attention. Failing to do this we fail to "make hay while the sun shines."

A minute lost in the morning can not be regained during the rest of the day. Thus, if we neglect a duty to-day, we can not find time to perform it, as others are continually coming for their share of attention.

This life is given us to help each other, and to take up the toils and cares of life as they come, not leaving them for some one else. Even the little birds have their work and why should we, who have more talent and greater opportunities given us, wish to be idle when there is so much to do? Why should we wish to be despised for being idle, when we can accomplish as much as any body?

Let us draw a comparison between industrious and idle men. Go to any saloon and there you will see idle men, both young and old, lounging about. Young men may have no one except themselves to suffer for their idleness; but this should not be any excuse for them, as work is a duty which they owe themselves and their fellow beings. The older men may have families suffering at home for the necessaries of life while their providers are spending their time and money at the saloon.

Visit now the home of an industrious man. You will find him at his work, for he is not ashamed of work but "makes hay while the sun shines." His family are proud of their protector, and his industry supplies them with all the comforts and luxuries of life. His industrious habits and other characteristics, command the respect of those at home and abroad. There are many women of whom as much may be said.

These two classes of people may be compared to good and bad hay, for the good hay, (like good people) is always in demand, while the bad is never wanted when better can be had.

We should then, with the advantages that have been given us, accomplish all that is set apart for us, even though we think for a moment that it is too much, and be thankful that we have the health and strength given us to accomplish this work. Youth is the sunshiny days of our life, and we should "make hay while the sun shines," or, in other words to lay by something for darker days, which are sure to come, sooner or later. Let each of us try to do something that we will be proud to look back upon in after years.

Is it the idle men that have built our railroads and steamboats, erected our telegraphs, and printed our books? No; these are the works of industrious men, and we can see all around us many true benefits arising from their presence.

What would be the condition of affairs in our community if there were no industrious men? To them we owe our broad farms, well filled stores, busy machine shops, etc., that make our state the prosperous community it is. Without them we would suffer for the necessaries of life.

Who should we thank for all these blessings, the inventors alone? No. Who is it that endows the mind with these noble gifts? Is it any of the human family? No. Who but our Creator is capable of doing all this? And to him our thanks are due.

This earth is the hay field, we are the hay, and he is our sun as he cares for us all our lifetime. Now is the day of our youth, and also the sunshiny day of our life, and we should "make hay while the sun shines."

MARILDA NORTON.

### GRACEFUL SPEECH.

**T**HE value, to a young lady, of a copious, elegant, and expressive vocabulary, can hardly be over-estimated. Were she never to use the pen in epistolary or rhetorical composition, the beauty and charm of cultivated conversation would be a power that would add to her influence among intelligent persons, more than all the jewels ever worn. Add to this the fact that woman's tongue is her principal weapon—next to her eye, at least;—in appeal and menace, in raillery and scorn, in love and guidance, in song and prayer, what is there to equal a woman's speech?

While nature does much, reading and

writing do more in cultivating fluency and felicity of speech. Read the best English, and avoid the cheap and sensational literature of the day. Avoid vulgarity and slang in conversation. Use the same care in purity of language while talking familiarly in private, that is taken in public speech. But the best training is heart training. Here, as in oratory, it is out of the abundance of the heart that the mouth speaketh. If the law of kindness is within the heart, there will be "milk and honey on the tongue."

### MISSION OF THE DEWDROP.

**S**LOWLY after birds have chirped their sweet "Good night," and the glorious sun has gently laid his head in the lap of the west, and flowers, beautiful, blissful flowers, have closed for the night, then do we descend from our high home down to your sin-cursed, although beautiful world; down on our missions of mercy, light-hearted and gay.

Though we never expect to return, we are sent by our merciful Father, and why not be happy? We go to bless the earth; we snugly settle ourselves on the rich foliage of grand trees, and there we are called "jewels," for we sparkle and glisten so lovely in and beneath the rays of the pale, sweet-faced moon. We softly creep into the petals of sleeping lilies and other fair flowers which God has molded so delicate, yet so perfectly, touching their hearts, and giving them new strength and life as it were; we silently roll ourselves up in the bright, green leaves and quiver and rock to and fro at every motion of the night breezes. We linger on the tendrils of clinging vines, so that they may drink and be refreshed; in the tinted and fragrant leaves of the rosebud we curl ourselves, and play hide and seek. In some sweetly perfumed blossom you may find us, pausing only for a moment's rest, for our mission is great. Yes, we gladly do all possible good; for, although it is night, yet we must work for when the day dawns then we must go.

Hearken! you who are mortal, and learn a lesson from us; your Father has sent you as he has us. Do not frown, but take up your burden with a cheerful countenance, and see that you idle not, but, with willing heart and ready hand, work the commandments that he has given you, that will aid you. Do all while it is yet night with you, for tomorrow the "great day" dawneth and the Son of Man will come.

Then, if you have been slothful we hear the echo from anxious hearts, "O that I had worked in the time of work, that I had done that which was allotted me, so that in the morning I might have been ready to go with my Master."

But if thou hast been faithful and dutiful, have done the work that he gave thee to do, then joy and peace everlasting may be yours. Remember ye are as flowers in his kingdom, which are tended by his hand and watered by the dew of his affection. See that ye be as grateful for the blessings and the cup of

mercies that each of you are receiving, although there may be an occasional mingling of bitter, as the lilies are when their tiny cups are filled with drops of dew; and who in the sunny morn lift their crowned heads in thankfulness.

This, simply this, is our reward. Your's is a much greater one, and may you through joys and trials remember these simple words as only from the heart of a **DEWDROP.**

### CONTENTMENT.

Where e'er thy earthly lot be cast,  
Content thyself and praise thy God.  
So long as mortal life shall last  
Cling firmly to the iron rod.

The Lord has given each to bear  
A portion in this changing life;  
May all with pleasure seek to share  
His yoke and burden 'mid earth's strife.

And when reverses we may find,  
In life's short, fleeting, flying span,  
O, let us then content the mind,  
In doing kindest deeds we can.

Contentment; it will give calm rest  
To souls who're worn by time and toil;  
Let's be content to do the best  
We can, and Satan's evils foil.

And when across our pathway falls  
Things that try our spirits sore,  
Seek then thy chamber and there call  
For help divine, and God adore.

And Christ's sweet peace will then pervade  
Thy soul that's tossed by doubts and fears,  
For He a rest for all hath made  
Who do aright amid earth's tears.

O, may we lean upon the arm  
That hath the power to give us peace,  
And He will shield us from all harm  
And cause our sighings sad to cease.

Content thyself, if thou wouldst see,  
The joys prepared and held in store  
For those who will contented be,—  
Contentment opens pleasure's door.

Then let us pray the Lord of light  
To give this gift unto our souls;  
O, may we always do aright,  
Though our life's stream with billows roll.

Let us remember this one thing:  
That we are passing fast away  
Unto a place where we shall sing  
Praises, or in dread torment stay.

LUSTER J. ADAMS.

### LESSON ON COPPER.—No. 2.

*Districts producing the ore.*

Copper is found extensively in the British Isles. The copper mines are found in the Isle of Anglesea, counties of Cumberland, Staffordshire, Derbyshire, Devon and Cornwall. These mines produce annually several hundreds of tons of copper. Copper is also found in Ireland, Isle of Man, Siberia, Spain, Saxony, Russia, Sweden, North America, Canada, near the lakes of Superior and Huron, Brazil, Chili, Jamaica, Australia and New Zealand.

Those Hopes who have maps would do well finding those places that are mentioned, so as to make it more familiar to them, and would keep it in their heads better.

E. E. ALTROP.

### EGYPT, PALESTINE AND SYRIA.

No. 15.

PREPARED BY T. J. ANDREWS.



**H**AVING finished copying a few of the inscriptions, we continued our ride along the valley. At eleven o'clock we passed a flock of goats, some thirty or more, all black, with two young camels. A small Bedouin boy had charge of them. He was half naked, and the little clothing he had was so tattered he could scarcely keep them on. How the flock lived is a mystery, as scarcely a blade of grass could be seen. Soon after, we met a Bedouin carrying a lamb in his arms, which he wished our dragoman to buy, but he did not do so.

Towards evening we passed the home of our dragoman, in a valley among the hills; twenty-five or thirty low black tents, marked the resting place of his family, and the portion of his tribe, among which he held a sort of patriarchal dominion. He invited us to stop and share the hospitality of his family and people, offering to entertain us for the night; but it was not consistent with our plans, and we passed on. As we rode by the tent, several dirty, ragged children came out to gaze at us. One of them, a girl of twelve, the father caught in his arms, and kissed with apparent tenderness, informing us that she was his daughter. I took kindly notice of her and gave her some dried fruit I had in my bag, at which the father seemed highly pleased.

An hour and a half more and we had overtaken our baggage camels. Our tents had been pitched, and our cook was busy at his duties over the smoking fires and steaming kettles. An hour or two more and the light of our camp-fires had gone out, the curtain of night veiled tent, camel, and Bedouin, and deep sleep settled down upon us. Tomorrow we expect to encamp at the base of Mt. Sinai, the Mount of God.

At last we gained the summit of this outer mountain wall, guarding the passage to the secluded recesses of Sinai. At frequent intervals might be seen, sometimes on the precipitous bluffs, and sometimes on fallen fragments, some of those strange and unintelligible inscriptions before spoken of. Gradually the valley opened and the rugged aspect of the road wore away. I had again mounted my camel, and was riding leisurely along, when suddenly I thought I heard the faint, piping voices of children. I sent a searching glance about, but saw no human habitation. On looking down I perceived, almost under my camel's feet, three little Arab children sitting close together upon the ground. Each had an open hand extended upward in imploring attitude. Poor little creatures! Before I could lift my hand my camel had strode past them.

After two hours hard climbing in the rocky ravine, we emerged into "Waddy Rahah." Soon a sudden turn in the road brought us upon the entrance to an open plain, across which we could look in a south-

easterly direction, between three or four miles. At the farther end of this, rising directly from the plain, towered up a sublime elevation; it was the long desired object of our pilgrimage, the Mount of God.

### MOUNT SINAI.

We are now drawing near the hallowed mount from which the law of God was given. Our approach is from the northward, over the plain of Rahab, which means Plain of Rest, and on this plain it is supposed the children of Israel had their grand encampment during the giving of the law, and building of the tabernacle. As we approached we were straining our eyes to catch the first glimpse of human habitation. Soon the tall, dark forms of a few cyprus trees arrested our attention; now the green foliage of some smaller trees; then the wall of the garden, and the fort-like enclosure, and now the entire Convent of St. Catharine was full in view, resting in cheerfulness and beauty upon the eastern base of Sinai.

And now our journeyings are temporarily over, to find rest and refreshment after so many days of weary travel. We pitched our tents near Mount Horeb, about ten minutes walk from the convent. Let us take a look at Horeb. Its bold and frowning front is directly before and above us, rising up from the plain in an almost perpendicular wall, from two to three thousand feet into the air. The sight is grand and majestic beyond description; the emotions of my heart are too deep and powerful for utterance; with awe and reverence I approach the theater of those awful and impressive scenes, that more than three thousand years ago filled with astonishment and affright the assembled hosts of Israel.

### CONVENT OF ST. CATHARINE.

Our camp matters settled and dinner over, we hastily arranged our toilet, and, with our letters of introduction, we stood under the walls of the convent. We found them formidable, towering some thirty feet high. Little towers are built upon them, and, looking out from the port holes was occasionally seen the rusty muzzle of an antique looking gun. From the bottom of a roofed projection in the wall (in answer to our call) a trap door was opened upwards, two great ropes with hooks attached to the ends were let down by a windlass, with a request to send up our letters. We attached our letters from the convent at Cairo, and they were drawn up. After waiting twenty minutes, during which time a number of Bedouin women and children gathered around us, a door was opened in the wall of the yard, and a messenger appeared to escort us in.

After ascending two or three pair of stairs, we were invited into an apartment with large, broad divans arranged around the sides in true oriental style, and invited to a seat. Our dragoman acting as interpreter, we carried on a conversation in Arabic with an official of the institution. A servant now entered with water and arrack, and, soon after, he appeared with a plate of pressed dates, and we were invited to partake. We found in

the convent twenty-five monks. Robinson, in his work tells us how they lived five hundred years ago.

"They follow very strict rules, live chastely and moderately; are very obedient to their archbishops and prelates; drink no wine but on festivals; never eat flesh, but live on herbs and lintels, which they prepare with water, salt and vinegar; eat together in a refectory without a table-cloth; perform their offices in the church with devotion, night and day, and are very diligent in all things."

*To be continued.*

### SABBATH SCHOOL CELEBRATION.

**T**HE Olive Branch Sabbath School of the Lamoni Branch, celebrated the Fourth of July by a basket pic-nic, held in a beautiful grove adjoining the lands of the Order of Enoch. The order of exercises was hymns and songs by a well trained choir, prayer, oration, recitations, etc. The prayer by C. H. Jones was intensely patriotic—a new key note in the ages. The oration by Z. H. Gurley might be entitled the "Hand of God in our National History." It was a fusing of the fervor of the former days into the philosophy of the latter days, and its comprehensiveness and spirituality distinguishes it from all that the writer hereof has ever heard before. The reading of the Declaration was by E. H. Gurley. Some pretty verses were recited by Dollie Rodger, called "Home and Friends." Mamie Thomas recited verses written for the occasion. Nellie Barr, with her brother and sister, sang a spiritual song about Jesus as the friend who is ever near. O. L. Ferguson and ——— declaimed pieces. There were some grotesque exercises not in the regular programme, that I mention only to disapprove of. The merriment and enthusiasm were kept up till a late hour and all were proud as well as glad that the day had been so well kept.

SEDGWICK FARMER.  
Decatur county, Iowa, July 5th, 1879.

### ONE DROP OF INK.

**D**ON'T see why you won't let me play with Will Hunt," pouted Walter Kirk. "I know he does not always mind his mother, and smokes cigars, and once in a while swears just a little; but I have been brought up better than that. He won't hurt me, and I should think you would trust me. Perhaps I can do him some good."

"Walter," said his mother, "take this glass of pure, cold water, and put just one drop of ink into it."

"O mother, who would have thought one drop would blacken a glass so!

"Yes, it has changed the color of the whole, has it not? It is a shame to do that. Just put one drop of clear water in, and restore its purity," said Mrs. Kirk.

"Why, mother, you are laughing at me. One drop, nor a dozen, nor fifty, won't do that."

"No, my son; and therefore I can not allow

one drop of Will Hunt's evil nature to mingle with your careful training—many drops of which will make no impression on him."

### SUNSHINE.



**S**UNSHINE comes to us at all times. In times of sorrow and pain sunshine comes to cheer us and make our path brighter and lighter. Sunshine does not all come from the sun. It can enter every heart, if the love of God and man is there, and it is the privilege of God's children not only to enjoy the sunshine of love themselves, but also to bring it into the hearts and homes of others. Smiles and pleasant words are better than sunshine. Love and kind deeds are better than smiles and pleasant words, and the love of God in the heart is better than all. Smiles may be flattering, kind words may not be sincere, the love of man may be false, good deeds may be done for selfish motives, but the love of God in the heart can bring nothing but happiness and peace. It is sunshine to the heart, and it brings more enjoyment with it than the light of the sun does to the outside world. And now, in these times of troubles and trials, when the wrath of God is about to be poured out upon the face of the earth, ought not we, who claim to be the children of God, to consider it our duty to bring all the sunshine we can into the world, by being good to one another, and by bringing peace and happiness among the people of God. This is more beautiful, and vastly more useful than to spend our time in the vain pursuit of earthly goods. Carry sunshine wherever you go. Take it with you to the home of the sorrowful, and let it into your own life, into your own home, and into the hearts of your friends and loved ones. Live in sunshine yourself, and let it shine out from your path, and light those around you. Live true, noble, Christ-like, and do good to all around you, and by so doing bring sunshine into your own heart, and into the hearts of all those with whom you meet, and thus lay at your master's feet the most acceptable of gifts.

"Sunbeam of summer,  
O, what is like thee,  
Joy of the wilderness,  
Flower of the lea;  
One thing is like thee,  
To mortals given,  
The faith touching a l things,  
With hues of heaven.

MINNIE VARANA.

### THOUGHTS FOR THE HOPE.



**P**RESENT a few thoughts for the consideration of the Hopes, suggested after reading the very interesting article on "Coming to Jesus." To those who have not entered into the covenant I would say that before you do so count the cost; don't come to Jesus simply because you desire to please others; don't come because you love father or mother, or Elder such a one. But, dear Hopes, come to Jesus because you desire salvation, because you desire to serve God and to be his child; repent of all your

sins and obey the truth for the love of it; come with a desire and determination to give him your whole heart, to serve him; come determined to stand as a witness for Jesus at all times, and wherever you may be to never be ashamed to confess him before men, for he says "He that is ashamed to confess me before men I will be ashamed to confess before my father and the holy angels. You may be forsaken by kindred and friends, your name perhaps may be cast out as evil; all this you may expect if you choose to serve God and his Christ. Remember that the path he walked in was through tribulation, and if you desire to be a partaker of his glory you must also share in his sufferings. I pray you to prayerfully consider these things, and to count the cost and see if you are willing to forsake all for Christ; for it would be better far to never enter in than to turn away after you have entered. May God grant that all who enter in may do so with full purpose of heart, is the prayer of your sister in Christ,

S. C. HARVEY.

#### LETTER FROM MILLERSBURG.

SEEING the request of the editors for Sabbath school notes, etc, we thought to add our mite, and tell you of our pleasant little school. Bro. Wm. Allen is our Superintendent, and Bro. Wm. Boyle assistant superintendent. There is also a treasurer, librarian, and secretary. We have four classes, including one in the Book of Mormon. Total attendance during the past quarter 354, average attendance 25. The most interesting part of our school, to the older ones at least, is the Bible class, Bro. E. T. Bryant teacher. In discussing the different subjects brought up for consideration, by giving our views of the matter, and reasoning together, many things that before were not clearly understood are made plain to our minds, and we are thus mutually benefitted, and brought to a better understanding of the Scriptures. At other times, on some less important subjects we do not all see alike, and after a great deal of talking, each one seems to be "of the same opinion still." Then, as our good natured teacher says, we "agree to disagree," which we think a far better way than to get offended because some good brother or sister does not see just as we do. Sometimes those not of our faith come in and take a part with us. The Sabbath schools of this place had a union picnic a few weeks ago. Our school was kindly invited to join them, which we did, and had a very pleasant time. We spent the day in a shady grove on the banks of Edward's river, a short distance from town. There was a large open space near by, where games of various kinds were played by young and old; the little boys had what they considered fine fun, running sack races, and some of them insisted on their pas and grandpas trying it, which they did, to the great amusement of the lookers on. Some betook themselves to the water, boating and fishing. The boat ride was pleasant enough, and the sing-

ing on the water sounded clear and beautiful; but it must have frightened the fish all away, or charmed them so that they forgot they were hungry, for we do not think their numbers were diminished any by our visit. We returned home late in the afternoon, tired, weary, and sun-burned. I must not forget to mention that Sr. J. S. Patterson, of Kewanee, was with us. May God bless you and all his dear children everywhere. V.

#### "SHE DID NOT KNOW."

I DESIRE to write a few words which have just come to my mind. The thought was suggested by what I have just heard, and O, how my heart was pained to hear those words, therefore I can not refrain from writing them. The words were these:

A little girl, a Saint, whose mother asked her when she last read her Bible said, "She did not know." Think of it, she did not know when she last read her Bible! It must have been that she either had a poor memory, or it has been a great while since she read the Bible.

As the Saint's life is opposite that of the sinner, and if this is the Saint's life, I would say, let us turn sinners at once and search the Scriptures daily that we may be fed with the precious truths that are taught in the precious word of God, the Bible. And to parents I would say, it is a shame to know that your children have been thus neglected, while they are permitted to run here and there and partake of the vain follies of the world. God forbid that there are many such Saints as this. Yours in love of the truth,

M.

A bright boy was walking along the street with his mother, and, observing a man with a peculiar hitch in his gait approaching, he drolly exclaimed: "Look there, mamma! See how that poor man stutters with his feet!"

#### Letters from the Hopes.

Soldier, Iowa, July 10th, 1879.

I am still trying to live faithful, and I trust you all are. But it will do us no good to try unless we strengthen ourselves by prayer. The Lord says, "Pray that ye enter not into temptation." There are trials and temptations on every side of us, every day. Little Hopes, let us pray constantly that we yield not unto them.

Now I am going to tell you what I saw at a show the other day. Perhaps some of you have seen the same things, but to those who have not it may be interesting. Well, in the first place, I saw a man walk a rope. He walked to the end of it, then turned around and started back. On the way back he laid down on the rope and crossed his legs. The rope was stretched from a high pole to the top of the tent and was slanted up hill.

I also saw a great many animals, among which were camels, an elephant and a sea lion, but the most curious sight was a little woman. She was thirty years old, and about as large as a three year old girl. I saw a man take a huge snake in his hands, and I saw a pig play cards. But to tell you all that I saw would take too much space and time. Besides what I saw inside of the tents I saw something out side that grieved me. It was a boy, one about thirteen or fourteen years old, who was intoxicated. He was walking through the crowd, swearing and wanting to fight some one, while a boy younger

than he, whom I took to be his brother, followed him with tears in his eyes, trying to coax him away.

Our Sunday School is still held at Moorhead, and I rejoice in the work. I will soon be where I can attend more regularly, as my day school is nearly out. Good by. Love to all.

CELIA PADEN.

Newport, California, July 6th, 1879.

It is with feelings of pleasure that I write to you, and with gratitude to my heavenly Father for returning health. I have been prostrated on a bed of sickness for four weeks and am just getting about again. I have been healed through the laying on of hands. I was administered to several times, and received a blessing every time. One night I dreamed that an angel came to my bed side and brought me a little vial of medicine, and gave me some of it. He then set the vial on the head of my bed. I have improved ever since. I am fourteen years old. I have been in the Church nearly three years. We have a Sabbath School of about eighty members in this branch. I do not take the *Hope*, but I have most of them to read. I like to read the *Hope* very much. I ask the Hopes to pray for me that I may prove faithful.

Your sister, PRISCILLA JUDSON.

Gaylord, Smith County, Kansas,  
June 17th, 1879.

I am eleven years old, was baptized October 10th, 1878, by Brother James Caffall; also, confirmed by him and Brother Nelson Brown; at Valley, Douglas county, Nebraska. I have two little sisters and a brother younger than myself. I will send a dream that I had, and would like to have the interpretation to it. I ask an interest in the prayers of my brothers and sisters. My prayer is that we may prove faithful to the end. I am your sister in Christ,

THEODOCIA JEFFS.

Coalville, Iowa, July 18th, 1879.

We, the Hopes of Coalville, held on the Fourth of July, a Sunday School pic-nic. Our exercises commenced at eleven o'clock, singing hymn "My country 'tis of thee" in the Saints Harp; prayer by Brother T. R. G. Williams; also, Brother James Allen read the Declaration of Independence. Our friends were much pleased with our exercises. We then partook of the bounties of the earth, which God through the labor of our hands had given us. We invited our Methodist Sunday School friends, but they did not come to take any part with us. Our average attendance at Sabbath School is about twenty. That God will bless all the Hopes, the world over, is the prayer of your brothers and sisters in Coalville,

ZION'S HOPES.

#### SUNDAY SCHOOL REPORT.

The Crescent City Sunday School reports for the quarter ending June 29th. The average attendance 21, collection \$2.59. Officers for the ensuing quarter are as follows: H. N. Hanson, Superintendent; Assistant Superintendent, Agnes Lapworth; Treasurer, Agnes T. Lapworth; Librarian, William Strang; Janitor, John Adams. The school is improving and we hope that it will continue so to the end. C. W. LAPWORTH, *Secretary*.

1 August 79.

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.* 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.

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# ZION'S HOPE.

"Even a Child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure."—Prov. 20 : 11.

Vol. XI.

PLANO, ILLINOIS, AUGUST 15, 1879.

No. 4.

## A TEMPERANCE PLEDGE FOR LITTLE BOYS.

**A** PLEDGE I make no wine to take;  
Nor brandy red that turns the head;  
Nor whisky hot that makes the sot;  
Nor fiery rum that ruins home;  
Nor will I sin by drinking gin;  
Hard cider, too, will never do;  
Nor brewer's beer my heart to cheer;  
Nor sparkling ale my face to pale.  
To quench my thirst I'll always bring  
Cold water from the well or spring;  
So here I pledge perpetual hate  
To all that can intoxicate.

## PAPER MAKING.—No. 1.

BY M. B. WILLIAMS.

**N**OW very many persons there are who are constantly using paper, who have no idea how it is made, and for this reason I will try to explain to the readers of the HOPE the process of paper-making, and I trust that I may not become too tiresome in giving the details. I am writing this for the children, and I expect to use children's language, and, if there are those who can not understand it, remember that it is the best I can do, and of course it will be over-looked.

The materials from which paper is made are various. The paper upon which this article is written is made of rags; and that upon which it will be printed is made of straw. There are other kinds made of wood; and again other of old ropes, cotton and hemp. The paper of which our paper money is made, is said to be made of silk. Probably there are a great many more things of which paper could be made, if they were only known.

No doubt all of the children in the country have seen men going around with wagons filled with rags, and are still inquiring for "rags"; these men we call "rag men." Well, they take these old, dirty rags, which you have thrown aside as worthless, to the paper mills, and there sell them, for from three to five cents a pound, according to the quality; of course the best rags bring the highest price, and these rags are made into very fine paper. Linen rags are the best.

Did you ever think that this fine paper, upon which our thoughts are conveyed to the uttermost parts of the earth, first came from the cotton and flax seed? Well, this is the case. The seeds are planted in the earth, the sun and the rain cause it to germinate and grow; and it is then taken and spun into

thread, from thence woven into cloth, the cloth is made into garments that are worn by us until they have served their time, and then they go to the rag man.

Perhaps you are beginning to want to know by this time how paper is made. I will now proceed to tell you to the best of my ability.

In a paper mill there are nine rooms, which I will mention as I come to them. The first is the rag room. There are employed in this room about from thirty to forty girls and women, who take these rags and assort them, the colored from the white, (no woolen rags are used), and cut them into small pieces, cut off all the buttons, hooks and eyes, rip open all the seams, separate the cotton from the linen, and then they are ready for the duster. This duster is a large cylinder, covered with a fine wire screen, through which the dust can pass freely. This cylinder is about fifteen feet long and about four feet in diameter, with a pulley fastened to one end. When the rags are placed in this cylinder, there is a belt placed around this pulley, and that starts the cylinder to revolving, and as the cylinder revolves, the rags are shaken on the inside and the dust falls through this wire screen into a box below. This dust is sold again and made over into common brown wrapping paper, it is of course mixed with other material.

After the rags are dusted they are placed into another large cylinder, this one is made of iron, and about twenty feet long and seven or eight feet in diameter. It is then filled nearly half full of strong lime water. This cylinder also revolves. Then the steam is turned in, and they are boiled for a number of hours in this lime water, after which they are ready for the engine room.

We have passed through two rag rooms, first where the rags are assorted and cut, second where they are dusted, and where they are boiled is the third. Now we enter the engine room. The rags are placed in the engine. The first engine I will call a washer. A paper engine is not like a saw-mill engine nor a railroad engine, but it is like a large tub. Imagine a large tub about sixteen feet long, six and a half feet wide, and thirty inches deep, with a partition running through it lengthwise, and you will see a paper engine. This tub, or engine, is made of wood, lined with lead, to keep the wood from breaking off in the water and becoming mixed with the paper. The rags are placed in this engine,

or washer, as we have called it, to be washed.

But our engine is not yet complete, we have just the tub. Now we will imagine a cylinder or wooden roll, three feet long, and two and a half feet in diameter, with a shaft running through it, say ten feet long, projecting about six inches on one end, and six and a half feet on the other. This roll is placed in the engine, one end of the shaft resting on the outer edge of the engine, and the other running across the partition to the other outer edge. This roll is filled with steel bars running lengthwise of the roll, something like the knives of a common straw cutting box; this revolves with lightning rapidity, and strikes, or nearly strikes an iron plate below in the engine, and this action of the roll draws the rags around in the engine until they are washed white and clean, and torn into fine pieces.

From this washer they are let down through a hole in the bottom of the engine, into large bins, situated in the cellar, where they drain and bleach. We use a substance which we call bleach, for bleaching purposes. After the rags are bleached, they are brought up into the engine room again and placed in another engine made like the other. This is called the "beater," and in it the rags are drawn around in the same manner as before, until they are beaten so fine that one particle alone can hardly be seen. From here, this stuff, as it is called, (for it is neither rags nor paper), is again let down into the cellar, into a large tub, that will contain about three of these engines, where it is ready to be made into the sheets.

To be Continued.


## THEY ARE SAFE.

**I**T may be safely said to all of that great company of mourners whose children have gone away from them, that God has taken your babes, they are safe. They did not venture out into some great void, some vague and unexplored way, where the little wanderers were left alone to find their own way. If there be any use for angels, surely there is none more fit and beautiful than to bear in their bosoms, and convey to the presence of the all-loving God, the tender spirits of little children. Nor do we need to doubt that there is in the Father's house a place for them, and sweet company, and perfect blessedness, and gladness, innocence and friendship,

such as they could never have had here on earth. Children are cared for. He that was displeased when little children were kept from him; he who took them up in his arms, laid his hands on them, and blessed them; is he less mindful of children in heaven than he was on earth?

WM. STREET.

## INDUSTRY.

NDUSTRIAL industry wisely and vigorously applied, never fails of success. It is the means of leading a man upwards and onward, of bringing out his individual character, and of powerfully stimulating others to action.

That all men can rise to the same standard is impossible; but, if he cultivates the talents he has, he will become capable of occupying a higher position than if he had neglected to give his powers the required cultivation. If a man's natural abilities are great, they certainly should be cultivated; but if, on the contrary, they are small, there is more room for improvement, and in order that he may have the requisite intelligence to be successful, more attention should be paid to their cultivation.

A hearty industry promotes happiness. In some cases, however, men of the greatest industry are the most unhappy. This is generally caused by infelicity of disposition. In some dispositions there are qualities which make happiness impossible under any circumstances.

At all times industry, or activity of some kind, is necessary to true happiness.

Never is satisfaction obtained from indolence or idleness, but from industry and usefulness. A poor man with industry is happier than a rich man in idleness, for labor makes the one more manly, and riches may unman the other.

Everything must be secured by diligence. Every product of the earth is susceptible of improvement. Through this, man not only obtains the gifts of nature by labor, but these gifts become more valuable by bestowing upon them skill and cultivation.

A man who amasses his riches through steady and useful industry builds upon a rock, and commercial disasters seldom overthrow him. But if he has obtained them through speculation, or through any other means by which they have suddenly become wealthy, to him such disasters may prove fatal.

Men are generally pressed with a most unprofitable haste. The desire to reap the results of industry before they have sown the seeds. The long delay in gaining wealth by the industrial trades is considered by some as a fatal objection to them, and, consequently, other means of becoming wealthy are employed—those that are more rapid, but not so legitimate.

Young men often have a contempt for small gains and hard labor,—to do ones own errands, or to wheel ones own barrow, is disreputable. There is honor in every honorable industry. A man who has raised himself from a humble calling to a higher position, ought not to be ashamed, but should be proud

of acknowledging the difficulties which he has surmounted.

Even if a man has no greater ambition in life than to gather riches, he must be industrious; it is a low view of industry that regards it only as a means of gaining a livelihood. A man's business is his part of the work of the world. He may like it or dislike it, but it is labor, and requires close attention and earnest application.

To be thorough in his business, a man must check his fancies and restrain his impulses. The perpetual call which business makes upon a man's self-control, the constant use of the intellect and stress upon the will, and the responsible exercise of judgment, constitute culture which, though possibly not the highest, strengthens and invigorates him, if it does not refine. To be diligent and industrious, it is necessary to possess a love for the work in which one is engaged.

Industry gives character, or at least a man's reputation is formed by his diligence. Other good qualities are associated with industry. In most cases a diligent man is also an honest one. When industry and knavery are found combined, men wonder at it as a strange coincidence.


It is not talents, or acquirements, but enthusiasm and energy, that win the battles of life. The occupation of both the great man and the common man are, for the most part, the same, for all business consists of minute affairs, which require judgment and diligence.

In any ordinary business of life, industry can do anything genius can, and in some cases, more. Genius performs things at one impulse, while industry succeeds by a series of actions. They differ mostly in rapidity of execution, and are on the same level before men who see the results and not the progress of the work. Everything from which the author or inventor has received any permanent renown, required long and patient labor.

Every man has a mission in life, and when he has obtained a knowledge of what that mission is, he should do it with all his might. A man must be his own helper; he must be diligent and watchful, and if he does not win success, he will at least have deserved it.

GERTRUDE.

## VILE LITERATURE.

HE *Catholic Standard*, speaking of the ruin wrought among young people by devouring the demoralizing reading matter so freely spread before them at low price, says: "Is it not time for parents to look into this matter? The country is flooded with trash, published specially for the young, much of it written by authors who wished to be considered respectable, and bearing the imprint of respectable publishing houses. The most dangerous portion, too, of this trash seems, to a superficial examiner, harmless, to be at worst only silly, and exaggerated, and highly colored. But, in these seemingly innocent exaggerations, and high colorings, lies hid a subtle poison. It dissatisfies its readers with their commonplace routine of youthful duties, with subordination to the authority of

parents and teachers. It causes them to long to be independent, to strike out in life for themselves, to become men and women at once, though they have not yet outgrown the garb of childhood. It stimulates precociously their imaginations and passions, and prepares them for vice and crime. Many a father and mother who mourn in agony, hopes blasted in a ruined daughter or son, might find the cause, if disposed to review the past, in his or her own neglect to supervise and direct what that daughter or son habitually read when a child. There is a responsibility here, which few parents, it is greatly to be feared, fully realize, or faithfully discharge. There are parents who carefully endeavor to guard their children against forming intimacies with other children, by whom their morals might be corrupted, but who exercise no care as to what books and papers they read. Yet in this age of universal reading, the latter is a danger, almost, if not quite, as serious as the former, and one that should be diligently guarded against.

## EGYPT, PALESTINE AND SYRIA.

No. 16.

PREPARED BY T. J. ANDREWS.

HISTORY OF THE CONVENT.



THE founding and history of the convent is thus stated: Soon after the year 300 A.D., Helena, mother of Constantine, at the advanced age of three score years, yet possessing the elasticity and vigor of youth, made a journey to Palestine, founded the Church of Nativity at Bethlehem, another upon the Mount of Ascension, and made at Calvary, (as many affect to believe), the discovery of the true cross. In her pilgrimages Sinai was not forgotten. Hither she bent her steps, and, near the well of Jethro, discovered the actual spot upon which the burning bush stood; and upon that spot she erected a memorial tower. The place thus selected and honored was chosen by Justinian as an appropriate place for a Christian refuge and fortress. Around the little church which Helena erected, clustered the buildings of the convent. The lapse of time has wrought changes in the interior. Once, it is said, there were thirty-six chapels, each devoted to the worship of a separate sect. Now the Greek ritual only is chanted here.

### JETHRO'S WELL, AND THE CHURCH OF THE TRANSFIGURATION.

Descending from the upper rooms we were taken to the well of Moses. This spring is pointed out as the place where Moses drew water for the flocks of Jethro; and a little up the valley to the left is a round topped hill, as the place where his house stood. The monks keep a cup chained to the fountain, and taking a drink from the fountain we passed on and entered the Church of the Transfiguration.

This is an interesting place, hung with numerous pictures, representations of Scripture scenes, apostles, saints and martyrs. And some portions of it are furnished in a costly and curious manner. The floor is a beautiful one of tassellated marble pavement; while

the altar screens and other fixtures are beautifully embellished with gold. The vaulted roof of the chancel, finished with costly and elaborate work, is the crowning beauty of the whole.

The central part of this is a rich Mosaic representing the Transfiguration. The figure of Christ occupies the center. Moses stands upon the right and Elijah upon the left. The three apostles are beneath, Peter prostrate upon the ground. A large border encircles the whole. In this are wrought numerous busts of apostles, martyrs, and saints in oval tablets, and a Greek inscription is around the lower part of the picture. Behind the altar, standing upon an elevated platform, is a small marble sarcophagus. In this are deposited the remains of St. Catharine, or Helena, the mother of Constantine. This marble chest in which the remains repose is kept securely locked, and it is said that only the skull and one hand remain. These are richly set in gold.

#### CHAPEL OF THE BURNING BUSH.

A few steps more brought us into the "Chapel of the Burning Bush." This owes its location to the keen-sightedness of Helena, in discovering localities. We were not conscious of being so near holy ground when our guide motioned us to take off our shoes, setting us an example by setting his own one side. The votive offerings of pilgrims are numerous, and a number of rich lamps are suspended from the ceiling, in two or three of which a faint light is kept continually burning.

A little recess, a small spot about three feet one way by two feet the other, was covered by a kind of altar and overhung with richly wrought tapestry. The space beneath was overlaid with plates of burnished silver, and the floor about spread with costly pieces of carpet. Our monk fell upon his knees and reverently kissed the spot. "This," he said, "is the identical spot where stood the burning bush."

From this chapel we passed to the mosque and garden. A mosque in a Christian convent is a congruity that needs an explanation. The mosque originated in an order from Selim, the Ottoman emperor, to have all Christian establishments destroyed. The priests here learning of the order immediately went to work and built a mosque within their walls. This show of subservency to the reigning followers of Mahomet saved them, and the mosque has ever since remained. It is now in a dirty, dilapidated condition, and it is said the call to prayer is never heard from the minaret unless some Mahomedan dignitary is near.

#### THE CONVENT GARDEN.

This is on the north of the convent, and enclosed by a high stone wall, and is reached by a low subterranean passage, secured by an iron door. The beauty of spring was upon it, vegetables, &c., were growing finely, and the trees were in full blossom, filling the air with rich fragrance. Our guide called attention to a bush growing in the garden, and he assured us that it was the identical kind of a bush from which Moses cut his rod. I inquired

if I could be allowed to cut a walking stick from it. To this he assented, and I took a piece of it home as a sort of sacred relic, but not with the idea of working miracles.

#### THE CHARNEL HOUSE.

This is a chamber in the hill side, located in the midst of a verdant area. Some lights, a dish of burning charcoal, and a handful of incense to destroy the horrid effluvia having been procured, we followed the guide through the low, dark, vaulted passage. Arriving at the chamber, the flickering tapers revealed the purpose to which this gloomy recess has been devoted. It was literally a place of skulls and human bones. For generations they had been accumulating here. The bodies after death are left somewhat exposed, until the flesh had wasted away, and then the bones, without coffin or winding sheet, are stowed away in this lone tenement of the dead.

Of these rooms there are two of equal size, connected by a low doorway. In each you see a huge pile of skulls promiscuously thrown upon the ground, mingled with dirt and rubbish, and covered with the gray, fuzzy mold of ages. The remainder of the skeleton is then doubled up into as compact a space as possible, and piled up one upon another, layer behind layer, from floor to roof, as a farmer would cord his wood.

Some of the more sanctified ones are honored with a box, and some have special prominence upon some niche or elevation. The bones of others are tumbled into a basket and suspended with cords from the roof. In one corner, perched upon a pedestal, was a skeleton in a sitting posture, bone settled into bone, an old silk cape of rich material and beautifully worked, thrown carelessly around the shoulders, and a monk's cap on the head. His long, naked teeth grinned horribly from beneath his strange head dress, and the whole aspect was so ghastly as to make one's blood chill. Its history was told us by the monk. His self denial, fastings, and unusual acts of devotion, had excited the admiration of some European Princess, and the cap and cloak were bestowed by her upon the remains as a token of regard. In a small box, two feet broad, were shown us the skeleton remains of two brothers, sons of a Persian Prince, who came to this place to end their days in seclusion. They bound themselves together with a heavy iron chain. Thus they wore away the weary days of life, and died together.

We were glad to turn our backs upon the nauseating place, to breathe again the fragrant air of the garden. It is now near night, and, all points of interest seen, we returned to camp and make arrangements with guides to climb the mountain to-morrow.

To be Continued.

#### FIVE LITTLE KITTENS.

Not long since, Grandpa had occasion to set a hen, and both the children were present when it was done. Two days after, Freddie was playing in the barn, and in a snug corner, discovered the family cat with five young kittens. He ran to the house and made his discovery known in the following unique way: "O, grandma, grandpa has set the old cat, and she has hatched out five little kittens."

## MY FIRST BIBLE CLASS.

**I** LOVE to think of my boyhood days, and to associate for a few moments the past with the present. Of course I mean all the pleasant things that happened when I was a boy. One of these things was my going to my Bible Class. I only wish I could tell the little Hopes how very funny it appeared to me. It was nearly forty years ago, and the boys where I lived did not hear much about Bible Classes or Sunday Schools.

I was walking out one very fine Sunday afternoon in July. I took a certain road where I thought I could find some other boys, for you know boys like to be together, and sure enough I saw two of my old playmates coming. They were the very boys I wanted to see, and it was not long before we met, and we were so glad to see each other. So we sat down on the grass to consider what to do. The fact of the matter was we wanted some fun, and to spend the time as pleasantly as we could; but while we were talking, another boy, whom we knew very well, came along, and he was always so full of fun. He said:

"Come on boys, let us have a good time of it this afternoon; come with me."

"Where are you going?" we asked.

"Going to Bible Class," he said.

We all looked at each other and burst out laughing, for it was the funniest talk we ever heard. We were all young and had never been to a Sunday School in our lives; but the proposition suited us all, and we were soon there.

I think that I shall never forget my first impressions there. The school was held in what we called a chapel; and when we entered, we found about ten or twelve other boys sitting around a white-haired old man, who seemed so very good and kind that it took away all my desires for fun. When we were seated he turned around and asked who led the children of Israel out of Egypt into the promised land. Of course I could not tell him, for I knew very little about the Bible then. But one boy thought he knew, for he said in a very loud voice, "Napoleon Bonaparte."

"Oh, no," the good old man said, "try and guess again."

But we were all silent and then he told us it was Moses. He then talked to us about God's goodness to his people, and how kind he was to all those who would love him, and said, "You can read about it in the Bible."

This was my first Bible Class experience, which I shall never forget; and, although I was a small boy, yet I returned home with a new resolution, that, from that time, I would read the Bible; and it was largely owing to my keeping this resolve that when, two or three years afterwards, the Elders came to the little town in England where I lived, that I obeyed the gospel, because I knew their preaching was Bible truth, while what the other preachers said was not. I was then about fourteen years old, and how pleased I used to be that I could prove everything we

believed by the Bible, and every little Ho should be proud to know that every good Elder can show the errors of those who have not the truth, even by the Bible. But you must study it often, and study it carefully. You must become a student of the Bible; and, if faithful to other duties, there will be no fear of your being anything but a true Latter Day Saint; for every child can prove all that we believe by the Bible, while the other religious people can not.

I was once on a mission at a distance, and a lady said, "I wish you could do one thing for me, and if you can, I shall be satisfied."

I said, "What is it?"

"Why prove to me that the Book of Mormon is true?"

She was a good woman, and I proved to her by the Bible that it was true, and she thanked me, and she and her husband became Latter Day Saints. But it was the Bible that did the work. It is such a treasure. Well may the hymn say,

"Holy Bible, book divine,  
Precious treasure, thou art mine;  
Mine to tell me whence I came,  
Mine to teach me what I am."

WM. STILL.

## RATTLE OF THE BONES.

**H**OW many bones in the human face?  
Fourteen when they are all in place.  
How many bones in the human head?  
Eight, my child, as I've often said.  
How many bones in the human ear?  
Three in each, and they help to hear.  
How many bones in the human spine?  
Twenty six, like a climbing vine.  
How many bones of the human chest?  
Twenty-four ribs and two of the rest.  
How many bones the shoulders bind?  
Two in each, one before, one behind.  
How many bones in the human arm?  
In each arm, one; two in each fore-arm.  
How many bones in the human wrist?  
Eight in each, if none are missed.  
How many bones in the palm of the hand?  
Five in each, with many a band.  
How many bones in the fingers ten?  
Twenty-eight, and by joints they bend.  
How many bones in the human hip?  
One in each;—like a dish they dip.  
How many bones in the human thigh?  
One in each,—and deep they lie.  
How many bones in the human knees?  
One in each,—the knee pan please.  
How many bones in the leg from the knee?  
Two in each,—we can plainly see.  
How many bones in the ankle strong?  
Seven in each, but none are long.  
How many bones in the ball of the foot?  
Five in each, as in the palms were put.  
How many bones in the toes, half a score?  
Twenty-eight, and there are no more.  
And now altogether these many bones fix  
And they count in the body two hundred and six.  
And then we have in the human mouth,  
Of upper and under, thirty-two teeth.  
And we now and then have a bone I should think,  
That forms on a joint, or to fill up a chink.  
A Sesamoid bone, or a Wyrmanian we call,  
And now we may rest, for we've told them all.

## LESSON ON COPPER.—No. 3.

### Process of Preparation.

The copper ore is obtained by mining. Taken from the mine and removed to the surface, it is ground above the mine and broken into small pieces. The best ore is separated from the inferior or worse kind. It is crushed under large hammers, or in mills, or grind-

ers, (machines consisting of heavy revolving rollers), then it is passed through sieves, washed in large cisterns, and sold to the smelters. Smelting is performed chiefly at Swansea in South Wales. Fuel is cheap and accessible, or easy to be gotten, ready means of export and plentiful supply of a valuable return of cargo, for vessels bringing the ore. Smelting consists of about ten different processes. The metal is produced in various forms, namely, ingots, slabs, sheets, &c. Devon and Cornwall export the ore to South Wales. Copper is exported from Swansea, London, Liverpool, &c.

E. E. ALTROP.

## Letters from the Hopes.

ELIZA, Mercer Co., Ills., July 23rd, 1879.

*Dear Hopes:*—I am fourteen years old. I was baptized when I was nine. We live seven miles from the Church. They have a Sunday School regularly there. Our school house is three-quarters of a mile away, and they have Sunday School there also. It is a Union Sunday School. I am trying to do right, but there are so many trials and temptations in the way, and many things to draw us from the right course; but nevertheless let us try to do that which is right, and continue to walk in the straight and narrow way, that when we come before the throne of God he will say to us, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Pray for me, and I will pray for you. Your brother in Christ,

W. M. KECK.

DENVER, Colo., July 25th, 1879.

As I never see any letters from here, I thought I would write. Denver is a beautiful city, and we like to live here real well; but we would like it better if there was a Church and Sunday School, such as we were used to in St. Louis. There are very good day schools here. The weather is very hot here during the day, but cool at night. Mamma says that she thinks the same as Uncle Joseph does about singing and learning to play. We have an organ and I am taking lessons. I trust the Hopes of St. Louis have not forgotten me, for I often think of them and our dear teacher, Evaline Allen. Your little friend,

LILLIE TOMLINSON, aged 12.

EDGERTON, Mo., July 30th, 1879.

I feel like exhorting you all to live faithful, and give diligent heed to the commandments of God. Truly God is good, and he loveth the good among his people; therefore has he condescended to give us a law for our guidance, and if we will do as he has told us we will be blessed, both in this life and in the life beyond the tomb. I trust that all the little Hopes, (and big ones too,) are trying to live by every word that proceedeth from the mouth of God. He has given us the Word of Wisdom, and told us that we would be blessed in observing it. And, dear Hopes, when we reflect on the increase of pestilence and death, and on the wickedness of men, in adulterating certain articles of food and drink, we will at once see the wisdom of our Creator, in letting us know what is best for us to eat.

Let us prove the Lord, and see if he will not be as good as his word. I know that I can stand up under fatigue a greater length of time when I avoid the use of stimulants, than I can otherwise. I have been in the midst of sickness and death the greater part of the last three months, and at times I had scarcely any rest, day or night, for a week at a time; but, by living temperate in diet, and using no tea or coffee, I have been able thus far to keep up, and this to the surprise of those who knew the rest I had lost. I do not write this to boast, for I am weak; but I know that my heavenly father blessed me, and I want to let you know that his word is true.

And now, little Hopes, I would urge you all to live temperate in all things; in work, sleep, and diet. Do not turn night into day, as many do, to follow after the follies of the world, but take rest at the proper time. Above all things, let Sunday be a day of rest with you, both for

mind and body; for this is necessary to both our mental and physical energy. It is a law of nature; and, when we violate this law, evil consequences follow. My prayer is that we may all give diligent heed to all the requirements of a perfect law, that we may gain a perfect salvation.

M. J. MARCHANT.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., July, 1879.

I have often thought I would write you something about Rhode Island. First, of Naragansett Bay. It is just lovely, leading on to the mighty ocean; all along its banks are places of resort, called shore places, for shore dinners, or clam bakes. Every one, rich or poor, must have at least one sail down the bay during the season. This is all nice, but to me the family clam bake is the best. One or more families hire a large wagon, take cooking utensils and provision, all but the clams. These the men and boys dig at low tide. The women make the chowder, and spread the cloths on the ground, for want of a table. The clams are baked by heating stones very hot, put the clams on them, some green corn, then a large blue fish, and cover with sea-weed. In a half hour they are ready. Then commences the fun. Large tins are filled with smoking clams. Now everyone for themselves, and such splendid times close beside the beautiful waters, and under the grand old trees. Then is the time I think of the dear Hopes, and wish you all could be there to one clam bake.

I often wonder how any can be selfish. If I enjoy any thing, I want every one to be happy too. The great God has given us so much to enjoy. Let us ever praise him; let us ever strive to do good and be good. We may not be able to do any big thing, yet we may all do a little towards making the world better for us having lived in it. Dear Hopes, strive to be faithful, and you shall have a glorious reward.

ANNIE HOLT.

PLANO, Ills., July 28th, 1879.

I like to read the *Hope* and all the letters. They are very good. I am eight years old. I am not baptized yet, but I intend to be soon. My parents, and my brothers and my sister, are members of the Church. Pray for me that I may be a better girl.

ELLEN M. CRICK.

CARBON, Wyoming Ter., July 29th, 1879.

I thought this evening that I would have a little spare time so I could write a letter. The last time I wrote I was in Nortonville, Contra Costa County, California, but since that we moved here. There is no Church and no Sunday School here whatever. It seems so strange here. I wish one of the Elders would visit this place; they would have the school house any time. I think there are a few old Saints here, not many. I do not belong to the Church yet, but I hope to be a member as soon as I can.

Your friend,  
MARGARET A. DAVIS.

CLAY CENTER, Kan., August 4th, 1879.

A boy must not lie, for God loves not a lie. I am seven years old.

BERTIE HARDER.

## 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 August 79.

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.* 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.

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



# ZION'S HOPE

"Even a Child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure."—Prov. 20 : 11.

VOL. XI.

PLANO, ILLINOIS, SEPTEMBER 1, 1879.

No. 5.

## HASTY WORDS.—No. 1.

Selected by Cynthia M. Loomis.

**66** OTHER, please look here, and see my pretty block-house. When I'm a man we'll have one just like it."

I glanced at four year old Harry, who had constructed a most wonderful edifice in the middle of my sitting room.

"I am afraid it would not keep out much of the snow," said I.

"But it would be so nice in summer," said Harry, laughing merrily; and, springing to my side, he threw his little arms around my neck, saying, "Oh, mamma! I love you so!"

"Harry," said I, kissing him, "will you run and tell Bridget to have warm biscuit for tea?"

He started quickly, and as he started, his foot caught in a light stand, upon which I had placed a rare Parisian vase, with a rose bud just unfolding its crimson petals in it. The stand fell over, and the vase, (a gift from my dead mother), was shattered.

"You naughty boy," said I, angrily, "you deserve to be whipped. Pick up those pieces instantly, and put them in the coal-hod."

He stooped and carefully picked up the fragments, cutting his little fingers as he did so against the sharp edges. He carried them away, and was gone some time. When he returned, it was with something clasped tightly in his hands. Coming to me he placed a five cent piece in my lap, saying timidly,

"Will that buy you a new vase, mamma?"

What possessed me to take the coin, the cherished treasure that a kind neighbor had given him for some little office, and then throw it from me, I know not. Harry picked it up, with tears running down his face, and sat down upon his stool, with his hands folded so meekly. Presently he said:

"May I go and play with Eddie Potter?"

"I don't care where you go," said I, crossly, "so you keep out of my sight."

Harry went to the closet where his coat and hat hung, put them on, and came and stood by my side.

"Mamma, will you please forgive me, I'm so sorry," and he put his lips up for a kiss.

I pushed the little fellow away. He stood by the door a moment, looking pitifully at me. It is twenty-five years ago to-day since he stood there, but I can see him with his blue

coat, and red and gray worsted skating cap, and the little red mittens, as if it were but yesterday. But I looked coldly at him. The door opened and shut, the little feet went slowly down the stairs. I heard him go out and unfasten the gate, and, looking out of the window, I saw the little fellow lift his face with a smile as he saw me, which gave place to a pitiful quiver of the lips, as he saw that I took no notice of him.

I watched the darling down the street with a strange, undefined feeling, till the little coat and red mittens were no longer visible. Twice a sudden impulse moved me to call him back, but I crushed it down. O, would to God I had!

I sewed all through the afternoon. At four o'clock I put away my work, and sat by the window. Conscience began to reproach me for my conduct.

"I don't care," said I, "my beautiful vase is a ruin."

"What is the value of all the vases in the world, compared with your child? Have you not spoken crossly to that dear little Harry, who is always so cheerful and obedient? And this is not the first time, either, and you calling yourself a Christian mother, too. Suppose Harry should be taken suddenly from you. Wouldn't your cruel words haunt you forever?"

I could bear this no longer. I rose, and picked up the stray litter about the room, to give it a more tidy appearance. Then I went to the window, peering anxiously through the gloom, but seeing nothing of my boy. My heart became terribly heavy. The suspense was unbearable. Hastily throwing a shawl over my head, I ran into Mrs. Potters.

"Have you seen Eddie?" was the question before I entered the room.

"Have you seen Harry?"

"He was over here at half-past two. He and Eddie went over to Josie Gray's. I think—"

What she thought, I never knew, for, at that moment, Eddie rushed in screaming,

"Mother, mother, Harry Loring is drowned! We were sliding on the mill-pond, and there was a hole in the ice with snow on it, and Harry didn't see it and—"

"Hush, Eddie!" said his mother, looking at me fearfully, "here is Mrs Loring."

There was a great silence in the room,

broken only by the blithe, sweet voice of a canary, and the purr of a Maltese cat. Presently Mrs. Potter came toward me, and placed her hand softly upon my shoulder, saying,

"Ella, my poor child."

I never moved, but sat with wide open eyes upon an awful picture. A cold, gray afternoon; a pond; little boys playing upon it; one little figure well known to me, suddenly disappearing through the treacherous ice, down, down, the little hands grasping at cruel weeds, the sweet mouth full of water, and those wicked, sinful words ringing through my ears, "I don't care where you go, so you keep out of my sight." There was a mist before my eyes, a ringing in my ears. I remember leaving the house, with a blind feeling of going where my Harry was. Then came a horrible sense of the earth giving way under my feet, and I knew no more.

To be Continued.

## THE REASON WHY.

**A** BOY returned from school one day with a report showing that his scholarship had fallen below the usual average.

"Well," said the father, "you've fallen behind this month, have you?"

"Yes, sir."

"How did it happen?"

"Don't know, sir."

The father knew, if the son did not. He had observed a number of cheap novels scattered about the house, but he had not thought it worth while to say any thing, until a fitting opportunity should offer itself. A basket of apples stood upon the floor, and he said:

"Empty those apples, and take the basket and bring it to me half full of chips. And now," he continued, "put those apples back into the basket."

When half the apples were replaced, the son said:

"Father, they roll off—I can't put in any more."

"Put them in, I tell you."

"But, father, I can't put them in."

"Put them in! No; of course you can't put them in. Do you expect to fill a basket half full of chips, and then fill it with apples? You said you didn't know how you fell behind at school, and I will tell you. Your

mind is like that basket; it will not hold but about so much, and here you have been the past month, filling it up with something worse than chips—worthless, cheap novels.”

The boy turned on his heel, and said:  
“I see the point.”

## EGYPT, PALESTINE AND SYRIA.

No. 17.

PREPARED BY T. J. ANDREWS.

### ASCENT OF MOUNT SINAI.

**T**HIS is the coolest morning we have seen in the desert. The water in our wash pan was frozen over. Our breakfast over, we commenced the ascent. We had one monk, and one of our menial Arabs. Our Arab servant carried upon his head a basket of supplies for our refreshment. The contents proved a bottle of arrack, dried dates, figs, and coffee. We took a narrow path, one leading diagonally up the mountain side. It was quite steep and rocky, and in many places difficult of ascent. In less than a half hour, we reached a cool, refreshing spring, in a deep ravine, in the rocks. It sent out a copious stream of clear, sweet water.

Our path is now becoming more difficult. Along the more difficult passes, the monks have arranged stones, in artificial stairways. We soon reached a small, dilapidated chapel, dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and known as the Fleas Chapel. The monks of the convent were once assailed by such swarms of fleas, that they were compelled for their comfort to leave the place, resolving never to return. With many regrets at leaving their old home, they commenced their mournful march up the mountain. At this place, they were met by the Virgin Mary, who commiserated their condition, and gave them solemn assurance that if they would return, she would expel their tormentors. They did return, and the story says that the convent has since been free from the troublesome intruders. But it is not entirely so, as I can testify from experience.

We went in and found it a dirty, miserable looking place, and sadly out of repair. Upon the arching of a little door I read the name of an American Minister. I reached up, wrote and left my name beneath that of my distinguished fellow countryman.

Continuing our ascent we passed a narrow gate way, arched and stoned, and soon after another similar one. In former days a monk was always stationed at each of these to confess pilgrims before ascending to the higher and holier parts of the mountain. Passing on we come to a beautiful garden spot on the mountain side, a kind of amphitheater containing about an acre of ground. The hill rose up in gentle slopes all around it, while on one side, still far above us, we lifted our eyes to the lofty peak of Sinai. In the center of this was a small stone tower and near it a beautiful spring of water, handsomely walled around by the labor of the monks, while above the spring a tall cypress lifted its somber branches. Small patches were under cultivation, and a number of fruit trees had been recently planted. Here also we saw two

quails, the only birds we saw during the ascent.

The next place of interest we reached was the Chapel of Elijah. The chapel covers a small grotto in the rocks and is shown as the place in which the prophet rested when he fled into the desert, from the malice of Ahab and Jezebel, and came to the Mount of God. It is a natural cave, and large enough for three persons in a stooping or sitting position. We went in and sat down and recalled the interesting episode in the life of the prophet that gives so much interest to the place.

Leaving this traditional spot we pass on to the top of the mountain. How often we paused to wonder if it was really along these narrow pathways that Moses climbed in his intimate interviews with God.

Our path was now growing steeper and more difficult. It was only by the aid of a rude stone stairway, built by the monks, that we were able to ascend at all. As we moved along the rugged pathway the guide called our attention to a singular impression upon a level place in the rocks, said to be a foot print of Mohammed's camel, left there when he ascended to the top of the mount. Its shape is precisely such as would be left by a camel's foot pressed upon some soft substance. Some affirm it to be an accidental indentation of the rock, while the Arabs stoutly affirm that it was actually made by the foot of the beast on which the prophet rode. Some say it was made by some mischievous monk to produce a superstitious effect upon the Moslem Arabs.

The ascent was at last completed, and in about two and one-half hours after leaving the convent we stood on the summit of Sinai. From the level of the sea to St. Catherine's Convent is 5,452 feet; from there to the top of the mount 2,112 more, making 7,564 feet from the sea level. The mountain itself is an elevation of bare granite rocks, red granite at the base and gray as you near the top. For at least 1,000 feet scarcely any green thing is seen, and but very little soil. In several places, sheltered from the sun, quite large bodies of snow were yet to be seen, but slowly melting away under the influence of the increasing heat of summer.

The top of the mount is a pointed peak, and can not be mistaken. Its diameter is thirty or forty paces, upon which you can walk about, though quite rocky and uneven. A few paces below the summit is a cleft in the rock, about large enough to admit the body of a man. This, according to the monks, is the place in which Moses was hidden when the Lord passed by and proclaimed his glory. On the top is a Moslem Mosque and a Christian Chapel. The mosque has fallen into decay, and is no longer used. The chapel is still cared for by the monks, and is ornamented with candlesticks, lamps and pictures. Our guide having brought the key opened the door, lighted the lamps, burnt some incense, and performed his devotions at the altar. To me the mountain itself is a consecrated altar; the sun in the heavens the illuminating lamp; the aspirations of an adoring heart the incense.

Here we stand upon the Mount of God, and the end of our journey. For this we have made a long and toilsome journey across the desert. The mount has been the chosen theater for one of the most glorious and astounding revelations of God to man the world has ever witnessed. On this mount, God came down in awful grandeur and majesty, and here he displayed his glory. I withdrew from my companions behind the cover of a rock, and gave myself up to the emotions which the place inspired. I read aloud from my Bible a description of the august and imposing scene when the mount was made to tremble beneath the majesty and power of God. I read the commandments that were rehearsed in the hearing of the people. I fell on my knees and lifted my heart and voice in prayer to him; and here I fulfilled the pledge I made to my church and people, that I would pray for them from the top of Sinai. It was to me an hour of devout and solemn communion with the God of Abraham, of Isaac, of Jacob, and of Moses.

To be Continued.

## POOR GIRLS.

**T**HE 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 the earth belong to this 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.

## PLAYING TRICKS.

**A**n elderly lady was quite sick, not long since, in consequence of a thoughtless trick played by two young neighbors. A few young people had called in to see the kind old lady, when these two neighbors thought it would be a fine trick to put on two hideous masks, and throw some old wrappings about them, and go into the house, and see if they could frighten her. The old lady was so terrified, even when she knew who they were, that she retreated as far as she could to the opposite side of the room, trembling in every limb. The next day she was very ill from the effects of the fright. The parties who did the mischief were certainly deserving of very severe censure.

A young lady was once thrown into con-

vulsions by the sight of a "broomstick ghost" some thoughtless companions had set up in a corner of her room. They hid themselves close by, that they might enjoy her fright; but their sport was of short duration. She was subject to such attacks at times, ever afterward.

Another young lady, returning to her home one evening, was met by a party of rude lads, who had a frightful looking jack-o'-lantern among them. She was so terrified that she fell fainting as soon as she reached her own door. They laid her upon her bed, and she never arose from it again.

Such cruel, wicked play should never be indulged in by any one. If you are urged to join in any sport of this kind, decline at once, and decidedly. Try also to dissuade others from it, and if you can not, then put their intended victim on their guard. The law of love demands that you should spoil such sport, just as much as it would require you to put out a fire that would burn down a neighbor's house. Health, reason, and even life itself, have often been sacrificed to such foolish joking. Is it worth running such a risk for a moment's idle laughter?

## PAPER MAKING.—No. 2.

BY M. B. WILLIAMS.



WE will now go into the machine room. The machine upon which the sheet is made, will be rather difficult to explain. I may say it would be impossible to explain it perfectly to the understanding, unless the parties were both present. However, I will do the best I can.

This stuff is mixed with water, and is then pumped up into a box, which is about one and a half feet square. From this box there are two pipes, one leading back in to the stuff chest below, and the other into the vat, which is a box about four feet square, and one foot deep. The thickness of the paper is regulated by a sliding door, which will let more of the stuff go back into the chest below, or into the vat. This sliding door can be moved either way, to make the paper thick or thin. In the lower end of this vat, there is placed a screen, upon which this stuff flows, and the lumps are separated from the fine fiber, from which the paper is made. After the stuff is screened into the vat, it is then ready to be formed into the sheet, which is done in the following manner:

There is a large wire apron, woven the same as muslin, about forty feet long, and fifty inches wide. The ends are sewed together, which makes it an endless wire. This wire is placed over rolls or small cylinders, which revolve, and of course this wire moves along; and, as it moves, the stuff flows out of the vat upon this wire, and spreads out all over it, and thus is formed into the sheet. There is a box placed under this wire, that is called a suction box. The water is drawn through this by means of a pump, and leaves the sheet perfectly formed. The sheet passes from this wire between two large rolls, where still more

of the water is pressed out of it; and still another set of press rolls, and from these last to the dryers.

The dryers are large iron cylinders. They are kept hot by steam passing through them, and the sheet is kept pressed tightly against the dryers by a belt, which passes around them. After the sheet is perfectly dry, it passes through a box filled with animal size, the size fills the paper, and it becomes wet, and it is pressed again between two rolls. This size is made of the hides of animals; they are boiled, and the jelly that is formed by the boiling process, is used for sizing. Paper is sized to keep the ink from spreading or blotting, when written upon. After the paper passes through the rolls, it is then cut into sheets of the proper length, by a machine for that purpose. There is also another machine that lays the paper in files. Thence it is taken to the drying room, where it is hung upon poles to dry, the same as clothes are hung upon the clothes line, only the paper is hung from four to six sheets in thickness.

When properly dried, it is taken to the finishing room. The first thing done here, it is calendered; that is, the gloss is put on it, by passing it between rollers which are pressed tightly together. There are five stands of calenders in this room where I am, each composed of five rolls, three of steel, and two of paper, placed one upon the other. The paper starts it at the top, and passes between each two rollers, and comes out at the bottom into a box. A girl feeds the sheets in at the top, and another places them in the box below. After it is made sufficiently smooth, some of it is ruled, and other is sold plain.

All paper is made in large sheets, and then cut up into the size desired. The sheets range in size all the way from 4x6 inches, up to 30x40 inches. The different kinds and sizes are too numerous to be mentioned here, but if desired I can give the name and size of each kind made. All papers are assorted before being sold. The dirty spots, wrinkles, and torn sheets are thrown out, and worked over into paper again, ground up the same as the rags are in the beginning. Most ruled papers are folded, pressed, trimmed, and stamped, before being sold.

I think I have told you about all that I can tell you about paper making, so that you can have an idea how the thing is done. It is said that the first sheet of paper that was ever made, was made in Egypt, by hand, many years before Christ. It was made of a plant called "Papyrus," which grows in that land. There has been a wonderful improvement in the art of paper making since then. If any should happen to feel an interest in what has been said, I will feel that I have not labored in vain. I subscribe myself, yours with love and esteem,

M. B. WILLIAMS.

**A CELLAR DOOR.**—There is a very touching little story told of a poor woman with two children, who has not a bed for them to lie upon, and scarcely any cover for them. In the depth of winter they were nearly frozen,

and the mother took the door of the cellar off the hinges, and set it up before the corner where they were crouched down to sleep, that some of the draft and cold might be kept from them. One of the children whispered to her, when she complained of how badly off they were, "Mother, what do those dear children do who have no cellar door to put in front of them?" Even there, you see, the little heart found cause for thankfulness.

## LUCK AND LABOR.

**L**UCK doth wait, standing idly at the gate—  
Wishing, wishing all the day;  
And at night, without a fire, without a light,  
And before an empty tray,  
Doth sadly say:

"To-morrow, something may turn up;  
To-night, on wishes I must sup."

Labor goes, plowing deep the fertile rows—  
Singing, singing, all the day;  
And at night, before the fire, beside the light,  
And with a well-filled tray,

Doth gladly say:  
"To-morrow, I'll turn something up,  
To-night, on wages earned I sup."

## PAPYRUS, PARCHMENT, AND PAPER.



IN the article on paper, which is finished with this issue, by Bro. M. B. Williams, tells the readers of the HOPE a great deal that is of interest in regard to paper-making. In a private letter he asks for some statements in regard to the use of papyrus before the time of Christ, and so we present the following.

Papyrus was made in India and Egypt, from a reed that grew in those countries. It was used for writing upon for centuries before the advent of Christ, and until the discovery or invention of parchment, which was in the year 190, B. C. Consequently the books of the celebrated Alexandrian library, (which was founded 284, B. C.) were written upon papyrus, or at least until parchment came into use. This vast library suffered a great loss, when in the year 47, B. C., Julius Cæsar and his army invaded Egypt, and burned four hundred thousand volumes. Thus you see what great labor must have been performed by the scribes, to have written upon papyrus and parchment, such a great number of books. In the year 640, A. D., Omar, the Mohammedan Pasha, conquered Egypt, and he caused the books of the refounded library of Alexandria to be used as fuel to heat the baths of the city, and for this purpose they were used, and lasted six months. It is related that 700,000 volumes were thus destroyed.

Prior to the time of Christ, there was also a great library at Pergamos, in Asia Minor, containing two hundred thousand volumes, and Ptolemy III of Egypt, in 263, B. C., prohibited the exportation of papyrus from Egypt, lest King Eumenes, of Pergamos, should cause a library to be written equal in size to that at Alexandria. It was at Pergamos that parchment first came into use, as invented by Eumenes, though doubtless the Persians and other Eastern nations wrote upon the skins of animals long before Eumenes' time.

Paper, other than papyrus, is claimed by the Chinese to have been used by them, as early as 170, B. C. So far as known to European nations, it was first made from cotton, in the year 1000, A. D., and from rags 1300, A. D.

The first paper mills were erected at Dartford, England, in 1590, during the 33d year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

White paper for writing and printing was first made in 1690, and the first paper-making machinery in 1801. Before that, it was made by hand. Parchment is made of the skins of animals, goat skins being the most valuable and enduring the longest.

The above facts are valuable, and we give them, believing that they will prove interesting to the Hopes, old and young.

BROTHER HENRY.

### "WHAT SHALL I DO TO BE SAVED?"

“WHAT shall I do,” the query is,  
“That I salvation may obtain?”  
A very important question this,  
And so the answer we'll make plain.

We first have faith in God on high,  
Who doth to us all blessings give;  
Who sent his Son on earth to die,  
That we might look to him and live.

When we believe we next repent,  
And turn away from all our sins;  
And this when done with full intent,  
Is where our life in Christ begins.

Then this command we next obey,  
To be baptized in Jesus' name;  
When all our sins are washed away,  
And we are free from every stain.

Then through the laying on of hands,  
By those who have authority;  
According to our Lord's commands,  
The Holy Ghost comes full and free.

By this much knowledge oft is given,  
By this rich gifts are oft bestowed;  
This is the gracious light of heaven,  
To light us on life's dreary road.

And if we take this for our guide,  
The Holy Spirit, free from strife;  
And all God's sacred laws abide,  
Then we are sure of future life.

And then, when this frail body dies,  
And slumbers in the silent dust;  
In God's own time again 'twill rise,  
And mingle with the good and just.

And when all meet around his throne,  
Those who have kept each great command,  
Will then receive their future home,  
And have a place at God's right hand.

### A CHILD'S FAITH.



An intelligent and sparkling eyed boy of ten summers, sat upon the steps of his father's dwelling, deeply absorbed with a highly embellished and pernicious book, calculated to poison and deprave the mind. His father, approaching, discovered at a glance, the character of the book. “What have you there, George?”

The little fellow, looking up with a confused air, as though his young mind had already been tainted with tales of romance and fiction, promptly gave the name of the work.

His father gently remonstrated, pointing out the danger of reading such books; and having some confidence in the effects of early culture upon the mind of his child, left him with the book closed by his side.

In a few moments the father discovered a light in an adjoining room, and on enquiring the cause, was informed that it was his George, burning the pernicious book.

“My son, what have you done?”

“Burned that book, papa.”

“How came you to do that, George?”

“Because I believed you knew better than I, what was for my good.”

Here was a three-fold act of faith—a trust in his father's word, evincing love and obedience, and a care for the good of others. If this child exercised such faith in his earthly parents, how much more should we, like little children, have true-hearted, implicit faith in our heavenly Father, who has said “He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved.”

### DOG TALK.

“I am none of your mealy-mouthed, compromising fellows, that are afraid of saying the truth,” said a blustering, ill-tempered dog, that never could let passengers go by in peace without a growl or a bark, intimating that they were in the wrong way; “I always speak my mind, and let people know my opinion.”

“That would be all very good if they wanted to know it, and your mind were worth speaking,” said another dog; “but I rather think such is not considered to be the case; for generally those who do not pass you as if they had not noticed you, go by on the other side to keep out of the noise. Now, perhaps, if you kept a little quieter, and did not attempt to manage the whole street, you would be of some use, and pass for an honest guide, instead of a noisy, quarrelsome puppy, full of yourself.”

Sometimes the smallest dog has the biggest bark of all. Dignity has its value, and some human beings might take a lesson in it from a decent dog.

A PHILOSOPHER.—That boy was a true philosopher, who, when he lost his kite, thought he would cry about it, but immediately after concluded not to, and went home whistling. When asked if he wasn't sorry to lose his treasure, he replied: “Yes; but I can't fool away much time in being sorry; I'm just going to make another one, and I guess a better one.” A great many full grown men haven't learned that lesson yet. When they have spilt their milk on the ground, they sit down close to the wet spot and dilute the lost lacteal fluid with their briny tears. If, instead of this repining, they would only skurry around, they would soon find another and a bigger cow to be milked. Don't sulk, because it won't pay.

### Letters from the Hopes.

OSAGE CITY, Kan., Aug. 18th, 1879.

I was eleven years old on the 28th of March. I desire to be good.

MARY LOVE.

HAMILTON, Mo., Aug. 17th, 1879.

We have no Sunday School. It does my heart good to see the little ones so interested in the work of the Lord, and to see them take so much pains to write to their little paper. I hope they will always love to write to it. I like the new dress of the *Hope* very well, and I think the print is very nice too. I am trying to do right, but I

know that I often do wrong, and afterwards I feel very sorry for it. We have lived in Missouri over two years. Our corn looks well. There is not much fruit here. With kind love to all, your sister,

LOTTIE M. BARBER.

FALL RIVER, Mass., Aug. 5th, 1879.

The *Hope* looks neat and tidy in its new clothes. The Sabbath School here is in a flourishing condition at present. They have lately bought of Bro. Berg, of Boston, one of his patent Resonant organs, and those who are able to judge, pronounce it a first class instrument, and the scholars are justly proud of it. This organ is different from any other which I have ever seen, and I am informed that the principle upon which they are built, was revealed to him in a dream. It has four sets of reeds, and they are built above the key board, instead of below it, and it certainly shows, in its construction, that the brother was marvelously blest, in receiving such information, by a dream. It is an instrument which is well adapted to chapel service.

The brother who builds them is M. P. Berg, 16 Sterling Street, Roxbury, Massachusetts. Yours in Christ,

JOHN SMITH.

EMSWORTH, Pa., Aug 10th, 1879.

The *Hope* teaches us many useful lessons, of our duty to our Savior, who has done so much for us. Every family should take the paper for their children.

“Children let us love each other,  
Let us try in peace to dwell;  
Jesus bore the cross so meekly,  
To redeem our souls from hell.”

SARAH RICHARDSON.

COALVILLE, Webster Co., Iowa,

August 3rd, 1879.

Brother Henry:—I am thirteen years old. I was baptized on the 28th of May, 1879, by Bro. Joseph R. Lambert. I love the work of God, more and more every day of my life. The young Saints here have a prayer meetings every Friday night. I enjoy it very much. We also have a little mite society out here. I ask an interest in the prayers of all the Saints. May we all live faithful to the end. Your sister in Christ,

MARY JANE ALLEN.

A young sister in Utah, wrote the following to us. We read it to our compositors, and they kindly raised the money, for a year's subscription, and the eighteen cents were returned to the sender.

Brother Henry:—I see the *Hope* is about to run out, and I will have to send some more stamps, for we cannot get a greenback less than five dollars. I would send five dollars, but I am a poor orphan. (My father is alive, but it is as much as he can do to take care of his other women's children, and let the first wife's children take care of themselves.) There are three of us. We club together and help each other, so we can get along in the world. One of my step-mothers says that we could live with her if we would join the Brighamites, but that we won't do. I will send eighteen cents, and when we can get some more, I will send it. Yours respectfully,

### 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 September 79.

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

# ZION'S HOPE

"Even a Child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure."—Prov. 20 : 11.

VOL. XI.

PLANO, ILLINOIS, SEPTEMBER 15, 1879.

No. 6.

## "SOWING SEEDS."

**W**E are sowing, daily sowing,  
Countless seeds of good and ill;  
Scattered on the lovely lowland,  
Cast upon the windy hill.  
Seeds that sink in rich brown furrows,  
Soft with Heaven's gracious rain;  
Seeds that rest upon the surface  
Of the dry, unyielding plain.

Seeds that fall amid the stillness  
Of the lonely mountain glen;  
Seeds cast out in silent places,  
Trodden under foot of men.

Seeds by idle hearts forgotten,  
Plunged at random on the air;  
Seeds by faithful souls remembered,  
Some in tears and love and prayer.

Seeds that be unchanged, unquickened,  
Lifeless on the teeming mold;  
Seeds that live, and grow, and flourish  
When the sower's hand is cold.  
By a whisper sow we blessings,  
By a breath we scatter strife,  
In our words, and looks, and actions,  
Lie the seeds of death and life.

Thou who knowest all our weakness,  
Leave us not to sow alone!  
Bid Thine angels guard the furrows  
Where the precious seed is sown,  
Till the fields are crowned with glory,  
Filled with yellow ripened ears—  
Filled with fruit of life eternal,  
From the seeds we sowed in tears.

Check the forward thoughts and passions,  
Stay the hasty, heedless hand,  
Lest the germs of sin and sorrow,  
Mar our fair and pleasant lands.  
Father, help each weak endeavor,  
Make each faithful effort blest,  
Till Thine harvest shall be garnered,  
And we enter into rest.

## THOUGHTS OF MONA.

**F**EELING lonely to-day, I brought reading and writing material, and came out here. I am sitting under a large oak tree; it is a favorite resort of mine, especially when I want to reflect. As I sat thinking of the past, the form of a dear girl came forcibly to my mind. Laughing eyes, sweet, silvery tones, and it seemed as though I could see her and hear those rich peals of laughter as in olden days; but, alas.

Little Hopes, if you will bear with me a little while, I will try, in my imperfect way, to tell you something of this Saint whom we shall call Mona. Mona was born in Utah. When about nine years old, she with her mother, two brothers, and a dear little sister started for California. O, the dreary days of travel! The Indians being hostile, they knew not when they might be attacked and murdered. But their trust was in God. They

felt that he would protect them. Their life in Utah had been so unpleasant, so full of hardships, and the mother had become so thoroughly disgusted with Mormonism under B. Young, that almost anything would be preferable to remaining there. So, one morning, bright and early, after Mona had bidden her little friends and schoolmates, (whom she never expected to meet again), a tearful farewell, they commenced their long journey.

It would take too long to follow them through, so I will just sketch briefly a few notes of interest. The squirrels amused the little girls greatly. Mona called them Prairie Dogs. They saw a number of Indians, but all proved to be friendly. One morning upon awakening they beheld their fire rekindled, and surrounded by the natives. A few nights more they reached a deserted village. Provisions were strewn from house to house. They afterwards learned that all the inhabitants had been killed the night previous. Still they traveled onward. But another dread oppressed the travelers, namely the desert. Their small supply of water had been used, and the oxen had given out. Then Mona proposed that one should stay with the team, while the others should walk on. They walked mile after mile, but still no indication of the precious water. At last they could go no farther. The mother was entirely fatigued, worrying with little Ollie, who was insensible. The unquenchable thirst had been too much for her. O, the anguish of that mother, dying with her little girls upon the dreary desert. Mona tried to cheer her mother. She said, "Why, mamma, I know God will not suffer us to perish thus." Dear little Mona's faith saved them. Near midnight her brother, who had walked on, returned with a decanter of water. How they thanked God for their deliverance. Mona's faith was greatly strengthened.

In due time California was reached, and they settled in a pleasant little home among the lofty mountains and lovely trees. And many delightful rambles the little girls had together during the eight or ten years that followed. Having been constant companions for so many pleasant years a separation would seem very hard.

Years went by, and Mona was a beautiful girl of eighteen, the very pride and sunshine of the family. It is not surprising that such a

young lady should have suitors. Several whom any girl would have been proud of, bowed before her, but she refused them all. But one fatal day, another suitor came. He wooed, won her, and carried her from those who loved her best. You ask me was it a happy union. Ah, my little friends, God knows best. Jesus tells us to judge not. One long, dreary year and Mona returned to the loved ones, but, so changed, a mere shadow of her former self.

Before her marriage they had heard of the Reorganization, yet, then they cared not to hear. But one day they were thrown in company with an Elder, became interested, heard and believed, and many letters from Mona, containing words of exhortation have found their way to the HOPE, before she left her home. In one she told you of her mountain home. In another she told how she and her papa set out for conference and how the horse got frightened and broke the buggy, and how she persuaded her father that they could walk the remaining twelve miles.

Well, after her return, they tried in every way to bring back the roses to her cheeks, and the sunshine to that lonely heart, but it was all in vain. Yes it was too late! Trouble and disease had blighted her young life, and she faded like a flower. A little before her death she dreamed that she was well again, and that her darling child was chatting by her side. She said, "O, mother, if that dream could but be realized I would be so thankful." Little Hopes, she did get well, for God took her home to dwell with him, and in his own due time he will restore her child. I pray that each one who reads this letter will live as faithful a life as did Mona, and when death comes may each meet it as bravely as she did. Those of you who knew Mona will try, I am sure, to live so as to meet her above. Praying that I may meet you all there, I remain

SISTER OTA.

If it be the province of true culture to avoid scandal, and gossip, and evil report, how much more is it the part of the true Christian to avoid all harsh judgment, and to judge no one quite so severely as himself. How the precious hours are wasted in idle talk, in severe censure and criticism of others, in idle, ignoble gossip. The Christian should be above all this—grandly above it. The true Christian is ever on duty at the court of his

King, and will not lightly and foolishly fritter away the hours that should be devoted to his sovereign.

## EGYPT, PALESTINE AND SYRIA.

No. 18.

PREPARED BY T. J. ANDREWS.



I spent about two hours upon the mount. Our Arab servant gathered some dry herbage, kindled a fire, and boiled some coffee, from which, with the dates and brown bread which he had brought with him, he served us a very refreshing meal. This over, we took our last earnest look, and bade a reluctant farewell to the place, and commenced our descent, not to our tents, but to ascend Mount Horeb's peak.

Arriving at the junction that leads to Horeb, we saw we had some hard climbing to do to reach its summit. No one can conceive without an actual visit the wild and rugged aspect of this pile of granite peaks. Smooth and solid masses of stone, some with points too sharp to ascend, while here and there are precipitous cliffs, and immense, yawning chasms, with huge boulders scattered about in wild confusion. One monk, much wearied, concluded to remain at the base of the cliff, but sent the Arab on with us.

We desired to get up the highest peak overlooking the camping place of Israel. The guide conducted us to a shelving rock that overlooked a deep, yawning chasm below, and made us understand that this was as far as travelers ever went. We insisted upon being taken to a higher point. He shook his head forbiddingly, but we determined to proceed. We retraced our steps, and shouted for the monk to join us. He replied that travelers did not go to the top of the Mount. This we did not believe, for we knew that others had gone there, and we determined to go, even if we had to go without monk or Arab.

We took another course, and commenced the ascent. By this time we became satisfied that the guide knew no more about the way than we did; so we left him to take care of himself, and took the matter into our own hands. Up the rocky ascent we went, sometimes on all fours, holding on with both hands, and climbing along the edges of precipices of frightful height, till we could get no further. Still we were at least a hundred feet below the summit. Again we retraced our steps, took a circuit around to another portion of the Mount, and again climbed our way upward. Our efforts at last were successful. We failed to reach the highest point, for we saw two peaks back of us much higher, but we gained a point that overlooked the plain below. But here we were richly rewarded for our laborious toil. Others had reached this point before me, and all had been impressed with the appropriateness of the place for that grand display of majesty and glory when God came down upon the Mount, in the presence of the people.

There was the great plain of Rahah, a

beautiful camping place for the thousands of Israel, and, stretching away beyond it, was the long, low range of hills, Sena Fuzeia, upon which thousands more might have been gathered in full view of the Mount. And there, I said, as I looked down upon the plain, was the place of the encampment. There Moses went down to sanctify the people. Along the edge of that plain, from which the mountain rises so abruptly, he set boundaries about the mountain, and there the people drew back with astonishment and affright at the awful exhibitions of the glory of God.

I recalled the time when that broad plain, and these hill sides and surrounding valleys, were dotted over with the tents, and swarming with the gathered hosts of Israel's tribes. Here they learned to worship God; on that plain, that is now laying at my feet, the busy multitude labored to prepare the tabernacle of God; there they collected the gold and the silver, and the fine linen, the blue, the purple, and scarlet; there they cast the silver blocks for its foundation, and hewed the boards, and overlaid them with fine gold. There Bozaleel had his forge and shop, and there the cunning workmen, with a skill kindled by a strange inspiration, prepared the golden candlesticks, the table of showbread, the altar of incense, and, more than all, the wonderful ark with the mercy seat, and cherubims upon the wings of which rested the shekinah, the abiding token of God's glory in the midst of the camp. There, encircled by that amphitheatre of hills, was God's sanctuary; there was his congregation; and, more than all, where I now stand, was his majestic pulpit, with its awful canopy of clouds and fire. Was ever before or since such an audience, such a pulpit, such a preacher, such a sermon? So terrible was the scene that Moses said, "I exceedingly fear and quake." It was an impressive region of solitude and silence, of mountain ruggedness and sublimity. I felt like Elijah when on this same mount, he went forth and stood at the entrance to his cave. The tempest, the earthquake, and the fire had all passed, and in the midst of the solemn silence that gathered about the mountain peaks, I heard only the still, small voice, and, like him, I covered my face in reverence, and communed with God.

We had been standing directly above our tents, and we made a rapid and direct decent towards our encampment. The sun had sunk far below the hoary peaks of Horeb, Sinai, and St. Catharine, when, weary and hungry, we reached our tents. The cook had anticipated our wants, and the smoking viands were soon spread before us. Our meal over, we were soon enjoying the rest our weary limbs so much needed.

At the base of Sinai, and close by our tents, is the hill of Aaron, and yonder, a round topped elevation of a peculiar green color, is the site of Jethro's house.

### THE MOLD OF AARON'S CALF.

One of the monks accompanied us to the spot where superstitious fancy had fixed the place of the casting of Aaron's calf. It is a small hollow place in the rocks, about the size, and

somewhat the shape of an ox's head. It requires a stretch of the imagination to transform it into a suitable mold for such a purpose as Aaron would have required; for such is its shape, that a liquid mass poured into it and hardened, could never have been withdrawn.

We now enter the Leja valley, a deep ravine along the base of Sinai. It is a wild, rocky gorge, terminating in a huge fissure in the mountain side, called "Shouk Mousa," cleft of Moses. Some distance up this ravine we were shown the Smitten Rock, the rock that Moses smote with his rod, causing it to yield a copious body of water for Israel's use. Many contradictory opinions have been expressed by the many travelers who have visited it, and my curiosity determined me to make a critical examination of it. The rock itself is a huge granite boulder, that at some distant period had fallen from the overhanging cliffs. The lower part of it lies imbedded in the sand, gravel and stones which have accumulated around it. I applied the tape line to it, and found the part above ground to be fifteen feet high, twenty-four feet long, and ten feet thick; the front part presented a flat surface, somewhat irregular, the top protruding over like an irregular cornice. As you stand facing it near the right hand side, and running up and down obliquely, is a seam in the rock, evidently worn by the action of running water. This seam has also a number of transverse seams leading across it at right angles, and more deeply indented in the rock in the form of mouths or rather lips of a closed mouth. Some of them are from one to two inches deep. Travelers speak of these mouths as the holes in the rock from which the water gushes out. Passing around to the back of the rock, I was enabled to climb to the top of it. I found the same seam marking the top and running clear down its back-side also; but not so deeply worn. The seam is from six to ten inches broad, of a whiter color than the rock itself. That this part has been subject to the action of running water can not be denied, but when and where? I think not where it now lies, but most probably before it was torn from its mountain bed. The seam seems to be a softer part of the rock that yielded more readily to the action of the elements.

### WHAT?

What shall I teach my child? Teach him that it is better to starve than to steal; that it is better to be a scavenger or a wood-chopper, than to be an idler and dead-beat; that it is just as criminal, and more reprehensible to waste Monday than to desecrate Sunday; that labor is the price of all honest possessions; that no one is exempt from the obligation to labor with head, or hands, or heart; that "an honest man is the noblest work of God;" that knowledge is power; that labor is worship, and idleness is sin; that it is better to eat the crust of independent poverty, than to luxuriate among the richest as a dependent. Teach him these facts until they are woven into his being, and regulate his life, and we will insure him success.

Sweep Before Your Own Door.

[The best way to keep the city clean is for every one to sweep before his own door.

**T**HIS sentence held my wandering eye,  
As glint of jewel found unsought,  
I could not pass unheeded by,  
The brightness of this sparkling thought.

Would each through life perform *his* part,  
Instead of watching for his neighbor,  
Give to *his* business mind and heart,  
'Twould save much useless toil and labor.

You can not reach the distant moon,  
To regulate the beams earth-sailing;  
You might expect this just as soon,  
As engineer another's calling.

Sweep well, each one, before your door.  
In other words, perhaps more plain,  
"Mind your own business," so shall the more  
Be done, with greater gain.

Concluded.

HASTY WORDS.—No. 2.

Selected by Cynthia M. Loomis.



PLEASANT feeling of warmth, a languid sense pervading my system, I opened my eyes and glanced around the room. A strange woman by the fire; at the foot of the bed my husband, with his hand over his eyes. I tried to think where I was and what had happened, but in vain. Then my attention was arrested by a little figure in a red flannel night dress cuddled up in the big chair—my Harry! Then it all flashed across my mind. I sat up straight in bed, with a faint

"Why, what is it?" said I feebly.

"You must not talk; lie down, darling," and the strong man wept like a child. And the little figure came and jumped on my bed, and putting his arms around my neck, cried too; and, puzzled to know what it all meant, I cried also. The strange figure came forward and took Harry away, saying, "Be careful, Mrs. Loring, everything now depends upon quiet."

"Tell me now," said I, "I must know. I had such a horrible feeling. Oh, Harold, I dreamed that Harry was drowned."

His face grew white, "It was near death; George Gray got him out of the pond. Gray sent down to the office for me. I went after Dr. Hooper, and came right up. There was but a spark of life left, but we succeeded at last."

"How many days ago was it, Harold," I said.

"Seven weeks ago yesterday," said he, smiling.

"Seven weeks!" said I, "impossible."

"You have been very sick with brain fever, Ella; you were very near death. For days we despaired of ever seeing you conscious again. You would say, 'Harry is drowned; and I made him do it.' Last night Dr. Hooper said the crisis was at hand. If you lived through the night you would get well. Oh, Ella, I am so thankful that you are spared to me."

"I have been so weak and sinful, Harold," said I, and then I told him all, not keeping anything back.

He heard me through, stroking my hair in a gentle fashion. When I finished he said:

"It has taught you a lesson, Ella, dear," and that was all.

I soon recovered. For a long time I could not bear Harry out of my sight. It seemed as if I could not do enough to atone for my wicked conduct. The thought makes me shudder now to think what if it had been that Harry had never come back to me, and that the last words he heard from his mother's lips were so unkind. I have had three children since then, and not one of them has heard a cross or hasty word from me. Often my patience is sorely tried, but one thought of the horrible death which Harry came so near, drives the demon away.

Mothers, bear patiently with these innocent little ones. Are there not many whose eyes, resting on this simple story fill with bitter tears at the recollection of the unkind words and even blows to little children, those who are now laid away forever, who would give all of their worldly possessions, yes, years of their lives to recall those hasty words that made their little hearts ache.

HOME.



**T**O through the town any evening, and you will be surprised, if you have never given the matter any thought, at the number of boys and young men who make a practice of squandering their evenings, to say nothing about the days spent in the same manner. Squandering time is the sin of the age. As a rule, the idle, indolent boy goes to the bad. He may have all the elements necessary to make a first-class business or professional man; but if he is not instructed and encouraged to form habits of industry, he will be a failure, almost inevitably. There is wisdom in the Jewish proverb, "He who brings his son up without a trade, brings him up to be a thief." Prison statistics show that a large proportion of convicts never learned a trade till they learned one in prison.

There is one way this great evil of squandering time can be remedied, if not altogether obviated. Parents must take the matter in hand—must themselves set the example of industry and frugality, and must see that their children imitate the example, and that they have something to do. Make the home pleasant and attractive. If the boys love the street or the loafing place better than the home, you may rest assured that the home is wanting in some important particular. Provide the boys with interesting reading matter, and useful tools, and encourage them to employ their time in any harmless way that will keep them from idleness and profligacy. When you see a boy or a young man willing to trifle away a day, a month, or a year in doing the work of a disgusting street loafer, you may set it down that it would not take much to persuade that boy or that young man to become a full-fledged scoundrel.

It is well to teach the boys that no success comes from squandering time, and that the better class of people have about as high a regard for a real industrious thief, as for an

ignorant loafer. It is in the power of most parents to regulate this matter, and if they will do it, we shall see our army of trifling, loafing young men and boys diminish. Make the home what it should be, and you have done much toward assuring the future of our boys.

But if parents suffer their own minds to grovel continually in stys and stables, and see nothing higher in life than land and money, how can they lead their children on to useful lives, fruitful in noble words and deeds?

LESSON ON COPPER.—No. 4.

*Uses to which the metal is applied.*

Copper is found very useful, and many articles are manufactured from it. Copper ranks in utility-value next to iron, enters largely into our manufactures at Birmingham, Sheffield, and Bristol. Please take notice of a few of its more common uses.

1. In household utensils, such as pots, kettles, &c. Coppersmith goods require to be very clean, verdigris (or copper rust) is very injurious to man.
2. For coinage, copper coins of small value.
3. In making pins, brass wires, &c.
4. Copper plates for engraving; notice the pleasure and enjoyment derived from the beautiful prints.
5. Sheathing, (or the covering of a ship's bottom), fastenings, and cables for ships.
6. Boilers for locomotives and other engines, vats, (or large cisterns).
7. Copper mixed with zinc, makes brass.
8. Copper mixed with tin makes bronze (or bell metal).

E. E. ALFROP.

LETTER FROM SISTER ELIZA.



**D**EAR HOPES:—How thankful ought we to be for the many blessings we are each day receiving from our kind and beneficent Father! How many of us, almost hourly, are receiving blessings of which others are deprived, others, too, who are far more worthy of these blessings than we ourselves are. Then let us strive to fully appreciate these blessings, if it is possible for us to do so, and let us manifest our appreciation of the same by our actions, and by our every-day deportment; by doing each duty which the Lord requires of us, and by always striving to be found diligently, cheerfully, and with sincerity working out our own salvation. For each of us, if we gain a salvation, has to merit it ourselves.

Our love of Jesus may be apparent by our obedience to his laws and commands, for he hath said, "If ye love me, keep my commandments." When viewing our past errors often do we resolve what we will accomplish in the future. Yet how many of our good resolutions are foiled by our carelessness. But let us not be discouraged if we do not carry out all our righteous designs, but let us persevere; and however severe may be our trials, let us try to overcome them. Let us remember that, "Whosoever the Lord loveth he chasteneth."

Dear Hopes, I am trying to live faithful,

but there are so many temptations. I sometimes think that the more earnestly we try to do right the more severely are we tempted. Yet, notwithstanding the many annoyances, I feel assured that it pays to always live what we profess as Saints of God, that whatever else we may be we may not be deceitful.

I have just finished reading the book entitled "Life of Joseph the Prophet," by Bro. Tullidge' and I think it very interesting, although it makes one almost angry to think of the Saints' persecution by the Missourians, and one shudders at their wickedness and injustice. I like very much to read all the church books and I think that the reading found in the *HERALD*, *ADVOCATE*, and *ZION'S HOPE*, cannot be too highly appreciated by us. I think that Sister Lena's writings in the *HOPE* are excellent. We have still a Sunday School here but I am sorry to say it is quite small compared with what it formerly was. We have been enjoying a visit from Uncle Mark Forscutt, who delivered quite a number of discourses on the Book of Mormon. I wish all of you could have been present, for they were truly interesting and very much enjoyed by all who heard them. I feel thankful that I was ever deemed worthy of a knowledge of this Latter Day Work. Let us continue in the narrow path that we may receive the crown of life that fadeth not away. Your sister,

ELIZA FRANCE.

**THE LIAR.**—As you would avoid the paths of sorrow and misery—as you would turn from the crumbling precipice—run for your lives from the steps of the liar. His breath will pollute and destroy. None can confide in him—none trust him. He is hated by his companions, and shunned by his friends. Should you get entangled in his snares, use the utmost exertion and prudence to regain your former standing; for, unless you do, farewell to your hopes—to all your joys!

**FATHER KNOWS.**—"Johnny, don't you think you have as much as you can carry?" said Frank to his brother, who was standing with open arms receiving the bundles his father placed upon them. "You have more than you can carry now."

"Never mind," said Johnny, in a sweet, happy voice; "my father knows how much I can carry."

How long it takes many of us to learn the lesson little Johnny has learned by heart! "Father knows how much I can carry." No grumbling, no discontent, but a sweet trust in our Father's love and care that we shall not be overburdened. Our Heavenly Father never lays a burden upon us that we can not bear. So we will trust Him as little Johnny did his father.

**MOTHER'S SEWING.**—Rose Terry Cooke writes to the *Sunday Afternoon* as follows: I never shall forget my own childish tears and sulks over my sewing. My mother was a perfect fairy at her needle, and her rule was relentless; every long stitch was picked out

and done over again, and neither tears nor entreaties availed to rid me of my task till it was properly done; every corner of a hem turned by the thread; stitching measured by two threads to the stitch; felling of absolutely regular width, and patching done invisibly; while fine darning was a sort of embroidery. I hated it then, but I have lived to bless that mother's patient persistence; and I am prouder to-day of the six patches in my small girl's school dress, which can not be seen without searching, than of any other handiwork—except, perhaps, my bread!

### SUNDAY SCHOOL REPORT.

Report of Wheeler's Grove Sunday School, for the quarter ending July 13th, 1879: Number of sessions, thirteen; average attendance, forty seven; number of classes, four; of teachers, four; verses recited by class No. 2, Sr. Laura Fredrickson, teacher, 777. Received during the quarter, \$5.48. Distributed twelve copies of *Zion's Hope*. Bro. S. C. Smith, superintendent; Bro. L. Campbell, assistant; Sr. Laura Fredrickson, treasurer; Sr. Amanda Wood, librarian; Sidney Pitt, secretary.

WHEELER'S GROVE, Iowa, August 1st, 1879.

### Editorial Chat.

IN our next issue we will begin a story by Sister "Perla Wild," entitled "Nil Desperandum," which will be continued for several numbers. Let the Hopes search and find out what *Nil Desperandum* means. We have also a beautiful little story from Sister "Myrtle Gray," entitled, "Three Apples from Dreamland," which we will insert as soon as we have space for it.

We have had numbers of both commendations and criticisms on the present *HOPE* heading. Some think the change to be just what was needed, and others have thought the other way, but it is hardly worth the space to insert the comments made, as the matter is of no great importance, and it is probable that we may resume the old heading when we get another electrotype plate of it.

### Letters from the Hopes.

BINGHAMTON, Wis., Aug. 3rd, 1879.

I have been to meeting to-day. There are not many members in this branch, and no Sunday School here. The last time I wrote to you I lived in Oshkosh, but now I live farther north, in Outagamie county, on a farm. There are not many Hopes in Wisconsin, that I know of, and perhaps you would like to know something about the state. The climate is quite changeable, and in summer it is very warm, and in winter very cold. Harvest is now on hand and people are busy. I have just got through reading the *HOPE*. Pray for me that I may always live faithful, and at last when this race is run, I may meet you upon Zion's mount. Your sister in the gospel,

KATIE LAMPERT.

IONE VALLEY, Cal., Aug. 24th, 1879.

The *Hope* is a lovely paper. The writers for the *Herald*, *Hope*, and *Advocate* have my faith and prayers, that by God's Holy Spirit they may be able to present the living word in a proper manner. I feel acquainted with many of you whom I have not seen, and I hope to meet you in Zion. I wish that Sr. Helen P. Smith would write again—Yours in the truth,

EDWIN T. DAWSON.

RENICK, Missouri, August 25th, 1879.

I am fourteen years old. I was baptized, April 13th, 1879, by Bro. J. T. Phillips. We have meeting Sunday at two o'clock, and prayer meeting Thursday nights. We have no Sunday School here. I love to hear the everlasting gospel preached. My pa is not in the Church yet, but I hope he will be soon. Our school will begin in one week. My studies are writing, reading, spelling, grammar, arithmetic, geography. There is to be a conference here next October. Our branch has about sixteen members.

Bro. Phillips is our shepherd. He has hard work to keep his little flock together, for there is no one here to help him, and he is getting old. Bro. Joseph, we would like you to pay us a visit, for we would like to hear you preach in this place. Your sister in Christ,

HANNAH MARGARET SHEPHERD.

DEXTER CITY, Ohio, August 5th, 1879.

Dear brothers and sisters, do we appreciate the blessings our kind and heavenly Father is daily bestowing upon us? Do we strive with our mind and strength to keep the commandments of the Most High? We should be very thankful that we have been privileged to obey the true gospel. All who obey it with honest hearts, can testify that it is true. It is now about four years since I obeyed the gospel, and I have never regretted it. All I regretted is that I have not lived as faithfully as I should, and that I have so often neglected my duty before the Lord. Only think what a great reward awaits us if faithful to the end.

I wish that I could become acquainted with you all. If any of the Hopes will write to me I would answer with so much pleasure. My address is at the head of this letter. Your sister in Christ,

LIZZIE WIPER.

LOWER LAKE, Lake county, Cal.,

August 15th, 1879.

We have no branch, but there are thirteen members here. I am twelve years old. I am baptized. Pray for me, dear Saints, that I may be faithful. I go to school. We have no regular preaching, but Bro. Orren Smith has come, and we hope to have some preaching. I love to read what Christ has done for us all. Your sister in the bond of love,

ALICE M. ASHLEY.

BINGHAMTON, Wis., August 3rd, 1879.

My mother and two of my brothers and three of my sisters are in Washington county. I love to read the *ZION'S HOPE*. I am trying to serve the Lord the best I can. I ask you to pray for me. Your brother

JACOB LAMPERT.

SAN JOSE, Cal., August, 1879.

I write you about how we are getting along in San Jose. We have no branch, but I hope there will be one here. I have lost my little cripple brother. His Heavenly Father has released him from a world of suffering. I am with my aged grandmother, Ann Bolton. I am not a member of the Church yet. My grandmother asks an interest in your prayers. My little brother died July 3rd. His name was Benny Bardwell, aged 11 years and 2 months. He has gone to that beautiful land of the blest, where the Saints and angels were watching and waiting for him. He has gone to that beautiful land on high. Gone but not forgotten.

HENRIETTA BARDWELL.

DIED.

BARDWELL.—On the evening of July 3d, 1879, at the residence of his grandparents, William and Ann Bolton, Benjamin Bardwell, aged 11 years and 2 months.

### 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 September 79.

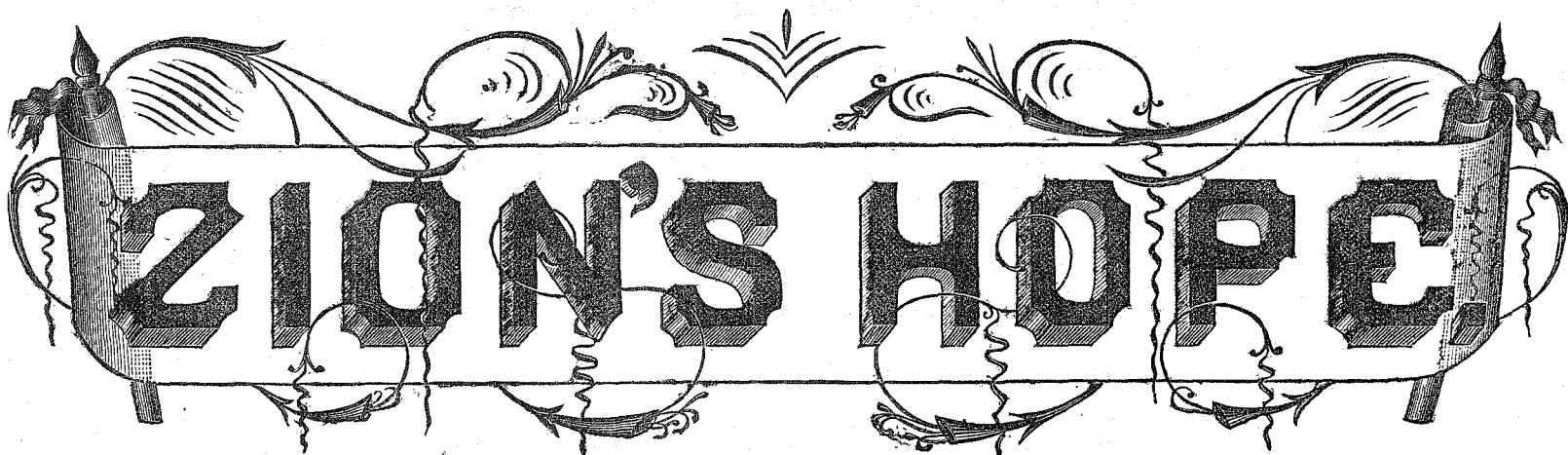
A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue. Owing to the fact that we make nothing on the *Hope* we would like to see subscriptions paid up as early as possible, and delinquent ones especially. With the small margin to work 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.* 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.

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





"Even a Child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure."—Prov. 20 : 11.

VOL. XI.

PLANO, ILLINOIS, OCTOBER 1, 1879.

No. 7.

### OTA'S GRAVE.

**T**HE sweetest, sacred spot on earth,  
That memory holds most dear,  
Is but a little mossy mound—  
But our Ota's sleeping there.

The brightest sunbeams seem to love  
To linger round that spot,  
It is the last they kiss farewell—  
The first by them that's sought.

The zephyrs stop to rest awhile,  
And breathe a fresher breath,  
Upon the strange sweet flowers that bloom  
Above the flower of death.

Tread softly, stranger, then, and pause  
About the little mound,  
For it has cost us many a tear—  
This hallowed spot of ground.

The angels bore him from our grasp,  
A jeweled casket rare;  
His eyes were closed, and hushed his breath,  
We smoothed his golden hair.

I think I hear him calling now,  
In that bright world of joy;  
O, may we live, that when life's o'er  
We'll meet our darling boy.

STOCKTON, Cal.,

DORINDA F. E. ROBERTS.

### NIL DESPERANDUM.

BY PERLA WILD.

CHAPTER I.

"DON'T, Luella, I want to get my lesson. Its almost time to go to school," and Norton Ingram put away the white dimpled hand that mischievously covered the page of the arithmetic where he was studying.

Luella, little, pink-cheeked, five year old baby-beauty, pouted a moment, then with a quick movement she rubbed the figures off the boy's slate, and laughed because she had annoyed him.

"Luell Dayton!" cried Norton, his dark, handsome face flushing with vexation, "I'll tell your mamma."

"Humph!" sniffed the little miss, "I guess my mamma don't care for you; you aint her boy," and away flitted the little girl to play with her dolly in the window, thinking—yes knowing that she had said something to silence him.

Norton bit his lip, but went on with his lesson, or rather went over with his work again. Just as he had begun on the last figure of the multiplier, and had forgotten all about Luella and her pranks, in his desire to get through with his work and hasten to school, she came softly up beside him, slapping her doll down on his slate, and, rubbing it sharply, completely erased all his figures.

"O, you naughty girl! I shall never get anything done," he cried, and tossed the doll upon a book-case standing near, out of the little lady's reach. Then she screamed and cried for her dolly, and threatened fearfully; in the midst of which Norton took his hat, and went out of the house, and to school. Mamma came in to find out the cause of her daughter's cries; and Luella was ready to exclaim,

"O, mamma! 'at old, ugly boy wented and throwed my nice dolly 'way up where I can't get it. O, dear! O, dear!"

"What did he do that for, Lell?" asked mamma.

"Just 'cause he's so mean, of course," sobbed Luella.

"Where is he?"

"Gone to school, I 'spose, and I wish he wouldn't never comed back here again, neither."

"Hush, Luella. You mustn't talk so. He is a poor motherless boy, and I am his step-mother, and his papa is your step-father. So you must be good to him and love him as a brother."

"He aint my brother, though," sobbed Luella; "I don't want to love him neither; and he wented to school without no dinner, 'cause he was mad with me, and I don't care neither, so I don't."

"Stop, Luella, don't talk so any more. I'm sorry if Norton went without his dinner. He is a good boy, and I'm sure you did something to tease him, or he wouldn't have thrown your doll away from you."

Little Luella flung herself out of her mother's arms and on the carpet. "Course you think Nort's a good boy, always! Nobody cares for me, never. And I don't care. I'm going away off some time and get losted, and then I guess somebody'll be sorry."

The door opened and a tall, dark-eyed man entered.

"Guess who's coming?"

Mamma looked puzzled.

"Aren't expecting any one?" he questioned.

"No."

"Well, some one's coming whom you'll be delighted to see," and the gentleman drew the lady to the window. A cry of delight, and the blue-eyed little mamma sprang over Luella and flew through the open casement, down the lawn, and was caught in the arms

of a venerable old man who was coming rapidly toward the house.

"O papa, papa! my own, own papa? Bless your dear soul. How you did surprise me. Never even wrote you were thinking of coming." They were walking hand in hand now. "But papa, where's mamma? Why didn't she come? I shall never forgive her."

"Oh yes you will, Emily. Because mother sent me expressly to bring you and little Luell home to the old hearthstone. She can't bear the idea of your staying here alone so far from your lonely old parents. Leave the farm in the care of old Sam, and the house in his wife's hands, and come home and stay all summer; or the rest of it, for June is nearly gone already. Strawberries are just at their best now, and the cream at the richest. And there's a nice cake of maple sugar hid away for Emily and little Lell. O you must come. There's no sense in your staying here in this great house alone, with no one but a baby and old Sam and his wife."

They had reached the house now, and little Lell was in grandpa's arms before they entered.

"No, papa, I wont stay here alone. Look here!" and she drew from the shadow of the curtains the dark-eyed man who had remained in the room she had left. "Look here, papa, he is staying with me."

The old gentleman stared, put Luella down and stared again. "What does it all mean? Who is this man? Emily, it isn't—it can't be—not Preston Ingram surely? yet so like him."

The gentleman came forward with a bright, winning smile, extended his hand and said, "How do you do, Mr. Elwood. Has it been so long since we met that you are in doubt as to my identity? Believe me, I am most happy to take your kindly hand once more."

The old gentleman looked puzzled.

"Am I speaking to Preston Ingram—alive and well? But tell me, boy, where did you spring from? Didn't you die on the plains, on your way to Oregon?"

Preston Ingram laughed and said, "No, I rather think I didn't. I am flesh and blood, you see, though you stare as if I were a ghost. By some means the report came back that I was dead. I heard it too, after a while, but, as I had no relatives in my old home that were near to me, and I was told that Emily had

married soon after I left, in spite of her solemn promise to me, you see I didn't care to dispute the rumor."

Mr. Elwood looked more and more puzzled. "Married! Our Emily? Why Pres, she wasn't married for five years after you left. It was that long before she fully was brought to believe you were really dead. But when did you come to life again, Preston? And how did you chance to find her here, so far from her old home."

"By accident, sir. I was coming to the States again, after a twelve years stay in Oregon. The train stopped at the city of R— for breakfast, and while there Emily and her little girl came on board, and she was not in doubt as to my identity. She knew me at a glance."

"Well," replied the old gentleman, "I suppose you won't go back immediately, so why can't you come with Em, and visit us and look over the old familiar places. I don't want to be disappointed, and if you go too, it will be a double pleasure to us all."

"I am at her disposal," replied Preston Ingram. If she goes and wishes it, I accompany her. If she stays here, so do I. As to my returning west, that is out of the question, now," with a smiling glance towards Emily.

"Papa," said Mrs. Emily, drawing a step nearer, "I am not alone, as I told you; Preston is my husband."

"What! already?" cried papa, "and you never let us know, you naughty girl."

"It's only a week ago papa, that we were wed, and I did write you, this morning."

"Well, well, well! How strangely things come round in this changeful world," mused grandpa. "What will mother say. And so, after all these years you have come back to the old haunts; could not quite forget us, hey?"

Luella had been neglected during the conversation, and sat with finger on her lip, looking very much abused, and very melancholy. Preston caught her by the shoulders, and swinging her around planted her white little feet in the midst of pink shells and dainty china, and green and gold books right in the middle of the center table.

"Lemme down!" she cried, pouting still more, and frowning like the pretty, petted baby she was. "I'll break suffin, so I will, or fall right down and hurt me."

"No you wont do that either; you dare not," replied her step-father, playfully.

"I dares if I can't help it; and I isn't goin to stay here, so I isn't. Mamma, please drive 'at man off. He aint my papa; and I don't like him."

Preston Ingram set the child down, asking quizzingly, "Why don't you like him, little puss?"

"'Cause I's mad. And I don't want to be good. Everybody bothers me, and I don't care if I am naughty. I can't be good if I try. I try, and then they call me naughty if I don't do just so every time. I aint goin to try any more, cause it don't do any good." And the blue eyes filled with tears, and the

sweet baby face hid itself on mamma's bosom.

But mamma's gentle sympathy and soothing words fell like healing balm on the wee wounded soul, and the angel of sleep brooded softly over, and Luella forgot her sorrow.

To be Continued.

### THE CHINESE WALL.



N American engineer, who, being engaged in the construction of a railway in China, has had an unusually favorable opportunity of examining the famous Great Wall built to obstruct the incursions of the Tartars, gives the following account of this wonderful work: The wall is 1,728 miles long, 18 feet wide, and 15 feet thick at the top. The foundation throughout is of solid granite, the remainder of compact masonry. At intervals of between 200 and 300 yards, towers rise up 25 to 30 feet high and 24 in diameter. On the top of the walls and on both sides of it are masonry parapets to enable the defenders to pass unseen from one tower to another. The wall itself is carried from point to point in a perfectly straight line, across valleys and over hills, without the slightest regard to the configuration of the ground, sometimes plunging down into abysses a thousand feet. Brooks and smaller rivers are bridged over by the wall, while on both banks of larger streams strong flanking towers are placed.

### JOHNNY'S ARITHMETIC.



JOHNNY was poring over his mental arithmetic. It was a new study to him, and he found it interesting. When Johnny undertook anything he went about it with heart, head and hand.

He sat on his high stool at the table, while his father and mother sat just opposite. He was such a tiny fellow, scarcely large enough to hold the book, you would think, much less to study and calculate. But he could do both, as you shall see.

Johnny's father had been speaking to his mother; and Johnny had been so intent on his book, that he had not heard a word; but as he leaned back in his high chair to rest a moment, he heard his father say, "Dean got beastly drunk last night, drank ten glasses of wine; I was disgusted with him."

Johnny looked up with bright eyes. "How many did you drink, father?"

"I drank but one, my son," said the father, smiling down upon his little boy.

"Then you were only one-tenth drunk," said Johnny, reflectively.

"John," cried his parent, sternly, in a breath; but Johnny continued, with a studious air:

"Why, yes; if ten glasses of wine make a man beastly drunk, one glass will make him one-tenth part drunk, and"—

"There, there!" interrupted the father, biting his lip to hide the smile that would come; "I guess it is bed time for you; we will have no more arithmetic to-night."

So Johnny was tucked away in bed, and

went sound asleep turning the problem over and over to see if he was wrong. And just before he lost himself in slumber, he had thought: "One thing is sure; if Dean hadn't taken that one glass he wouldn't have been drunk; and if father had taken nine more, he would have been drunk. So it's the safest way not to take any; and I never will."

And the next thing he was snoring, while Johnny's father was thinking, "There is something in Johnny's calculation, after all. It is not safe to take one glass, and I will ask Dean to sign a total abstinence pledge with me tomorrow;" and he did so, and they both kept it. So great things grew out of Johnny's studying mental arithmetic, you see.

### A DRUNKARD'S HOME.



DRUNKARD'S home!" It's a terrible sound; It smites the heart, and, wherever tis found, There, want and starvation preside supreme, And anguish flows on in a quenchless stream.

A drunkard's home! What a pitiful place, With never a gleesome or happy face, Where poverty reigns with an iron hand, And scatters sorrow with a flaming brand.

A drunkard's home! What sights, what sounds, In such a dark and dreary place abound, There no sweet, happy children play with glee, But little, bare feet, and starving mouths we see.

A drunkard's home is a curse and a shame To the vender who gives to it the name, And the blood of innocent ones is shed As coals of fire on his sinful head.

A drunkard's home! Oh parents, children all, It pleads with you, a helping hand it calls; Come, rescue the fallen, help them to stand, And banish this curse from our native land.

SARAH A. SUMMERFIELD.

### THE ORIGIN OF PIN-MONEY.



THE word pin-money is not much used nowadays, and, when it is, it is apt to be used loosely. It is often employed to mean an allowance by a father or husband for a daughter's or wife's extra expenses. But its proper significance is a woman's allowance for all her personal outlay, whatever it may be. The origin of the term is something singular. Long after the invention of pins, in the fourteenth century, the maker was permitted to sell them openly the 1st and 2d of January only, when the court and city ladies crowded to the shops to buy them, having been provided by their fathers and husbands with money for the purpose. After pins had become plenty and cheap, women spent their money for other things; but pin-money remained in vogue. The opinion, often expressed, that pins were invented in France during the reign of Francis I., and introduced into England by Catherine Howrrd, fifth wife of Henry VIII., is entirely erroneous. In 1347, two hundred years before the death of Francis, 12,000 pins were delivered from the English royal wardrobe for the use of the Princess Joan, and fifty-three years later the Duchess D'Orleans purchased of Jehan Le Breconnier, a pin-maker of Paris, several thousands of long and short pins, besides 500 dozens of the English fashion, showing that pins were not only manufactured, but had gained a wide reputation abroad, during the reign of Henry IV. It is estimated that

hundreds of millions of pins are used every year in the United States. What becomes of all the pins is still a question that remains unanswered and unanswerable.

## EGYPT, PALESTINE AND SYRIA.

No. 19.

PREPARED BY T. J. ANDREWS.



OUR last day at Sinai is now drawing to a close. We return to our tents and make ready for our return early to-morrow morning. At half-past four in the morning our dragoman aroused us from our slumberings, that we might be ready for an early start; but it was near eight before all was in readiness and our camp in motion. We had come in by the valley of Rahah; we take our departure by the valley of "El Shiek." We left our camels and walked on some distance down the valley. We looked back again and again, and gazed long and earnestly upon the tall peak of Sinai, as they stood in towering grandeur, kindled by the glory of the morning sunlight. For three miles the frowning summit of Horeb remained full in view. At last a bend in the valley brought the circling hills in a close amphitheatre about us; we turned and gazed and gazed, as the mountain gradually vanished from our sight; it was with a feeling of regret we turned away, impressed with the thought that we should see it no more.

We found no places of particular importance on this route. One incident worth recording we encountered which we will relate. During one afternoon we passed the fountain of Marah, with its bitter waters, and a few miles beyond it we camped for the night. During the evening the wind increased, and the sand came driving like snow over the plain, and we were under the necessity of covering our eyes, and the camels seemed to be nearly blinded by it. The whole air was thick and dark and we could see but a few rods in any direction. The night came on cold and dreary. We could find no shelter of bush, bank or hill.

We camped upon the open plain, the wind driving up furiously from the direction of the sea. For some time I feared the men would not be able to hold our tent. At last, by the aid of extra ropes, it was made fast, and poor as the shelter was we were glad to take refuge in it from the driving storm. The cook contrived to kindle his charcoal fire, and from the remnant of our stock of chickens prepared us a comfortable supper, which we ate with a hearty relish though well peppered with the drifting sand.

One can scarcely conceive a more dreary and cheerless condition than a camp at such a time and in such a place, the sand drifting about you, and the folds of your little cloth tenement flapping and snapping in the wind, the frail ropes strained to their utmost tension, liable at any moment to snap asunder and leave all to the mercy of the tempest. But it is our last night in the desert; a half day's ride will bring us to Suez. Cheered with the thought that we were so near our journey's

end we lay down to rest, and, despite the cheerlessness of our condition, were soon enjoying a profound slumber.

March 12th. The wind this morning has considerably abated. It is the last day of our camel riding. At 10 a.m. Moses' Wells appeared in sight on a distant elevation, about one hour ahead of us, and, far beyond, Suez was in sight, looking precisely like a great clump of trees upon the sea shore, though there is not a tree in the place. Hail, cheerful sight! At one o'clock we reached the landing at Suez, sent our camels and baggage round the head of the gulf, and signaled for a boat to come and again ferry us over the waters.

While waiting we refreshed ourselves after our long and dusty ride by an invigorating bath in the sea; and if, after your long and intimate association with camels and Bedouins, old saddles and old blankets, you find a few stray denizens of the camp have taken up their residence in your apparel, don't be alarmed, for a few changes of clean linen will set things all right. A remnant of one of the great plagues of the Exodus still clings to Egypt and to the desert, sometimes to the great annoyance of travelers.

The waters past and our life in the desert is over, and, thanks to modern art and enterprise, Cairo instead of three days' weary camel's ride across the desert, can now be reached by rail in a few hours. We took leave of our camel drivers and shiek; we to visit other lands and other Bible scenes, they to return to their solitary desert homes.

At three o'clock our train was in motion, Suez and the sea faded away behind us, the desert, like a mighty ocean, once more closed around us. Again the cheerful sight of the green valley of the Nile greet us, and the walls, minarets, and citadels of grand Cairo are immediately before us.

Our stay in this land of antiquities is about to close. How many places of interest we have been allowed to visit; how much we have learned. We have seen Egypt and Sinai, the mouldering ruins of the one and the stern grandeur of the other. We have ascended the pyramids and felt the vanity of human greatness, and the uncertainty of human hopes. The Sphinx has preached to us; the fallen statue of Rameses has been our instructor. We have walked over the ruins of On and Noph, and strange voices have we heard amid their desolate solitudes. Ancient tablets have spoken to us and tombs have been eloquent with sermons and lectures.

We have read the handwriting of God, and seen the traces of the foot prints of Deity. Truly this land is one of God's prehistoric books. Here he has written lessons for all coming posterity, and page after page is now being unfolded and read. Their dead men speak, and stones come up and testify. A signet ring from the vault of an ancient tomb, the inscription upon which centuries of decay have not been able to deface, fixes the reign of a king and determines the date of an important event. Bricks of unburned clay, torn up from some long buried ruin, speaks of

Israel's bondage and labor. A planetary configuration upon the crumbling walls of some ruined palace or temple, fixes an important era in chronology. Household implements, workmen's utensils, articles of apparel and ornaments, remnants of idols, broken altars and paraphernalia of worship preserved in tombs and sarcophago, and recovered from the ruins of long buried cities, tell us how four thousand years ago men lived, thought, felt, labored and worshiped. Here we are taken back to the infancy of history, to the days of Abraham's journeyings, Israel's bondage and Moses' mission. We learn how he was selected to transmit to posterity the ancient history of the world. We learn that as early as seven hundred years after the flood, and but little more than two hundred after Noah's death, here was a people ruled by a king with law, literature, and religion. We see how Manetho and Egyptian monuments unite to substantiate the truth of what Moses has written, and how secret developments are settling chronological dates and historical facts with astonishing precision. Surely the hand of the Lord is in all these things. He who formed the earth and the world, though veiled in clouded majesty, has been present, omnipotent in power, infinite in wisdom, directing and overruling all.

Our travels are not yet over. We have now a journey to make to the Holy Land. We are to go to the land of promise of Israel's inheritance and Israel's rest; the land of patriarchs, prophets and apostles; the land of the Savior's nativity, of his mighty works, of his wonderful death, of his glorious resurrection and ascension.

To be Continued.

## JOHNNY'S BREAKFAST.

ONE morning Johnny came to the breakfast table and boldly said he would not eat bread and milk that morning.

"Very well, Johnny," answered his mother, quietly and without raising her voice, "I'll set it on this high shelf. You can run to school."

This run consisted of a long piece of road, and then a long tramp through a wood, which gave Johnny ample time to call up all his spunk and to strengthen his determination not to give in.

Accordingly, on his return, he was all ready to assert the dignity of boy-hood, and when he drew up to the table and saw the bowl of bread and milk set before him, he felt nerved to any desperate course, and decided to die rather than eat it.

"Very well, Johnny," was the mother's calm remark. "I'll set it on the high shelf until you want it," and a decided wave of her hand sent him from the table, and in due time he was bidden, by an authority he could not resist, to run off to school. That run was not as spirited as the morning run had been. He felt "dreadful hollow," and felt no relish for his usual sport of pretending to be chased by a bear, climbing, in fancied terror, a tree, run-

ning out on its horizontal branches and dropping to the ground, only to gain another tree and accomplish the same feat of dexterity.

On the contrary, he felt a little like giving up, as he knew his mother never would, and admitted to himself that he should be glad of that bowl of bread and milk; and when he came dragging home at night, and the bowl was lifted down from the high shelf without a word of threatening or reproach, he pretty well understood the force of calm and persistent authority.

Feeling well assured that he could never eat anything else until he had swallowed that oft-presented and oft-refused bread and milk, he just took it as quietly as it was offered and ate it.

And after that he said he never set his will in defiance of his mother's. I saw the tears of fond and appreciative love gather in the eyes of the venerable old man, as he said: "My mother was a woman of good judgment, and I love to think how she made me obey her."

### CULTIVATED FEAR.



It is strange that some people are continually in terror when there seems to be no cause? Is it unaccountable that some persons are terrified to be alone, especially in the night? And is it all folly for children, yes, even some up to manhood and womanhood to be superstitiously affrighted of some fearful, unknown creature, or of something and yet nothing—they don't know what, when they know there is nothing to harm them?

To the above questions I answer, No. The reasons, almost wholly, can be charged up to their parents. That which they do not receive by nature as hereditary from their parents, is educated in them as soon as they are old enough to understand.

There are various ways of educating children with this useless fear and dread. Their aptness for catching and learning superstitious stories, is very great, and they will listen until they almost shake with fear. The parents, in correcting a child, will often tell it of horrible things that will happen to it if it is not good, thereby creating a constant fear within the child, if it believes the parent. For instance, I have seen children, who, when in bed, would not be quiet and go to sleep, and the mother, not wishing to use harsh means with them, would tell them to lie down and go to sleep or the "black man" would catch them. In fact my mother has told me the same many times; and when the light was blown out, I would cover my head closely and lay and shiver for fear. My mother also told us "ghost stories" and "witch stories," not thinking she was doing any harm. But that fear which she educated in me, I have never entirely overcome to this day, and a sister of mine who is younger than I am, is quite fearful in the dark. It used to be quite annoying to me, when a boy, in passing through woods in the dark, to hear a leaf rustle, or a rabbit start up; and passing by a cemetery in the

night, my heart would beat like a pheasant does her wings in the spring of the year.

Thus we see it is wrong to bring children up full of idle fancies; for it is hard to rid the mind of them after they are once cultivated within.

W. H. D.

### Letters from the Hopes.

PLATTSBURG, Mo., August 3d, 1879.

I am very thankful that we have such a good, instructive, interesting paper to read and correspond with. On the 19th and 20th of July, we had a two-days meeting at our branch. Brother Alexander Smith was with us. It was the first time he had ever visited our branch, and we were truly glad to have him come, and we trust he will not forget us, but soon make us another visit. The people of the world desire to hear him preach again. We think if Bro. Smith would come to our part of the country, much good would be done, for we feel that, although our neighbors are now prejudiced towards us, that some day many of them will be brought to a knowledge of the gospel, and obey the same. We trust in God for blessings too great for man to give. Pray for me that I may be saved with the rest of the Saints. Your sister,

SARAH A. SUMMERFIELD.

LITTLE SIOUX, Iowa, August 25th, 1879.

Dear Hopes, as I promised to write to you again sometime, I attempt to do so now. Since last writing I have been led to meditate on my past life, and many pleasant as well as unpleasant thoughts have occupied my mind.

I was led to this meditation by a sister, (a professed sister at least) asking me if I never danced. I told her I had tried it two evenings in my life, but that I felt condemned and had not tried it since, and that I did not think it right to profess one thing and live something else. She said she did not think it was wrong for any one to dance that liked it, and that she had always liked to dance.

She also said that her daughter had only commenced going to dances last winter, (O if mothers would only try to draw their children's minds away from that which is evil, instead of helping to lead them on!) and that her sons said they never would join the Church because they could not have any fun, but she told them they could have fun and belong to the Church too. But I say if they wish to have fun by dancing, &c., let them stay where they are, and not profess to be Saints; for we can not serve both God and mammon. This I know for myself.

I embraced the gospel of Christ when I was thirteen years of age. A short time after this I and my brother (who had joined the Church when eight years old unbeknown to his parents until he came to the tent in his wet clothes—it being at a general conference—and who was a noble, good boy until led away by the cunning craftiness of satan) went to a party, and it was turned into a dance; and here (O how I regret it) we took our first steps in dancing. But afterwards, as I told the sister, I felt condemned, and said to myself, and even told others, that I would not dance again. But, alas! how weak is mortal man and how easily misled, unless continually on the watch-tower. Thus it was with me. For but a short time after, satan tempted me and I again yielded to the temptation. After I went home, I knelt by my bed to say my prayers, as had been my custom, before retiring. I felt so condemned and miserable before God that I hardly knew what to say. But finally I felt more determined and said to myself, "I will make a covenant with God." and the covenant was this: That if he would forgive me of the past evil I had done, that I would never take another step in dancing. And I never have, and by the assisting grace of God I never will.

I often feel grieved when I think over what I have just related to you; to think that perhaps I am some to blame for my brother being where he now is, (for he still mingles with the world more than with God's people), although he was older than myself. I sometimes think if I had not yielded perhaps he would not, and I pray often to God that he may yet return safely to the fold before it is too late. He is yet young, and not one of the worst boys in the world, and may yet do much good in the Master's cause; and I pray not only for him, but for my

dear companion, and for all who are honest in heart who have not rendered obedience to God's commands, that they will do so before it be too late.

And let me say to you, dear little brothers and sisters, (and big ones too,) let us live as Saints, and not merely have the name, otherwise I fear that we will be rejected when God comes to take his own. Let us so live that others seeing our good works may glorify our Father which is in heaven. Your sister in Christ,

SARAH J. ROSS.

GRAHAM LAKE, Minn., Sept. 6th, 1879.

As I am neither a big Hope nor yet a little Hope, and as I belong to no church whatever, I do not know as a letter from me would be acceptable, but I am a reader of the little paper known by that name. I have never seen an article from this place. Although now a resident of Minnesota, I was born in dear, old, sunny Ohio; and, when a little child, I have played on the steps of the temple in Kirtland. Perhaps I may write a longer letter some day, and tell you of our beautiful lakes and prairies. Probably some of you have read the history of the Minnesota massacre. Here was the land of that awful butchery. I have visited the grave where are the bones of eleven buried together. A monument is to be erected to their memory very soon. No more for this time.

UNA.

PLATTSBURG, Mo., August 29th, 1879.

It is not because I do not like to write to you that I have not done so, for I do. I love to read the letters of our brothers and sisters, and to see that they are so interested in our little paper, and I will try and help you more than I have been doing. Let us try and do all the good we can. My desire is to do the will of God, that I may be worthy to be saved in his kingdom, but I have many temptations to overcome. Pray for me, that I may be unwavering in the great work of God; for I know it is the only way whereby we can be saved. Therefore let us press onward, instead of going backward; let us be watchful and prayerful, and keep our minds from the things of this world, and center our thoughts upon our Lord and Master. Dear Hopes, pray for me that I may hold out faithful. I wish to meet you all in heaven. I send my kind regards to you all and will pray for you often. Your sister in the gospel,

SARAH E. SUMMERFIELD.

### SUNDAY SCHOOL REPORT.

Zion's Hope Sunday School of Nebraska City, Nebraska, reports for quarter ending June 29th, 1879: No. of sessions 12; whole No. of attendance 403; verses recited 710; money collected \$4.95; average attendance 33 7-12; average of verses recited 59 2-12; average collections 41 4-12 cents. A good interest has been manifested up to the present time, but we now have no suitable place to hold our school, as we are barred from the meeting house that we have occupied so long. But our Superintendent has offered us a room to meet in for the present, so as not to break up our school. Respectfully submitted, J. W. Waldsmith, superintendent, Mattie Elvin, secretary.

### 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.

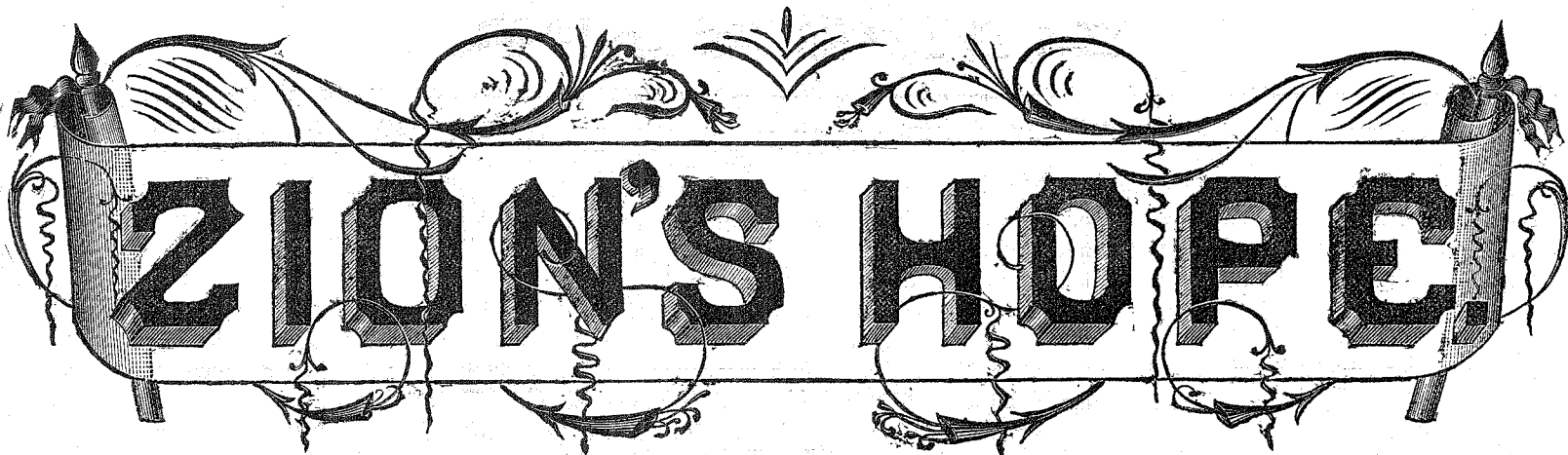
1 October 79.

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.* 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.

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



# ZION'S HOPE

"Even a Child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure."—Prov. 20 : 11.

VOL. XI.

PLANO, ILLINOIS, OCTOBER 15, 1879.

No. 8.

## DARE.

**D**ARE to be honest, good, and sincere,  
Dare to please God, and you never need fear.

Dare to be brave in the cause of the right,  
Dare with the enemy ever to fight.

Dare to be loving and patient each day,  
Dare speak the truth whatever you say.

Dare to be gentle and orderly, too,  
Dare shun the evil whatever you do.

Dare to speak kindly, and ever be true,  
Dare to do right, and you'll find your way through.

## NIL DESPERANDUM.

BY PERLA WILD.

CHAPTER II.—LITTLE LUELLA'S PENANCE.\*



**L**HILE mamma was helping to prepare dinner, little Luell awakened and crept into grandpa's arms. "Does you like little girls, dranpa? Little girls like me? I shouldn't think you would. No, I shouldn't, surely." And the little one looked appealingly up into his face.

"Why, little pet? Why shouldn't I like little girls? Your mamma was my little girl once. And now you are mamma's little girl, and mine, and grandma's, too. And of course I like you; you're such a sweet, little, blue-eyed baby. I ought to like you, hadn't I? Why not?"

"O, 'cause," and the child looked sober and thoughtful. "I 'spect Is' an awful bad little girl," and she sighed pitifully. "My mamma said I was. And she won't get me my dolly, Ruby. That naughty old Snort, he throwed it away up there, where I can't get it." And the blue eyes wandered across the room to where poor dolly lay half falling off the book-case.

"Who's Snort, I'd like to know," asked grandpa.

"O, he's Mr. Ingram's boy. He comed on the cars with his pa, and then when his pa stood up by mamma and got married, she said he was my brother, and the man my papa. 'Taint so, is it, dranpa?"

"What! Preston Ingram's boy! Didn't know he was married. Possible! What do you say his name is?" questioned grandpa.

"O, his name is Snort,—Snort Ingram; and mamma says her name is Ingram, too. But I aint going to have 'at name; I'm going to be just Luella Dayton. Wouldn't you, dranpa?"

\* Repentance.

"Yes, Lell. But what did you say the boy's name is? Snort? That can't be his name, surely" remarked grandpa.

"Not 'actly Snort, dranpa, but it's most like that, and I can't think of just what it is, so I has to call him Snort. He hain't been here very long, you know, and I can't 'member. I don't see what made him and his papa come here any way. This is mamma's house and mine, ain't it drandpa?"

"Yes, dear," replied grandpa Elwood. "But a good while ago your mamma Emily and Preston Ingram were good friends and would have been married, but he went away to Oregon, and never came back till now. So it's all right at last; and you ought to love your new papa."

"I 'spect I will by and by," replied the child demurely. "But I don't like that boy. Boys are ugly any way. And, dranpa, what made 'at man, Mr. Ingram, stay away so long from mamma? He isn't a very good man, is he?"

"Yes, Luell, I believe he is a very good man. And he staid away because he heard your mamma had married some one else, and that made him sad, and he didn't want to come back."

"Dranpa,"—and Lell looked very serious, "drandpa, do you suppose he'll get very hungry if he don't have one single bit of dinner all day?"

"Who, child?"

"Why, Snort, at Ingram boy; cause he got 'voked at me, and wented off to school without no dinner at all."

"Provoked at you Lell," cried grandpa. "May be you were naughty a little; and may be he threw your doll up yonder because you teased him."

"Well, and s'posing I did tease him, dranpa. Little girls must do something when they can't work, nor read, nor go to school," and she looked very serious again.

"Certainly, Lell., they must do something, but they shouldn't tease others. Others won't love them if they do."

"They needn't then," replied Luella, "I don't care. I don't want Snort to love me any way. He ain't my brother, 'cause she's my mamma, and I shan't let him have her at all, so I shan't."

Dinner was ready now, and they all repaired to the wide, cool dining-room. Luella was unusually silent and thoughtful during

the whole meal. When she had finished, mamma noticed that the whole of Luella's piece of pie was untouched. It was lemon pie, too, nicely frosted, just what Luella doted on.

"Why don't you eat your pie, dear. It's lemon pie; taste it."

But Lell shook her head. "I—don't want it, mamma. It's good, but I's going to carry it to—to Snort. He hain't got no dinner at all. And I eated lots of dinner, and mayn't I go and carry that to him, mamma? I 'spect he's awful hungry."

Mamma smiled, half amused, half approvingly. "But why not give him another piece? and you can eat your own then. Here's a nice, large piece on the pie plate."

"Cause, mamma, you see that wouldn't be me giving him. And I 'spect I teased him and made him run off and forget his dinner, and so I ought to do somefing, oughtn't I, dranpa?"

"Yes, Lell, you had. You're doing just right. Making a sacrifice of your appetite to punish yourself for wrong doing and giving your choicest morsel to one you had wronged. That's your mamma over again," with a fond glance at Emily.

"But, father," asked Emily, "how did you know any thing about it? She didn't tell you, did she?"

"Yes, her conscience troubled her, and she had to talk," replied grandpa. [Luell had gone away to the window to speak to her kitty asleep there]. "She began to talk," resumed grandpa, "by justifying herself and blaming him, but when she come to think it over, she decided that she was a trifle guilty, it seems, and is doing penance accordingly."

Luella came back presently with a tiny basket of hers, and carefully transferring her piece of pie from her plate to the pail, she began to look for her sun-bonnet. "I must hurry," she remarked, "'cause I 'spect he'll be so hungry. Did you see it mamma?"

"Yes, Lell., it's on the floor in the corner there, where some little girl laid it."

Donning her pretty, ruffled, white little bonnet, she said, demurely, "I's dreadful naughty, mamma. Do you s'pose I'll ever get real good, any time?"

"Yes, dear," replied mamma, kissing the sweet upturned face. "But where are you going?"

"Why don't you know, mamma? I'm go-

ing to take my pie to Snort. Mayn't I, mamma, please?"

"But, Luella, you don't know the way, and it's a mile; too long a distance for you to go."

"O, I can run real fast. You can tell me the way, mamma," and the little girl stepped out of the open window, and tripped down the yard path.

Mamma saw Preston Ingram coming up the walk, and let her go on. Presently she came up to him.

"Hey day, where away now, little puss? What errand of mercy are you bent upon?" and he stooped down and lifted her in his arms. Lell. was vexed at this, for she was in a hurry, but she was determined to be very good, and not cry or pout. So she murmured sweetly:

"Please let me go; I's in such a hurry."

"But where are you going, little fairy?"

"O, I's just going to school," struggling to get down, "and I must go quick."

"But, Luella, you'll hurt these tender little feet on the rocky hill yonder. Where are your shoes? Let me carry you back to mamma, and see what she says about it."

"O, don't, Mr. Ingram, I's in an awful hurry, I is."

"Won't you call me papa, Luella?" he asked, gently setting her on her feet, but retaining her hand.

"Yes, I guess so sometime, but I wants to go now. Mamma don't care; she saw me come. Please let me go," and the little thing was ready to cry.

Mamma came up now. "Stay, Lell, papa Preston is going right by the school-house, and he can carry your basket for you. He's going to the smithy."

"But, mamma, I wants to go now, I can't wait."

"He's going right now, dear. See, the horses are down at the gate. He's just coming to the house to tell grandpa."

"But I's the one that ought to go my own self. I could ride with drampa."

"Let her go, Emily," urged Preston Ingram. "We'll take care of her. But she don't need her basket, she's eaten her dinner."

He hadn't heard the conversation in the dining-room, and Emily explained in a low tone the state of things, and then ran back to get a bit of cake and a nice large slice of bread and butter and jam, well knowing how hungry boys are.

Luella wondered why Preston Ingram carressed and kissed her so fondly, and called her a "precious little woman—mamma's own little daughter."

"Dood by, mamma, I'll come back sometime," chirruped the little one, as she rode away, perched on the high spring seat between grandpa and Preston Ingram.

Mamma had come down to the gate to see them off, but now she hastened back to help old Aunt Abby, Black Sam's wife, about the work, that they might have time to go out and gather blackberries for tea.

Grandpa Elwood had a peculiar penchant\*

for blackberry short-cake, and Emily and Aunt Abby were bent on giving him a pleasant surprise, as it was early for blackberries and he wouldn't be expecting any such a rare treat. Emily had noticed the evening previous that there was a goodly show of ripe berries on her early vines in the garden.

And, sure enough, a half-hour's labor filled a great china bowl rounding over with dark, shining, delicious fruit, tempting, palatable and healthful. Everything worked admirably. The puff paste was light, white and creamy. The oven just the right heat, and Aunt Abby's cream sponge cake (her special pride), was a mound of golden feathery beauty, and the floating custard, a tinted, billowy, foam-capped wave of appetizing delicacy.

The dining table was a perfect gem of art. Everything was arranged with an eye to beauty and fitness. A tiny boquet of cool, fresh nasturtium, its broad green leaves, intermingled with deep velvety crimson, orange, and gold, graced a tiny crystal goblet beside every plate, while a delicately twined wreath of cress and sweet-pea blossom encircled the central dish, an antique china plate of huge dimensions, but of delicate shape and pattern, of which little could be seen save the gold-laced edge, for the liberal-souled Emily had prepared a regular family short cake. Everything was ready; the last graceful adjustment made, a big white apron surmounting Aunt Abby's gay green print frock, and her eyes and teeth glistening white, and the creamy brown of her countenance, in the delight of her good, honest old soul; Emily in a cool, creamy tinted lawn, with pink bows, white ruffles and girlish blushes, all awaiting, when, at five precisely, the expected made their appearance. Black Sam entered from the back door, paused, rolled up his eyes and smiled clear across his shining face.

"Bress your hearts, honeys, you'se done gone and made a real picture, you has. It's 'tirely too beautiful to touch. Ouhter just be admired at a distance."

At this moment Grandpa Elwood with Luella entered the open window from the front piazza, followed by Preston and Norton Ingram.

"O, O, O! Goody, goody! How pretty!" and Lell clapped her wee white hands. "Hurry, cause Snort's awful hungry."

"Can't you say Norton," corrected mamma. "I 'spects so," she replied. "But Snort's easiest."

"Hey day! a short cake, old lady!" from grandpa. "And blackberry, sure as life. Why Em, you're a witch, to induce berries to ripen before time."

Norton cast one bashful glance at the daintily spread table and turned away with a weary, homesick look on his face.

But Preston Ingram's joyful delight smiled in his beautiful, magnetic eyes, and his admiration of the little fairy who had worked such magic, more than repaid Emily for her afternoon's labor, though no word he spoke.

To be Continued.

Fortune, there is no fortune! all is trial, or punishment, or recompense, or foresight.

## "HIDE ME FROM PAPA."

"PLEASE take me home with you and hide me, so papa can't find me."

The speaker of the above touching words was a little child just two years of age. She was endowed with unusual sprightliness and loveliness, both of person and disposition.

We had been visiting her mother, and, on leaving, had taken the dear little one to ride a short distance.

We said, "Now, May, kiss us good-by; it is too cold to take you any farther." The little darling looked up with the most piteous expression, and clinging to me, said, in her baby words, "O, Lenny, p'ease take me home with you, and hide me, so papa can't find me."

O darling, precious May, how my heart ached for you as I pressed you to my bosom! What visions of sorrow and cruelty your words called up! How terrible it seemed that one so young and innocent should know so much of fear!

As I rode homewards, the thought would again and again recur to me, O, that all who have helped in any way to make her father a drunkard, could have heard that piteous appeal, could have seen those baby hands raised in entreaty, and her lips quivering with suppressed emotion.

Surely, surely, the heart of the most hardened whiskey dealer would have been reached, and slumbering conscience would have been awakened to a true sense of the terrible amount of wretchedness caused by the use of ardent spirits.

O think of it, barkeepers and whiskey sellers of every grade! think of your sad, sad work.

Here was a man who, when sober, was a kind and devoted parent, yet, from the use of the curse of our land, he had become so cruel and unkind as to inspire abject fear in his only child.

May all who read these few lines, who have ever encouraged the use of ardent spirits in any way, be warned in time, lest in the last great day many women and little children shall say to them, "To you we owe the utmost wretchedness and agony of our lives; our blood be upon your skirts."

## SOME OF AMERICA'S GREAT MEN.

FEW days since I, together with many others in Plano, had the privilege of grasping the hand of Rutherford B. Hayes, President of the United States. On the same train were General W. T. Sherman, and General Phil. Sheridan. As I looked upon these three chief among the great men of the nation, I thought of the story of the little boy who, many years ago, was told by his father that he was going to take him to see the King of England. When the father pointed out the king to the child, the little fellow exclaimed, "Why, father, he's but a man!" And I was glad to see that these noted ones whom the world delights to honor,

\*Pronounced *panshong*; means propensity, desire.

seemed to be plain, noble-hearted men, putting on less style than thousands who are scarcely known beyond the immediate neighborhood in which they reside.

I could but admire the pleasant, easy, gentlemanly manners of the chief ruler of one of the greatest nations on earth. Gen. Sherman, the hero whose deeds are recorded in such works as "Sherman and his Generals," etc, and as sung in "Sherman's March to the Sea," looked to me more like a thorough business man, the proprietor of a large and prosperous dry-goods house, than like the gallant hero of many a battle field. "Little Phil." Sheridan evidently likes "good living," perhaps to excess, but as he grasped the hands of his old comrades in arms, it was easy to see that he is the possessor of a warm heart; that he is both loving and beloved.

As the train, with the engine beautifully decked with the stars and stripes, bore these rulers of our country from our view, we could but mentally ask the King of kings to be with our beloved President and his companions. And when I heard one who has seen the styles in which royal personages travel in Europe contrast their manners with those of our rulers, the cold reserve and haughty dignity of the one, and the warm familiarity of the other, I could but rejoice that I was born an American citizen.

UNCLE HARVEY.

## LESSONS ON COPPER.—No. 5.

STATISTICS.

**T**HE Swansea district contains nearly six hundred furnaces, consuming 500,000 tons of coal per annum, employing 4000 hands; weekly wages amount to £4000; twenty tons of coal consumed in producing one ton of copper; value of copper per ton from £5 to £10.

Dear Hopes, this finishes my chapters on copper, and if Bro. Henry thinks they will be instructive to you, and prints them, and they are approved of by the Hopes, I may get something else and send in time.

E. E. ALTROP.

## "BE A GOOD MAN, PAPA."

**A** POET, many years ago, wrote that "a babe in the house is a well-spring of pleasure." The influence of a dear little child over the heart of a father it is impossible to estimate. The editor of the *Christian* expresses it in the following incident:

Leaving home this morning for the office, we kissed our little four year-old good-bye, saying to him, "Be a good boy." He somewhat surprised us by saying, "I will. Be a good man, papa." Sure enough, we thought, we heed the exhortation more than he. And who could give it more effectually than this guileless prattler? The words of the little preacher have been ringing in our ears all day, and whether we wrote letters or editorials, pacified an irate correspondent whose effusions we could not publish, or pruned down a too lengthy report, we seemed to hear a sweet child voice saying, "Be a good man,

papa." If the exhortation had been by Paul or Peter, would it have had more force than coming from this little apostle of innocence? We think not, at least to our heart. Oh! how many little children, if not in words, yet by the helplessness of their lives, and the truthfulness of their little hearts, are pleading most eloquently, "Papa, be a good man!" May their tender admonition be blessed of God to the rescuing of many precious souls from the wreck and ruin of sinful lives.

## CHRIST AT THE FEAST OF TABERNACLES.

**A** GOLDEN crown on Zion's brow,  
In orient splendor Salem lay,  
With myrtle and victorious palms  
Enwreathed, to greet her festal day.

Her stately streets were green with bowers  
Of fragrant boughs, with skill inwrought;  
Whose shadowy coolness with the scent,  
Of distant groves was richly fraught.

Tribe after tribe, a lengthened tide,  
Through her broad streets their off'rings bear,  
While shouts of praise for harvests home,  
Ring clear upon the morning air.

"Speak not of joy," the prophet saith,  
"To him who in this festal hour  
Hath never joined with us to sing  
Our great Jehovah's might and power."

In golden urns her kingly priests  
Cool waters bear and ruddy wine—  
Types of that stream, as crystal clear,  
Which issues from the throne divine.

When from the throng one stood, and cried,  
With voice so tuned to sweet accord,  
No marvel that the waiting tribes  
Knew not 'twas their expected Lord:

"Come unto me, ye thirsting souls!  
E'en as your scripture saith, is he  
Who trusts in me; he like a spring  
Of living waters e'er shall be."

How blest the few who hear, nor strive  
The lowly Savior to deny,  
Though Pharisees with hatred rail,  
And Scribes in scoffing accents cry:

"Look ye for Christ from Gallilee?  
Or call this Nazarene divine?  
Ye fools! have ye not read of him  
Who comes from David's royal line?"

Still now, as then, the gathered crowd,  
With critic zeal or learned pride,  
Unmoved, the same glad gospel hear,  
Or, madly scorning, turn aside.

O hard of heart and blind of eyes!  
Why will ye not the Savior see?  
E'en in your hearts he pleads as then:  
"Why will ye die! Come unto me!"

## A YOUNG LADY'S REASONS FOR NOT DANCING.

1. Dancing would lead me into crowded rooms and late hours, which are injurious to health and usefulness.
2. Dancing would lead me into very close contact with very pernicious company; and evil communications corrupt good manners.
3. Dancing would require me to use and permit freedoms with the other sex, of which I should be heartily ashamed, and which I believe to be wrong.
4. My parents and friends would be anxious about me if I were out late, keeping company with they know not whom.
5. If a thing be even doubtful, I wish to be on the safe side.
6. Dancing has a bad name, and I mean to study things that are pure and lovely and of good report.
7. Dancing is generally accompanied with

drinking, and I see drinking produces a great deal of evil.

8. I am told that dancing is a great temptation and snare to young men, and I do not wish to have anything to do with leading them astray.

9. Dancing unfits the mind for serious reflection and prayer, and I mean to do nothing that will estrange me from my God and Savior.

10. There are plenty of graceful exercises and cheerful amusements which have none of the objections connected with them that lie against dancing.

## EGYPT, PALESTINE AND SYRIA.

No. 20.

PREPARED BY T. J. ANDREWS.



**EAR HOPES:** What a journey we have had with this worthy, pious traveler. What wonderful things of old we have seen, and how closely they seem to have drawn us to those ancient scenes. The worthy traveler says in his closing reflections, that the history of the past is unfolding itself leaf by leaf; so it is. Israel's God is revealing himself to mankind in many ways, and, though veiled in clouded mystery, as the writer says, that man can not see him nor hear his voice, a steadfast, growing conviction that he lives, is planting itself in thinking minds as the result of modern research in these historical lands. How much he will yet inspire them to find out and learn of him by these means, we do not know; but, little Hopes, we can say like one of old, "We have a more sure word" than this, even the glorious light of God that cometh through the precious gospel, the precious gifts that come unto us through that means. How much more assuring and convincing it is. And when, in His wise providence, Almighty God shall endow his servants with the gift of translation, and command them to unlock those mysteries engraven upon the obelisks and monuments of Egypt that we have seen in our travels, what a connecting link it will be between the nineteenth century and what now are the dark, pre-historic ages of the world. I think, little Hopes, that our travels have been profitable to us thus far. Shall we still accompany the traveler? He proposes to visit Palestine, the land of all others the most dear to any believer in Christ; the land of all others that is about to have the attention of the world in a most special manner; and even before this shall reach the reader's eye it might be redeemed from the stranger's hand that has oppressed it so long, and partial nationality be restored to it and its lawful owners. Let us go with him, and I promise you that when our travels are over you will agree with me that the worthy traveler has shown us more, and we have learned more of those countries than we knew before. The pictures that he will show will become indelibly impressed upon our minds, so that, should any of us in the future have occasion in any capacity to visit those lands, we shall realize how true they are to the reality. I am sure you will all

agree to go with him, so we will let him lead and we will follow:

In grand Cairo I met two American gentlemen, with whom I made arrangements to make the tour through Palestine. Our preparations were soon completed, and on the 15th of March we bade adieu to the city. A ride of one hundred and thirty miles by rail returned us again to Alexandria. We called upon the American Consul and had our passports vised for Syria.

We found here an excellent Sabbath school, under the charge of the Rev. Mr. Hoge and lady, of Scotland, assisted by a Miss McCullough, of Ohio, and Miss Dale, of Philadelphia, in the interest of the Associate Reformed Presbyterian Church. In the school we found about fifty children, mostly girls, listening with apparent interest to the instruction given. They were all shades of color, native Egyptian, Copts, Jews, Italians, French, Syrians, and Maltese. Some of them could speak several languages, and some of them could write the Lord's prayer in four different languages. They sung our common school tunes set to Arabic words.

Monday morning at ten o'clock found us on board the Russian steamer *Pallas*, bound for Joppa, the nearest landing place in the Holy Land, distance about two hundred and fifty miles, the time of the voyage usually thirty-six hours. We moved out of the harbor and steamed away in a north-easterly direction. I stood upon the promenade deck, my eyes intently fixed upon the receding shore, and, as it faded from view, I bade farewell to Egypt.

Tuesday, March 17th.—Yesterday we had a heavy sea. To-day the wind has abated, the sea is comparatively calm, the day bright and pleasant. We are favored in having in our company a German from Alexandria, who speaks Arabic. To us he is a sort of a guide and interpreter. About one o'clock all eyes turned toward the land, anxious to catch a first view. Soon a dark line was visible beneath the great bank of fleecy clouds that skirted the horizon. A field-glass was brought to bear. It was the Holy Land. Soon the whole line of coast was distinctly seen, and the queer looking stone city, Jaffa, the Joppa of the New Testament, with its fort-like houses, rising tier above tier upon the hillside, was fully and clearly in view.

I will not describe my feelings as I approached it, so far different from any I ever felt before. I was about to realize the long anticipated desire of my heart, to walk on the soil pressed by patriarchs, prophets and apostles, and to visit the localities where they lived and labored and communed with God.

The landing was different, both from the roughness of the sea and the rudeness of the rabble; there is really no harbor at Jaffa in high wind. It is unsafe for vessels to stop, and they are frequently compelled to take their passengers into Beirut. The landing place was a scaffold, built out over the sea, ten feet above our heads; and, as the waves lifted us up, we must be caught and pulled up

by the natives standing above. It was a long time before I would consent to pass up my baggage. At last I passed it up, seeing no other alternative. It was immediately snatched by a half dozen, and while they were contending over it, two stout fellows seized me by the arms and dragged me upon the platform. I wrested by main strength my carpet sacks from the contending crowd, placed them upon the shoulders of a native, and soon found a quiet retreat for the night in the Latin Convent of the place. It was a rather dark and cheerless looking place, but the Monks treated us kindly, and made the best provision they could for our comfort; but the traveler will find no special inducement to prolong his stay.

Continued.

### TO POOR BOYS.



NEVER sit down despairingly and say, "It is impossible for me to rise in the world. I am only a poor boy. There is no chance for me." Why, my boy, it is just such as you who have risen highest, and become men, whose names are known throughout the world—who thoroughly understood at the outset that their fortunes were in their own hands, and that hope and energy and effort were better than all the "family influence" in the world.

Inherited wealth seems to be actually enervating. Talents too often lie disused in the hands of rich men's sons. What need of striving, they think; competence is theirs; and often such men squander the fortunes they have not earned; and lives that began in luxury end in beggary.

"No living soul will ever give me a penny," seems to be about as wholesome a prophecy as a boy can read in the book of fate.

Despair because you are poor? Why, that is the very reason that should bid you hope. The biographies of most great men, of most successful men, of most rich men, will tell you just that, if you will but read them.

### HOW TO MOVE THE WORLD.



LESSON, which, if well learned, would be of vast benefit to many theoretical reformers of the present day, is taught in this incident, which we take from a work on the life and sayings of Socrates:—

A Grecian youth, who saw the errors and follies of the people, and who wished to reform the world, once exclaimed:

"Oh, that I were rich and famous as some orator, I would move the world so soon. Here are sins to be plucked up, and truths to be planted. Oh, that I could do it all. I would reform the whole world—and that so soon."

Socrates, hearing the youth, said:

"Young man, thou speakest as silly women. This gospel, in plain letters, is written for all. 'Let him that would move the world first move himself.' It asks neither wealth nor fame to live out a noble life. Make thy light

thy life; thy thought, action. Others will come round and follow in thy steps. Thou seekest riches to move the world. Foolish young man, as thou art, begin now. Reform thy little self, and thou hast begun to reform the world. Fear not, thy work will never die."

### SUNDAY SCHOOL REPORT.

Report of the fourth quarterly of the Sunday School Union, St. Louis District, held Sunday, September 14th, 1879. Meeting opened with prayer by Bro. Brucher; Wm. Jaques, chairman. Minutes of last meeting read and approved. Report of committee on the Union Sunday School Picnic. The income for the sale of ice cream soda, cakes, &c., \$56.14; outlay, \$47.65; balance on hand, \$8.49. Geo. Hicklin, Wm. Jaques, T. Wild, committee.

Bethlehem Sunday School report for the quarter ending September 7th, 1879: Number of officers and teachers, 10; average attendance, 7. Number of scholars, 40; average attendance, 30; total average attendance of teachers and scholars, 37. Library books, 65; school books, 90. Total, 155. Finance: Expenditure last quarter, \$10.20; money received, 1.60; cash on hand, \$40. J. B. Jones, Superintendent.

Report of Caseyville Sunday School for the quarter ending September 14th, 1879: Number of officers and teachers, 4; average attendance, 4. Total number of scholars, 30; average attendance, 20. Expenditure during last quarter \$3; balance on hand \$3.50. John Brucher, Superintendent; Abram Jones, Secretary.

Alma Sunday School report, September 12, 1879: Number of officers, 2; teachers, 5; scholars, 50; cash on hand, \$4.60. The school is in a good condition, but greatly in need of books. Robert H. Mantle, Superintendent.

The preceding reports having been read, it was then resolved that the following named Wm. Jaques, R. D. Cottam, J. A. Kirk, retain the respective offices in the District School Union, for the ensuing six months, and that the president's traveling expenses, and for stationery, &c., be paid out of the treasury.

The schools of St. Louis, Cheltenham, and Gravois, did not send any report, therefore the president (Wm. Jaques) will visit them in turn, circumstances permitting, and strengthen and encourage them as our Father gives him grace. Some of the Caseyville brethren have kindly promised Mr. Jaques their assistance to visit some of the other schools which need help, in different ways. Before adjourning it was resolved to meet in Alma in three months from date, on December 14th, 1879. Closed with prayer.

J. A. KIRK, Secretary.

### 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.

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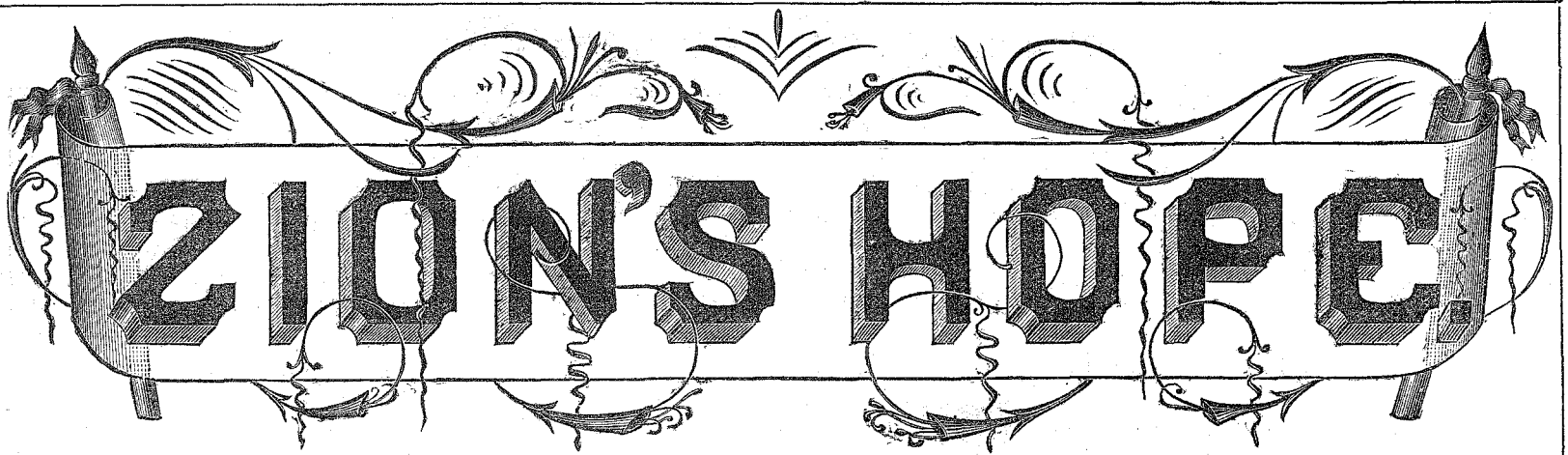
A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue. Owing to the fact that we make nothing on the *Hope* we would like to see subscriptions paid up as early as possible, and delinquent ones especially. With the small margin to work 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.

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. 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.

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# ZION'S HOPE

"Even a Child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure."—Prov. 20 : 11.

VOL. XI.

PLANO, ILLINOIS, NOVEMBER 1, 1879.

No. 9.

## POETICAL ENIGMA.

**G**OD made Adam out of dust,  
But thought it best to make me first;  
So I was made before the man,  
To answer God's most holy plan.  
My body he made complete,  
But without legs, or hands or feet.  
My ways and actions did control,  
And I was made without a soul.  
A living being I became,  
'Twas Adam that gave to me my name,  
Then from his presence I withdrew,  
No more of Adam ever knew.  
I did my Maker's law obey,  
From them I never went astray.  
Thousands of miles I ran, I fear,  
But seldom upon earth appear.  
But God in me did something see,  
And put a living soul in me;  
A soul of me my God did claim,  
And took from me my soul again,  
But when from me my soul had fled,  
I was the same as when first made;  
And without hands, or feet, or soul,  
I travel now from pole to pole.  
I labor hard both day and night,  
To fallen man I give great light.  
Thousands of people, young and old,  
Will by my death great light behold,  
No fear of death can trouble me,  
For happiness I ne'er can see.  
To heaven I shall never go,  
Nor to the grave, nor hell below.  
The Scriptures I can not believe;  
If right or wrong I can't conceive;  
Although my name therein is found,  
They are to me an empty sound.  
And now my friends, these lines you'll read,  
And search the Scriptures with all speed,  
And if my name you don't find there,  
I'll think it strange, I do declare.

## NIL DESPERANDUM.

BY PERLA WILD.

CHAPTER III.—NORTON'S DESPAIR.

**A**FTER supper Norton strolled out on the lawn and sat down under a silver leaf tree. He leaned his head on his hand and gazed mournfully at the grass, sighing as he thought of the dear mother who had died blessing her boy. O if he could be back in the old cottage home! But no. His father, lonely and sad, after the good wife's death, had determined to return to the States. And here they were, living in a great, roomy, cosy farm house, and that to be their home. Poor Norton! He felt as if he were sorely in the way here; where he had no right. He felt sick and sad, almost inclined to run away, only he had no where to run to. Presently he arose and went to the house, and up stairs to the little room where he slept. He laid down on his clean, white bed, but the cool downy pillows with their laced borders were

hateful to his eyes, and unpleasant to his touch. The snowy counterpane seemed to start in haughty indignation at the intrusion of his weight upon it. The two high backed chairs seemed to draw themselves back by the wall and stare at him in disdain. The little laughing eyed boy face in the frame opposite to him, seemed to be smiling down in scornful derision on him. So utterly miserable was he that he turned his face to the wall and wept. Yes, wept till he fell asleep; and there his father found him as twilight was closing o'er the earth.

"Norton, what does this mean? Are you sick? Come, open your eyes my son and speak to me.

"O, father," murmured the boy, "why did you ever marry that strange woman. Now I've got to stay here always"—his voice faltered—"and I know I shall die." And he hid his face in his pillow and shook the bed with his sobs.

"Why, Norton, what has come over you? I supposed you would like to stay here in this quiet beautiful home. You always used to desire to live on a farm when we lived in town. What ails you, my boy?"

Norton only sobbed the more. Until his grief was somewhat spent, his father silently waited, not knowing aught else to do. Norton at last arose and found a lamp burning on the table, his father patiently sitting by his bed.

"Do you feel better now," kindly asked his father, as Norton arose and prepared to bathe his face.

"Yes, thank you, father. You oughtn't to stay with me so long. She will miss you."

Preston Ingram noticed a tinge of bitterness in his boy's tone as he spoke of the new mother. He went over and putting his arms around Norton drew him to his bosom, caressing the dark waving curls and pressing a kiss on the white reflective brow of his son.

"Emily is very dear to me, but my little motherless boy holds a tenderer place in my heart. My first duty is to you, Norton."

Poor Norton was sobbing again: "If I were only dead,—could go to mamma,—then it would be all right. I am in the way of every one, and of no use. Why can't the good Father let me die," and the poor boy wept as one utterly miserable, and without hope.

"Hush, my boy, don't talk so. So much

comfort, so much joy as your young life has brought me, Norton. Don't speak so, I beg of you. It pains me beyond measure. If it is because of little Luella's pettishness, believe me, you are grieving for nothing. She is only a spoiled, petted, willful baby. Not old enough to consider; yet still, one can scarcely say that, for she was very sorry and remorseful, and wouldn't eat a mouthful of her pie at dinner because she was so anxious to bring it to you. She does consider, she must."

"But, father, it was true, what she said. Her mother is not mine, and I have no right to call her so. Nor don't intend ever to do so. No, it is not my home, nothing belongs to me, and I have no right here."

Mrs. Ingram had entered the room unperceived by either of the other two, and stood silent, blushing, hesitating.

Half determined to retire, yet, longing to say a word of comfort, she lingered.

"Come Norton, let us go down stairs," persuaded Preston Ingram.

"No, father, not yet. I'd rather stay here by myself to-night. I'll get over it by morning. Please leave me now."

Reluctantly he withdrew, leaving his son, and without turning to discover the figure of his wife in the shadow of the door opposite. "Norton," spoke Emily gently. "Norton, what shall I do or say to assure you that you are as welcome as my own,—that you are not in the way?"

Norton covered his face with his hands at the first sound of her voice, and now interrupting her he cried, "Go away and leave me. Why do you all bother and tease me so. O dear! I wish I was dead and in the grave with my mother; she is my own and I have a right to call her so," and the poor foolish boy fell to sobbing again.

Mrs. Ingram stood a moment, her eyes brimming with grieved tears, then turned, and, sighing left the room without another word. She was disappointed, repulsed, and, with a bitter pang at her heart, she turned her steps towards her own room, and, bending over Luella's crib, pressed a kiss on her sleeping child, thanking God she was her own, and begging him to give her grace and wisdom to know how to deal with the wayward, stubborn stepson.

Thus you see there was a misunderstanding at the beginning between stepmother and son, he thinking he was an intruder, and feeling

that he was like a prisoner forced to stay. While Emily, her heart full of pity and love for the motherless boy, had gone to him to comfort and console; and had been put aside—thrust back with all her good intent mistaken and rejected. So she had a wrong impression on him, and he mistook her entirely.

Morning came bright, sunny and cool. Norton was awakened by a thrilling, bird like voice.

"All aboard for drandpa's house! All aboard for drandpa's house! Trolla la la la!"

Norton did not answer nor make a sign that he heard. Only hid his face in the pillow as if to hide life itself and all it held from his view.

"I shan't go, that's certain;" and, setting his teeth firmly together, he rose and dressed himself.

Lell. heard his step on the stairs and danced out to meet him.

"Hurry Nort.; do, cause we's all goin' to dranpa's. Oh, we'll have just the doodest visit!"

Norton turned away with a short "I don't care, I ain't agoing."

Dear me, Mr. Snort," retorted Lell. defiantly, "Nobody wants you to; you can just stay at home if you want to. She aint your ganma, any how. You must feel awful 'portant, jest 'cause you're a boy."

All was bustle and hurry. Breakfast was soon over. Then trunks were packed, traveling suits shook out and brushed, orders given, out doors and in, and, tired and worried Mrs. Ingram sat down to think if everything was done. She had just made up her mind that every thing was in readiness, and that it was time to dress if they wished to take the ten o'clock train, when little Luell came flying into the room.

"O mamma don't you fink 'at Snort Ingram, he aint agoing to dranma's at all. He's just goin' to stay here with Aunt Axy, and go to school. He won't go he says, but I coaxed and coaxed him, and then he wouldn't, and I told him I was awful glad of it, I didn't want an old crosspatch along, any way."

"Luella, you mustn't talk that way. It is very rude. Remember, now. I must go and see what's the matter with Norton. Such a strange boy."

"O he's gone to school, now. And there's his father coming up the path, he wented down to the gate with Nort. and talked with him a long time. But Nort. he wented any way."

Mrs. Ingram flitted out and down the steps to meet her husband.

"What in the world—where's Norton? Aint he going with us? What can be the matter? What have I done?" And she seemed ready to burst out crying.

Preston Ingram caught the fair, fluttering hands, and replied soothingly, but sad, "Nothing, my dear generous Emily, nothing that you have done. Norton is anxious to stay here and go to school. So I supposed you wouldn't object, will you? He is averse to making new acquaintances. He feels very lonely away from his old home and friends."

"Object! no," replied Emily, with a shade flittering across her bright face, "but it would be so much nicer if we could all go together."

But they went without him nevertheless.

To be Continued.

## EGYPT, PALESTINE AND SYRIA.

No. 21.

PREPARED BY T. J. ANDREWS.

JAFFA OR JOPPA.



THE forenoon of the following day was spent in procuring horses, and in making arrangements to go on to Jerusalem; the distance is thirty-six miles, time about twelve hours, the roads were foot paths, up and down rocky hillsides, and along rough and difficult ravines; the usual price for a horse to Jerusalem is 85 cents. This being Easter time the number of pilgrims to the city was large, and this of course increased the demand for conveyance, but we succeeded in procuring for our party a number at 89 cents each.

This city is of very ancient date; the houses are built of stone, the streets very narrow, and many of them, like Malta, stone stairways arched overhead. It contains 5,000 inhabitants, about 1,000 of whom are Christians; a few Jews, perhaps not more than 150 in all. The town has the usual complement of dogs, fleas, ragged children, and dirty, lazy-looking men. It is several times mentioned in Scripture. In the apportionment of the land under Joshua, Joppa is mentioned as one of the maritime towns allotted to Dan; when the Temple was being built the king of Tyre cut cedars upon Lebanon and floated them down to Joppa, and from thence conveyed them across the country to Jerusalem.

But the chief place of interest here is the house of Simon the tanner. Whether the house to which we were taken is really the one I can not say, but it certainly answers the description. It is "by the sea side," and one of its terrace walls is washed by the restless waves. It is very ancient, and strongly built of stone, and is well calculated to stand the wear and tear of time. From its battlements we could look down upon the shore from which Jonah embarked on his perilous voyage. Here our eyes rested upon the waters that were lashed into a fearful storm, and there dwelt the leviathan in whose capacious maw the prophet found a living tomb.

### THE PLAIN OF SHARON.

At 2 p.m. our arrangements were completed and our horses ready. We left Jaffa by the only gate upon the land side, and set our faces toward the Holy City. The surrounding country is a most delightful one, abounding in luxuriant vegetation, large orange groves just yielding their bountiful harvest of golden fruit. Such oranges I had never before seen, and had no idea that they ever grew to such a size. The ground was dotted over with flowers of every hue, and the air was vocal with the music of birds.

Our road lay across the the beautiful plain of Sharon. Inspiration through Isaiah predicted that Sharon should be a wilderness.

The traveler sees written in unmistakable language its fulfillment; but few villages and cultivated spots adorn it. It has become a home for the lawless, wandering Bedouin; his black tents dot the landscape, and he roams with his flocks of sheep and goats. It is still beautiful to the eye, and as one rides over it he can not but regret that it should be given over to neglect and desolation.

On this route is Lydda, or Ludd, as it is now called. Here are the ruins of the old church of St. George, and it is said to be the birth place of that renowned knight of the crusaders, the dragon killer. One noble arch of the church is still standing, a sad memento of its former imposing grandeur. It was here that an apostle restored Eneas from the palsy, who for eight years had kept his bed; and it was the fame of that noted miracle that called Peter to Joppa to restore Dorcas to life, and that ended his illustrious mission to the Gentiles.

### ASKELON, ASHDOD, GATH AND GAZA.

On our way from Jaffa we passed some noted Scripture places, Askalon, Ashdod, Gath and Gaza, from which the intrepid Sampson bore the ponderous city gates. Here he slew the lion, and puzzled the people with his strange riddle. Also near us are some of the great battle fields, where fearful scenes of blood and carnage have been enacted. It was among these cities that the captive Ark went wandering when the people afflicted by its presence sent it from place to place. Here also is Beth Dagon, which contained the celebrated deity by that name, and one of his wonderful temples. It was into this temple they brought the Ark, and in the morning the God, Dagon, was found prostrate before it.

In two hours we were at Ramleh. As you approach the place your attention is drawn to an old, ruined stone tower, 120 feet high, standing upon an elevation. The Arabs claim it to be the tower of a ruined mosque, but, most probably, a tower of an ancient church built by the crusaders. The place is supposed to be the Arimathea of Scripture. We enter the city at sunset, and finding no hotel here we sought and obtained shelter in the Latin convent for the night.

At 3 a.m. we made a frugal meal of bread and coffee, and were several miles away before the morning light illuminated the sky. This road is one of the most dreary in all the country. There was undoubtedly a good road here in Solomon's time, and during the Roman occupation, but scarcely a vestige of it can now be seen. We passed near the head of the valley of Ajalon and sent an earnest, inquiring look along the country over which Israel pursued their discomfited enemies, while at the command of Joshua the sun and moon stood still in the heavens to give them time to complete the destruction.

On we went, climbing along the rocky hillsides, picking our way along the water course of some deep glen. At about noon we were on the look out for the city of our destination. Passing down a long defile into a deep valley we flattered ourselves we

should catch a glimpse of the wished for place as we ascended. Up the opposite ascent we slowly toiled; we thought we had gained the summit, still there was another higher beyond. Up, up, we went. At last we reached the summit, and, looking far ahead, the distant mountains of Moab rose first upon our view; then the deep valley of the Jordan, and the Dead Sea.

JERUSALEM.

A little nearer and the minarets first, then the domes, and the houses, and the massive walls rose up before us. Involuntarily we exclaimed, "The Holy City." One of my companions and myself were riding side by side, separated from the rest of the company, and we stopped our horses, uncovered our heads, and fixed our deep and earnest gaze upon the sacred place, fraught with so many hallowed associations, the great central point from which has gone forth the influence that is regenerating the world.

How deep the emotions that came crowding upon us! The eye of memory seemed to take in 3,000 years at a glance. There was the city of David and of David's Lord; there were Zion, Moriah, Gethsemane, Olivet and Calvary. Our eyes seemed riveted to the sacred spot.

But the first emotions kindled by the sight subsided. On we went, rapidly nearing the place. At 1 p.m. we entered the Jaffa gate, and our feet stood within the wall of the city of the great King.

The accommodations for travelers in Jerusalem are quite limited. The Mediterranean Hotel is the principal one; its rates are \$2.50 per day. A Christian Jew keeps a sort of boarding house called "Traveler's Rest," rates \$1.25 per day. There is also a German Hospice, where a limited number of not more than eight at once can find agreeable quarters at \$3.50 per week; this latter we preferred and obtained admittance.

Continued.

### SPEAK TO THE BOYS.

**N**O words of counsel and cheer pay better than those spoken to boys whom you meet occasionally on the street, or at your house, or in your place of business. Boys like to be recognized by those older than themselves. And boys are a great deal more thoughtful, and a great deal more impressive, than they commonly have credit for being. If you see a boy doing some foolish thing, or some wrong thing—puffing at a cigar that is a little shorter than he is, reading a dime novel or a flash newspaper, making sport of some poor unfortunate, or quarreling with a companion—don't pass him with a sneer, wondering that the boys will be so silly or so vicious; but stop and say a wise and kindly word to him. Tell him how he can do better, and why it is worth his while to try it. He never had such a word as that from you—possibly from no one else. A word of that sort just now may shape his course for life. Or if you see a boy doing a manly or a gentlemanly act, interfering to protect some weaker one, rising to give a seat to some one

older than himself, attentive to his mother—say a word of hearty commendation to him. Let him see that his well-doing is noticed and approved. There are sure returns for such work as this. We are so apt to forget that the boy now before us is a new boy; that he did not hear the warning or the approval which we spoke to that other boy last week—or yesterday. It seems to us that he ought to know what we think on these points since we have so often expressed ourselves to somebody. But all this may be as fresh to him as if it were utterly new to us. The first time that a boy is fairly impressed on a single point by the wise words of one whom he has any reason to respect, he is impressed for life. In this view of the case, what better work is there than speaking timely words to the boys? "It may be a small matter to you," says Mr. Gough, "to say the one word to a youth which shall change his course for eternity; but it is everything to him."

### CONVERSATION.



**N**EVER speak anything for a truth which you know or believe to be false. Lying is a great sin against God, who gave us a tongue to speak the truth and not falsehood. It is a great offense against humanity itself; for, where there is no regard to truth, there can be no safe society between man and man. And it is an injury to the speaker. For, besides the disgrace which it brings upon him, it occasions so much baseness of mind, that he can scarcely tell truth, or avoid lying, even when he has no color or necessity for it; and in time, he comes to such a pass, that as other people can not believe he speaks the truth, so he himself scarcely knows when he tells a falsehood.

As you must be careful not to lie, so you must avoid coming near it. You must not equivocate, nor speak any thing positively for which you have no authority but report, or conjecture or opinion.

Let your words be few, especially when your superiors or strangers are present, lest you betray your own weakness, and rob yourselves of the opportunity which you might otherwise have had to gain knowledge, wisdom, and experience, by hearing those whom you silence by your impertinent talking.

Be not too earnest, loud, or violent in your conversation. Silence your opponent with reason, not with noise. Be careful not to interrupt another when he is speaking; hear him out and you will understand him the better, and be able to give him the better answer.

Consider before you speak, especially when the business is of moment; weigh the sense of what you mean to utter, and the expressions you intend to use, that they may be significant, pertinent, and inoffensive. Inconsiderate persons do not think till they speak; or they speak and then think.

Some men excel in husbandry, some in gardening, some in mathematics. In conversation, learn, as near as you can, where the skill or excellence of any person lies; put him

to talking on that subject; observe what he says; keep it in your memory, or commit it to writing. By this means you will glean the worth and knowledge of everybody you converse with; and at an easy rate acquire what may be of use to you on many occasions. When you are in company with light, vain, impertinent persons, let the observing of their failings make you the more cautious, both in your conversation with them and in your general behavior, that you may avoid their errors. If any one, whom you do not know to be a person of truth, sobriety, and weight, relates strange stories, be not too ready to believe or report them; and yet, (unless he is one of your family acquaintances) be not too forward to contradict him. If the occasion requires you to declare your opinion, do it modestly and gently, not bluntly or coarsely; by this means you will avoid giving offense, or being abused for too much credulity. If a man, whose integrity you do not very well know, makes you great and extraordinary professions, do not give much credit to him. Probably you will find that he aims at something besides kindness to you, and that when he has served his turn, or been disappointed, his regard for you will grow cool. Beware, also, of him who flatters you, and commends you to your face, or to one whom he thinks will tell you of it; most probably he has either deceived and abused you, or means to do so. Remember the fable of the fox commending the singing of the crow that had something in her mouth which the fox wanted.

Be careful that you do not commend yourselves. It is a sign that your reputation is small and sinking, if your own tongue must praise you, and it is fulsome and displeasing to others to hear such commendations.

Speak well of the absent whenever you have a suitable opportunity. Never speak ill of them, or of anybody, unless you are sure they deserve it, and unless it is necessary for their amendment, or for the safety and benefit of others.

Avoid in your ordinary communications, not only oaths, but all imprecations and earnest protestations. Forbear scoffing and jesting at the condition or natural defects of any person. Such offenses leave a deep impression; and they often cost a man dear.

Be very careful that you give no reproachful, menacing, or spiteful words to any person. Good words make friends, bad words make enemies. It is great prudence to gain as many friends as we honestly can, especially when it may be done at so easy a rate as a good word; and it is a great folly to make an enemy by ill words, which are of no advantage to the party who uses them. When faults are committed, they may, and by a superior they must, be reprov'd; but let it be done without reproach or bitterness, otherwise it will lose its due end and use, and, instead of reforming the offense, it will exasperate the offender, and lay the reprov'er justly open to reproof.

If a person be passionate, and give you ill language, rather pity him than be moved to anger. You will find that silence, or very

gentle words, are the most exquisite revenge for reproaches; they will either cure the dis-temper in the angry man, and make him sorry for his passion, or they will be a severe reproof and punishment to him. But, at any rate, they will preserve your innocence, give you the deserved reputation of wisdom and moderation, and keep up the serenity and composure of your mind. Passion and anger make a man unfit for everything that becomes him as a man or as a Christian.

Never utter any profane speeches, nor make a jest of any Scripture expressions. When you pronounce the name of God or of Christ, or repeat any passages or words of Holy Scripture, do it with reverence and seriousness, and not lightly, for that is "taking the name of God in vain." If you hear of any unseemly expressions used in religious exercises, do not publish them; endeavor to forget them; or if you mention at all, let it be with pity and sorrow, not with derision or reproach.

*Selected*

### GOOD FOR NOTHING.

**S**OME folks are good, and some are good for nothing."

This was one of the wise sayings of Uncle Jerry, who had a great many sensible ideas, and a very sensible way of telling them.

The "good-for-nothings" are, unfortunately, very numerous. They show signs of their nothingness when they are children. They are fond enough of play, if it does not tire them too much; but they always keep away from work. Books they can not endure. They wonder what books were made for, unless to torment boys and girls, and keep them from having a good time in play.

Thus they grow up, knowing nothing and learning nothing, unless it be something that will do them no good. When they become men and women they hardly know how to get a living honestly, and it is quite likely that they will try to get one dishonestly. They constantly complain that they can not get along, and they wonder why it is. There is really nothing strange about it. They never tried to learn when they were young; they have always shirked work; they are lazy, and now find it easier to beg or steal than to get an honest living by hard work.

There was once a lazy fellow who had a brother a Bishop. He thought, that, because of this, he would be made a great man. Too idle to work, he depended on his brother to take care of him and to make him somebody.

"Brother," said the Bishop to him one day, "if your plow is broken, I'll pay for the mending of it; if you ox should die, I'll buy you another; but I can not make you what you can not make yourself. A plowman I found you, and I fear, a plowman I must leave you."

If he had only made a good plowman, he might have become somebody; but he was too lazy to plow well. He worked slowly and very poorly, and was ready to quit long before the day's work was done. So he

lived in poverty and wretchedness, notwithstanding he had a Bishop for brother.

Boys and girls, do not join the Good-for-Nothing Club. Make up your mind that you will be somebody; that the world shall hear about you; that you will do some good in the world before you leave it for a better.

Children, obey your parents. In this obedience of children from the very cradle, lies the foundation and beginning of all good discipline, of all welfare and blessing, external and internal, in the heart, in the family, in the state, in all phases and circles of social life.

### Letters from the Hopes.

SAN BENITO, San Benito Co., Cal.,  
September 24th, 1879.

Dear Hopes:—A long time has passed since I wrote to you, and I fear that during that time I have not been serving my Master as faithfully as I should. I have come far short of my duty.

We have but a small branch here at present, and it is seldom we have Saints' meetings, or a meeting of any denomination, except occasionally the Methodists hold services here. We have no Sabbath School either.

The season has been very dry this year, at San Benito, only a little grain has been raised, compared with that which grows when we have plenty of rain.

My parents and little brothers and myself returned from Watsonville where we had been attending conference which met on the 13th and 14th of September; we met a good many of the Saints, some of whom we had never seen, and had a pleasant time.

I have just read sister Ota's interesting letter concerning sister Mona, and recognized the original, the picture was so correctly drawn.

I am much pleased to see that both Perla Wild and Myrtle Grey are going to write for us again, for I think their nice stories are interesting, although there are other beautiful writers who contribute for the *Hope*. Your sister in the Gospel,  
EMILY W. PAGE.

CASEYVILLE, Ills., Oct. 5th, 1879.

Dear Hopes:—I feel to rejoice that I have this privilege to write a letter to you for the first time. While reading one of our Sunday School papers, I felt to rejoice to see a letter written by my former companion, Hannah Margaret Shepherd, who lives at Renick, Missouri. I used to live at Renick, but I never received the gospel until I moved to Caseyville, and I began to go to the Star of Zion Sunday School, and there I learned what I must do to be saved. I then believed the gospel, repented of my sins, and was baptized for the remission of them, and then I received the gift of the Holy Ghost. The Saints in Caseyville told me that I should receive a knowledge for myself, and to-day I can bear a testimony to the work of God; and my desire is to go on to live faithful to the end, speaking the truth in love, may grow up unto him in all things, which is the head even Jesus Christ. I ask an interest in your faith and prayers, that I may ever be faithful to the end. So no more at this time from your sister in Christ,  
ELLEN SHEPHERD.

MONDAMIN, Iowa, Sept. 29th, 1879.

Dear Hopes:—As I can not go to meeting to-day, I thought I would spend a part of my time in writing to you. It is uppermost in my mind, this glorious gospel of Christ, and about it I love to talk or write, when I feel I can edify myself or any one else. I am not acquainted with many of the young Hopes, but when I read your letters it makes my heart glad, and I feel just as though I would like to talk with you. And I believe the Latter Day Saints as a people have that love for one another that the world has not, and I thank my Heavenly Father that it is so, for the world is so wicked and popular, that we hardly know when we have a friend in it. Little Hopes, I desire to say one word to you. If you delight to please your Heavenly Parent you should first seek to please your earthly parents, for when we, in love and

meekness, obey our earthly parents, the Father of all is delighted with us; and in so doing I think we find it much easier to perform every duty before God.

I have one dear little Hope in this world and one in the eternal world, and I feel to praise God that they are so placed, for he in his wisdom saw that in taking my little one from me it would result in my salvation and happiness here and hereafter, if I prove faithful.

Pray for, me little Hopes, and big ones too, that I may, by the assistance of our heavenly Father, be able to bring up the little Hope I have here in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.  
SISTER H. H.

WOODBINE, Iowa, Oct. 13th, 1879.

Dear Hopes:—It grieved me to find Conference passed by without an opportunity to meet you there, and to listen to the good instructions and out-pourings of the Spirit of God. I saw teams pass by our house that had come from afar to attend, and I know those honest souls love the work of latter days, because of the sacrifice they make. We are told that sacrifice brings forth the blessings of heaven; and yet I fear I am not making enough to gain them. I have neglected to write you for some time past, and I see that others have failed also. Let us try to put our little grains together, and see by our united efforts what could be done. Perla Wild is favoring us again, and how glad I was to hear from M. Freeland; we ask for the small pearls as well as the large ones; they will help to compose a crown hereafter, and will shine as the Lord's chosen jewels if they are diligent to the task allotted them here.

I must tell you we had a pleasant visit from brethren Forscutt, Derry and others to cheer us up, and now we expect Brother Alex. Smith, to-day; and we have obtained the M. E. Church for him; he will preach this evening (Monday). Father took him out to Magnolia, last Thursday to fill his appointment there. Brother Smith and father repaired a comical sort of buggy, or sulky, for the trip and in driving too fast down hill it sulked over to one side throwing pa out, the wheels passing over his neck. Brother Smith however preferred to keep his seat uninjured. He finding now that pa belonged to the stiff-necked generation, kindly extended his hand bringing him to his seat again, confessing it was rather too tough a joke. We are thankful it was not of a more serious nature. May we still continue to press onward asking for wisdom by the Spirit and teachings of Christ, that we may help to do good is the prayer of your sister,  
JENNIE ROHRER.

A school-boy, having very good-naturedly helped another in a difficult ciphering lesson, was angrily questioned by the teacher,—"Why did you work his lesson?" "To lessen his work," replied the youngster.

Good will, like a good name, is got by many actions, and lost by one.

### 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.

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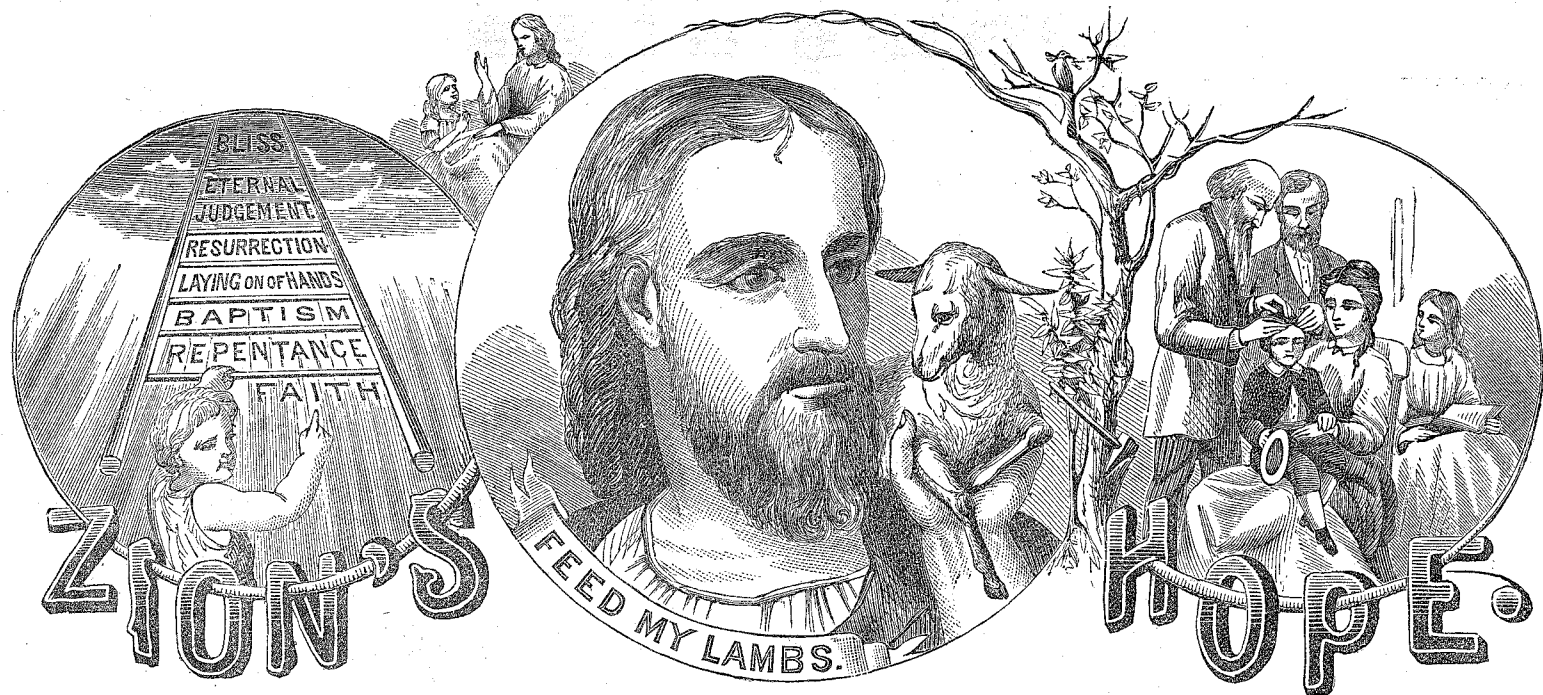
1 November 79.

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 Hops 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 39, 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.

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



"Even a Child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure."—Prov. 20:11.

VOL. XI.

PLANO, ILLINOIS, NOVEMBER 15, 1879.

No. 10.

### YOUNG HOPES.

**W**E'RE marching on to glory,  
We're arming for the fight;  
We're proud to tell the story,  
We're battling for the right.  
The Savior is our captain—  
Our banner waves for thee,  
He'll guide us through life's pathway,  
Guide us eternally.  
We're stepping all together,  
We're a bright and happy band;  
We'll wear the crown forever,  
When we reach the promised land,  
We're going to our Father's home,  
Beautiful city built above;  
Where he will always know his own,  
Where all is peace and love.  
Let us keep our lights a shining,  
To guide us in the narrow way,  
For the crown of life we're twining,  
To wear the great eternal day.

NEWTON ADAMSON.

### NIL DESPERANDUM.

BY PERLA WILD.

CHAPTER IV.—NIL DESPERANDUM.

**H**OW lonely and desolate the great farm house seemed as Norton came home from school that night. Not a sight or sound of life greeted him as he entered the front door. He looked in the kitchen, the dining room, the parlor. No one there. Only the slow tick-tock of the tall, old-fashioned clock in the hall, broke the silence. Norton was almost frightened. Where was Aunt Axy? Had she gone, too? Was he all alone in the great, strange, dreary house? He ran back of the house to the garden, and called "Axy, Oh, Aunt Axy! Where are you?" But no answer came. He really was alarmed. At length he thought of the milk-house, and ran down to the cool, bubbling spring, where a neat little stone building stood, and there he found her. A half sob of joy and relief rose to the lips of the poor, lonely, homesick boy. "Bress you, honey, ole Abby's glad you'se come, so she is. 'Cause I'se been drefful lonesome all day." And the kind old heart chatted away as she dipped the golden cream from the milk into the big jar that stood in the rip-

pling water that ran all around among the stepping stones; chatted till Norton forgot his lonely sadness, in listening to her, and in helping her carry the buckets of brimming milk to the round, plump, Chester white pigs, then to the house to help her lay the table for tea. "I'se goin to have a cold supper, to-night, honey, if you'se don't care, 'cause I'se drefful tired. You see I washed and scrubbed after the missus went away, and did a powerful sight of work besides. An' Sam an' I don' care for nuffin warm, only we has plenty of suffin to eat. An' there's allus plenty here, an' good, so there is. I tell ye 'twasn't so down south in war times. Them was terrible times, them was."

"I don't care what I eat," replied Norton. "I used to enjoy eating at home; but I don't here. Everything is nice and good as can be, —but—" and hesitated, his lip quivering so he could not finish his sentence.

"Why honey, this is a mighty fine place, an' mighty fine folks lives here. You feel strange, 'cause it's a new place, an' taint your own mamma. But don't grieve, chile, Missus Emily's a jewel, so she is. She's good as gold, an' better. She'll never 'buse you; she's too soft-hearted. I'se sorry for you, honey; but oh how did my poor boy feel when they tore him away from my arms, an' sole him to a great cruel white man." And the poor woman's eyes brimmed with tears as she turned away to see if Sam was coming from the field.

"Your boy!" cried Norton, forgetting his own grief in sympathizing with hers. "Did you have a little boy once, and he died?"

"Yes, chile," returned Abby, with a heavy sigh. "I had as bonny a boy as ebber was seen. But oh, he's gone, and his poor old mudder will nebber set eyes on him again. O, dear!"

"But where is he? Dead?"

"No, Massa Norton. He better be dead. No; ole massa sole him to a big, ugly, hard master, an' ole Abby nebber can see him more."

Uncle Sam was coming now, and Aunt Abby bustled round to dish the fruit, cut the bread, and pour out the milk in the bowl.

After supper was over, the milking done, and everything out of the way, Uncle Sam sat down on the front steps to rest, Aunt Abby took her knitting, seated herself beside him, while Norton threw himself on the grass and gazed up at the starry sky, which the sweet-faced moon was lighting up with soft, bright glory. Norton was thinking of his mother, and his own lonely heart, and the tears came unbidden to his eyes. Aunt Abby noted the boy's grief, and cast about in her own mind to find something to amuse him, and cause him to forget his sorrow. Presently a thought struck her, and she asked, "Does you like to read, honey?"

"Yes, Aunty," he replied, falteringly. Then she arose and went into the house, and he could hear her slow, firm step ascending the stairs. She was not gone long, and when she returned she had a beautiful little book in her hand, bound in crimson and gold. "Look yere, honey, here's suffin for ye to see. I'll light de lamp, and we uns will all go in de kitchen. An' mebbe you'll read to us." And she led the way, followed by Sam and Norton.

"O, Aunty, where did you get such a pretty book? And whose picture is this? And can you read these words in gold on the cover?"

"Bress your life, honey, you'se axing too many questions. Lemme see. You wanted to know whose picture dat is. Ah, dat is my boy, my bressed baby. Dey carried him off when he was jes' beginnin' to talk an' be so cute. Poor lamb."

"Tell me about him, Aunty, please. Tell me all about it. Won't you?" And Norton bent over the picture which was fastened in the little book as frontispiece. The face was one to win, and one that would not be taken for a colored child. Dusky curls in natural abandon clustered about the oval dimpled face. Eyes bright and merry and brown, full of innocent trust and love. A sweet baby mouth,

delicate as ever a white mother admired. No wonder Aunt Abby loved his memory, and mourned his loss. "How pretty he is, Aunt. He looks like a white boy. But you are not very dark, either. Tell me where he went."

"It's a short story, honey," returned she, with a sigh, "but a drefful sad one. You see Sam an' I had lived on the ole Dayton plantation, ebber since we was pickaninnies. An' when we growed big we got married an' libbed in a cabin as happy as two grey kittens. Our two fust babies was girls, an' dey bofe died; an' den after a long time anudder little pickaninny comed to comfort us. It jes' seemed like God sent him to cheer us up, 'kase we'd felt so drefful bad about losin' de odders. You see ole Massa Dayton was dead, and young Massa done gone off to college. An' so Missus had it all her own way, an' a hard, cruel way it was, too. She was proud, an' 'stravagant, an' got in debt so bad she didn't know what to do but sell off de darkeys. An' dat warn't enuff, but she went an' sole her own chile, her little girl dat I'd nussed when she was no bigger nor a doll baby, an' carried in my arms tree monfs when she broked her arm. Yes, de putty little lamb was sole as true as was my poor little picaninny."

"Sold," cried Norton. "She couldn't sell a white child in this country, Aunt!"

"Not in de same way, honey," replied Abby. "But a great ugly white villain, wid eyes like de black snakes, comes down dar to buy niggars. He picked out all de best help dere was in de field an' de house, den tole Missus he'd gib her tree hundred for our bussed baby; an' den de imperdent trash, he said he'd gib up all de rest ob de notes he had ob Missuses, if she'd coax her gal, Miss Rany, to marry him. Fust ole Missus said no, but by'n by she gived in, an' the sweet young lady had to marry de ole Blue Beard. An' he took dem all off an' I nebber seed no more ob 'em. Poor Miss Rany was an angel, so she was. For she tried to gib me comfort, de poor lamb, when she was mos' ded wid her own grief. She tole me nebber to sorrow, kase she'd take good care ob him. She used to be so good an' cheery, an' always tell ebbery body not to gib up hope, an' used to say a long word dat began wid Nil—; dar 'tis, writ on dat little book in gole letters. She tole us to name our baby dat, an' we did. An' when she went away she sent dat dare book wid de picture dar, an' de name. An' I'se allers kep it, kase Miss Rany said it was to keep us from givin' up hope, dat some time we'd see little Nil."

The tears were trickling slowly down Uncle Sam's cheeks, as his wife recalled the story of their past life. Norton went to the library and returned with a dictionary. "Here it is, Aunt. 'Nil Desperandum.' It is Latin, and means '*never despair*'."

"Yes, honey, dats him. 'Nebber despair;' and I nebber hab, quite. An' I thought as how you'se needed somefin like dat to comfort yo, so I got de book. Now ducky, you may read some of de nice pokery in dar. I nebber had no larnin. But Miss Rany said she'd

larn de pickaninny, an' some time he'd come back to me an' read for me. Hum, hi! It's a long time to wait. But he'll come to his daddy an mammy some time."

"Did they take your little boy a long way off, Aunt?" asked Norton.

"Not more'n fifty mile from de Dayton plantation. But you see de war come on, an' young massa Dayton he come home, an' kase he wouldn't be a cap'n in de rebel army, de ole missus druv him off. An' jis at dat time de good man Linkum made his 'mancipation law, an' de darkeys all went free. Sam an' me wanted to go Norf, an' so did young massa Dayton. An' we said we'd go an' work for him if he'd let us, an' never ask for nuffin but our hoe cake an' our clothes. We'd got a little money saved, an' we all went to work, an' by an by when we'd got all fixed up nice, an' de house ready, Massa Dayton he got us a missus—de sweet Missus Emily. An' we'se all been so happy. Only Massa Dayton died, an' we uns was mighty lonesome till you daddy an' you comed."

Continued.

### THE CHIMNEY SWEEP AND THE WATCH.

**A** POOR chimney sweep, being called, in his work, to a nobleman's house, and being left alone in a chamber, saw on a table a beautiful watch. Cautiously taking it in his hand, he said to himself, "Ah, if it was only mine! But," he continued, speaking to himself, "if I take it I shall be a thief, for the Bible tells me not to steal." "And yet," he added, "no one sees me. Yes, God, who is everywhere, sees me; and if I took it, how could I pray to him, and how could I die in peace."

Overcome by these thoughts, he carefully laid the watch down in its place again saying, "I would much rather be without it and poor, than rich and a thief." At these words, as if afraid of temptation, he hastened back to his work. The owner of the watch, a lady, who, in the next room had overheard his soliloquy, the next morning sent for him, and said, "My little friend, why did you not take the watch, yesterday?" And as the boy fell on his knees, astonished and in fear, not knowing what would come next, she continued, "I heard everything you said, and I thank God he enabled you to resist temptation. From this time I will take you under my care; and if you ever live thus in the fear of God, his blessing will always attend you."

### A FATAL HABIT.

**I**RRRESOLUTION is a fatal habit; it is not vicious in itself, but it leads to vice, creeping upon its victim with a fatal facility, the penalty of which many a fine heart has paid at the scaffold. The idler and the spendthrift, the epicurean and the drunkard, are among its victims. Perhaps in the latter its effects appear in the most hideous form. He knows that the goblet which he is about to drain is poison, yet he swallows it. He knows, for the example of thousands has

painted it in glaring colors, that it will deaden all his faculties, take the strength from his limbs and the happiness from his heart, oppress him with disease and hurry his progress to a dishonored grave, yet he drains it. How beautiful, on the contrary, is the power of resolution, enabling the one who possesses it to pass through perils and dangers, trials and temptations. Avoid the contraction of the bad habit of irresolution. Strive against it to the end.

### EGYPT, PALESTINE AND SYRIA.

No. 22.

PREPARED BY T. J. ANDREWS.

A GLANCE AT THE CITY.



**T**OW to which of the points of interest shall we first direct our attention? Where there is so much to be seen, and every foot of ground has its lessons, and every hill-side, mound and valley has been the scene of some thrilling event, or hallowed by some sacred association, we shall scarcely have time to linger over them all. We will first visit

MOUNT ZION.

A few minutes walk from the Convent and we are upon its summit. Upon this mount the original city was built. It was the stronghold of the Jebusites which David conquered. Upon this mount was built the palaces of Israel's kings, and here was the city that became the praise of the whole earth. This was God's hill, in which he delighted to dwell. Mount Zion occupies the whole south-western section of the ancient site, and was the largest of the mounts over which the city spread. The southern brow of Zion is very bold and prominent; its height above the valley at the south-west corner of the city is 150 feet, on the south 300. Standing upon its apex and looking east and down its slope, is the Tyropean valley, so much filled up with the accumulated ruins of ages as scarcely to have the semblance of a valley. As an evidence of the map of ruins hereabouts recently when an English Church was built even upon this high mount, they had to penetrate nearly 50 feet of rubbish before the original soil was reached. What must it be in the valley below? Towards the north the eye rests upon Mount Moriah, where the temple of Solomon stood, its summit now crowned with a costly Moslem Mosque.

Farther beyond is the deep valley of Jehoshaphat, with the brook Kedron and the garden of Gethsemane, and beyond these rises the beautiful summit of Mount Olivet. To the left is Akra, and east of it is Bezetha. This is a hasty view of the position of prominent localities of the city from Mount Zion.

Exactly where the ancient city wall stood it is impossible to tell, for ruin has been piled upon ruin, and destruction has followed destruction. The city now is much smaller than in the days of Christ, but it is still encompassed by a very strong wall of two and one-half miles in circumference. A variety of stones are worked into it, indicating that they were quarried and chiseled in different ages.

Its average height is about 40 feet, its thickness 12 to 15. In some places, owing to the inequalities of the ground surface, it is much higher than in others, its highest places being 70 feet, while its lowest is 30 to 35. The present wall is supposed to have been built about 1542 A. D.

Just at the right of Jaffa gate is a remarkable strong and venerable looking tower, by the Mussulmen called the Castle of David. Its lower part of massive stone is 13 feet long and 4 feet thick. These are cut with a deep bevel around the edges, indicating their Jewish origin. Its height above the fosse is 40 feet. This tower stood here in the days of Josephus, and is one saved from the general ruin by Titus, as a memorial of the almost impregnable strength of the captured city. Its origin is dated back to David. It seems strange to be looking upon such wonderful and ancient structures, and to be examining stones cut by the workmen of David and Solomon 3,000 years ago. It has a dirty and neglected appearance, and is mounted by a few pieces of antique looking ordnance, used for firing salutes. If you have a written order from the commandant, you can ascend it, and from its top you will have a most commanding view, in fact the best offered by any position within the walls. From the elevation we will take a look at the different quarters of the city.

THE CHRISTIAN QUARTER.

This covers portions of Mount Zion and Akra, and the Armenians, Roman Catholics and Greeks, Georgians, Copts, Syrians and Protestants in this quarter have each their separate portions. Here is one of the most mixed populations upon the face of the globe, there being scarcely a sect, tribe or language that has not its representative in Jerusalem, and the number of convents, churches, and other buildings connected with these are almost innumerable.

THE JEWISH QUARTER.

This lies between Mount Moriah and Mount Zion. The number of Jews in Jerusalem is difficult to surmise, as no census is taken. The best informed estimate is from 6,000 to 8,000. They are divided into two great sects, the Sephardin and Askinazin, the former all of Spanish origin. Many of them are very poor to the last extreme. The latter are of German and Polish origin. They are said to be an indolent and worthless class of people, sustained principally by the Jews of Europe. They are almost disfranchised and constantly maltreated, not only by their Turkish masters, but also by self styled Christians and Philanthropists. "Even in this year of grace, 1857, (Dr. Barclay), it would cost any Jew in Jerusalem his life to venture into the so called Church of the Holy Sepulchre, or within even what was once the outer court of his beloved temple."

MAHOMMEDAN QUARTER.

This is in the north-eastern part of the city. Here the followers of the prophet congregate, here the lordly Turk and servile Arab find a home, they number probably 4,000 to 5,000, and are mostly natives of Syria. Within the

walls and near by they have eleven Mosques. The old temple site on Mount Moriah, now called the Haram, is their "Most Holy" place. A strict guard is kept around it, to prevent the intrusion of infidels, and a large number of dervishes connected with it live in idleness upon its ample revenues.

We must now go back to our convent home, for Jerusalem is a dreary place in the night. The streets are narrow and roughly paved; the houses are mostly built of stone, a kind of cream colored limestone, and often three stories in height. The fronts are plain, roofs flat and covered with a hard cement, and often surmounted by a dome and surrounded by a balustrade.

There are so few trees in Palestine that all kinds of wood are very expensive, and it is seldom used in building, except for casements for doors and windows. The floors are generally of cement or stone, and the roofs of cement or tiles. The dwelling apartments are in the upper stories, the lower ones being occupied as lumber rooms, stables, and receptacles for all kinds of rubbish. There are no gas lights to cheer the narrow thoroughfares. The houses seldom have windows. When there are any next the street if they are large enough to admit a thief they are guarded with an iron grate like a prison. It is only quite recently that glass has been introduced. The numerous shops and bazars are all closed at nightfall, and the law enjoins the police to arrest any one found in the streets after dark, unless he carries a lantern. Few persons are found out in the evening for all business is suspended when darkness covers the city.

To be Continued.

A GOOD PRAYER.

**A** GENTLEMAN, after a brief address at the close of a Sunday School session, raised his hands, and devoutly said, "Let us pray." Looking up to heaven, he uttered these words: "Lord, this afternoon, forgive and bless every boy and girl in this school, for the sake of Jesus our Savior. Amen." One of the boys, in the fullness of his heart, exclaimed loud enough to be heard by several: "That's the best prayer I ever heard!" You see it was well aimed, and hit its mark. More than one Sunday school and social meeting has been depleted in numbers, by long, spiritless and meaningless prayers.—Selected.

THAT'S ENOUGH FOR ME.

"What do you do without a mother to tell all your trouble to?" asked a child who had a mother of one who had none.

"Mother told me to whom to go before she died," answered the little orphan. "I go to the Lord Jesus. He was my mother's friend and he is mine."

Jesus Christ is in the sky. He is away off, and he has a great many things to attend to in Heaven. It is not likely he can stop to mind you."

"I don't know anything about that," replied

the orphan. "All I know is, he says he will, and that's enough for me."

What a beautiful answer that was! And what was enough for this child is enough for us all.

DR. TALMAGE ON DANCING.

**H** WOULD give to all of our youth the right to romp and play. God meant it, or he would not have surcharged our natures with such exuberance. If a mother join hands with her children, and while the eldest strikes the keys, fill all the house with the sound of agile feet, I see no harm. If a few friends, gathered in a happy circle, conclude to cross and recross the room to the sound of the piano well played, I see no harm. I here set forth a group of what might be called the dissipations of the ball-room. They swing an awful scythe of death. Are we to stand idly by, and let the work go on, lest in the rebuke we tread upon the long trail of some popular vanity? The whirlpool of the ball-room drags down the life, the beauty, and the moral worth of the city. In this whirlwind of imported silks goes out the life of many of our best families. This style of dissipation is the abettor of pride, the instigator of jealousy, the sacrificial altar of health, the defiler of the soul, the avenue of lust. The tread of this wild, intoxicating, heated midnight dance jars all the moral hearthstones of the city. There is but a short step from the ball-room to the grave-yard. There are consumptions and fierce neuralgias close on the track. Amid that glittering maze of ball-room splendors, diseases stand right and left, and balance and chain. A sepulchral breath floats up amid the perfume, and the froth of death's lip bubbles up in the champagne.

BEGIN NOW.

**M**AKE an effort! Every young man intends to make an effort. He is going to do wonders. "You just wait," he says, confident in his own good intention and abilities. "I'll show you some day." Show us now, lad! Show us now! Now's the time! You'll never have a better. We can't wait; we are anxious to see you begin. Let us at once see you animated by the practical purpose of doing—not by the dream of doing—and then we will cipher up your future for you. Make an effort! Even if you fail the first time—a hundred times—that's no matter. Stick to it! The result is inevitable! It is only those who back out who come to grief.

A gentleman visited an unhappy man in jail awaiting his trial. "Sir," said the prisoner, "I had a good home education. My street education 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 and do all evil. O, sir! it is in the street that the devil lurks to work the ruin of the young."

## MY TASK.

**I** THOUGHT to work for Him. "Master," I said,  
"Behold how wide the fields, and the good seed—  
How few to sow. For thee all toil were sweet—  
Oh bid me go!"

He stayed my eager feet.

"Not that, my child, the task I have for thee."

"Thou seest, Lord, how white the harvest bends,  
How worn the reapers are. Their cry ascends  
For help, more help to garner up the grain—  
Here am I, Lord, send me."

Alas! In vain!

The Master saith, "Let others bind the sheaves."

"Thy lambs, dear Lord, are straying from the fold.  
Their feet are stumbling o'er the mountain's cold.  
Far in the night I hear their piteous cry—  
Let me bring back the wanderers ere they die."  
"No. Other hands must lead them home again."

"Dear Master, dost thou see the bitter tears  
The mourners shed? Through all the long sad years  
Their wails ascend. Wilt thou not bid me say  
Thy hand shall wipe each mourner's tears away?"  
"My child, I know their griefs, and I will heal."

"'Tis not for thee to sow the deathless seed,  
Nor thine to bind the sheaves; nor thine to lead  
The lost lambs back into their fold again,  
Nor yet to soothe the hearts sore crushed with pain.  
For thee, my child, another task is set."

And then he led me to my darkened room,  
And there, amid the silence and the gloom,  
My task I found.

But I am well content

To bear the pain and weakness be hath sent,  
Rejoiced that I can suffer for his sake.

## RETURN GOOD FOR EVIL.



**W**AS one day passing along a certain street in our town, when all at once my heart was filled with pity at the sight of an ill-clad little girl of about ten summers, who stood ringing the door bell of a fine, large mansion. I stood and watched her for a few moments, when a finely dressed girl of (I should judge) about fourteen years of age opened the door. The poor orphan hadn't time to express her wants before she was told to, "Leave, you dirty wretch you," and slam went the door.

I could not bear the sight, so I walked on, but the thought would not leave my mind. After the lapse of about three hours I was quite sure I saw the same little orphan sitting upon a box weeping. She was about half a block from me. I immediately started to go to her, but no sooner had I started when my attention was again attracted to see the finely dressed young lady whizzing past me in an elegant carriage, drawn by a beautiful span of horses; just as she got opposite the orphan girl, a large piece of paper that was eddying about fell upon the head of one of the horses. Suddenly the team stopped, and began to rear and back. The wheels of the buggy were within a few inches of a steep bank. The young lady began to scream for help, when the little orphan girl whom she turned away from the door, quick as thought ran to her and quickly jerked the paper away.

The proud young lady was so overcome with fright, that for a few moments she could not realize her condition. As soon as she had time to realize what she had done, and how she had treated the little orphan a few hours ago, she kindly took her into the buggy, and took her home to supply her many wants. After they were seated in the house, and the young lady had quite recovered from her fright, she began to question the little girl

about her situation. After she had told part of her history, beginning as far back as she could remember, the young lady sprang to her feet and clasped her hands, and shouted with joy, "Is it possible you are my long lost sister? What is your name?" "My name is Vinnie Walton." "O my dear sister!" she said, as she rushed to her and fell with her arms around her neck. Both were spell bound for a few moments.

The girl not only found a beautiful home, but a loving family of brothers and sisters, father and mother, and finally married a rich man, for returning good for evil.

NEWTON ADAMSON.

## A LITTLE ADVICE.

**I** WANT to give you three or four rules:

One is, always look at the person you speak to. When you are addressed, look straight at the person who speaks to you. Do not forget this.

Another is, speak your words plainly. Do not mutter or mumble. If words are worth saying, they are worth pronouncing distinctly and clearly.

Another is, do not say disagreeable things. If you have nothing pleasant to say, keep silent.

A fourth is—and oh! children, remember it all your lives—think three times before you speak once!

Have you something to do that you find hard and would prefer not to do? Then listen. Do the hard thing first, and get it over with. If you have done wrong, go and confess it. If your lesson is tough, master it. If the garden is to be weeded, weed it first and play afterwards. Do the thing you don't like to do first; and then with a clear conscience do the rest.

## REVERENCE TO AGE.

**T**HE wise man says, "the hoary head is a crown of glory when found in the ways of righteousness." And so it ought to be esteemed. But, somehow or other, it does really seem that even matured old age does not command that respect from the young now which it once did. Even grown-up children now-a-days, often speak of parents, that should be revered, as "the old man," and "the old woman," little imagining how it shocks the moral sense of those whose better nature and more refined sensibilities revolt at such impiety, such unfilial ways. Among certain of the ancients, want of reverence to parents was accounted among the greatest crimes, while lack of veneration even to the stranger who had grown old, was attributed to lack of breeding. And so it should be in this our day, "fast" as the age is reported to be. Would that all our youth might be taught this lesson, and bow reverently to age! "Honor thy father and mother, that thy days may be long in the land."

He who thinks he can find in himself the means of doing without others is much mistaken; but he who thinks that others can not do without him is still more mistaken.

## Letters from the Hopes.

BECKVILLE, St. Louis, Mo., Oct. 22d, 1879.

Dear Hopes:—I am very thankful that we have such a good paper as *Zion's Hope* to read. I am but a little girl, eleven years old. I was baptized when I was eight years old, and love to go to Sunday School. I go to every-day school, and am in the fifth reader. I study grammar, arithmetic, and geography. Dear hopes, pray for me that I may meet you all in heaven. My love to all the Hopes. Your sister in the gospel,

ELIZA J. STREET.

ANDOVER, Mo., October 11th, 1879.

Dear Hopes:—I thought I would write to you. I will be eleven years old in March. I do not belong to the Church, but hope to before long. My little brother is sick, and I hope that God will bless him and make him well. God bless you all and keep you; keep all of the little Hopes. Your friend in the Lord, and good by for this time,

EMMA BELLA SMITH.

ANDOVER, Harrison Co., Missouri,

October 11th, 1879.

Dear Hopes:—I will write a few lines to you. We live five miles from the meeting house, a mile and a quarter from school. My pa is not home, he is up to conference. Pray for me. Your friend,

INA INEZ SMITH.

## GOD IS NEAR.

I hear no voice, I feel no touch,  
I see no glory bright;  
But yet I know that God is near,  
In darkness as in light.

He watches ever by my side,  
And hears my whispered prayer;  
The Father for his little child  
Both night and day doth care.

## SUNDAY SCHOOL REPORT.

Crescent City, Iowa, Sunday School report, for the quarter ending September 21st, is as follows; the average attendance 43; average collection 33 cts. The officers for the ensuing quarter are H. N. Hanson, superintendent; Agnes Lapworth, assistant superintendent; C. W. Lapworth, secretary; Agnes T. Lapworth, treasurer; William Strang, librarian; John Adams, Janitor.

We are glad to see that there is more interest taken in the Sunday School cause and hope that it will continue. C. W. Lapworth, Secretary.

Report of Zion's Hope Sunday School of Nebraska City, Nebraska, for the three months ending September 30th, 1879. Number of sessions 12; total attendance of officers 43; teachers 37; scholars 208; questions recited 213; verses recited 89; collected \$3.58; expended \$4.10; James Perrin, treasurer, distributed 20 copies of the *Hope*, and 376 tickets; number of classes 4, teachers 4, officers 4. J. W. Waldsmith, superintendent, Niels Nielsen, assisting superintendent, Leslie Waldsmith, secretary.

## CONTENTMENT.

He that holds fast to the golden mien,  
And lives contentedly between  
The little and the great,  
Feels not the wants that pinch the poor,  
Nor plagues that haunt the rich man's door,  
Embittering all his state.

## 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 79.

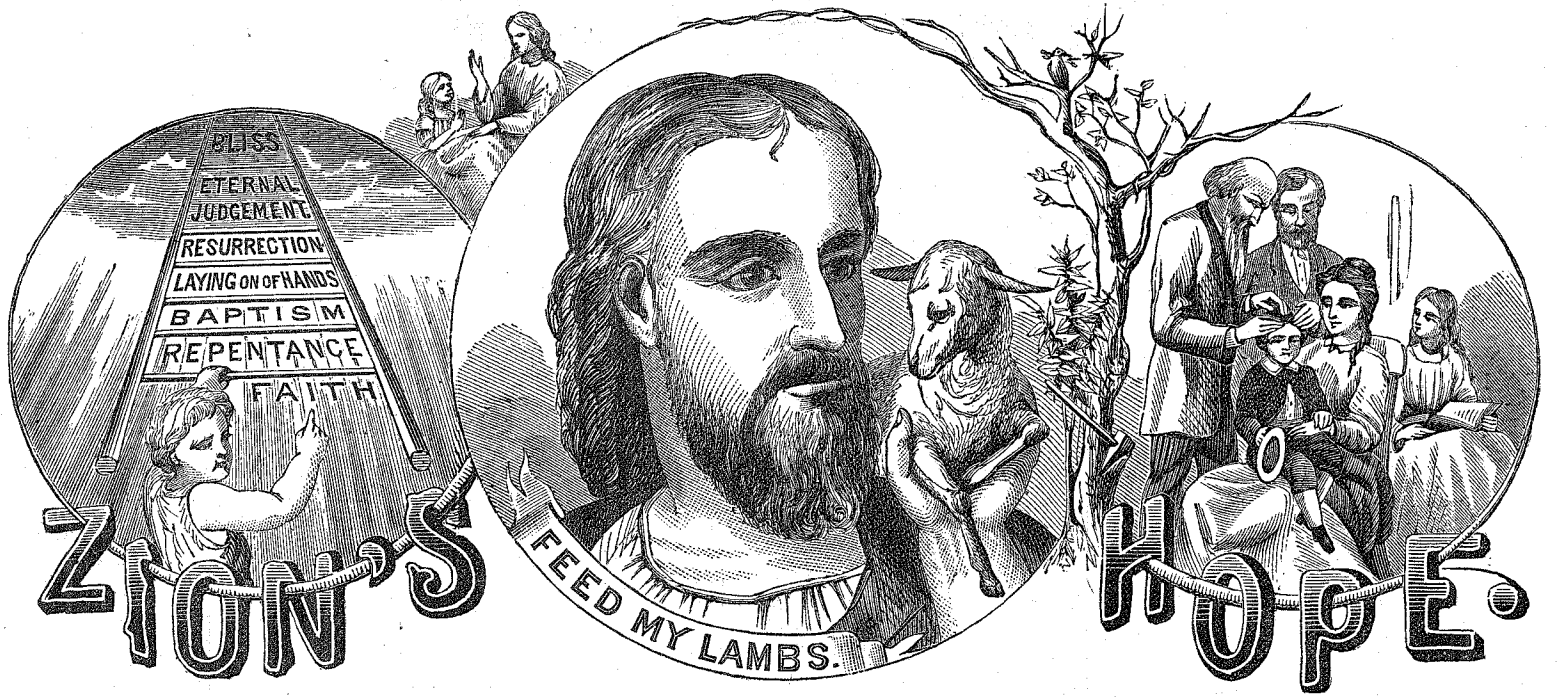
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Zion's Hope is published semi-monthly by the Board of Publication of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, at Plano, Kendall Co., Ill., and is edited by Joseph Smith and H. A. Stebbins. Price Sixty cents per year, free of postage.

All remittances, orders, and business communications intended for the office of publication, should be directed to Joseph Smith, Plano Kendall County, Illinois. 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.

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





"Even a Child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure."—Prov. 20 : 11.

**ACROSTIC ON BOOK OF MORMON.**

**B**ook of Mormon, thou art precious,  
**O**f thy truths I love to read;  
**O**f thy doctrines, O, how gracious,  
**K**eeps me in the way that's meek.  
**O** may I, thy precepts cherish,  
**F**ind within my heart a place;  
**M**ake me pure, may I not perish,  
**O**, may I with Christ find grace.  
**R**eaching out thine arms of love,  
**M**an may know thy saving truth;  
**O**f the truths of heaven above;  
**N**aught but right, is thine forsooth.

J. FRANK McDOWELL.

**EGYPT, PALESTINE AND SYRIA.**

No. 23.

PREPARED BY T. J. ANDREWS.

**THE CITY WALL.**



**L**ET us now ascend the city wall, and walk along its top. There is a broad terrace, near the top wide enough for two or three persons to walk abreast, while upon the outer edge a parapet rises as high as your head. This not only prevents one from falling in that direction, but it is pierced with loop holes through which guns can be fired in case of an attack. At convenient distances towers are erected and embrasures are constructed, and in these widenings, you will sometimes find small chambers, used, I presume, by the guards in times of danger.

**DAVID'S TOMB.**

Retracing our steps to Mount Zion we passed out of Zion Gate. We reached the supposed resting place of David. The place is down the eastern slope of Zion's hill. It is covered by a pile of buildings, from which shoots up a lofty minaret, one of the most imposing objects seen on this side of the city, and, in the estimation of its Mahomedan owners, it is one of the most sacred localities in the city. The first time I attempted to approach it a hyena-looking dog chased us from the premises, and the Christian-hating loungers, we thought hissed him on. To-day we have a respectable company and readily obtain permission to visit such places as foreigners are

allowed to visit. We first enter the Curaculum, a large upper room in which it is said Jesus held his last supper with his disciples. It is about 50 feet by 30 in width. That it is ancient there can be no question. The site is unquestionably the same. Epiphanes states that this building, with a few others near it, escaped destruction when Titus overthrew the city. Beneath this Curaculum, in the deep, rock-hewn vault, they say David's remains were laid, and now would you like to go down into this chamber where perhaps they laid the great monarch, and sweet singer of Israel. It would indeed repay the labor of a long pilgrimage thus to stand in the sepulchre of David, but, alas, we can not go. You can come into these upper rooms, and wander through these chambers, but the sepulchre beneath,—like the Dome of the Rock and the Cave of Machpelah, is one of those sacred places which the Moslem regards with superstition and bigoted reverence, so that he has not only placed the barrier of a rigid law, but loaded muskets and fixed bayonets between it and the Jew and Christian, that it may no more be polluted by the presence of either. We have an interesting description of a visit to the tomb by a lady disguised as a Moslem lady, who stealthily and hastily accomplished it during a season of special prayer at the great Mosque of Omar.

"The room is insignificant in its dimensions but is furnished gorgeously. The tomb is apparently an immense sarcophagus of rough stone, and covered by green satin tapestry, with a few inscriptions from the Koran, embroidered also in gold. A satin canopy of red blue and green, with yellow stripes, hangs over the tomb, and another piece of black velvet tapestry, embroidered in silver, covers a door in one end of the room, which they said leads to a cave underneath. Two tall silver candlesticks stand before this door, and a little lamp hangs in a window near it. This is kept constantly burning, and though its wick is saturated with oil, and I dare say is a most nauseous dose, my devotional companion

eagerly swallowed it, muttering to herself a prayer, with many a genuflection. She then, in addition to their usual form of prayer, prostrated herself before the tomb, raised the covering, pressed her forehead to the stone, and kissed it many times. The ceiling of the room is vaulted, and the wall is covered with blue porcelain in floral figures. Having remained here for an hour or more and completed my sketch, we left, and great was my rejoicing when I found myself once more at home, out of danger, and, better still, out of my awkward costume."

If this is really the tomb of David, we are indeed standing upon consecrated ground, and beneath us reposes one whose palace adorned the hill-top, and whose spiritual songs will continue to inspire the warm devotion of the pious heart through all coming time.

A little to the north of David's Tomb is pointed out another building, said to be the spot where Mary, the mother of Jesus, spent the last years of her life.

**THE PALACE OF CAIPHAS.**

Near by we are also shown the palace of Caiphas, the High Priest. This is the reputed place where the council of scribes and priests met by order of Caiphas, for the trial of Jesus. This building is now an Armenian convent. Believing that some notable relic of antiquity was here, we slipped a bachsheesh into the hand of the monk and we were at once admitted. Beneath the altar our devout guide reverently uncovered a large stone slab, set into the wall, a portion of the flat side being visible, which he solemnly assured us was the veritable stone that covered the tomb of Jesus. We had no means of disproving it, so, passing our hand over the surface, and casting an earnest, although I must confess an incredulous look, we passed on. We were then taken into a little room highly decorated with pictures and ornaments, and were told that this was the prison in which Jesus was confined during the night before his execution. I asked my guide if he could show us where the cock crew. "O yes, we can show him."

Following him to a side of the room he drew aside a curtain that concealed, hanging upon the wall, the picture of a sorry looking game-cock. Having daguerretyped that rooster upon our minds, we passed on. This building is a cemetery. Beneath its cold marble slabs moulders the dust of many a noble ecclesiastic. On this portion of Mount Zion are several cemeteries, here an Armenian, there an English, and, near by it a little plat of ground recently purchased, surrounded by a high stone wall, and its entrance secured by a strong gate, is a spot consecrated as a burial place for Americans dying in Jerusalem.

#### VALLEY OF HINNOM.

We now pass down the southern acclivity of Zion into the Valley of Hinnom, mentioned in Joshua in defining the boundary between Judah and Benjamin. Along the southern side of the valley is a steep rocky ledge, and multitudes of tombs have been cut and carved along its entire surface. Many of them are nearly destroyed. In building the modern convents, the builders found it quite convenient to put a quantity of powder into some of them, and applying a slow match, the explosion would produce for them a mass of stone already squared upon one side ready for their walls.

To be Continued.

#### HOW THE NUTMEGS GROW.

**N**UTMEGS grow on little trees which look like little pear trees, and are generally over 20 feet high. The flowers are very much like the lily of the valley. They are pale and very fragrant. The nutmeg is seed of the fruit, and mace is the thin covering over this seed. The fruit is about as large as a peach. When ripe it breaks open and shows the little nut inside. The trees grow on the islands of Asia and in tropical America. They bear fruit for 70 or 80 years, having ripe fruit upon them at all seasons. A fine tree in Jamaica has over 4,000 nutmegs on it yearly. The Dutch used to have all this nutmeg trade, as they owned the Banda islands, and conquered all the other traders, and destroyed the trees. To keep the price up they once burned three piles of nutmegs, each of which was as large as a church. Nature did not symyathize with such meanness. The nutmeg pigeon, found in all the Indian islands, did for the world what the Dutch had determined should not be done—carried those nuts, which are their food, into all the surrounding countries, and trees grew again, and the world had the benefit.

#### 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 his 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 answered, 'Who are you?' 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 went into the wood, 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 grow and get to be a man, whatever you will say to others, they will, by and by, say back to you;" and his mother took him to that old text in the Scripture, "With what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again."

#### LET IT PASS.

**B**E not swift to take offence;  
Let it pass!  
Anger is a foe to sense;  
Let it pass;  
Brood not darkly o'er a wrong  
Which will disappear ere long;  
Rather sing this cheery song—  
Let it pass! Let it pass!  
Strife corrodes the purest mind,  
Let it pass!  
As the unregarded wind,  
Let it pass!  
Any vulgar souls that live  
May condemn without reprove;  
'Tis the nobler who forgive;  
Let it pass! Let it pass!  
Echo not an angry word;  
Let it pass!  
Think how often you have erred;  
Let it pass!  
Since our joys must pass away,  
Like the dew drops on the spray,  
Wherefore should our sorrows stay?  
Let them pass! Let them pass!

If for good you've taken ill,  
Let it pass!  
Oh! be kind and gentle still;  
Let it pass!  
Time at last makes all things straight,  
Let us not resent, but wait;  
And our triumph shall be great;  
Let it pass! Let it pass!

Bid your anger to depart,  
Let it pass!  
Lay these homely words to heart,  
Let it pass!  
Follow not the giddy throng;  
Better to be wronged than wrong;  
Therefore sing the cheery song—  
Let it pass! Let it pass!

#### NIL DESPERANDUM.

BY PERLA WILD.  
CHAPTER V.—MIRIAM.

**N**ORTON went to bed with a lonely desolate feeling in his heart. The house was so still and quiet, he wished they hadn't all gone and left him. Then again he thought that he was not one of them. He must be alone, in a measure, wherever he went, in whatever company. With a murmured sigh and a whispered, "My mother!" he sank into an uneasy slumber. The light of morning dispelled the gloom and unpleasant quiet of the previous night, and Norton set out for school with a trifle cheerier heart than before.

There was a grove back of the school house, and in the grove a swing, which was always in motion during recess and noon. There was very little dispute over it, as is often the case, for the scholars were exceptionally good. To-day a tiny child, scarcely more than a baby, came to school. She was beautiful as the vision of an angel, with glossy hair that was brown in the shadow, and shining gold in the sunshine. And blue eyes that won you at a glance. And pink cheeks, white brow, cherry mouth and dimples, too lovely to be described. But the

sweet, innocent, trusting expression of the little one's face was her chief attraction. Norton had come out, pail in hand, to go to the spring for water. As he passed under the trees he saw a little boy about his own size, no darker, but still with that rich olive tint in his face that bespoke a sprinkling of other blood. He was standing idly by the swing, his hand resting in it, looking wistfully toward the school-house. As Norton came near he turned his dark, glowing eyes upon him,—eyes that were full of subdued sparkle, and brimming with cheerful, sunny kindness.

"Please, will you tell me if the little girl got in the house all right, and if she's wanting to go home by this time?"

"O yes," replied Norton. "She came in and took off her hat and sat down on the front seat. Then the teacher saw her and went and talked with her awhile, and now she's sitting on teacher's lap, as contented as any one can be."

The other boy sighed and looked uneasily around him. "O dear," he murmured, "I don't know what to do. Say," turning suddenly to Norton, "you got any sisters or girl cousins in school?"

"No," replied Norton, "none anywhere."

"Well, won't you see that she don't get hurt, and if she cries, bring her home, 'cause, you see, massa told me if I didn't come right back he'd whip me. And oh! he whips cruel!"

"Hasn't the little girl got any mother?" questioned Norton.

"Yes, but she's awful sick, and they told me to take Miriam out and play with her, and take care of her, so she wouldn't bother her mamma. We came along the path till we could see the school-house, and she wanted to come on and go in. She always wanted to go to school every time she saw the house and children here. I told her no, she was too little, and then she began to cry. Just then master came along, (he's been gone a long time again), and said some naughty words, and told me to send her in the school, if that was what she wanted, and follow him home, or he'd whip me. I must go. You'll see to Miriam till I come back, won't you, please?"

"Yes," replied Norton, also starting forward, both taking the same path. "Say, boy, where do you live? This way?"

"Yes," running on, but answering back. "Yes; just follow this path till you come to a garden, and the house is back of it. Don't forget Miriam." And away went the boy out of sight.

"Where have you been so long, Norton?"

Norton set his pail down, hung his hat up, and going over to the teacher's desk, told her what had been the cause of his delay.

"Certainly, we'll take care of the little girl," said the teacher. "You did right, Norton. Now take your seat and be diligent with your lessons."

Little Miriam had fallen asleep in the teacher's arms, and she arose and laid her on a soft mattress in the corner, with a pillow covered with bright pink calico. This little bed could be undone and made large enough to hold

three of the teacher's babies,—as she called the very small scholars, when they grew tired of sitting still and went to sleep.

The little one—and it chanced she was the only girl at school that morning—slept till the noise of noon time awoke her. She rubbed her eyes, and looked around in surprise. "O, mamma," she lisped.

The teacher comforted her, and every boy in school brought the best bit of dinner he had, for the little stranger, till enough for half a dozen little girls was lying on the teacher's desk before her. She ate with relish, and then asked for Nim. "Where is he, why doesn't he tum and take me home. I want my mamma, but she's oh so sick, and won't say noffin to me. And I'se awful yonesome." And the blue eyes filled with tears.

"Never mind, little Miriam," said the teacher, "Mamma will be well by and by, if you are only a good girl and don't worry her. I suppose Nim is the boy who brought you here. Is he your brother?"

"I des not. He don't say mamma, but Missus;—and I wish he'd tum."

"He'll come after awhile, dear. Your papa wanted him to do something, and then he'll come."

"My papa aint to home. He wented off yong time ago. I dess when mamma just begin to get sick. He stays away yong, yong time."

"But," answered the teacher, "your papa came home after you came in here. May be your mamma will get well faster now papa is home."

But Miriam shook her head. "No 'se won't. He talks so big, it makes mamma's head ache. And if she cries he scolds her, and I dest tell him to let my pretty mamma alone. And then he shakes me and hits me with his big hard hand, and says bad words 'at naughty mans says. O dear, I'se so 'fraid of him. I dess I'll stay here awhile. You won't strike me, will you please," looking pleadingly into the teacher's face.

"No, darling, I'll not strike you. And the boy you call Nim, said you must stay till he came, and wanted Norton here"—touching him on the arm,—"to take care of you till he came back. So now if you wish, he'll take you out and swing you." Norton took the willing hand of the little girl, and they went out.

She swung till she was tired; Norton carefully watching her. And when school called, walked demurely in, side by side with Norton and seated herself with him. She was very quiet during school hours, Norton having charged her with her duties in that respect. Only once did she forget herself. A little boy went fast asleep in his seat, and was transferred to the mattress on the platform. Another began to nod, and another, when the teacher promptly called them to come over and lie down.

"Dares only one pillow!" spoke little Miriam aloud, without thinking. But teacher produced a pink cased bolster from a shelf in the closet, and the little girl had no more cause to speak aloud.

When school was out the teacher proposed to take the child home, but Miriam said no, Nim had said Norton was to take care of her, and Nim knew. Nim was "the bestest boy, only him." She couldn't remember Norton's name. So Norton set out with her. They passed the bubbling spring, climbed a sloping hill, and stood before a garden overgrown with thorns, weeds and thistles.

"'Ats mamma's house," chirped the little one. I wonder if papa's there. You go in first, I'se afraid of him."

Norton made his way up to the door and rapped. Rapped a second time, and then a tall, dark, grizzly haired man opened the door, and frowned down upon him.

"What want, boy?" he called out as loudly as if Norton had been hard of hearing.

"I've brought your little girl home, sir."

"You have, hey. Tired of her already, are you? Well so am I. My wife's sick and can't bear a bit of noise—very low, very low. So what can I do with her. But I'll have to try. Here Mim, come in and sit down, and don't move a hand or foot."

The little one shrank back and clung to Norton's hand, who answered.

"If noise hurts your wife, sir, you oughtn't speak so loud. I'm not deaf."

The man stared at him a moment in surprise at his daring; then motioned him away angrily.

"You're a saucy little scamp, and you can just leave, and take her with you for ought I care, till the old lady gets well. Only never come within speaking distance of me again. Now mind. I'm not a man to be trifled with!" And he slammed the door together with a bang.

Norton led Miriam back to the road and then turned into the path toward the school-house.

"O yook!" cried the child. "Zere's Nim! O doody!"

The olive-cheeked boy came from behind a bush, and clasped Miriam in his arms. "I'm so glad you've come, Mimmy. I was so anxious about you all day, for fear you'd be afraid or want to come back. But he wouldn't let me come and get you."

"I'm doin' yight home with him," nodding at Norton, "and I isn't tummin back for a yong, yong time," and Miriam tossed her wee head defiantly, "I aint tummin back till mamma det's well and papa does off again. Don't feel bad, Nim, I'll tum some time." And she walked over towards Norton.

"Where you going, Miriam?" asked the boy.

"I'm doin home with him,"—(Norton) "so I am. Papa tolded him to tate me off, and I'se doin yight away. Tum." Holding out her hand to Norton.

"Good by, little Mimmy," said the boy she called Nim. "I wish I could go too,—anywhere that they wouldn't whip me,"—and with quivering lips and tearful eye he turned away.

Norton sighed. He forgot his own sorrows. Here were two children with real trouble. So much worse than his own. He almost begun to think his troubles not worth speaking of.

Continued.

## DANCING.

DEAR HOPES:—As you have been baptized into Christ so let your light shine that others seeing your good works may also be led to come to Christ. If you attend dances do you think you are engaged in your Master's service? Are you letting your light so shine that others will be led to glorify your Father in heaven by seeing these works? Nay, verily nay. I beseech of you all, old or young; to put away dancing, as it is a thing of the world, and we know that God says in his holy word that the friendship of the world is enmity with God.

We are commanded to be not conformed to this world but to be transformed by the renewing of our minds, that we may know what is the perfect will of God. I ask, can we do this and follow dancing? Never. Are we spiritual minded while engaged in dancing? No. We are instructed in the Scriptures to be spiritual minded, which is life eternal. To be carnal minded is death. We should show to those around us that we are the people of God. If our righteousness does not exceed that of the world what better are we than they? Surely no better. Who would think of looking for a child of God in a ball-room, or even at a private dance? Will our Savior, if he should come while we were thus engaged, receive us? Do you think we would hail his coming with joy? I fear not.

Dear Hopes, old and young, let us have our time occupied in searching the Scriptures, for they testify to us of a crucified and risen Savior. Let your time be occupied in prayer, for the time draweth nigh when the cry will sound forth, "The Bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet him." Truly we ought to be on our watch tower, lest that day come upon us unawares and we be found with no oil in our lamps. Let us consider these things carefully, and make a sacrifice of everything which is not of God or of good, so that we may be worthy to behold his face and live. Ever praying for the welfare of God's children, I remain your sister in Christ, S.C.H.

## THE PIGEON AND THE KITE.

LITTLE John Green of Louisville, Ky., having heard how once upon a time Benjamin Franklin experimented with a kite, resolved to do something in that line himself. His idea was to test the relative strength of his kite and his pet pigeon, with the design of basing some grand invention upon the result. So he took kite and pigeon, and wended his way to the nearest common several days ago. He ran the kite up to the limit of 200 yards of cord, the wind blowing a stiff breeze from the northwest the while. Then taking the pigeon from the basket, he tied the bird by the leg to the end of the kite-string which he had held in his hand. The pigeon, feeling half free, flew towards home, which was directly against the wind. The resistance of the kite caused his flight to tend upward, and, in turn, the efforts of his wings caused the kite to sail higher in the air. For a while the bird seemed to have the best of the struggle, making slow progress for at least a square, but in spite of all efforts to take a direct course, flying higher and higher. After the bird had reached an altitude of perhaps 400 feet, the kite being about 100 feet higher still, it was plain that the latter had greatly the advantage. It was flesh, blood and feathers against untiring winds. Unable to continue the strain, the pigeon changed his course to one side, thus slackening the string

and causing the kite to fall, sliding from side to side in a helpless sort of way. But, feeling free again, the pigeon once more made a break for home, when, the string being pulled taut, the kite, with a spring, glancing in the sun a thing of life, rose rapidly and gracefully from its former level. Soon bird and kite became mere specks, and at last, vanishing in the southwestern sky, left Johnny to weep over his unexpected loss. Next morning, when the little fellow went to look in his empty cote, there stood the pigeon, nodding its head in pride. It had broken from the kite, a piece of the string hanging to its leg.

### ADVICE TO YOUNG WOMEN.

**W**HEN marrying make your own match; do not marry a man to get rid of him, or to save him. The man who would go to destruction without you would as likely go with you, and perhaps bring you along. Do not marry in haste, lest you repent at last. Do not marry for a home and a living; you can be strong enough to earn your own living. Do not let aunts, fathers, or mothers sell you for money or position into bondage, tears, and life-long misery, which you alone must endure. Do not place yourself habitually in the society of any suitor until you have decided the question of marriage; human wills are weak, and people often become bewildered, and do not know their error until it is too late. Get away from their influence, settle your head, and make up your mind alone. A promise may be made in a moment of sympathy, or even half delirious ecstasy, which must be redeemed through years of sorrow, toil, and pain. Do not trust your happiness to the keeping of one who has no heart, no health. Beware of insane blood, and those who use ardent spirits; shun the man who ever gets intoxicated. Do not rush thoughtlessly, hastily, into wedded life, contrary to the counsels of your friends. Love can wait; that which can not wait is something of a very different character.

### THE POWER OF A SWEET VOICE.

THERE is no power of love so hard to get and keep as a kind voice. A kind hand is deaf and dumb. It may be rough in flesh and blood, yet do the work of a soft heart, and do it with a soft touch. But there is nothing that love so much needs as a sweet voice to tell what it means and feels; and it is hard to get and keep it in the right tone.

One must start in youth, and be on the watch night and day, at work and play, to get and keep a voice that shall speak at all times the thoughts of a kind heart. But this is the time when a sharp voice is most apt to be got. You often hear boys and girls say words at play with a quick, sharp tone, as if it were the snap of a whip. When one of them gets vexed you will hear a voice that sounds as if it were made of a snarl, a whine and a bark. Such a voice often speaks worse than the heart feels. It shows more ill-will in the tone than in the words. It is often in youth that one gets a voice or a tone that is sharp, and sticks to him through life, and stirs up ill-will and grief, and falls like a drop of gall on the sweet joys at home. Such as these get a sharp home voice for use, and keep their best voice for those they meet elsewhere, just as they would save their best cakes and pies for guests, and all their sour food for their own board. I would say to all boys and girls: "Use your guest voice at home. Watch it day by day, as a pearl of great price, for it will be worth more to you in days to come than the best pearl hid in the sea. A kind voice is a joy like a lark's song to a hearth and home. It is to the heart what light is to the eye. It is a light that sings as well as shines. Train it to sweet tones, and it will continue in tune through life."

### Letters from the Hopes.

SACRAMENTO, California, Nov. 9th, 1879.

Dear Hopes:—We have good meetings in Sacramento, for God is with his people. I see many good and new lessons in our papers. I think the price of them is very cheap. I am trying to work out my salvation, I am trying to do everything right, but I have my trials and shortcomings. When I see my failures I think that I may be "yet necessary," and so keep on trying. The Lord has been very good to me. I have never as yet succeeded in getting any new subscribers for the papers, only when I pay the amount myself. I will keep on trying, hoping to succeed.

I suppose you would like to hear something about the country, but I must be brief. There is a great deal of complaining among the people about scarcity of money. This is said to be caused by the stopping of the quartz mines, so many men being thrown out of employment, this being done because the owners of the mines are against the new constitution of California, for they wish for Chinese emigration, so they could get labor done cheaper. The herders, the farmers and the gold miners were for it, for they did not want their coin to be carried off to China. And they did not want to pay taxes on land and interest on money at the same time. They did not want diseases to come from this dirty race, neither do they want their daughters to marry Chinamen. The grant-owners, moneyed men, stock men and merchants were against it, for they did not want to pay taxes equal with the rest. The new constitution was adopted after being so freely discussed by those interested in it. It caused a great strife and many drunken fights. I believe that both the old and the new constitution are good for they both denounce murder, polygamy, slavery, etc. as crimes. Better times are expected under the new constitution, but I look for war and trouble. The Chinese are greatly threatened.

Not more than one-hundredth part of the land in this state is productive. When they talk about good weather, good land and crops and rich gold mines, I tell them to come out and see. There was a man last June came from Illinois here to Ione. He said he had heard so much about California that he thought he would come and see if it was so. He had a slight sunstroke the second day. He was very dissatisfied and went back in three weeks, although he had some relatives here to stay with. The railroads praise California in the east, for they seek emigration. Many come with just money enough to bring them here. Then they are disappointed and compelled to beg as they hunt employment. It is hard to make money, but harder to get it after it is made than it is to make it.

I have been in this state fifteen years. During our stay of one year in Anahiem, Los Angeles county, we witnessed one or two of their sand storms that covered the wood pile about four feet deep in sand. I was only three years old when we left Cedar county, Iowa, for California, so I don't remember anything about it. I would like to hear from some of the dear Hopes in Missouri, as I intend to make my future home there. Yes, I do hope to meet you all in Zion, in Independence, Jackson county, Missouri. Your brother in Christ,  
E. T. DAWSON.

STARFIELD, Clinton Co., Missouri,

November 9th, 1879.

Dear Hopes:—As I can not go to meeting to-day I thought I would spend a portion of my time writing to you. I love to read all the letters in the *Hope*, and I am often edified by them. I would love to know all of you, but this is impossible in this life. But if we are faithful we shall in the long hoped for future know each other there, where parting will be no more. I must tell you we had a pleasant visit from Bro. J. A. Crawford. He was here two weeks and preached sixteen discourses in our branch, which we hope will result in good. The Saints were much edified on many points, for Bro. Crawford is a very good speaker and made all things plain. Father left with him on the 3d for Cameron and Caldwell, where they intend to labor for the kingdom of God. We expect a call from Bro. Alexander Smith. Some of the world's people are waiting his arrival, and we hope he will not fail to come. The Saints think that some good will yet be done in this part, for there are many good and

honest hearted people in this section, and we think that some will yet obey when all stumbling blocks are removed. Pray for me, little Hopes, that I may, by the assistance of our Heavenly Father, become an instrument in his hands of doing much good. May our Heavenly Father help us to do right, is the prayer of your sister,

SARAH A. SUMMERFIELD.

HEARNE, Texas, October 31st, 1879.

Dear Little Hopes:—I am going to school. My teacher's name is Mrs. Eoline Adams, she is a splendid teacher. Our school is small but very interesting. We have speeches and compositions, every Friday evening. My favorite study is geography. I wrote to the *Hope* once before, and there was a mistake in the name of the place and state where I live, it was printed Home, Lepas, instead of Hearne, Texas.

We have not had but a little frost, not enough to kill the tender plants. I love to read the little *Hope*, it has so many interesting pieces in it. The piece called "Hasty Words" was a splendid piece. The 28th of this month was my birth day, mamma gave me a nice supper, and asked in some of my friends. I was at school all day, and when I came home mamma took me on surprise. From your true friend,  
MATTIE E. MORROW.

LITTLE SIOUX, Iowa, Nov. 7th, 1879.

Dear Little Hopes:—I went to hear Bro. Mark H. Forscutt preach, November 4th. He was at Little Sioux with Bro. Alexander H. Smith. I am not going to school now. It will commence the first of December. Sr. Juliet Blackman is going to teach. We are pretty near through husking corn. I desire an interest in all of your prayers. Ever your sister in Christ,  
SARAH A. JOHNSON.

### WHAT SHALL BE DONE WITH DAUGHTERS.

- Teach them self-reliance.
- Teach them to make bread.
- Teach them to make shirts.
- Teach them not to wear false hair.
- Teach them not to powder and paint.
- Teach them how to wash and iron clothes.
- Teach them how to make their own dresses.
- Teach them how to do marketing for the family.
- Teach them how to cook a good meal of victuals.
- Teach them to wear calico dresses—and do it like a queen.
- Teach them to say no, and mean it, or yes, and stick to it.
- Teach them how to darn stockings and sew on buttons.
- Teach them to regard the morals, not the money, of a beau.
- Give them a good, substantial, common school education.
- Teach them all the mysteries of the kitchen, the dining-room and the parlor.
- Teach them to have nothing to do with dissolute and intemperate young men.
- The early age of life is often passed in sowing in the mind the vices that are most suitable to the inclination; the middle age goes on in nourishing and maturing these vices; and the last age concludes in gathering, in pain and anguish, the bitter fruits of these most accursed seeds.

Then Job answered and said, Even to-day is my complaint bitter; my stroke is heavier than my groaning. Oh that I knew where I might find him! that I might come even to his seat.

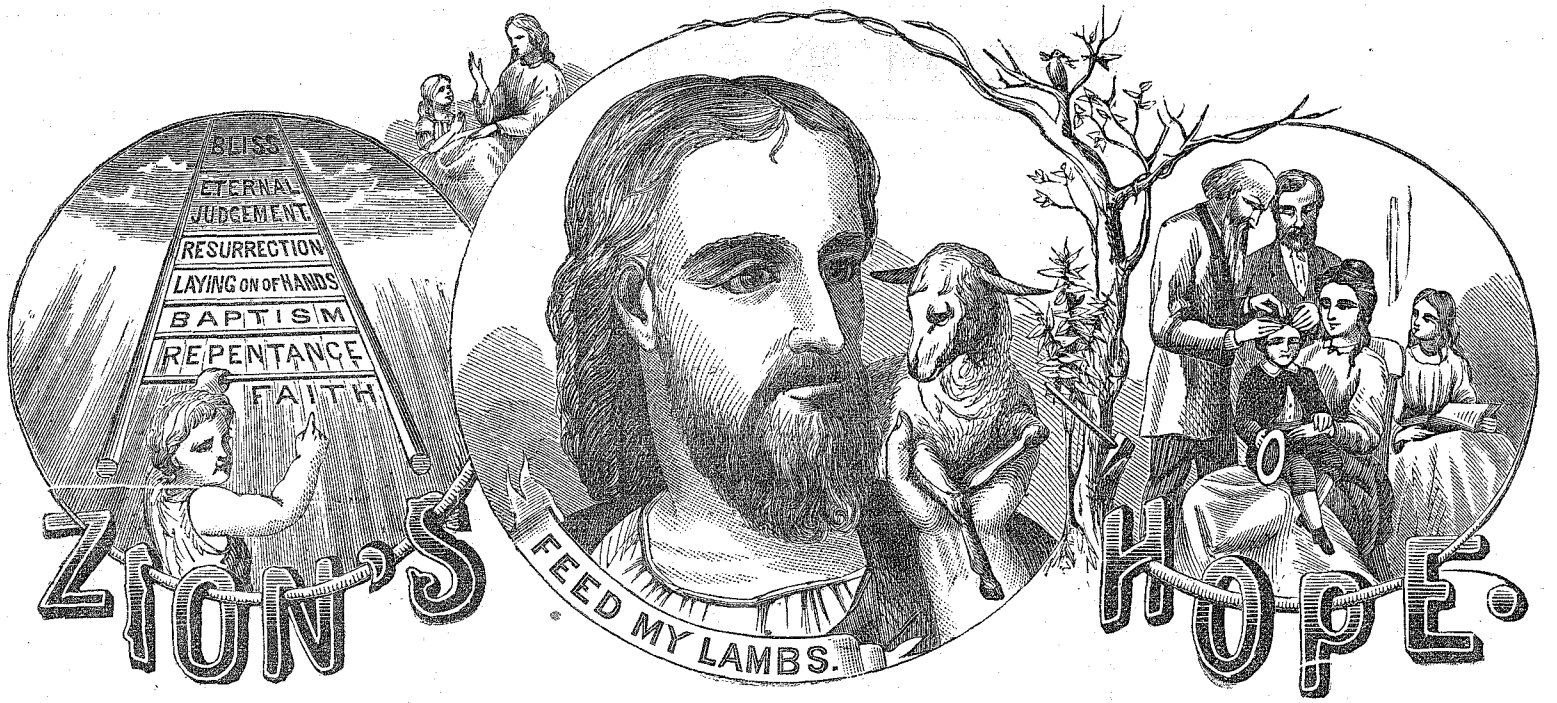
### THE SAINTS' HERALD.

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 December 79.

A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue.

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 H. A. Stebbins. Price Sixty cents per year, free of postage. All remittances, orders, and business communications intended for the office of publication, should be directed to Joseph Smith, Plano, Kendall County, Illinois. 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. Superintendents and Teachers of Sunday Schools, Book Agents, and the Traveling Ministry, are requested to act as Agents.



"Even a Child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure."—Prov. 20:11.

"HE DOES COMFORT US."

WHEN earthly friends deceive me  
And with their coldness grieve me,  
With broken pledges leave me,  
How sweet to find in Thee  
A friend that never changes,  
Whose promises forever  
Do comfort me.

When heavy cares oppress me,  
And earthly ills distress me;  
Though trials sore harass me,  
How sweet to find in Thee  
A sympathizing Savior,  
Whose aid and kindly favor  
Do comfort me.

When sorrow's clouds are bending,  
To the heart such anguish sending,  
And sobs and tears are blending,  
How sweet Thy face to see  
Behind the silvery lining,  
Look out with radiance smiling,  
To comfort me.

And when my heart grows weary  
With gloomy thought and dreary,  
I cry and Thou dost hear me,  
As to thy side I flee;  
And on thy bosom leaning  
Thy looks so full of meaning  
Do comfort me.

And when familiar faces,  
From out their wonted places,  
Slip from my warm embraces,  
Thy voice of sympathy;  
"He will not leave me," precious,  
Heals all my heart's distresses  
And comforts me.

When fades all earth has borne me,  
And shadows dark before me,  
From Death's dark vale comes o'er me  
I rest my all on Thee;  
Thine arms, they do enfold me,  
Thy rod and staff uphold me,  
And comfort me.

THE MODE OF BAPTISM.

FEW days since I chanced to see a copy of the Lutheran Sunday School *Herald*, containing a picture of John the Baptist baptizing our Savior. They stood in water less than one foot deep, Jesus stooping so that drops of water from John's hand fell on the back part of his head, while the Holy Ghost was seen descending upon him. To me the whole scene looked not only ridiculous, but like a wicked misrepresentation of facts. Yet the Editor says "this is probably a nearly correct

representation of the manner of the Savior's baptism." He further says it is doubtful whether Jesus went into the water at all. King James' Translation and the Inspired Translation both say that "Jesus, when he was baptized went straightway out of the water." But this Lutheran Editor says the original could be properly translated, "went up immediately from the water;" and that it is so rendered in the Baptist translation. It is true the Baptist translation gives it as above quoted. But if the Baptist translation is good authority to prove that Jesus came up from the water, it is good authority by which to prove the manner of his baptism. Our Lutheran Editor might have quoted from the Baptist translation as follows: "And having been immersed, Jesus went up immediately from the water." The Norwegian translation, so a brother informs me, makes the word baptize read "dip." In the German I am told that John the Baptist is called "John the Dipper." These translations are acknowledged by the Lutherans as correct. Yet I do not say the Editor is dishonest. He has been so taught, and this doctrine is popular in both Europe and America. But I could not help thinking how much nearer the truth was the manner in which the poor Indian understood what he read in his Testament. The story runs thus:

An Indian had attended a protracted meeting; had become serious, and anxious to know all about the plan of salvation. A minister gave him a testament, and told him to do just what the good book told him to. Some time after, the Indian called on the minister, book in hand, and said;

"This book say Indian must be put in water."

The minister asked a few questions and became satisfied that the Indian was a fit candidate for baptism, then said:

"Wait a few moments, and I will baptize you."

The minister left the room, but soon returned with a bowl of water in his hand. The

Indian gazed at him a moment in wonder, then exclaimed

"What! put an Indian in a bowl!"

This untutored savage, by reading and believing the plain teachings of the New Testament, knew more about the true mode of baptism than all the Pedo Baptists on earth.

H. S. DILLE.

A LITTLE ERRAND FOR GOD.

MELLEN stood on the door-step with a very tiny basket in her hand, when her father drove up and said: "I am glad you are all ready to go out, dear; I came to take you to Mrs. Lee's park to see the new deer."

"Oh, thank you, papa; but I can't go just this time. The deer will keep, and we can go to-morrow. I have a very particular errand to do now," said the little girl.

"What is it, dear?" asked the father.

"Oh, it's to carry this somewhere;" and she held up the small basket.

Her father smiled and asked: "Who is the errand for, dear?"

"For my own self, papa; but—oh, no; I guess not—it's a little errand for God, papa."

"Well, I will not hinder you, my little dear," said the good father, tenderly. "Can I help you any?"

"No, sir. I was going to carry my big orange that I saved from the dessert to old Peter."

"Is old Peter sick?"

"No, I hope not. But he never has anything nice; and he's good and thankful! Big folks give him only cold meat and broken bread; and I thought an orange would look so beautiful and make him so happy! Don't you think poor well folks ought to be comforted sometimes as well as the poor sick folks, papa?"

"Yes, my dear; and I think we often forget them until sickness or starvation comes. You are right; this is a little errand for God. Get into the buggy and I will drive you to old Peter's and wait till you have done the errand,

and then show you the deer. Have you a pin, Helen?"


"Yes, papa; here is one."

"Well, here is a five-dollar bill for you to fix on the skin of the orange. This will pay old Peter's rent for four weeks, and perhaps this will be a little errand for God, too," said the gentleman.

## Egypt, Palestine, and Syria.--No. 23.

PREPARED BY T. J. ANDREWS.

### THE FIELD OF BLOOD.

N the south side of the valley rises an irregular frowning cliff. In this deep, rocky precipice is the Aceldama, or "field of blood." As I gazed upon it how vividly it brought to my mind that fearful night in the life of the Savior when Judas, in company with the priests, balanced thirty pieces of silver against the blood of his Master. It was in this place, where Hinnom deepens into a gloomy dismal dell, that Judas purchased with the reward of iniquity this field of blood. As we looked up that fearful precipice above us we were almost persuaded to believe that this was really the scene of that awful tragedy, that, on some projecting limb upon the top of yonder height, the conscience-smitten Judas suspended himself, and, from his frail, broken rope, came tumbling down these fearful heights.

### THE WELL OF JOB.

Nearly opposite Aceldama is the well of Job. It is a large well, 125 feet deep, and walled up with huge stones. The wall terminates in an arch at the top, and was evidently built in very ancient times. It always contains plenty of water in the rainy season. It overflows. A large flat stone with a circular hole in the center is its covering. The water is still drawn in leathern buckets. I particularly noticed the wear in the solid rock, where the ropes for ages, yea, for centuries, have been drawn up and down. It was at this place, 3,000 years ago, Absalom instigated the revolt that drove David from Jerusalem to the Jordan. It was here that Jonathan and Ahimaz came to learn the progress of the revolt, but fearing to go to the city they tarried at the well, where a lad identified them and carried the tidings to Absalom, who sent men in pursuit. A loyal woman had a well in her house, into which they descended, and she laid a cloth over its mouth and spread corn upon it to dry, where they remained undetected. It was at this well that Adonijah, his third son, conspired against David and gathered and feasted the rebellious host upon the plain that surrounded this well.

### MOUNT CORRUPTION.

Looking eastward from the well we see a mountain towering above our head, 500 feet into the air. This is Mount Corruption. It was upon this mount that Solomon dishonored God, and disgraced the closing scenes in his long and brilliant reign. He built an high place for Chemosh, the abomination of Moab, in the hill that is before Jerusalem. There it stands an enduring monument, the mount of

scandal. Travelers from all lands will come here, and as they stand before it and gaze upon it, will be reminded of man's frailty, and heaven's displeasure. Here, under the brow of Zion, the most revolting of all heathen practices were indulged in. Here Molech, besmeared with blood of human sacrifice and parents' tears, had his groves and altars. He is represented as a large, brazen statue, hollow within and arms extended, as if to receive and welcome his victims. When heated with fire, children were placed as offerings upon his extended arms, and dropped into the burning furnace below. But, in time, came the avenger and iconoclast, King Josiah. He determined to so defile this place that the Jews disposed to idolatry would utterly abhor and forsake it. The priests were degraded and altars demolished, the groves cut down and the place filled with dead men's bones. This part of the valley became the receptacle for filth and offal of all kinds from the city. Here corruption and the worm held banquet, and fires are said to have been kept continually burning to consume the piles of filth deposited here.

### THE POOL OF SILOAM.

Let us leave these places that revive so many unpleasant memories, and turn to scenes that will inspire more cheerfulness. The Pool of Siloam has so much interest that we will take a thorough look at it. It is one of the most noted fountains about Jerusalem. In its vicinity Solomon and other kings had some most beautiful gardens. Isaiah speaks of the waters of Siloah, that floweth slowly. It was to this fountain the Savior directed the blind man, when he said "Go and wash in the pool of Siloam," and he went and washed and came seeing. The water is received into an oblong reservoir 53 feet in length, 18 feet wide and 19 feet deep. It does not fill up, but when the water flows in and rises to the height of about three feet it passes away through an outlet for a short distance underground, and then falls into troughs from which it goes dashing off in bubbling rills, on its way to water some gardens below.

At the upper end of the pool is an old, arched stairway, now tumbling into ruins, by which a descent can be made to the mouth of the subterranean passage through which the waters enter. The pool is still a great place of resort for bathing, washing clothes and watering animals. Six old pillars of Jerusalem marble are still seen imbedded in a portion of the eastern wall of the pool, which, in connection with others that have now disappeared, probably once supported a roof over the waters.

### "THE GUIDING STAR."

WE are compelled to withdraw our recommendation of the above paper published by Kastroth and Co., in Pennsylvania. One of the brethren subscribed, and was intending to canvass for it, but finding in a copy a part of a sermon in which the Book of Mormon is spoken of in a manner derogatory to its true character, and to the dissatisfaction of the Saints who have seen it,—dissatisfactory because unjust and untrue,—he sends it to us, and we herewith notify our readers of the fact, so that we need not be blamed should any hereafter subscribe and likewise be dissatisfied.

### RESPECT OF PERSONS.



THE apostle James said: "For if there come into your assembly a man with a gold ring, in goodly apparel, and there come in also a poor man in vile raiment, and ye have respect to him that wareth the gay clothing, and say unto him, Sit thou here in a good place; and say to the poor, Stand thou there, or sit here under my footstool; are ye not then partial in yourselves, and are become judges of evil thoughts?" James 2:2-4.

Hopes, young and old, do you treat people with whom you come in contact like the above description? If you do, do you think you are justified in the sight of God, and honest minded people? Your better judgment tells you, Nay. Do you not know that when a person does so, that they are not regarding, or disregarding another from any true principle, but from a very mean one? Does clothing, good or bad, make a person good or bad? A righteous man or woman, boy or girl may be clad in rags, and a miserable hypocrite and scoundrel be clad in satin, silk or broadcloth; didn't you know that?

I remember one time when coming from my work one evening, of passing a gentleman (?) that knew me well, he never noticed me; by and by, I changed my clothing, and having occasion to be "down town," I passed the same person, he recognized me (?) bowed and spoke. Now, was I any better then than an hour or two before that time? Had I changed in principle or character? No. I was identically the same person then as a while before. Was it to me he bowed or my clothes, I would like to know? You may say, "perhaps he did not see you the other time;" but he did, we looked each other "right in the eyes." Hopes, do you do that way? I trust not. I did not speak to that man when he spoke; because I deemed his address as being made to the clothes, and of course as they could not speak, there was no response.

I remember of having read on a certain time about a little girl whose ninth birthday anniversary had arrived, and her parents (who were wealthy) determined that their little daughter should duly celebrate said day by having a supper; all her rich neighbor's children expecting to be invited. But, however, her parents being accustomed to having "family worship," upon this morning her father read the 14th chapter of Luke. By and by he came to the twelfth verse, this particularly attracted the attention of the child for it reads as follows:

"When thou makest a dinner or a supper, call (invite) not thy friends, nor thy brethren, neither thy kinsmen, nor thy rich neighbors; lest they also bid (invite) thee again and a recompense be made thee. But when thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind; and thou shalt be blessed, for they can not recompense thee, for thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just."

The child heard every word, believed it to

be the language of Jesus. After a little she requested to be neatly attired, upon which she left the house at 9 o'clock a.m., to invite her guests for the even. The day passed by until four in the afternoon, and the daughter had not returned; an older sister, a young lady, went out in search of the guest seeker; she had not called at any of the houses of her rich friends, where she could have gone, they knew not. They waited one hour longer. Presently the door bell rang; the servant girl and a daughter and mother went to respond; the door was opened, and to the astonishment of them all, the little daughter had gathered her guests, "the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind." Some twenty odd children. The parents asked privately, why she had done so; she said: "Did not pa read that Jesus said when we made a supper not to do so and so, but so and so, and I believed that Jesus knew, and I wanted to do as he said." This saying brought tears to the parents' eyes. The children were washed and hair combed, &c. Supper served, and a pleasant time was enjoyed. After supper they were conducted to the parlor, where music was rendered by one of the older daughters upon the piano. While playing, a little blind child said, "Isn't that nice; I wonder if Jesus will have me in heaven."

How few adults there are that heed what is read in the Bible as did this little girl. There was no respect of persons with her on account of clothing; but a true regard for what Jesus said. Little Hopes, imitate the example of this little girl, it is worthy of imitation, by both the old and young. Remember to always act toward every one with a true regard and a righteous principle. Imitate Christ and care not what a proud, ungodly world may say about it.

UNCLE J. FRANK.

## THE GOOD IMPRESSION.

DEAR LITTLE HOPES:—I will tell you a story about it. In 1839, when the Saints were waiting for winter to pass away, that they might leave Missouri, as they had been ordered to by Governor Boggs' militia, Elder John E. Page and wife lived a few miles from Far West. They dwelt with the family of sister Page's father in a log cottage. It had a fireplace at one end, made of large stones, which was the style in that new country. One evening, when all had retired to rest except sister Page and her stepmother, (who was loved by all who knew her, and familiarly called "Aunt Jane"). Sister Page was about to retire when a sudden but forcible impression came to her mind that she must read the scripture that says: "The Lord looked down from heaven to see if any did understand and seek God." She called to Elder Page (who was familiar with the Bible, for he had preached the gospel several years), asking where to find such words. He replied, "In the fourteenth Psalm." Not having a brilliant lamp, such as the little Hopes now have, sister Page drew near the flickering blaze of the last firebrand and read the Psalm aloud, then retired to rest. Imag-

ine her surprise when the next morning she found the following verses written on paper on the table:

"Twas in the latter days, when darkness then did reign,  
The Lord looked down from heaven upon the sons of men,  
To see if there was any that understood his word,  
But every one had gone astray and worshipped his own God.

Some thought to change the ways of God to their own selfish plans,  
But lo! an angel from the Lord revealed the truth to men,  
And gave them power from on high to preach his holy word,  
And gather out from Babylon the ransomed of the Lord.

And say to every nation, in every land and clime,  
The hour of judgment now has come, fear God and reverence him;  
Go preach to them repentance, baptize them in my name,  
Not fearing what the wicked say, warn them for the last time.

Work in my vineyard faithfully, that all the Gentile race  
At the great day of judgment be left without excuse;  
For I, the Lord, have set my hand again the second time,  
To gather in my outcasts from every land and clime;

And the dispersed of Judah shall see the joyful time,  
When I shall call them home again to build Jerusalem.  
Then shall the ships of Tarshish come, as prophets did declare,  
To bring my sons from distant lands and daughters from afar.

And then God's sanctuary, in Zion it shall shine,  
For they shall bring the fir tree, the box tree and the pine,  
And sons of strangers build thy walls, the Gentile forces come,  
And the lost tribes of Israel shall then be gathered home.


O then, ye Saints, remember the time is nigh at hand,  
When Christ shall sit in judgment, the wicked shall not stand,  
The sun it shall be darkened, the moon be turned to blood,  
The earth reel to and fro, as a cottage be removed.

Then shall the happy time arrive which Saints by faith did see,  
When wickedness shall have an end and Zion's sons be free;  
The sun shall be confounded, the moon shall be ashamed,  
When God shall reign in Zion and in Jerusalem."

Now I will tell you how the verses came on the table. Aunt Jane hearing the Psalm also received a good impression, and, though not accustomed to rhyming, she wrote the above lines and placed them there. Count back and you will see that it is forty years since they were written. The Jews are now gathering to Jerusalem, the elders are proclaiming the message of the angel in many parts of the word. Dear aunt Jane wrote me last March "My mind has sweet meditations on the gospel. I shall be called from earth to meet loved ones gone before." She died April 27th; was 75 years of age. Thus the righteous go to paradise rejoicing.

SISTER MARY.

## THE GOLD NECKLACE.

N her plain little cot at the almshouse in D—, Jennie Burnett lay dying. Only a few months before she was with us at school, poor and despised. How my heart aches as I write these words. As they stood at the open grave of their schoolmate, what would the children of D— have given to recall a few short weeks of their school life. At best we merely bore with the children from the almshouse. Away down on the lowest seats at the foot of the inclined plane, they sat, a motley group of coarsely dressed, and, too often, ill behaved children. But we looked upon Jennie as a thief. Oh, why did not her sweet, trustful face makes us see our error?

Susan Smith had worn a string of gold beads to school, and just as the bell rang for closing, she broke the string, and the beads rolled down on the floor. There was a general rush for the lost treasure, and Susan exclaimed in loud and excited tones:

"Give them to me; I had forty of them."

"Close the door," said the teacher, "and let no one go out."

"Twenty-nine, thirty. Where are the rest?"

There was no answer.

"Whoever has those beads will give them to me at once," said the teacher, "or I shall search your pockets."

None of us saw a little wicked hand that was stretched towards Jennie Burnett. No one but God and Annie Mellen knew that that hand dropped ten gold beads into the pocket of the unthinking child. But when they were found there, we heeded not the poor child's cries of innocence, but thought that she added a lie to the dreadful sin of theft.

After that we shunned her, and taunted her with her supposed sin. Alone she sat in our seasons of play, with her well worn testament before her, and a look upon her calm face which we did not in the least understand. But at times deep anguish was seen there, and she daily grew thinner and paler.

One cold night the teacher was locking the door. A shivering form was lingering near.

"Please, teacher, I did not take those beads," murmured a voice too sad to belong to a child.

"Don't add lies to your other sins," said the teacher, who believed her guilty.

Slowly Jennie turned away.

"Oh, my God, you know I never took those beads," moaned the child, and with the thought a great wave of comfort rolled over her heart. "When I go home to my mother all will be right," she said.

Home for Jennie was heaven, for she had no mother on earth, and her drunken father was always a terror to her. A time was coming when Annie Mellen was to be reminded of her sin. Slipping upon the pond one day, the ice broke and she fell in. No one dared to venture to her aid—no one but Jennie Burnett. The others fled panic stricken for help. Jennie felt no fear, and finally succeeded in getting Annie from her perilous position. Both children were taken home, and Jennie, hastily putting on dry clothes, ran to Mr. Mellen's to see if she could do something for Annie, who was greatly chilled.

The chill had passed away, and Annie was in a high fever when Jennie arrived. Teacher and scholars stood around her bed and Jennie advanced timidly toward the group.

"Don't come near me, Jennie Burnett, don't," and she moaned imploringly.

"I thought—I hoped," said Jennie, "that you would let me love you a very little now, Annie."

"I can't bear it, oh, I can't bear it," exclaimed Annie.

"What?" asked her mother.

"Why, to think that she saved my life, when I put those beads in her pocket and made every one think she is a thief. I did it, Jennie Burnett; I did it, teacher; I did it girls, and Jennie has always been a good girl."

Yes, one of the Savior's little ones walking among us in white raiment, only our eyes were holden that we should not know her.

Such a thought flashed upon our minds at that moment. Our teacher drew the slight

form to her heart, and pressed her again and again, and each one murmured at once, "I love you, Jennie Burnett." And so, in that bare room at the almshouse young friends watched her slumbers, and vied with each other in kind attentions to the dying one. And she felt that her earthly cup was full, as she passed away to the enjoyment of that heavenly love that satisfies the yearnings of our immortal spirits.

### ENCOURAGE THE BOYS.

**T**HE young man who thoroughly understands the nature and manipulation of metals, and the scientific and practical management, and application of steam and our great variety of machinery, need not long be without lucrative employment. The scientific and technical education of boys is exciting much attention in Europe, and it will not be long before the eyes of our educators will be opened in this country to the necessity of encouraging the youth who manifest a desire for such pursuits.

A bent for mechanical pursuits usually manifests itself at a very early period in life; the inclination of the six-year-old boy to hammer and pound, to tear open toys and clocks "to see what makes them go," all so annoying to the careful parent, may be taken for indications of latent constructive genius, although now manifested in a very destructive form.

In the youth the mechanical bias becomes still more apparent, manifesting itself in attempts to construct wagons, boats, jig-saws, small engines, etc. With such a boy a mechanical education is no doubtful experiment. Talk to him about it, and he wants to go to a mechanical college at once, where he may learn to be, in deed and in truth, a competent mechanical engineer. Just at this point well-meaning parents, in order to fulfill some preconceived plan, or to do what seems to them prospectively of most good for the son, endeavor to force him into some other line or profession, and thus make a third-rate lawyer, doctor or merchant out of a boy who would have certainly made a first rate mechanic.

Of course we don't mean that a boy should become a tinker. It is easy to find out the particular liking any boy has for a pursuit, and when it is found give him every opportunity to develop it. A good foundation for such a development consists mainly in an aptitude for mathematics, a good idea of form and construction, a ready insight into mechanical movements, a positive love for machine manipulation, and a tendency to improve every opportunity to witness machinery in motion, coupled with an idea to see into and learn its office and application.

### WELL BAKED.

**O**NE house in Pompeii had evidently been in a state of repair when the volcano storm buried it. Painters and decorators and cleaners were masters of the situation. The household goods were all in disorder, and the family, if not out of town, must have been undergoing that condition of misery which spring cleanings and other like infections inevitably entail. Painter's pots and brushes and workmen's tools were scattered about. Tell-tale spots of whitewash starred wall and floor. Such domestic implements as pots and kettles had been bundled up in a corner, all by themselves, and the cook was nowhere. Dinner, however, had not been forgotten. A solitary pot stood simmering (if it ever did simmer) on the stove. And (start not, for it is true), there was a bronze dish in waiting before the oven, and on the dish a pig, all ready to be baked. But the oven was already engaged with its full complement of bread. So the pig had to wait. And it never entered the oven, and the loaves were never taken out till after a sojourn of 1700 years! They had been cooking ever since November 23, A.D. 79. M. Fiorelli has them now in his museum at Pompeii, twenty-one of them, rather hard, of course, and black, but perfectly preserved.

If any speak evil of you, let your life be such that none will believe it.

### Letters from the Hopes.

MONDAMIN, Iowa, Nov. 16th, 1879.

Dear Hope:—As I have received some very good information from reading your pages, and as I feel very thankful to our brothers and sisters for the interest taken to write that which is of best use to the people, I feel like making an effort, though weak it will be, to say a word in behalf of the cause.

I have been a member of the Church a little over two years, and I will just say I think it has been the most useful part of my life, especially to me, for in this two years I have learned some of the ways of God. I have been made to drink of his Spirit, which has caused me great joy. I have received strong testimonies of the truthfulness of God's promises to the children of men, and have been confirmed in my belief because of the signs our blessed Savior said should follow them that believe. In this time my dear companion has been called from my side to labor in God's kingdom, which has brought me great joy as well as sorrow. It brings me joy to know that he is worthy to be called to so noble a calling, and because I know his feeble efforts have been acceptable in the sight of God. And because we have a hope that is beyond this world of wickedness, of sin, and of misery, we have ceased to grasp after the vain things of this world, and are trying to work out our salvation with fear and trembling before God. It brings me sorrow to have to part with the best friend I have in this world, and also sorrow because the course he has taken has made near and dear ones seem cold and distant, and because his name is spoken evil of, but falsely, so we know. And when I read the passage of scripture that says, "Blessed are ye when men will revile you and speak all manner of evil against you falsely, for you shall inherit the kingdom of God," it speaks peace to my soul. And when I contemplate these things I am brought to this conclusion, that our joy, our comfort, our peace of mind, all that we receive through obedience to God's will, enables us to brave all such sorrow with uplifted hearts of praise and thanks to our heavenly father. I rejoice in the goodness of God, I desire to serve him the rest of my life, and to this end I ask an interest in the prayers of all who may read this.

SISTER H. H.

EAST END, Pittsburg, Pa., Nov. 23d, 1879.

Dear Hopes:—Since I have last written to you, I have been down into the waters of baptism, and to-day I thank God that he has brought me to see the light of this gospel; for I know that it is the true work of God. Often, while thinking of this work, the thought comes to my mind, "If this is not the true Church of God, what is?" It must be, for it is the only Church that teaches the fullness of the gospel, as Paul taught it. I am not at home at present; am staying with a family of Saints, at the above named place. Bro. T. W. Smith has been here; preached three Sabbaths, morning and evening, and baptized twelve, seven one Sabbath, and five the next. They are all young folks, one of them my sister. Bro. Smith preached two good sermons last Sabbath. Subject in the morning, "The new birth," evening, "Is baptism essential to salvation, or not." He showed very plainly that it was. I ask an interest in your prayers. Your sister in the gospel bonds,

CORA RICHARDSON.

MOORHEAD, Monona Co., Iowa,

Nov. 12th, 1879.

Dear Hopes:—While looking over the October 1st *Hope* to-night, and especially the letters, my eyes chanced to fall upon the letter of a cousin; and, while reading it, my thoughts wandered back to scenes of childhood. O the handiwork of God our Creator! That man could be so created as to have imprinted in the book of memory the scenes of childhood, so that in maturer years he can open this book and gaze upon the things of the past! Now, while slowly turning this book, leaf by leaf, how often do I find whole pages printed as it were in large capitals. Ah! something here that can not be eradicated; something here that must remain bright in the memory while that memory lasts. How often do we thus look back upon our past lives and exclaim, "Oh, if I only had my life to live over again!" But, ah! not so. The fleeting moments have passed. We can not reclaim them.

Now, dear Hopes, how many of us would try to reform if we could but live again our past lives and still retain our present intelligence? Very few I fear, if I were taken as a sample of the whole. My cousin tells you how she was beguiled into dancing. And right here let me say that I, too, have been in the giddy whirl of the dance; and that I found much worldly pleasure in it. "What stopped you from dancing?" asks a Hope. Ah! Dear Hope, please don't interrogate; but ask yourself the questions, Can I keep my mind upon the things pertaining to salvation and dance? Can I be a Christian whilst mingling with the profane, the drunkard, and the outcasts of society? No, dear Hopes, in my estimation you can not. Now I would not have it understood that I claim all that attend dances to be such as I have described in the above, but I think at least fifty per cent of dancers could very well wear the shoe. Now, dear sisters can you say that it does not impair your refined tastes and sensitive natures to mingle with such company? And you, dear brothers, is it no harm for you to mingle with drunkards? But enough on dancing. I hope that we may all find pursuits well calculated to fit us for the life hereafter. Will "Una" please write a long letter to us descriptive of the beautiful lakes and prairies? Will all the Hopes write letters and thereby make our "Letters from the Hopes" a pleasant column. Hoping to meet you all in after life if not before, I remain, Your brother in the one gospel,

J. W. WIGHT.

SODA SPRINGS, Idaho, Nov. 22d, 1879.

Dear Hopes:—I must tell you that we have again had the pleasure of receiving a visit from our amiable Bro. E. C. Brand. He left us this morning. While here, he baptized five, one a dear young sister by the name of Lena Hansen. I am very thankful to our Heavenly Father for so many more added to his fold. We have no meetings only when some of the missionaries come. We are also deprived of a Sabbath School, but hope that we may have one some time. Bro. Brand preached a very interesting discourse yesterday evening, but was interrupted several times by a very discourteous and uncivil Brighamite elder. Most of the congregation were disgusted by his absurd and provoking discussion. I send my love to all the little Hopes and big ones too. Pray for us all that we may prove faithful, for we are very weak and need aid. Good bye. From your unworthy sister,

CAROLINE ELIASSON.

SHENANDOAH, Iowa, Nov. 21st, 1879.

Dear Little Hopes:—Christmas is coming and I suppose that you are all looking forward to a good time. All, did I say? Well, I should have said many of you, not all; for there are many, poor little waifs, who have always spent their Christmas days so quietly that they dare not think of bright, new stockings hanging in the chimney corner, filled with pretty toys that children love so well. Now, little ones, if you know of any such in your midst be sure you pass them not by unheeded. If you have no more than a pleasant smile, a kind word or a friendly call, divide liberally with all, for many times such little tokens of good will are more precious to some than a costly gift. With much love to all, I will sign myself,

AUNT EM.

Cultivate the habits of industry, perseverance, punctuality, neatness, candor, cheerfulness.

Neither purity, virtue, nor liberty can long flourish where education is neglected.

### 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 December 79.

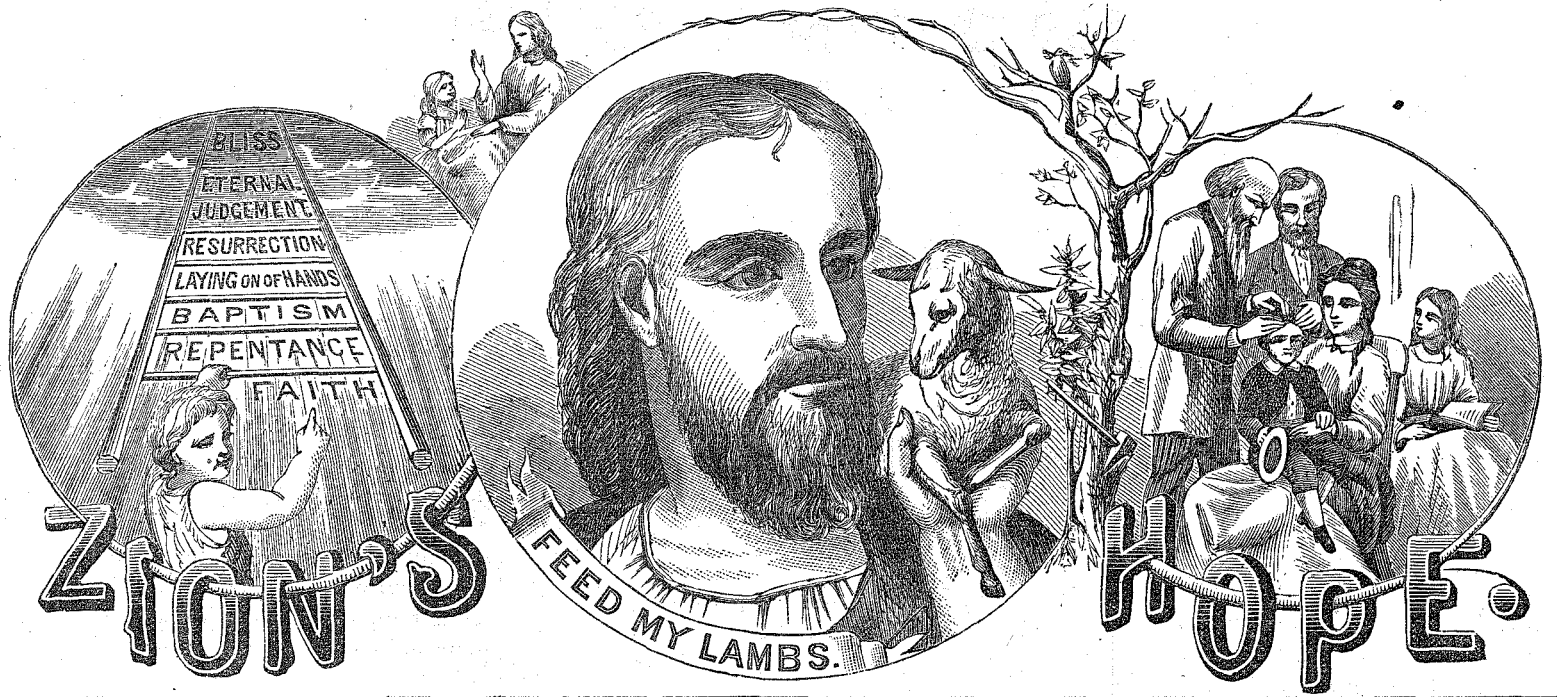
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Zion's Hope is published semi-monthly by the Board of Publication of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, at Plano, Kendall Co., Ill., and is edited by Joseph Smith and H. A. Stebbins. Price Sixty cents per year, free of postage.

All remittances, orders, and business communications intended for the office of publication, should be directed to Joseph Smith, Plano Kendall County, Illinois. 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.

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





"Even a Child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure."—Prov. 20:11.

VOL. XI.

PLANO, ILLINOIS, JANUARY 1, 1880.

No. 13.

### SUNSET CROWN.

**T**HOU silver-cased, ephemeral cloud,  
Why arched in the heavens so proud?  
Parting in center, showing a crown,  
So resplendent with beauty not frowns!

Surely, showing at this hour of eve,  
How shadows bright jewels with it weave.  
But whose is the crown so bright and round?  
Is it on earth the owner is found?

"Faithful in little!"—I catch the plaintive refrain,  
Sound it o'er mountain peaks, along the ocean main,  
Till the weakest have responded, "I will win!"  
"I'll be in earnest, help with grace to cast out sin!"

SANDWICH, ILLINOIS.

E. L. D.

### SUNDAY SCHOOL WORK.

**T**HE St. Joseph, Missouri, Sabbath School was organized about eighteen months ago, and it has been steadily growing in interest and importance. The half-dozen members of the branch who started in the work have been faithful in their labors. Some of the teachers and many of the scholars have not missed a session of the school since its organization. Our library numbers nearly one hundred volumes of interesting and instructive books for both old and young. We use the "Pure Gold" singing book, but feel the need of a singing book with our own hymns set to music.

Our exercises are as follows: open with singing, then prayer, then another hymn, then reading of the scripture, alternate verses by the superintendent and school, then a word is given out by the scholars in turn, and a verse with the word in it is learned from the scriptures by each member of the school. Then we have an anagram put on the black board by the scholars in turn, selections being made from the scripture. Some of our youngest scholars, ten and twelve years of age have become quite expert in this exercise.

We are trying to instruct the children in the way of gospel truth, by short lectures on Bible history, and always succeed in awakening an interest by asking questions on the subject presented, so that we feel that we have been amply paid for our labors.

"Although it's not our lot to wield  
The sickle in the crowded field,"

we feel that the master's eye surveys our work approvingly, and we faint not, knowing that the crown is won through patient toil and duties done.

I hope, Messrs Editors, that this little item will induce superintendents of other Sunday Schools to give an account of their exercises and practical operations, and thus we can be a mutual help to each other.

ROBERT WINNING, Superintendent.

### Egypt, Palestine, and Syria.—No. 25.

PREPARED BY T. J. ANDREWS.

#### THE FOUNTAIN OF THE VIRGIN.

**Y**OUR road to this leads along an old embankment, and just by our path is an old mulberry tree. It bears the marks of antiquity, is rotten at the base, crooked nearly double, and would tumble over but for a column of stone some careful person has put under to support it. Tradition calls it the tree of Isaiah, as marking the exact spot where Manassah caused the prophet to be sawn asunder.

Arriving at the fountain we find it a large, deep, artificial cavity in the hill side, excavated entirely in the solid rock. To enter it you descend first a broad, stone stairway of sixteen steps; here you find a level stone space twelve feet broad. Then you descend again ten steps more before reaching the water. Arriving at the bottom we find the fountain or basin fifteen feet long, six feet wide, and eight feet deep. The water rises about three feet and then passes away through a subterranean passage built of stone 1750 feet in length, and is the source of supply to the fountain of Siloam. The passage is of very small dimensions and must have been the work of many years, as it could only be worked at by one person at a time. The question, How is this fountain supplied, has puzzled many travelers. One of its peculiar features is a periodical flow of its waters. It comes bubbling up with considerable force about the middle of the foun-

tain on the south side; it ebbs and flows like the ocean, three or four times a day in Autumn, and oftener in Spring. When it commences flowing, it gushes out suddenly with force and runs for about fifteen minutes and then ceases for several hours. What is the reason for this phenomenon? We will ask that woman who has just filled her waterpot at the generous fountain. She tells us that in some deep underground channel through which this water comes, there lives a monstrous dragon, and when he lies down he completely dams up the water and prevents its flow. When he gets up to seek his food the water again has a chance to flow until he resumes his rest.

This fountain is still a great place of resort for the surrounding inhabitants; the steps are smoothly worn by the incessant passing up and down; it is a great washtub where women resort to wash their bundles of soiled linen. It is also a great public bath, where old and young of both sexes perform their ablutions, who also believe it to possess healing qualities.

#### VALLEY OF JEHOSEPHAT.

At Siloam we are in the renowned valley of Jehosaphat, where God will judge the oppressors of His people. It is singular that the three great religious systems of the world should acknowledge this fact in the revealed word. The Jew here looks for the appearance of Messiah and destruction of their enemies. On yonder terrace wall of Mt. Moriah that overhangs this valley, the Mahommedan will tell you his prophet will sit to judge the world. Jew, Mahommedans and Christians all agree that this the Valley of Decision is appropriately named.

A little to the northward, as we cross the valley, is Gethsemane, to which we are to pay a formal visit. As we continue down the valley, along the Temple area, it rapidly deepens, and the hills rise into steep precipices on both sides. Through it runs the waters of the Kidron. When David fled from rebellious Absalom he passed over it, towards the way of the wilderness. The channel of the stream

is now dry, but it still retains a place in Christian history and poetry, from which it will never perish. It was crossed and recrossed by the Savior, and it is one of the land marks by which we know the spot of his agony on the fearful night of his betrayal.

Before we reach Gethsemane some ancient tombs along this valley are worthy of our notice. The tomb of St. James is a large excavated chamber in the side of the cliff. It has a porch in front, supported by two columns. The doorway is handsomely carved; the porch is eighteen feet wide and nine feet high, from which a plain doorway opens into a sepulchral chamber, 17 x 14. From this are openings into three smaller places with recesses for bodies. The tomb of Zechariah is a monolithic monument, an entire mass of the native rock separated from the hill side by cutting a broad passage on three sides of it. It is cubic in shape, with a pyramidal top each side seventeen feet. It is ornamented with columns, pilasters, cornice, &c. It was constructed in honor of the prophet, who was stoned to death in the court of the Temple in the reign of Joash.

#### THE TOMB OF JEHOSEPHAT.

The stone doorway is richly ornamented with sculptured foliage, but it is now choked up nearly to the top with dirt and stones.

#### THE TOMB OF ABSALOM.

Although the scripture narrative says that they took him and cast him into a great pit in the wood, it also tells us that "Absalom in his life time had reared up for himself a pillar after his own name." The lower part of this tomb or pillar is like that of Zechariah, a monolith, chiseled from the solid rock of the hillside. This mass of stone is twenty-two feet square, ornamented with columns and pilasters, and over them an Egyptian cornice. Above this is a pile of masonry, consisting of layers of large stones, ornamented with projecting cable mouldings, the whole surmounted with a pyramidal top crowned by a tuft of palm leaves. Its height is about fifty feet. A great heap of rubbish has accumulated about the base, to which additions are continually being made, from the contempt in which Absalom is held. Moslems, Jews and Christians as they pass this monument, manifest their indignation against the rebellious son, by casting a stone at it, or spitting spitefully towards it.

From these singular and costly tombs we will now climb up the side of Olivet, to the tombs of the Prophets. These are dark, sepulchral regions, deep, damp chambers in the heart of Olivet. No mere verbal description can convey any just idea of these subterranean galleries, vaults and coffin cells. The outer one is one hundred and fifteen feet long, and has a range of thirty inches on the level of its floor, radiating outwards, in which to deposit dead bodies. Other passages, leading in every direction into other chambers, can be seen on either side. There is no evidence that any of the prophets were buried here. In construction they are unlike any other tombs in the vicinity of Jerusalem.

## NIL DESPERANDUM.

BY PERLA WILD.

CHAPTER VI.—MISS RANY.



"HAR can dat chile be?" sighed good Aunt Abby, shading her eyes with her hand and peering anxiously down the road. "Here 'tis een a most sunset, and dat pore boy haint come yet. Mebbe he's done gone and run off. He's a mighty peart boy, he is; an' smart folks are allers doin' suffin or 'nother. He jest come to comfort ole Abby in her lonesomeness and now he's done gone and left her in dark despair," and she sighed again, dolefully.

Uncle Sam was a good soul but a trifle contrary. He looked at his wife and sniffed scornfully, as if he was too manly to give way to his feelings.

"Don't be a pickaninny, ole woman. De boy's big enough to look out for his self. Dat's him a comin' now, a totin anudder ob de little white trash wid him. Humph!" And sure enough, there he was walking slowly up the road, holding a small girl by the hand.

The little one shrank back as they drew near the door, at sight of the two dark faces peering out at her. "Me's 'fraid," she whispered to Norton, "let me go get dat pretty kitty," and she ran away to a kitten on the green sward, who met her with a joyful spring, having missed her own little mistress, Luella, and gladly welcoming this sweet faced little lady.

While Miriam was fondling and cuddling the kitten, Norton was answering Aunt Abby's questions and telling all about Miriam. The good soul was ready to take the deserted little one to her childless heart and comfort her, by the time she came shyly up, tugging the patinet, loving kitty in her chubby arms.

"Wont you div me dis kitty, please Missy Black Woman?" she chirped bashfully, glancing a moment into the kindly old face, then dropping her eyes to the ground.

"Yes chile, bres your pretty soul, youse may hab it till de little Miss kums back again. An' youse may come right in an' be our baby, so you mays, kase we uns are drefful lonesome, and de ole house is achin' an' longin' for your music. We'll lub you honey an' be your willin' darkies ebery one ob us."

And, won by the sincere tones of love and sympathy, the child permitted herself and kitty to be taken into old Aunty's arms. "Sakes alive!" cried Aunt Abby, rolling up her expressive eyes in sudden wonder after looking into the child's face earnestly, "Sakes alive! If you aint a Dayton, I'se a know nuffin ole darkey, sure as preechin! Say, hony, what be your name?"

"My name's Mimmy," she answered innocently. While Norton added, "Miriam is her name, Aunty."

"What's your mammy's name, ducky?"

"Rany, ma'm, that's her name, an' she's a pretty mamma, too; and just the doodest mamma. An' she's awful sick. Poor mamma! An' papa's an awful, awful big man, an' he's so, so cross, I'se 'fraid of him."

"Yes, yes," cried Aunt Abby, "It's my poor, poor chile, Miss Rany, good ole Massa Dayton's only darter, an' dat drefful big bad man, who toted her off long time agone. An' dis is Miss Rany's baby, bress its sweet soul, so it is. Aunty knows it kase its got its mammy's eyes, an' hair, an' face, so it has. It's a Dayton, so it be, honey; an' ole aunty will jist tote it clar off to the gulf of Texico 'fore that bad man shall get her, purty pickaninny." And she hugged the child till she was almost frightened. "An' yer pore mammy's sick, hey? Aunty must go an' see her, so she must, directly. Oh my own sweet boy!" she cried, suddenly, "my Nil, my purty son where be youse, now? Dis baby don't know nuffin 'bout him, ob course. 'Spect he's dead an' gone, an' we uns never'll see him again, oh dear!"

Norton looked from Sam to his wife, then to Miriam, with a puzzled earnest glance. A sudden thought had come to him. The little olive cheeked boy who had been little Miriam's guardian, who was he? Could he be Aunty's boy, Nil Desperandum? Yes, no doubt of it. O, but wouldn't it be a joy to the poor old soul to believe that her long lost boy was alive and near to her. But then if that bad man, who had taken the boy away, should see her, Aunt Abby, wouldn't he keep him from her in some way. May be he'd better not say any thing of the boy to her till he could see him again and find out more, if possible. He hadn't said very much of the boy to Aunty in telling her of Miriam, and what he did say seemed to cause her to believe that the boy was Miriam's brother. "You nebber remember seein' a brack boy, does you honey, a brack boy dat was called Nil Desperandum. Hey, chile?" Aunt Abby looked expectantly, yet sadly into the little girl's eyes.

"Back boy—name was—what?" repeated the child. "Me haint dot no back boy to my mamma's house. No body but jest Nim, an' he's mine and he's dood an' he a'nt back, so he aint. He's our own dood boy."

The old woman sighed. "No, no; my pore little picaninny nebber will come back to his pore sorryin' mammy, nebber," and the great tears rolled silently down her cheek, while little pitying Miriam brushed them away gently with her soft hand, murmuring, sweetly, "Poor ole dramma woman's tryin', she's sorry, she is. May be some body's been stolding her."

That night, after Miriam had eaten a bowl of delicious bread and milk, and had fallen asleep in her, or rather Luella's chair, over the last spoonful, and after Aunt Abby had carried her up and tucked her snugly in Luella's little soft bed, and after the pigs were fed and the milk strained away, and every thing done, then the good woman bound a clean kerchief about her kinky curls, threw an old fashioned, gay colored long shawl round her stout shoulders, and taking Norton's hand set out in the fair summer night to find "Miss Rany" the sick lady and beg the privilege of doing something for her. Uncle Sam poohed, and sniffed, and said 'twouldn't do no good, and all that, but go she would,

and go she did, charging Sam to "jest shet de windys an' potter up into Miss Lell's room when he got sleepy, and frow his self on de sofa an' stay dar till she cum home, if 'twasn't for a week." Sam snuffed and said, "Berry likely he'd do dat; he'd be apt to. Humph." But she knew he'd go any way, as she bid him, for he worshipped a Dayton as much as she, only didn't say as much about it.

Two days after Mrs. Emily Ingram was sitting in the parlor of her father's house, swaying gently to and fro, with Luella sleeping in her arms. Emily was dreaming, thinking in a listless kind of way, living in the happy present and idly wondering if the future would be as fair; wondering if she can ever be able to find the way to Norton's heart, if he will ever be content to be one of them, and at home in the sweet, peaceful Dayton home-stead. Her husband was kind and gentle, but would she ever be able to win the love and confidence of his dark browed son. And a shadow passed lightly over her fair brow, and a sigh of sad, fond desire for peace and harmony breathed over the blush rose that was clasped in the fingers of the sleeping child.

Just at that moment, as if in answer to her thoughts, her husband entered the room with a letter in his hand.

"Yours, Emily," he said, giving it into her hand and walking away.

"From home!" she cried joyfully, as she hastened to place Luella on the sofa, and break the seal of the letter. "From Norton, I declare," she continued, glancing at the signature.

The letter was not very lengthy, but contained startling news. First he began by telling how he first found little Miriam, his interview with her father, how he took the child with him to Mrs. Emily's house, and then how he went with good Aunt Abby that same night to visit Miriam's sick mother. Also how that the big, bad man, as he termed Miriam's father, knew Aunt Abby and turned her and Norton out doors, telling her she needn't come a whining round there, she was no better than the rest of the Daytons, and that her boy, Aunty's boy, that he bought so long ago for a slave was his slave still, but she should never see him. So they had to go back again, poor Aunt Abby crying and wringing her hands and praying in utter despair. They had seen the little girl's mother, but she was too sick to notice them. Still Aunty knew her, and knew that the little girl was a Dayton as soon as she saw her; and then she had said her mamma's name was Rany, and Aunt Abby said it was Miss Rany Dayton. The next morning the boy,—Norton didn't know what his name was, but the boy that had brought little Miriam to school that day,—he came, almost frightened out of his senses, and begged some of them to come quick, the sick lady was dying, master had gone and he didn't know what to do. Aunt Abby made Sam hitch up the horses and go over right then, and took the boy, too. In an hour or two they came back with the sick woman on a bed in

the farm wagon, and she was just the sweetest woman, Norton wrote, just like the picture of an angel. Her husband had got angry and talked ugly to her before he left, and it made her faint, so that the boy thought she was dying. But she was some better, she had been there all night, now. Aunt Abby hoped Missus Emily would not blame her for taking strange people in when she was gone. She said she didn't know what else to do. She had to take care of Missus Emily's house, and the poor, sick lady would die if nobody took care of her. So she didn't know what to do but to bring her there. If Missus Emily wasn't pleased with it, would she write right away and tell her what to do. The letter closed with these words:

"Written for Aunt Abby, because she couldn't.

Norton Ingram, to Mrs. Emily Ingram."

Emily flushed as she noted the cool unfriendly way in which Norton addressed her; but she said nothing as she placed the open letter in her husband's hand. He had stood silently looking out of a farther window while she had read the missive. Now she stood by him while he read it. When he came to the place where the sick lady, Miss Rany, was mentioned, she answered his questioning glance with, "Little Luella's father's sister, Rany Dayton, an only sister, who married a bold, bad man, and her whereabouts was unknown to her brother up to the day of his death."

When he had finished, and folded the letter she asked, "Well, Preston, what do you say, did Abby do right?"

He waited a moment, then replied, "I think she did. But it is not for me to decide as to who shall be brought into your house, Emily."

Emily didn't know whether to be pleased or not. It surely was pleasant to know that he did not readily assume the right of dictation which his position as her husband gave to him. Still she almost feared he was a trifle reserved, and wondered if he were going to hold himself aloof as Norton did. But she answered trustingly, "You are the rightful master, Preston; and if you are pleased I am, with Abby's arrangement. But don't you think we ought to go immediately home? I do."

"Yes, Emily, and to-day, too. Your parents will not object when they know why we hasten so soon."

So Emily ran to find father and mother, and read the letter to them, and chatter away of what she must do this very hour.

"Perhaps you'd best wait till the train goes, Madam Impatience," said her father, "that will be about 2:30 this afternoon."

"And you'd better leave Luella with us," cried her mother, "So many children, and of different families may make you trouble and worry the sick lady with their noise."

"I guess my child has as much right there as any," replied Emily.

"Certainly she has," said mother Elwood; but I thought she would like to stay, and would be better content than the others. Send the boys then. Your father has no

boys of his own and always wanted to adopt some one else's."

"Yes, send the boys," chimed in grandpa Elwood; "send the boys, and we'll have a jolly old time. That's just the thing. Your mother always settles on a wise conclusion. So remember, to-morrow morning you're to put the boys aboard and I'll meet them here at the depot." And so it was agreed upon, and the boys, of course, readily consented.

To be Continued.

## HURTFUL READING.

**A** BAD book, magazine, or newspaper, is as dangerous to your child as a vicious companion, and will as surely corrupt his morals and lead him away from the path of safety. Every parent should set this thought clearly before his mind and ponder it well. Look to what your children read, and especially to the kind of papers that get into their hands, for there are now published scores of weekly papers, with attractive and sensuous illustrations, that are as hurtful to young and innocent souls as poison to a healthful body. Many of these papers have attained large circulation, and are sowing broadcast the seeds of vice and crime. Trenching on the very borders of indecency, they corrupt the morals, taint the imagination, and allure the weak and unguarded from the paths of innocence. The dangers to young persons from this cause were never so great as at this time, and every father and mother should be on their guard against an enemy that is sure to meet their child. Look to it then that your children are kept free as possible from this taint. Never bring into your house a paper or periodical that is not strictly pure. See to it that an abundance of the purest and healthiest reading is placed before your children. Hungry lambs will eat poison, but if well fed on good food, they let the poison alone. If you wish to save your own children and the children of others do all you can to sustain and circulate healthy religious literature.

## JOURNEY OF A DROP OF WATER.

**F**IRST mingled my parts with the waters of the mighty deep, until the combined agency of sun and air bore me away in the form of vapor high above the earth amid the buoyant clouds to be tossed and driven about by the blustering winds.

I there journeyed about for several days, until a more cooling temperature changed me to my former state. And becoming condensed I grew heavier, and heavier, till I could not be carried about by the winds. Then I began to descend gradually with my companions towards the earth.

The extreme cold condensed me still more, and as I became heavier I fell faster, and at last returned to the earth in the form of a hail stone. Others came pelting about me thick and fast, and in a few hours they piled heavily upon me.

I remained there for several days with this burden pressing heavily upon me, until the warm rays of the sun soon relieved me of my load, and gave me a chance to again trickle down the sunny hillside and unite in the glittering brook made by my companions and myself, and thus led me into a deep ravine, and, after a few hours travel I found my way back into the mighty ocean.

NEWTON ADAMSON.

### Letters from the Hopes.

LUCAS, Iowa, December 3d, 1879.

Dear Little Hopes:—I don't see any one writing from this place. I am not a member of the Church, but I intend to be. My father and mother are members. I will be ten years old next February, the 24th. We have a good Sunday School here. There are from eighty to one hundred scholars, and there are classes as follows: alphabet class; first reader; second reader; three Testament classes, and the Book of Mormon class. We do have nice pieces. Mr. Adam Fletcher is our superintendent, and all the children like him. We have also a good branch, and the blessings of God are manifested; the sick have been healed in our house, and many of the world have believed. Over thirty have been baptized in the last three months. Elder Gomer Griffiths baptized over twenty. The branch has now ninety members. I hope you will pray for me.

WILLIAM TUMNAN.

SOMERSVILLE, California, Nov. 22d, 1879.

Dear Hope:—I am thirteen years old. I do not belong to the Church yet. We have no Sunday School here. There are two others here, the Protestants, and the Catholics. I go to day school; my studies are reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, geography and grammar. I send my love to all of the little Hopes. Good by for this time.

ANNIE LIGHTOWLER.

BANDERA, Texas, Nov. 26th, 1879.

Dear Hopes:—I do not belong to the Church, but I think I shall when I am old enough. I have no brother. I have a sister who is staying with her grandmother and going to school. I never went to school. Mother learns me at home. I read in the second reader. Brother Bays has left us. He has started for his home in Iowa. Pray for me, dear Hopes. I am seven years old.

GEORGE W. RAMSEY.

GILBERT, Iowa, Dec. 1st, 1879.

Dear Hopes:—The Davenport branch has organized a Sunday School. I go all I can. I have a good way to go, about four miles, and sometimes I can not go. Our Sunday School's name is ISRAEL'S HOPE. My father is the president of the branch. I like to read the stories in the *Hope*. I like "*Nil Desperandum*." Yours truly,

ISABELLA J. ROWLEY.

PIPER CITY, Illinois, Dec. 8th, 1879.

Brother Henry:—I am well and going to school. My pa is very sick, he has been sick for more than a week. Our little branch is trying to do all the good it can. I am trying to do my part. I wish some preacher would come and preach to us and cheer us up. We have not had any one to preach to us in a long time. I ask an interest in the prayers of the Saints. Your sister in the faith,

ADA A. ROGERS.

STEWARTSVILLE, Dekalb Co., Missouri,  
December 9th, 1879.

Dear Little Hopes:—I can not write myself, but my ma will write for me. I tell her what to write. I am six years old and I know most all my letters. Ma says I can go to school next year, and then I can write for myself. I love to look at the pictures on our little *Hope*. Mamma tells me what they mean. The man that has the little lamb says, "Feed my lambs." Well I am a little lamb, and when Mamma reads the stories in the *Hope* and explains them to me, it is indeed food to me. I love to go to Sabbath School too. My lesson last Sabbath was this: One time a woman prayed to the Lord to give her a child, and, if he would, she promised that she would give him back to him again. So the Lord gave her a little boy, and when he was weaned the woman took him to the house of the Lord, and he served the Lord before Eli, the priest; and one night the Lord called him, "Samuel, Samuel." Then he went to the priest and asked him what he wanted, and the priest told him he did not call him. This was done three times; then the priest told him to go and lie down, and if a call came again, to ask what he wanted. So Samuel lay down again, and the Lord called him again, and he said, "Here I am, what will you have?" And the Lord told Samuel to go and tell the priest that because he did not teach his children to love, and serve the Lord, He would slay them. And after a while the Lord did slay

them. Now, dear little Hopes, don't you think we had better learn to serve and love the Lord when we are little? Mamma says so any how; and I believe her. We can pray, and sing, and listen to the old folks when they talk about Jesus, and we can learn this way, till we get big enough to read for ourselves. I don't know as I will write any more till I get big enough. You must all pray for me.

EVA SMITH.

ALTHOUGH the following letter has no name signed to it, nor does the heading show where it was written from, yet we think best to publish it, and the Hope that wrote it can see how careful one should be to give everything in full. Twenty-five cents was enclosed for the Roll of Honor, but we credited it to "No name," till the sender lets us know it.

Dear Little Hopes:—I feel it my duty to bear my testimony to the great work in which we are engaged. I have never once regretted having cast my lot with the Latter Day Saints, that is with those who are Saints indeed and in truth. O how I long to be and to feel that I am truly a follower of Jesus, who said "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." How many of us realize the meaning of those words of our blessed Savior, spoken for the comforting of his people. Sometimes the powers of darkness seem trying to take possession of my mind, causing me to neglect my duty; but it is not my desire to be as I see many are. I am very young in this work, and I pray that seeing others faults may tend to make me more perfect in trying to gain that crown that is laid up for those who endure unto the end.

Yes, many times it makes my heart sad, when I think of some of my gray haired brethren who ought to be as patterns for us who are younger, and who should encourage us in this work, some of whom I have heard bear, as they said, a faithful testimony. But have they really received an assurance that this is the true work of God? If they have, why is it that they go to the meetings of other denominations? Do they feel at ease when they pass their own chapel, to go to another? Others sit at home and spend their Sabbaths there, and do not come to partake of the emblems of the body and blood of our Lord and Master, from one month to another, when he plainly said that "he that doth not eat of my flesh and drink of my blood hath no eternal life abiding in him." But let us not look too much at others faults, for how can we expect to receive forgiveness when we approach the throne of grace to ask forgiveness for our own misdeeds, if we do not forgive others, even as we expect others to forgive us. Yet what is it that keeps us from being a true and happy band of brothers and sisters? Is it because we have too much of that love that possessed Christ, when he gave himself up as a sacrifice, to save all that would follow in his footsteps? No it is not that, but too much of the opposite power. Pray for me, that I may live as a Saint of God; that I may always have his Spirit to lead and guide me in that straight and narrow path that leads where I wish to go. God bless our little paper, and all that labor to make it instructive to our minds.

### Editorial Chat.

WE greet the readers of the HOPE at the beginning of the year Eighteen Hundred and Eighty with congratulations and good wishes, the congratulations being over the present favorable position of and good prospects for our paper, ZION'S HOPE, now ten and one half years old and still thriving, and also over the constantly improving state of affairs in the Sunday School interests of the Church of Christ, and over the, we trust, increasing desire and tendency among the youth thereof to give their minds and attention more and more to good, pure and instructive readings, instead of to light and unprofitable matter, exciting and hurtful fiction, all of which ruins the memory, debases the mind and poisons the heart, and even the whole being becomes affected, because of the influence exerted, and because of the loss of valuable time which you will notice by and by as you do not now.

As for good wishes, we extend them to all, and especially wish that the Hopes may fully and earnestly strive, in the year now entered upon, to progress towards a development into true manhood and womanhood, by culti-

vating noble motives, grand thoughts, pure aspirations, and by the use of time and powers to eradicate from the heart and mind everything that is selfish and mean, everything that has grown into or is growing into a habit of evil, either hurtful to body, mind or spirit, such as a habit of fretfulness, (the opposite of patience), or of selfishness, (the opposite of generosity), or of having malicious, morose, envious, revengeful and other kinds of unhappy thoughts, all of which will mar the present and the eternal peace of children as well as of grown people.

Hence cultivate generous thoughts, cheerful dispositions, nobleness of purpose, and a patient endurance of spirit, so that all about you, fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, the Saints of the branch, and the best and truest all around where you now live or wherever you may hereafter live, will look upon you with respect and honor for your good qualities, your sober yet cheerful and happy ways and life.

All these good things we wish to see more and more among the rising generation of those who are yet to do the work of the Kingdom of God, preparatory to its full establishment for Christ to reign over, wherein his people, children and all, will rejoice with joy and with glory forever.

IN reply to the Poetical Enigma in the HOPE of November 1st, 1879, Emily W. Page of San Benito, California, sent the answer that she thought the wonderful thing written about was "the whale." Since then Bro. George M. Jamison of Iowa writes that Louisa H. Jamison and Celestia Green have the same view as Sr. Page, which is correct, so far as the animal was able to give a biographical sketch of himself and do it in a puzzling manner.

WILL the Hopes, and all who read our paper, please do us the favor of extending its circulation, not only among the Church members but also among families not of the Church, for, we feel that the HOPE is a paper that will commend itself to all who give it an examination as being one of the best of periodicals that can be given to or read by the youth of any family and by the older ones too. We can send sample copies free to any who will take it in hand and who wish to give papers to those who may subscribe.

CHILDREN who are taught to believe that God will give them anything they ask Him for, a doll, a handkerchief or anything that they set their fancy on, (those things of some kind being usually possible for the parents or friends of a child to obtain for them), and those who so teach having at the same time the coveted article already prepared to give them, or intending to get it to answer the child's prayer, will probably grow to think very lightly of God and of His ways, because of this trifling of the parents.

### SUNDAY SCHOOL REPORT.

The Zion's Hope Sunday School of St. Joseph, Missouri, during the six months ending November 23d, 1879, held 25 sessions. Total attendance of officers 74, of teachers 89, of scholars 463; questions answered were 1551 in number, and 114 verses were recited. At last report 44 cents were on hand and \$17.96 has been received since. Expended \$16.60, leaving a balance of \$1.80 on hand. On the organ during the time \$15 has been paid, in all \$30. Rebert Winning, Superintendent; John C. Gardiner, Assistant Superintendent; Mary Smith, Librarian; L. Niedorp, Secretary and Treasurer.

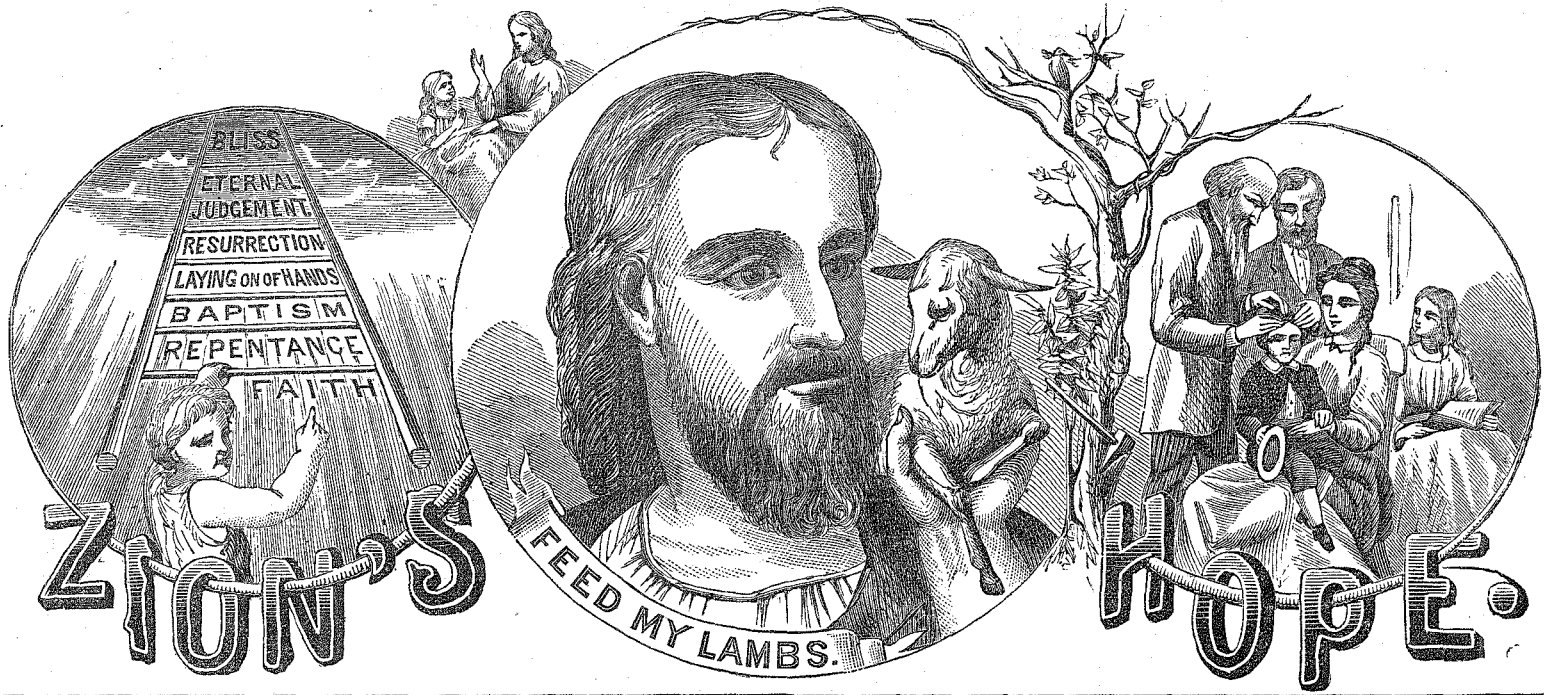
### THE SAINTS' HERALD.

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 January 80.

A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue.

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 H. A. Stebbins. Price Sixty cents per year, free of postage. All remittances, orders, and business communications intended for the office of publication, should be directed to Joseph Smith, Plano Kendall County, Illinois. 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. Superintendents and Teachers of Sunday Schools, Book Agents, and the Traveling Ministry, are requested to act as Agents.



"Even a Child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure."—Prov. 20 : 11.

Vol. XI.

PLANO, ILLINOIS, JANUARY 15, 1880.

No. 14.

### Egypt, Palestine, and Syria.—No. 26.

PREPARED BY T. J. ANDREWS.

**G**AIN we descend the hill, recross the Kidron, and climb the rugged side of Mount Moriah, and stand beneath the Temple area, just where the gate Beautiful once opened its magnificent portal toward the setting sun. The outside of the wall at the corner is seventy-five feet in height, its base reaching down the hillside. We passed along under the wall to St. Stephen's Gate. Near it our attention was called to some huge stones in the base of the city wall. They are, it is admitted by all, some of the few remains of Jewish masonry. They have the same peculiar bevel that all Jewish cuttings have; and, amidst all the overturns and devastating tides of ruin that have swept over the city, have remained unmoved. Five courses of them remain nearly entire. One of the stones is 23 feet, 9 inches long, 3 feet thick and 5 feet 2 inches wide. Others are from 17 to 20 feet. Probably some of these immense blocks were laid by Solomon himself when he prepared the Temple area.

We passed on around the northeast corner to the Damascus gate. The hills on this side melt away into gentler slopes, and consequently this is the most defenseless side of the city, and it is here its enemies have made their approaches towards it. On yonder ridge of Scopus, Titus had his camp, and from that point commenced the siege which ended in such fearful ruin to the city. A little to the northeast of the Damascus gate is the grotto of Jeremiah. This grotto has been cut into the southern side of a rocky ledge, now fenced in, with a garden and dwelling house in front. The gate is kept by a dingy Arab, whose obstinacy nothing but the all potent back-sheesh could move. A shilling set gates and doors all wide open, and gave us free access to every avenue. In one corner was an opening into an inner cavern, containing a large fountain and a reservoir of water. It was

here that Jeremiah wrote his Lamentation. There in that deep dismal corner of the great cavern, high upon that rocky bed, is the very spot, "they say." I climbed to the very top. A deep indentation in the rock, precisely the shape of a man's back from the shoulders downward, was identified as the very place where the prophet lay, mourned and wrote. I lay down and adjusted my back to the hard mould and found it an excellent fit. Poor old Seer, if he was compelled to lie there till his aching back had thus shapen the hard rock, no wonder that his productions, for the bitterness of their sorrow and the depths of their pathos, have obtained for him the name of the weeping prophet.

The tombs of the judges and the kings are not far from here. They are extensive excavations in the rocks, rooms beyond rooms, and chambers beneath chambers, with tiers of recesses for the honored dead. These tombs received their present name from a tradition that the members of the Jewish Sanhedrim were buried here. They face the west, and have a magnificently sculptured entrance, ornamented with flowers and other devices, surrounding flaming torches.

We had still one more place of interest to visit as we left the Tombs and turned our steps towards the city.

#### THE EXCAVATIONS BENEATH THE CITY.

These were discovered by Dr. Barclay, author of "The city of the great king." The knowledge of these had been lost. It was only by a singular circumstance he discovered the entrance to them. On one occasion when returning from a walk as he approached the Damascus gate, he found his dog barking furiously, and digging under a portion of the wall, a little east of the gate, he soon discovered there was an opening under the wall, closed up by a pile of loose dirt. Fearing to make an examination by daylight he closed up the aperture and returned home. With some other members of his family, duly equipped with shovels and torches, he returned under cover of night and soon enlarged the

aperture, so that one after another they slipped under the wall. The wonderful discovery they made he has brought us here to show. So let us slip in with him and light our torches.

First we see an immense roof of stone, like a great ceiling over our heads. An immense pile of dirt had been shoveled in here, evidently intended to close up the passage, but it had settled down leaving about three feet space from the ceiling. This went in from 75 to 100 feet. As we went clambering in over it the air seemed filled with smoke, and soon a light was seen ahead. We approached and found a miserable looking Arab man and woman and three ragged children sitting around a fire they had kindled with a few sticks. We now went down a steep descent, the cavern deepening upon us and expanding into unknown dimensions, in the thick darkness of which the glimmering light of our tapers died away in the distance without any obstruction to reflect it. It was darkness fearful, and silence profound and awful. Then we came upon huge piles of stone chippings, where workmen of unknown times had labored in giving shape and form to the quarried masses. Large pillars of the native rock had been left at suitable intervals to support the ponderous ceiling. In one place where we came to the termination of a great chamber, we stopped to contemplate the unfinished work of the ancient quarrymen. Here were great blocks of partly quarried stone still hanging to the native mass. One of these was a perpendicular stone 10 feet high and 4 feet square. The workmen had commenced by cutting a perpendicular crease upon the two exposed sides, about four inches wide, and had proceeded until it was about two feet deep upon each side of the block. This must have been effected by a long chisel-pointed instrument. They had no gunpowder in those days, and they seemed not to have understood how to split them out with wedges, but they were literally chiseled out by persevering labor. The work of cutting out this

block was nearly completed, for the two grooves, one from the front and the other from the side, at right angles with each other, had been carved nearly to the necessary depth to allow the upright mass to be pried from its resting place. The marks of the tools were as perfect as if made but yesterday, but the workmen left it and never returned. Why? Who can tell? Was it found at that particular juncture that no more stone was needed? Did some besieging army encamp before the walls and the consternation of war stop public improvement?

### CHARITY.

**T**HOU precious gift, vouchsafed to man,  
Let all possess thee here who can;  
And clearly 'tis for each and all  
Who meekly for God's blessing call.

And of the many precious things  
In Scripture that salvation brings,  
Unto the fallen human race  
Who upon earth have time and space.

We find that of these blessed gifts,  
Which oft the soul in rapture lifts,  
That charity doth foremost stand,  
Containing meaning we should scan.

And see if we do comprehend  
All things which must this gift attend;  
For we are told in God's just word,  
That we at home and church have heard.

That charity all must possess,  
Else we'll become as sounding brass;  
And all that we may say and do,  
Will fly away as morning dew.

Before the coming King of light,  
Who'll render day so strangely bright.  
Though we may gain much wealth on earth,  
Enjoy its treasures and its mirth.

'Twill profit not in time to come  
If we to charity are dumb,  
And should we give from earthly store,  
To help the needy sick and poor?

And though we lift our voice in praise,  
To God, the author of our days,  
Unless we pray with pure intent,  
Ask in the name that God hath sent,

'Twill aid us not when life is o'er,  
And death swings open wide his door,  
That we may leave this world of care,  
And go to pain, or glory share.

Now some might wonder what to do  
To keep this precious gift in view.  
Unto all such I here would say,  
It is obtained in just this way:

The heart must be upright and pure,  
Must have the grace wrong to endure;  
To enemies we must be kind;  
Kind actions and pure thoughts combined.

For we should strive to think no wrong,  
Must aid the weak, if we are strong;  
Must wait and watch, ready to perform  
Some act, the erring to reform.

These we must do with right desire,  
If we to charity aspire;  
All deeds we must perform in love;  
Be chaste and gentle as the dove.

LUSTER J. ADAMS.

### NIL DESPERANDUM.

BY PERLA WILD.

CHAPTER VII.—DAYTON FARM DOINGS.

**W**ELL, Mr. and Mrs. Ingram went home and sent the two boys to grandpa Elwood's. Mrs. Ingram took charge of the household, as the sick lady seemed to be better content and quieter when Aunt Abby was near her; for in her rational moments she knew her and called her "the dear old nurse who had cared for her when she was a baby." And she thanked God for sending the kind

old soul to save her from death and despair. This was enough to repay the grateful old creature for all she had done and could do for "Sweet Miss Rany."

And Uncle Sam forgot to be perverse and sniff at his good wife's whims and notions, in his anxiety for the suffering lady. So Mrs. Emily assumed the sole care of the work, with the assistance of the two small ladies, Luella and Miriam, who grew to be the best of friends in a short time.

At their first meeting Luella stood and looked at Miriam with one dimpled finger on her lip and her head tipped on one side, without a word. Miriam waited with the sweet, patient grace that always accompanied her. Then she took a step nearer, and Luella sidled off, tilting her head to the other side and looking suspiciously at Miriam, as if she were a new species of animal. Miriam saw she must begin the conversation herself, so she said sweetly,

"You is Lelly, I spect. And I'se glad youse come to play wiz me."

Still Lell made no reply. So Miriam went on: "I holded your kitty, Lelly; so I did; and he likes me, and I like him, and I'll like you if you'll let me, too. Did you yide on 'e cars?"

"Yes," said Luella, shortly.

"Did zey yun awful fast, and didn't you dit 'fraid?" questioned Miriam.

"No I didn't dit a bit afraid, tause I'se rided in de cars lots o' times. Didn't you?"

So they soon grew friendly and familiar, and Miriam was so patiently kind and sweetly loving that all Luella's peevish, or passionate ways could not provoke a quarrel with her.

Miriam clung to Luella as her only friend, since Norton and Nil had left her, and her mother was too ill to notice her. If Lell were unusually naughty Miriam would turn sadly away murmuring, "Well, I likes her any way 'cause she's my cousin, an' she'll be doody as can be after while."

"No I shant get good neezer, an' I shant be your tuzzin no more, so I shant. An' I fink you'd better run home; you don't live here."

Then Miriam said tearfully, "I spect I better. I'll dit my bonnet on. Now, bye, bye. Tell mamma I had to do 'way 'tause 'taint my home."

And with a sweet, sad expression she stepped out of doors, coming back in a moment to say timidly, "Wont you do a little ways with me, Lelly. I'se fraid I cant find the way alone. And wont you come some time and see me, 'tause I'se all alone, nobody in all 'e house but me."

Luella began to relent, since Miriam seemed willing to be tyrannized over; began to be ashamed of herself, in reality.

"Do you have to live all 'lone?" questioned Luella,

"Yes, every bit alone," she replied with a patient sigh.

"I—I dess you may stay awhile, zen," she said slowly.

"May I? O you'se ever so dood?" returned Miriam, brightening. "And you needn't be my tuzzin if you dont want to." And

Miriam untied her bonnet and hung it up carefully, like the thoughtful little woman she was.

"I 'spect I has to be your tuzzin 'cause I is, and can't help it. Come let's go an' swing."

And Luella never hinted that she wanted her to go away again.

By and by "Miss Rany" began to improve; then she would relapse again. So on for months, but at last surely she grew strong again. But not till New Year's time was she able to sit up and converse freely.

All this time Aunt Abby had been her constant attendant, and Grandpa Elwood had been so pleased with the two wayward, warm-hearted boys that he had kept them with him till now, sending them to school in the summer, and again in the fall.

Now, for New Year's, Mrs. Emily had planned a grand feast and a family reunion. Since Miss Rany, or Aunt Rain, as Luella called her, did not require much care, Aunt Abby was again in the kitchen, beating eggs, chopping suet, paring apples and the like. For so great were the preparations that were going on, that Preston and the little girls were pressed into service. Just now, with Abby's big apron over his knees, and two little blue eyed girls with frock sleeves tucked up and elbow deep in his pan of raisins and leaning against him, he was vainly trying to work rapidly. Miriam grasped a handful, and Luella knocked them out of her hand and on to the floor with her elbow. Miriam's forehead struck the edge of the pan as she stooped to gather up the scattered fruit, and down came the whole, over her head pan and all, and such a scrambling and chattering and laughing as there was over those raisins, that the old kitchen rang again, and Aunt Abby came to the rescue, fearing as she said,

"Dat dey would kick up such a racket dey'd set Miss Rany clean crazy, so dey would; an' I'se not goin to 'low it, I aint, and hab de bressed soul down anudder free months."

Well the raisins were washed and stoned at last, the eggs beaten, sugar rolled, and all in the pan and Mrs. Emily stirring the mixture rapidly, and in half an hour more a great, puffy fruit cake was nicely browning in the oven. While Lell and Miriam were filling patty pans with the dough they patiently scraped from the mixing dish.

Then the pies! Such miracles of toothsome, melting, frosted New England pumpkin pies, and the mince pies rival all description. Especially the half dozen tiny uneven little pie-kins, bursting with minced deliciousness which the two little cooks had worked so long and steadily over.

And when New Year's Eve settled down softly over the scene, everything was done that could be, and every body was tired, none more so than Miriam and Luella, whose browsy heads, grimy aprons and floured noses and eyebrows, to say nothing of smeared cheeks and lips, bespoke their untiring efforts to render untold assistance.

"O mamma, I is tired," sighed Miriam, when, with a clean face and pinafore, she stood leaning on her mother's knee.

Mamma stroked the silken tresses. "Tired, are you, Miriam, what have you done, pray? I've scarcely seen you, all day."

"O, I'se done everything. Lelly an' I has made 'leventeen pies an' cakes, an'—"

Here she paused to think, and Lell took it up, exclaiming,

"Yes, Aunt Rain, and we's made a drate lot of tooties, an'—"

Here Miriam interrupted her to correct her pronunciation with "It's cookies, we made, mamma, and baked them in Aunt Em's patty pans. And some nice little sweet cakes too, with goodies in, and they all sticked on the pan, too. We greased the pans wiz flour all over, but they would stick fast, and we broked one all up an' we had to eat it, an' I tell you it was dood."

"Mamma," asked Miriam, "where is papa?"

"I don't know, darling, gone away to Tennessee, to his plantation, may be," said mamma.

"What's zat," questioned Luella.

"A drate big land," replied Miriam, "with ever so many fields in it, an' lots of brack folks to do ze work."

"Did your mamma have niggas?" exclaimed Luella. "My ownest papa did, long time ago, but he let all of 'em go, only Aunt Abby and Uncle Sam, and they wouldn't, mamma said, 'cause they liked him so well. An' so when he comed up here to live they did, too."

"My papa's brack mans all runned away 'fore I can 'member," said Miriam. "He whipped 'em and they didn't yike him, he says, 'cause he wanted 'em to work, an' they didn't want to."

"Come, Miriam, it's time you were in bed, as to-morrow is the great day when the people are all coming to help eat the turkey and all the other good things."

"Who's coming, mamma," persisted Miriam. "Tell me after I dit undressed, wont you?"

Mrs. Emily entered the room at this moment and with pleasant words and looks for the invalid, she proceeded to disrobe the little girls, putting one in her mamma's bed in the room, while the other, her own chubby, tired darling, she held in her arms, wrapped in a shawl, swaying back and forth soothingly in the great rocker. Then she proceeded to tell the girls that grandpa and grandma Elwood, and Norton and the other boy were coming, and various uncles, aunts, and cousins, and a few near neighbors to make up the goodly company. Before she had hardly done reciting the names of those expected, both little ones were safe in dreamland.

New Year's day was, as it usually is, a day of confusion and joyful visiting, chatting and playing. Of eating, more chatting and playing, parting, and then comes the somber twilight, so very quiet and still after so much bustle.

The family, weary with the day's excitement, were all grouped about in the sitting room, which had been converted into Miss Rany's, and which was the favorite resort. They were all there save Aunt Abby and Uncle Sam. And they were mysteriously

at work in the kitchen, at what none but Emily knew. She had asked leave of Emily to fit up the kitchen in the old Tennessee Dayton fashion, on New Year's evening. There was a good deal of opening and shutting doors, and so forth, and Aunt Rany wondered what was going on, little dreaming it was a surprise preparing for her.

There was a great fireplace filled with blazing hickory logs, a broad mantel circled with evergreens, with a beautiful antique \* lamp of silver and cut glass, having four jets of soft, bright flame. Then on one side the fire was a carved wooden settle, piled with cushions and blankets for the invalid, and in the opposite corner two great arm chairs with high backs, precisely alike. On a little table in the center of the room was a silver and cut glass pitcher of cider, surrounded by goblets to match, a fruit basket of the same silver and glass, heaped with rosy apples, and a cake stand made of the same material, filled bountifully with delicate, frosted buns.

When all was ready, Aunt Abby and Uncle Sam proceeded to the sitting room to invite the company down to the kitchen, "To take a few 'freshments; as she didn't spose dey'd want anyting more'n a lunch, for de dinner was so late in de day. And she wanted 'em to make b'lieve it was Tennessee and, Massa Dayton's on New Year's night. S'posed Miss Rany 'membered 'bout it."

"Yes, indeed," replied Urania, "I well remember it; how father and mother used to sit in the great chairs that had been father's grandparents', by the open fire, and brother and I on the carved settle, that had also been our great grandfather's. And all the house negroes, and those living nearest were in, for we never had any company save relatives that night; and the silver and glass plate was brought out, which had also been an heirloom in the family, and this had been the evening it was most expressly used for, when we all ate apples and sweet buns and drank cider, and talked and laughed to our heart's content."

Leaning on Aunt Abby's arm Miss Rany led the way, followed by Mr. and Mrs. Ingram, Mr. and Mrs. Elwood, and Norton and Nil.

"O!" cried Miss Rany in joyful suprise, as she entered the wide kitchen. "The dear old Tennessee home! How like it! Is it possible, Aunt, that these are all our family heirlooms? The same chairs and settee, and lamp and all?"

"Yes, honey," answered Aunt Abby, with tearful eyes, "de same tings done sure. Young Massa kep dem all in a room up stairs, an' dey've nebber been used since dey comed from ole Tennessee, before."

"Thank God, and you all, especially Aunt," murmured Urania, as she sank down, weary but happy, on the settle by the fire; "Thank you for this one ray of joy and peace, besides all the rest you have done for me. But the master and mistress must occupy their seats"—looking at the high backed chairs.

So Mrs. Emily and Preston were escorted there, and a comfortable, cushioned sofa

\* Curious and old fashioned.

brought up for grandma and grandpa Elwood, while Uncle Sam and Aunt Abby dispensed the cider, apples and buns to the small company.

To be Continued.

## The Christmas Tree and Festival at Plano.

AN entertainment was given by the officers and members of the RISING STAR Sunday School of Plano, Illinois, on the evening before Christmas, 1879.

In the opinion of the writer it was an unusually pleasant occasion, and one of the best he ever witnessed, the best where all the actors and speakers were children. Their recitations and dialogues were nearly all correctly, as well as pleasingly rendered, even to those parts taken by the youngest ones.

First the choir sung a song of praise to God, and then Bro. Joseph Smith offered a prayer, that was fitting to the occasion. After that there was a song in which all the school joined.

Then came individual recitations by the little folks, Audie Smith leading off, followed by Ethel Scott and Wesley Horton, all three doing their parts perfectly. A good dialogue came next, taken part in by seven girls, namely, Huldah Johnson, Julia Chambers, Mary Williams, Emma Bowers, May Usilton, Jessie Swift and Annie Scott. After that a song by the choir and fair recitations by Trena Moldrup and Nettie Hogle. Bro. Lawrence Conover came forward and read a selection from one of Mark Twain's works, and then a duet was sung by Sisters George Horton and Zaide Smith, succeeded by a recitation from Don Cramer, quite well given.

Following these, nine little girls came on the platform, each with a banner, and, as they spoke a few lines, one by one, they turned the face of the banner, on which were fastened the letters making the sentence declaring that GOD IS LOVE. The ones taking part in this pretty little piece were Hattie Comly, Ellen Crick, Audie Smith, Lena Stubing, Mamie White, Carrie Stahle, Ada Pitt, Ethel Scott and Emma J. Willis.

Then came another song by the school, a recitation by Warren Usilton, a pleasing dialogue by four girls, namely, Mary Nelson, Alice Wheat, Altha Northcott and Edith Cramer, and quite a fair dialogue, especially in some parts, by fifteen boys, entitled "Joseph and his brethren," namely, Ruben, Simeon, Levi, Judah, Zebulum, Issachar, Dan, Gad, Ashur, Naphitali, Joseph and Benjamin. These were represented (in the order given above) by Nathaniel Leer, Fred Linegar, Warren Usilton, Arthur Linegar, Will Comley, Rodney McCandless, Eugene Horton, Willie Scott, John Crick, Morris Muldrup (not present) Will Curwen and Alma Curwen; also three attendants, Stanley Curwen, Willie Pitt and Thomas Crick.

Then followed a song by the choir and after that Willie Pitt and Willie Nelson gave recitations that were enjoyed. Succeeding these there was a dialogue by Cora Horton and Ella Bowers, a dialogue by Will Curwen and Huldah Johnson, and the entertainment closed with a beautiful little song in four parts rendered in a very pleasing manner by Annie Scott, Julia Chambers, Cora Horton and May Usilton.

Then came the distribution of prizes of books to the scholars who had earned tickets by having good lessons and being constant in attendance, the value of the books varying according to merit in these things. Following this was the general distribution of presents to both children and grown people, and of course a good time was had, and many were pleasantly surprised with useful and beautiful presents from friends and loved ones.

There was a large attendance of Saints and others, and at ten cents each from those not connected with the exhibition there was a good amount netted to the school treasury, as may be seen by the report in this issue of the HOPE.

BROTHER HENRY.

## Christmas Eve at Syracuse, Ohio.

Christmas is past and I hope you all enjoyed yourselves, and I wish you all a "Happy New Year." The Hopes might like to know how we enjoyed ourselves here. Well we had a very nice time. The Sunday School had an exhibition on Christmas eve, and a Christmas tree. It was well loaded with presents for the children. The

exercises were singing and dialogues. Sister Rachel Matthews took great pains to learn the younger children scripture verses on the birth of Christ to repeat, and also singing to suit the occasion. Our Superintendent, brother David Matthews, also taught the old and young to sing, so that every thing passed off very nicely.

THOMAS W. WILLIAMS.

### Letters from the Hopes.

MERRY OAK, Virginia, Dec. 21st, 1879.

Dear Hopes:—My heart is filled with gratitude to our Heavenly Father for the rich food for the minds of the Hopes, both young and old, with which your pages are continually filled. While reading (in the *Hope* for December 15th) the piece entitled "A Little Errand for God," I was caused to wonder how many of the Hopes were trying to do little errands for our Heavenly Parent, by endeavoring to make happy some one of our destitute fellow creatures; and I feel to hope that all are trying to do so. Desiring to assist you in getting your columns filled with the bread of life, I herewith inclose one dollar as a New Year's gift.

UNCLE O.

STAUNTON, Virginia, Dec. 21st, 1879.

Dear Hopes:—I think the *Hope* is a very interesting paper for both old and young. I enjoy reading it so much, and it seems to me to be growing more interesting all the time. We all ought to feel very thankful to our brothers and sisters for the interest taken to make it instructive. Christmas will soon be here again, and I suppose the most of you are expecting a good time. I hope you will enjoy yourselves splendidly. I feel very thankful that the Lord has permitted me to live to see so near the close of another year, when I have been so undeserving of his kindness, and so often strayed into wrong paths. I have a great many temptations, and very often find it hard to do what I know to be my duty. But, by the grace of God, I hope to overcome all of my temptations, and at last meet you all in heaven. I send fifty cents for the benefit of the *Hope*. You will all please pray for your unworthy sister,

SALLIE E. CLEVELAND.

BEVIER, Macon county, Missouri,

December 26th, 1879.

Dear Hopes:—It makes me rejoice to see so many good letters in the *Hope*. This is the first attempt that I have made to write to you. We have a large branch of the Church in Bevier. I belong to the Church myself, and have for some time. I am thankful for the light of the gospel that I have received through obedience to the same. I am twelve year old. I trust that I will be able to continue faithful to the end. We had a very good time yesterday, that is Christmas Day, I hope that you you all enjoyed yourselves. Brother Henry I will send you a New Year's gift for the *Hope* in a week or two. Uncle Gomer spent his Christmas at home with his folks. He leaves here to-day for Starfield. We wish him success and hope that, by the help of the Good Spirit, he will bring many good souls into the kingdom of God. May the Lord bless all of his servants who are working in the vineyard, and also the little Hopes, is the prayer of your sister in Christ,

MAGGIE THOMAS.

FONTANELLE, Adair county, Iowa,

January 4th, 1880.

Dear Hopes:—I am ten years old. I do not belong to the Church yet. My pa is an Elder in the Church. We have no Sunday School here. There are two others, the Methodist and the Congregationalist. I go to day school. I study reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic and geography. I do not live at home now. My pa lives near Adair. I live with Brother Alden. I send my love to all the little Hopes, and big ones too. Good by for this time.

ELIZA M. GOULD.

PITTSFIELD, Illinois, Jan. 4th, 1880.

Dear Hopes:—We had a Christmas Tree here. I hope all of you had a good time Christmas. We have no Sunday School here. I have no sisters or brothers. I like to read the stories in the *Hope*. My pa and ma belong to the Church, but I do not, yet I try to live right as near as I can, though I know that I fail many times. I think I will be a member of the Church before long. I

like to go to school. I read in the third reader, and study first arithmetic. It rained here this morning so that I could not go to meeting. We have our meetings in the houses of the Saints, but the foundation of the chapel is laid. Pray for me. Your friend,

CLAUD HALEY.

ALLEGHENY CITY, Pa., Dec. 7th, 1879.

Dear Hopes:—Not being able to attend Sabbath School this afternoon, I thought I would improve the time by writing to you. While sitting alone, thinking of the past and present, my heart is raised in gratitude to my Heavenly Father, that he has led me step by step up to the present time. When I look back over the past I can see how he has led me gently along, at times when I am sorry to say I had almost forgotten him; but he had not forgotten me. Although I had been wayward, his love was still the same. He kept me by his power, and I thank him to-day that he watched over me; for now my love grows for him stronger and stronger; and I know if I put my trust in him, he will not forsake me. But he will be my guide, even unto salvation.

Dear Hopes, let us stop and think how many things we do continually that can not be pleasing to the Lord. Yet he still blesses us with health and strength, with food and shelter, and with many other blessings, that we ought to be very grateful to him for. And, little Hopes, if he sees us thankful to him for what we receive, he will still continue to bless us with what ever he sees is for our good, if we thank him every day for his goodness and mercy. He will give us food for the soul, as well as food for the body.

Dear Hopes, another year is almost gone into eternity, and I suppose we all have done something that we wish we had not done. Yet never mind the past; it is gone! but let us resolve that in the future we will strive to do better. And where we did not do right let us watch the next time and do better. Let us be watchful and prayerful, that we may not be overcome. Although some of you are young children, yet if you pray from your hearts, the Lord will hear your prayers and bless you. He loves little children, and it pleases him when they seek him while they are young; and if you pray to him, though a child, he will not turn you away.

There are many of you whom I have not seen; but I hope to be able to meet you all in that home of the blest, that the Lord has prepared for those that love him. I know that I would love you all were I to see you; for I love the little jewels of the kingdom, and if they love their redeemer, they will be bright gems for his crown.

It is almost Christmas, the birthday of Jesus, which we celebrate. He was once a little child, like many of you. He was once a babe in his mother's arms, but now he is our Savior, who dwells in heaven above. He is the one who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." And he it is that said, "Seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." What a precious promise! Ought we not to be thankful for such a Savior? Should we not strive to serve him, that we may be prepared to meet him when he comes to gather up his jewels, those who have been faithful to the end. Let us then, as one band of Zion's Hopes, determine that we will, by the help of the great God, strive to serve him. May the Lord bless you all, is my prayer. I feel just as though I were with you, talking to you. I hope you will all spend a pleasant Christmas, and I wish you all a "Happy New Year." Your sister in the cause of Christ,

MARY E. HULMES.

### MAMMA'S KISS.

O'er the study floor pattered little feet,  
Through the open door come the voices sweet  
"Mamma! where is mamma?" little Lucy cries;  
Mamma answers: "Here, love!" hither Lucy flies,

Sister's hurt the hand Lucy brings to me—  
"Kiss it, mamma dear; make it well," says she,  
Mamma's kiss upon it, Lucy's hand is well;  
What magic's in the kiss, love alone can tell.

Believe nothing against another, upon doubtful authority; neither repeat what may hurt another, unless it be a greater hurt to others to conceal it.

We may think foolish thoughts, but should never express them.

### SUNDAY SCHOOL REPORTS.

Report of the RISING STAR Sunday School of Plano, Illinois, for the year ending December 31st, 1879.

There were fifty sessions held, two Sundays being lost during the sittings of the General and the District Conferences of the Church. There was an average attendance at each session held of 11 officers and teachers, and 53 pupils. A total of 118 visitors were present during the year, who did not take part in the school. By means of the penny collection, taken up each Sabbath, \$17.25 was realized, and \$16.98 from the Christmas entertainment, a total of \$34.23. Twenty-five to thirty copies of the ZION'S HOPE were taken and regularly distributed during the year. About twelve dollars worth of books were distributed as prizes for good behavior, prompt attendance and perfect lessons during the year, these being given out at the time of the Christmas festival. Printing and other expenses were paid and some former bills, leaving the sum of nineteen cents in the treasury at the close of 1879. F. G. Pitt, Superintendent, John Scott, Secretary and Treasurer.

A Sunday School Convention for the St. Louis district was held at Alma, Illinois, December 14th, 1879.

The session opened with prayer by Bro. George Hicklin. Bro. Robert H. Mantle was chosen to act as secretary *pro tem*.

Reports of the different Sunday Schools were called for. The Belleville report was returned for correction, with a request to send a full six months' report to the next session.

The Alma report, owing to neglect of officers was not reported, but the school is in a good condition. By motion it was requested to give a six months' report at next session.

Caseyville "Star of Zion" Sunday School reported for the quarter ending December 7th; teachers 4; average attendance of scholars 32; collection since last report \$7.75; expended \$7.10; on hand 65 cents. John Harden, Superintendent, Abram Jones, Secretary.

St. Louis and Cheltenham not reported. On motion St. Louis and Cheltenham were requested to send a six months' report next time.

The request of Bro. James Kirke to be released as District Secretary was accepted, and Bro. Joseph Hicklin was appointed to succeed him. Bro. George Mantle was chosen as District Treasurer.

Treasurer reported \$2 received and on hand from the Gravois school.

A suggestion was made that we tax each scholar of the different schools. After some debate it was laid over till next time. It was also resolved that the addresses of the district secretary and treasurer be published in the *Zion's Hope*.

Adjourned to meet at Belleville, Sunday, March 14th, 1880. William Jacques, Superintendent, Joseph Hicklin, Secretary.

Address of Secretary, Joseph Hicklin, and of Treasurer, George Mantle, both Ridge Prairie, St. Clair county, Illinois.

A boy who is polite to his father and mother is likely to be polite to everybody else. A boy lacking politeness to his parents may have the semblance of courtesy in society, but is never truly polite in spirit, and is in danger, as he becomes familiar, of betraying his want of courtesy. Manners are but the happy ways of doing things.

### 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.

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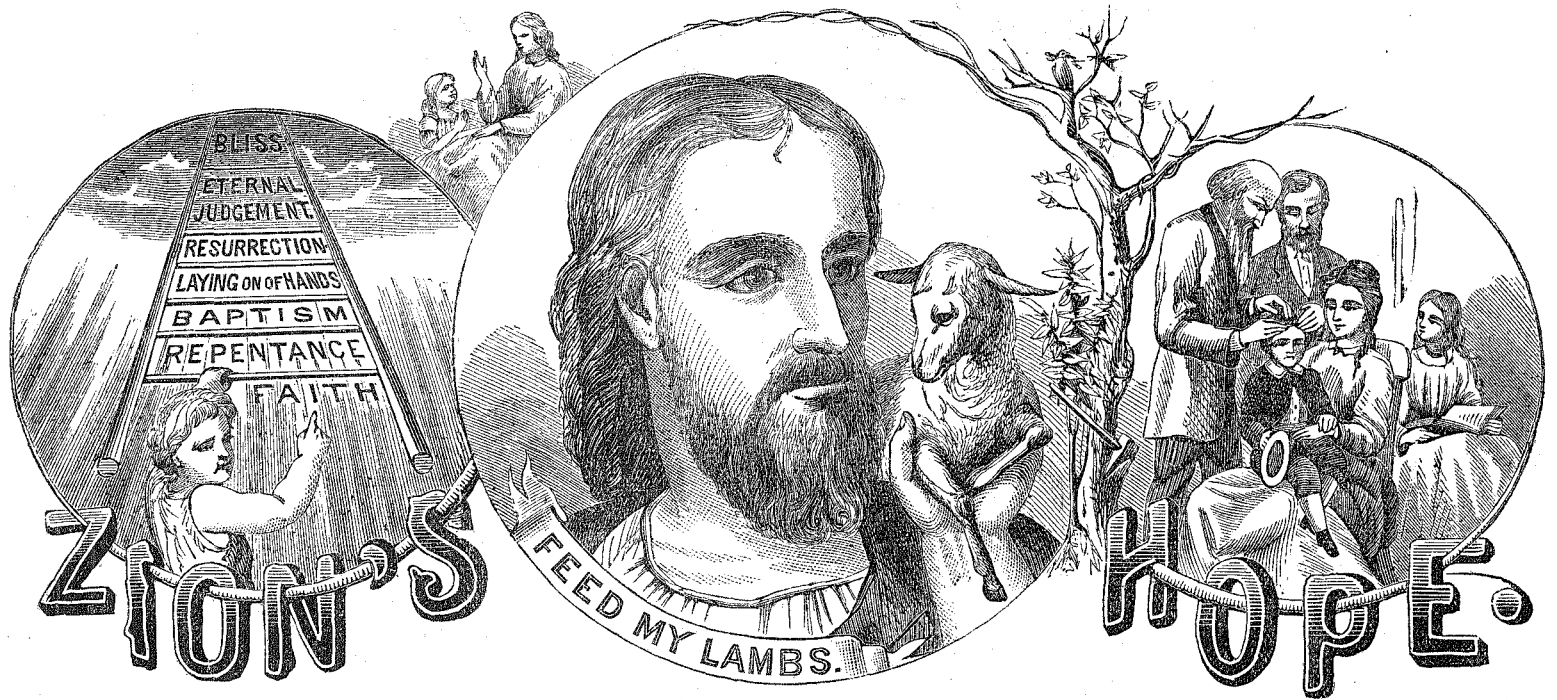
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Zion's HOPE is published semi-monthly by the Board of Publication of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, at Plano, Kendall Co., Ill., and is edited by Joseph Smith and H. A. Stebbins. Price Sixty cents per year, free of postage.

All remittances, orders, and business communications intended for the office of publication, should be directed to Joseph Smith, Plano Kendall County, Illinois. 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.

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





"Even a Child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure."—Prov. 20:11.

### THE SABBATH.

**F**ATHER, let thy blessings come,  
Unto me this holy day,  
Let them flow with power divine,  
While I honor thee and pray.

Wilt Thou fill my heart with love,  
Righteous thoughts, my mind imbue,  
Make me harmless as a dove,  
Meek and humble, kind and true.

Make my path a Christian one;  
Keep me from temptation free,  
That all evils I may shun,  
And be content serving Thee.

WILL.

### NIL DESPERANDUM.

BY PERLA WILD.  
LOST IS FOUND.

"My poor little pickaninny could have lived," sighed Aunt Abby, a big tear falling on the apple parings.

Aunt Rany looked up in surprise, first at Aunt Abby, then at Uncle Sam. "Why, don't you know? Haven't you guessed? All this time, too?" she cried. "Didn't I tell you I'd take good care of your baby boy and bring him back to you?"

"Yes, yes, honey," replied Aunt Abby; "I aint blamin you; what could you do? But I'd allers hoped he'd come back some day; but now I spose I'll nebber see him, nebber. De bad massa said my pore baby was his slabe yet, and dat I'd nebber see him. An' he'll keep him away from me sure," and she sighed again, sadly.

"Why, Aunt Abby, people can't own slaves now! And don't you know, both of you, that this is your boy?" looking at the olive cheeked boy, Nil.

"What!" and Aunt Abby rolled up her eyes in astonishment. "What's dat! Dis yer boy my Nil! O Massy! Taint, Miss Rany, be it? Can it be? Don't deceive me."

"No, Aunty, I'm not deceiving you. Nil, is it possible you don't know your father and mother? Has it been all this time and no one knew? Didn't you guess, Aunt Abby?"

"No, Miss Rany, I nebber tought ob such a ting," and Aunt Abby looked bewildered.

"Yo knows I only seed him dat fust day; and you was so sick, honey, I knowed nuffin else, den. And de boys bofe of 'em went off to Massa Elwood's an' nebber cum back till to-day; and Ise been too busy to-day to tink any ting."

A whisper from "Miss Rany" sent the handsome boy into his dusky mother's arms, and such a noisy, joyful scene as ensued is better imagined than described.

By and by Nil Desperandum, the small boy with the large name, looked first at mother, then at father, as if in doubt.

"Are you sure, Missy Rany," said he, "quite sure? How is it I am not as dark colored as they is."

"I don't know, Nil," she replied, "save it is because your mamma's part white, and likes white folks, and then you've always lived with white people; maybe that makes you look like them."

Uncle Sam brushed away the tears that still lay on his dark cheek, and remarked, "Your mudder's fadder was a real white man, honey, an' you allers looked jes like him, only your har was most too curlem'd."

"Dear," sighed Nil, "why can't I be white, I wonder. Why aint all people white?"

"Kase," answered his mother, "Old Canam he killed Nabal, an' de good Lord bracked his face for't, an' all his chilluns take after him, clean down to now. But, law bress ye chile, taint no blame on we uns; an' de good Massa up in glory, he never'll punish us for't, only by gibbin us brack faces. Bress his great name, an' bress Miss Rany whom's done so much for my baby boy," and she fell to weeping again.

Well, the next day Grandpa and Grandma Elwood went home and took Norton with them. Nil would fain have gone, too. But Aunt Abby could not spare her new found boy; and he was happy and content with Miss Rany and Miriam anywhere. And now, with a mother and father whom he had been taught to reverence, and in a home of peace and plenty, he was a veritable little

sunbeam, with his cheerful, joyous disposition that always found cause for hope, in every condition.

Luella accepted him as one of the family, and domineered and yielded by turns. He was to her a playmate and protector, as he had been to Miriam.

"He is Aunt Abby's boy, and b'longs here," she said, "but that Snort doesn't, cause he isn't none of em, at all."

Aunt Urania grew strong and almost well again, and began to feel as if she had trespassed long enough on their hospitality, at the Dayton farm. The little cottage, where she was when Aunt Abby found her so ill, had been rented to some one else after her goods were removed, and nothing had been heard of her erring husband. So there was nothing she could do, save it was to endeavor to make her way to the old plantation in the South which he claimed, and so also did another man, and that other man had possession of it.

Mrs. Emily declared that Rany should never think of such a thing. If she did think she was never to speak of it. There was plenty for all; and they were all so happy together. She and Miriam were such a comfort to them all, they couldn't be spared.

Nevertheless, Aunt Urania wrote to the South, but received a reply that her husband hadn't been there since the early summer. With a sigh she folded the letter away and resigned herself to fate.

Then another shadow fell over the house, Preston Ingram fell very ill. Delirious, suffering, restive,—living over again all the past of grief and happiness,—he lay moaning with fever and pain, calling for Emily, and finding her there, but calling again and so often for his son, and finding him not, that the boy was sent for.

While Preston was very sick, there was peace and harmony; but, after the danger was over, and the anxiety past, then again the old feeling of unrest began to possess Norton, the old homesickness that he felt on his first coming to the Dayton farm. And

Luella grew austere and provoking; consequently there was a lack of harmony and peace, with occasionally a skirmish between Norton and Luella.

One day the little Miss Luella took a fancy to go coasting with Norton's sled. Miriam and Nil were of course ready to go with them, and they set out for the sloping hillside, all wrapped and muffled like little Esquimaux.

All went well for a season, until by a sudden turn Luella was landed face down in a snow bank. She didn't say a word for at least two full minutes after her rescue, as Norton brushed the snow from her pink hood and scarf, and replaced the mittens on her little dimpled hands. Then, with a frown wrinkling her fair brow, she cried, "You mean, dood for nossing, bad boy, I don't like you nor never did, nor never will; and I just wish you'd go clear off and never come back again, so I do. You just got me out here to frow me in 'e snow, and 'at's all you come for. I'm goin' right to the house to tell my mamma and she'll whip you ever so hard; I know she will, 'cause I'll tell her to," and away she marched homeward.

"I didn't do it, Luella Dayton, and you know it," he called after her. "You tipped the sled over yourself, in leaning over to one side."

"I didn't," she snapped, turning back. "I didn't do noffin only leaned over to get a snowball and dat didn't do it."

"Yes it did, Luell," he answered; "for we were just going round a curve, and you leaned to the lower side and that upset the sled, and threw you out; so you needn't blame me for it; I couldn't help it."

"You could too, and I'm going right home to tell my mamma all about it, and you'll catch it."

Nil and Miriam had seen and heard it all, and now Miriam tried to soothe Luella and persuade her that Norton didn't mean to hurt her, and that they had better stay awhile longer; they had only just begun to play.

But Luella refused to be pacified. "He didn't hurt me a bit, so he didn't, and nobody said anything 'bout being hurted; but I dess no nice little dirls wants to be tumbled out in 'e cold snow an' mussed all up; and dood boys don't do so, never," and she trudged away toward the house.

"Come, boys," said Miriam, "we'd better go too, 'cause Lilly'll be lonesome wizout us."

"We've coasted long enough in the cold," assented the cheery hearted Nil, "so we'll all go home. Come, Norton, put Miriam on your sled and I'll run on and catch Lilly and draw her;" and away he sprang, the tiny bell at the sleigh front jingling as merrily as if it had a score of tongues.

Miriam was soon safely seated on Norton's sled, and his bell set up an answering ringle, jingle, and they were soon beside the little foot passenger.

"Whoa, Beaver," cried Nil, "whoa old fellow; can't you stand still long enough for a lady to get in. Whoa, sir."

Luella never looked toward him, but walked straight on, answering scornfully, "I dess

you best not wait too long for your lady, may be she wont never tum, and your feets will dit too awful cold a standin' in the snow."

Nil again came up beside her and halted his imaginary horse. "Please, Miss Lilly, wont you ride with me; I'm all alone, and I'll drive just as careful as can be."

"Humph," she sniffed, walking on without turning her head, "I dess I'd walk afore I'd ride wiz a niggarr."

Poor Nil. How it hurt him. Nothing could have been more unkind. Nothing could be said to hurt him worse; for it was the one shadow of his sunny life, the knowledge that he was of African descent. His kindly, dark eyes filled with tears, and his cheeks flushed as he ran rapidly forward. Norton kept pace with him and poor Luella was soon left in the rear alone.

Then she began to cry, and call for them to wait; but Nil and Norton never heeded her, nor listened to Miriam, who pleaded beseechingly for her little cousin, and would fain get out and walk, only the boys wouldn't stop, and the only way to do so was to fall out, and she didn't dare try that.

Landing Miriam on the door step, the boys sped away across the fields by themselves. Miriam waited, though her fingers tingled with cold, till Luella came up, without going in.

"You'se mighty silly to stan' out in ze cold," snapped Luella. "You'd better go in an' mind your business, so you had. I dess I tan go in 'e house by myself;" and she brushed past Miriam and went in, slamming the door after her.

When Miriam entered the sitting room she found her seated on her mother's knee, recounting her woes and grievances.

"I dess fink mamma dat you ought'nt to marry only my papa, 'cause zen 'at Snort wouldn't be here, and he's just as mean as he can be, so he is; 'cause he frowed me right off his sled in 'e deep snow, and got me all cold and frozeded. And I want you to whip him ever and ever so hard; wont you, mamma?"

"He didn't throw you in the snow on purpose, I guess. He surely wouldn't do that. You fell off, I suppose," replied mamma.

"He didn't mean to do it," chimed in Miriam, sweetly, "Zey was turning round a terner an' Lilly she"—

"Shut up, you ugly, ole Mim; you don't know nossin 'bout it. An' you's goin' to tell it for Snort, an' I shant has you for my tuzzin any more, I shant;" and she began to cry.

"Hush, child, it is very naughty to talk so. Not another word of it, now," and mamma Emily looked as if she meant what she said.

"If you don't whip Snort I'll jest go 'way off, so I will, and,"—

A look from mamma silenced her.

To be Continued.

After family prayer, a few evenings since, a little Quincy boy asked: "Mamma, how can God hear folks pray when he's so far away?" Before the lady could frame a suitable reply, a sunny-faced little miss of five summers vehemently said: "I jes believe he's dot telephones runnin' to every place!"

Teach your boys that a true lady may be found in calico quite as frequently as in velvet.

## Egypt, Palestine, and Syria.—No. 27.

PREPARED BY T. J. ANDREWS.

EXCAVATIONS UNDER JERUSALEM CONTINUED.



THE distance from the entrance to the termination is 750 feet, and 3,000 in circumference. It is evidently the great city quarry. The material is soft and easily worked, white limestone, but readily hardens when exposed to the air. Here no doubt was Solomon's great quarry from which he took stone to build the Temple. The stone is the same sort as that of some portions of the old wall still remaining. It is now a solemn and gloomy abode. Large numbers of bats hang from the ceiling, and, aroused by our approach, they flitted about our heads. Occasionally a pile of bones is seen, brought in by the jackalls; and the giving away of the dirt beneath the feet indicate the places where they have burrowed. The water trickles from the lofty ceiling, and the lapse of ages has hung the roof with sparry incrustations. The Crusaders have been here and traced crosses and other devices upon the walls.

We now return to the light of day; but we must not linger; for the city gates will be closed at sunset, and we must get within the walls. Arriving at home we will go to the house-top and spend the remaining hour of the day in meditations, &c. The sun is just sinking away in the clear, blue, western sky; lower and lower, and he is out of sight.

THE FAST OF RAMELAN.

Hark! The thunder of cannon rolls over the city from the old Citadel of David, and echoes back from Zion and Olivet. Scarcely has the sound died away in the distance ere the air is rent with the vociferations of a clamorous multitude, the shouts of many thousands of men, women and children from the Mahomedan quarter of the city. It is one prolonged and deafening strain arising even above the cannon's roar. What does it mean? This is the time of the great feast of RameLAN. It occurs always at this time of the year and continues one month. The fast is held each day from sunrise to sunset. Neither smoking, drinking nor eating are allowed. Shops are kept open and business goes on as usual, though many of the more devout carry their beads and count off an extra number of prayers. At sunset the rigid fast of the day expires, and the night is given up to drinking, feasting, and revelry. The gun we heard was the signal of sunset; the great shout that rent the air, which we heard, was the acclamation of joy at the announcement of the hour that lifted the ban and opened the door for selfish indulgence.

To-morrow will be our first Sabbath in Jerusalem; it is palm Sunday, and we shall have an opportunity to visit the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and witness some of the imposing ceremonies; but, more than that, we shall stand on Calvary and visit the sepulchre where the Savior was laid.

THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

Sunday, March 24th. A short walk from the convent brings us to the Holy Sepulchre.

This great pile of buildings is one of the most attractive features of the city. When Helena the mother of Constantine came here its site was covered with an heathen temple, dedicated to Venus, supposed to have been built by the Romans in hostility to Christ, and with a view of so defiling the place as to make it an abomination to his followers. This Pagan shrine was torn down by order of Constantine and a christian church commenced in 325, completed 335. In 614 the Persians completely destroyed it. Sixteen years later it was rebuilt upon a still larger and more magnificent scale. A spacious rotunda, with a huge dome supported upon twelve massive columns, was built around and over the sepulchre, and a portion of the church extended over Cavalry, covering the supposed place of the crucifixion. The massive doorway by which entrance is obtained is on the south side, and is reached by a very narrow and crooked street, crowded by merchants' stalls. This approach is considerably higher than the ground floor, and a descent by a broad flight of rude stone steps brings us into an open paved court, a sort of christian exchange, where beads, crucifixes, and relics of every kind are spread in tempting array before the pilgrim visitors.

On entering the main hall of the church, the first thing that arrests the attention is a file of about thirty Turkish soldiers, in the uniform of their country and armed with guns to which glittering bayonets are attached. Why is this? The Turks are the rulers and guardians of the city. Here are thousands of Jews, Christians and Mahomedans. Among these are a great variety of conflicting opinions and deep rooted prejudices and jealousies, constantly sowing seeds of uneasiness and discontent, and a terrible harvest of discord and strife may at any moment be the result. Turkish soldiers guard the gates and promenade the streets at night and by day. They gather about every place of public resort, and, strange as it may appear, they keep the keys of this christian church and lock the doors at night and open them in the morning.

A great number of sects congregate here, and under this roof have their chapels, altars, and paraphernalia of worship. One portion of the building belongs to the Latins, another to the Greeks, and also to Armenians, also to the Maronites, Georgians, Copts, Jacobites, Abyssinians, and other sects, all these have separate portions of the building and exclusive rights. And some of its "holier portions" are common to all, and they have to arrange among themselves the time when each shall be allowed to perform at the shrines their peculiar rites. Contentions often arise, and at times so fierce have these dissensions raged in the very temple of the Prince of Peace, and on the very spot sanctified by his blood, that these foreign soldiers of a foreign religion have been under the necessity of quelling bloody feuds at the point of the bayonet.

A few localities in this sacred pile are worthy of our attention. The Chapel of the Invention of the Cross opens from the main body of the church into a rocky vault, excavated in the hill side, twenty feet across. Its history

is as follows: The devoted Helena, in her zeal to serve the cause of Christ, came to Jerusalem about 325 years after Christ, and gathered all information she possibly could upon all points connected with the history and death of Christ. She heard that the three crosses used upon Calvary had been thrown into a pit close by. She caused a diligent search to be made, which was crowned with success. This room is supposed to be the same pit where the three crosses were found, and with them Pilate's inscription, and from that time to the present has been held as a most sacred place. It belongs to the Roman Catholics, but other sects are allowed to visit and worship in it.

To be continued.

## MARY'S SOUP.

"I DO not like my soup; please give me some better," said little Mary at the dinner table.

"You shall have some for your supper that will suit you better," said Mr. Gray, her father.

Mary helped her father all the afternoon in the potatoe field; while he dug them she picked them up, and the work made her both tired and very hungry. Then the good mother set before Mary the same plate of soup that she had found fault with at noon; but this time she ate it with a relish and called for more. As her mother gave it to her she asked Mary why it was that she now liked the very soup that she refused to eat at dinner time.

"It is not the same soup," said Mary.

"Why, yes it is, my dear child," said her mother, "but you sharpened your appetite this afternoon while you were working with your father in the field."

This event learned Mary not to find fault with her food, and the lesson also helped her to become wiser and better for the work of life and in enjoying its blessings.

## BIBLE FACTS.

THE learned Prince of Granada, heir to the Spanish throne, was imprisoned in the Place of Skulls, Madrid. After thirty-three years in the living tomb he wrote in his Bible the following: "In the Bible the word Lord is found 1853 times, the word Jehovah 5855 times, and the word Reverend but once, and that in the 9th verse of the 119th Psalm. The 8th verse of the 117th Psalm is the middle verse of the Bible; the 9th verse of the 8th of Esther is the longest verse, and the 35th verse of the 11th of John is the shortest. In the 107th Psalm four verses are alike, the 8th, 15th, 21st and 31st. The 37th of Isaiah, and the 19th of 2d Kings are alike. No names or words of more than six syllables are found in the Bible. The word girl occurs but once, and that in the 3d verse of the 3d chapter of Joel. There are found in the Old and New Testaments together, 3,586,483 letters, 773,693 words, 31,373 verses, 1,189 chapters and 66 books. The 26th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles is the finest chapter to read. The most beautiful chapter is the 23d

Psalm. The four most inspiring promises are John 16:2; John 7:37; Matthew 11:28 and Psalm 37:4. The 1st verse of the 60th chapter of Isaiah is the one for the new convert. All who flatter themselves with vain boasting of their perfectness should learn the 5th chapter of Matthew.

CATHARINE EDWARDS.

## Editorial Chat.

AS we have on hand quite a number of original articles, which we have not been able to publish, owing to the space occupied by the two continued articles, and that necessarily given to letters from the Hopes, we will omit for an issue or two the sketches of travel in Palestine, and in their place insert the articles mentioned above.

Original bits of two, four, six or eight inches in length, when set in type, are always in demand; for it is not so good to have more than two or three lengthy articles in one number, and the remainder should be shorter, and we wish that the writers would send us some brief and pleasant things to fill the corners and please the little folks. Will not a number of you who ought to write for the HOPE, and who are so able if you only would, do so when you read this and aid our work to interest the Hopes?

The story of "Nil Desperandum" seems to be interesting to all, both young and old. We have been keeping a good story from "Myrtle Gray" till we had room for it in one number, and also other writings that should have a place when they can, without filling the paper with too long articles.

## SUNDAY SCHOOL REPORT.

Crescent City, Iowa, Sunday School report, for the quarter ending December 28th, 1879, is as follows: Total attendance 402; average 33½. Total collection \$3.26; average 27 cents. The expenses were \$2.38. Fifteen copies of the *Hope* are taken. Questions answered were twenty-four in number. Officers for the ensuing quarter are as follows: Superintendent, H. N. Hanson; Assistant Superintendent, Agnes Lapworth; Secretary, C. W. Lapworth; Treasurer, Agnes T. Lapworth; Librarian, Charles Pratt; Janitor, John Adams.

C. W. LAPWORTH, Secretary.

## CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENT.

The Sunday School of the Alma Branch of the Church at Ridge Prairie, St. Clair county, Illinois, engaged in the following exercises on Christmas Eve, 1879:

Following the opening song Elder George Hicklin offered a prayer and then the choir sang from page 144 of "Pure Gold."

An opening address was given by Miss Roberts, followed by Miss Burnett. After that were recitations by Mary A. Slenger and Ellen Million, then a song by the choir. Then came recitations by James Holmes, James Oldham, Isaac Bailey, Sarah Scott, Hyrum Roberts, and a song by the school, followed by a recitation by Emma Roberts, and a dialogue taken part in by James Anderson, J. W. Campbell and Lena Scott. Then a song by the choir, and afterwards recitations by Lorinda Clayton, Sarah Jenkins and Hattie Clayton. Another song was given by the choir, this time from the "Silver Spray." Recitations by Samuel Hughes, Richard Campbell and Elizabeth Roberts.

Then came a dialogue by two girls and a boy, and singing by the choir, succeeded by the recitations of George Hughes, Willie Clayton, Willie Thorp and Mary Jenkins. The school sang a song of praise, and John Campbell, Ella Campbell and James Clayton recited their pieces. Then followed a dialogue between nine of the brethren and sisters of the Caseyville Branch. The choir sang again and recitations were heard from Don Holmes and Fanny Angell. Then came a dialogue by two girls, and a recitation by Martha A. Naiden. A duet was sung and Hannah Scott and Alexander Campbell recited their pieces, succeeded by a dialogue between a boy and a girl and a recitation by Charles Mantle.

The choir gave us another song from "Pure Gold," and recitations were heard from Andrew Oldham, Jenkins and Robert Burnett. A song, and then James Campbell and James Holmes gave recitations, followed by

a dialogue between three boys, and again singing by the choir, and recitations from Hyrum Roberts and James Northrup. After that followed a dialogue between a boy and a girl, a song by the choir, a recitation by James Anderson, another song, recitations by Hannah Scott and Richard Campbell, a dialogue, and recitations from John W. Campbell and Anna Clayton.

Then came a song by the school and after that the presents were distributed from the tree. The roll was called and candies were given to all the children of the school.

Those taking part in rendering the dialogues were Robert H. Mantle, Joseph Hicklin, William T. Hicklin, Thomas Holmes, Robert Burnett, Jane C. Wilson, Barbara Holmes, Ella Holmes and Mary A. Campbell.

A gentleman named Ward gave a picture, said to be worth five dollars, to the best speaker of the best piece, and the awarding committee gave it to a little boy named Richard Campbell, a member of the school.

All of the affair passed off well and it made an influence in our favor. Two gentlemen, Mr. Palfrey and Mr. Lavender, aided us in the singing, in a valuable way. It is said to have been the best entertainment ever given here. Those taking the lead in the arrangements were, Brn. George Hicklin, John Campbell, W. Wilson and Mr. R. Palfrey, the latter leading the singing.

And now we wish all the schools of the St. Louis district to know that the school in the Alma Branch still exists, and is doing well, though it made no report to the last district convention. The officers work well and good was accomplished by our late entertainment, which we do not intend to be the last. Officers of the school, John Campbell, William Wilson, George Hicklin.

### Letters from the Hopes.

STREATOR, LaSalle Co., Illinois,  
January 15th, 1880.

Dear Little Hopes:—I am always pleased to see the bright face of our dear little paper. Of all the children's papers that I have ever seen none are more worthy of being well sustained by all classes of people than our own *Zion's Hope*. I believe I am as much interested in it as are the little folks. It is very pleasant to read all the little letters from even the very tiniest Hope. How many good and pleasant things there are in it from uncles and aunts. These I suppose are the big Hopes. Well, will the little ones try and profit by the good advice and counsel contained in their articles? Do we realize as we ought what a blessed thing it is to be adopted sons and daughters of God? And especially that we live in these latter days, when the Lord has again spoken from the heavens, when angels have again visited the earth, and when again the pure gospel is declared by servants of the Lord, commissioned from heaven to go forth declaring it to the nations of the earth? And do we realize that the coming of the Savior is drawing nigh? And are we preparing for his coming as we ought? Dear little Hopes, let us all strive to live pure in heart, in word, in deed, that we may look for his coming with joy, and hail him with gladness.

Your sister in the cause of Christ,

CARRIE N. COOPER.

DENNISPORT, Mass., Dec., 1879.

My Dear Little Hopes:—As I can not go to meeting this evening, I will spend a little time in writing to you. I do dearly love to read all the letters from the little Hopes, and to hear you tell of your desires to try to be good children, and I pray that our Heavenly Father will keep you all from the many snares and temptations that may beset your path. Truly I love this blessed gospel of the kingdom, and, if we try to be faithful, our Father will give us grace to overcome. And to them that overcome there is a promise of eternal life in his kingdom. I often think when I read your letters, how I wish I could see you all. That can not be now; but if we are true and faithful we shall meet by and by, never to part.

Little Hopes, do you love the Sunday School? I think you all will answer, Yes. We have one. It is called "the Zion's Hope Sunday School." There are five classes; number of scholars about thirty. The teachers seem to try to do their part to instruct the children, and to point out to them the way to eternal life.

I want to tell you about one of the dear little Hopes

that attended our school. As I am librarian of the school I often notice the children, as they come in. But more especially did I on this Sunday morning notice darling little Ella, as she came in, her eyes sparkling with delight. Around her neck her dark brown hair hung in ringlets. It seemed on this morning that she was so very happy. Little did I think ere another week or ten days should pass she would be called away from earth to the paradise of God. She was about five years old. Dear Hopes, I can not tell you how hard it was to her dear mother to part with her darling, all that she had. Yet God has said that he does not afflict the children of men willingly, but it is to bring them nearer to him; and for our dear sister there is a precious promise, if she is faithful. In that morning of the glorious resurrection she will meet her darlings, never, no never more to part. O what a happy thought! What a glorious hope for the Saints of God! With this in view, dear Hopes, let us try to live faithful and endure to the end. And to this dear mother we will say:

When we've seen our dearest treasures  
Rudely torn from near our side,  
Given back to earth's cold bosom,  
Joys within our hearts have died;

'Till we hear a voice so sweetly,  
Calling to us from above,  
'Knowest thou not, my child, thy Father  
Chastens all his own, in love?

'See'st thou thy precious loved ones  
Only have gone on before?  
Free from sin, in life eternal,  
Dwell they on the other shore.'

Then a peace, calm, like a river,  
Through our nature gently flows,  
'All,' we can but softly answer,  
'All is well! Our Father knows!'

Courage then! speed on thy journey;  
What though life hath many tears,  
We must do our Master's bidding;  
Work for him through all our years.

By and by, with joy unclouded,  
In the blessed paradise,  
We shall join our happy loved ones,  
Where no tears will dim the eyes.

Let us pray, dear Hopes, pray that our Heavenly Father may by his Holy Spirit comfort this dear mother in her bereavement, and may our Heavenly Father help us all to do right, is the sincere prayer of your sister in the gospel of Christ,

JANE S. ELDRIDGE.

STREATOR, Illinois, Jan. 15th, 1880.

Dear Little Hopes:—I am seven years old. I go to school, and read in the first reader. My mamma and sister belong to the Church, and I mean to when I am old enough. My sister has taken the *Hope* two years, and mamma says I may take it this year. I love to read the little Hopes' letters. I went with mamma to conference last Spring, and I expect to go again this Spring. She will copy this, as I can not write very good yet. I ask you all to pray for me that I may be good. Your little friend,

ESTELLA C. COOPER.

ELIZA, Illinois, Jan. 12th, 1880.

Dear Hopes:—I am well, though many around us are sick or dying with the diphtheria. It has not reached me yet, and I hope it will not. I am trying to do right, but it is a warfare all the time. Satan is trying to deceive us, and it is a continual fight. But if we pray to God earnestly for help he will deliver us from sin. Let us all try to be valiant soldiers in the cause of our Master. Pray for me and I will pray for you.

WILLIAM KECK.

CAMERON, Missouri, Dec. 14th, 1879.

Dear Hopes:—My husband is gone most of the time, trying to publish the glad tidings of salvation, and I am left alone to see to everything, both in-doors and out; and also to bear the responsibility of raising our little "Hopes" up in the "nurture and admonition of the Lord." I sometimes think my lot rather hard, but then I think that we are only doing our duty; and it is not for this life only we have to live. So I take courage and try to bear all things patiently. It is a lonely life to live. Yet you will wonder how I can be lonely when I tell you that I have five little Hopes of my own. Three of them go to school and the other two stay at home with me. So you see I always have company. Still, for all this, I am lonely, quite lonely at times.

I have often thought that I would write to the Hopes on their duty to their parents. It is certainly a duty devolving on all children to obey their parents, and especially the young Hopes who have put on Christ. In his day Paul exhorted the children to "obey their parents;" and one of the commandments that God gave to the children in olden times was to "honor thy father and mother." And it is not only a commandment, but also a blessing is promised to them, that their lives should be long in the land. My dear little Hopes, it is not the amount of hard work that you do for your parents, but it is your willingness to perform your duty toward them, as far as it lies in your power. Give them that honor and respect that is due them. Show them not only by word but by your every action that you love them. It is this that a parent loves in a child above all things else. How it cheers and comforts a mother, when she is worn and weary, to have her little girl or girls ask, "Mother, can I help you?" or, "Is there anything for me to do?" Yes, dear children, a kind word and a loving act is worth more to lighten the heart of a parent than almost anything else that you can do. I will ask you to be faithful, kind and obedient to your parents, and you will be happy, and will gladden the hearts of your parents; and in so doing, you will obey your Heavenly Parent, and he will bless you as he has promised. Your affectionate aunt,

MARIA J. BOZARTH.

MILTON, Santa Rosa Co., Florida,

January 3d, 1880.

Dear Hopes:—I can not write much. I am but seven years old. I have two little brothers, Thomas and Freddie. Thomas is five years old and Freddie two. I go to school and spell. I also read in the fourth reader, and write, and study arithmetic. We go to meeting nearly every Sunday. My papa has gone to conference. Mamma thinks that Uncle Thomas Smith may smile when he sees this. We would like well to have him visit us. Your little friend,

MABEL F. WEST.

ALLEGHENY CITY, Pa., Jan. 15th, 1880.

Dear Hopes:—This being my first attempt to write, I have not much to say. I was baptized on the 2nd of November, 1879, by Bro. T. W. Smith. We have meetings three times a day; on the Sabbath, preaching in the morning, Sabbath School in the afternoon, and preaching in the evening. Pray for me that I may be kept faithful to the end. Your sister in the gospel,

EMMA H. PARSONS.

LOGAN, Harrison Co., Iowa, Jan. 4th, 1880.

Dear Uncle Joseph:—I am nine years old. My pa takes the *Hope* for me. I like "Nil Desperandum" real well. I like to read the *Youths' Companion*. Do you think it good reading for me? Pa and ma made a little Christmas tree at our house. My pa and ma belong to the Spring Creek Branch. I do not belong to the Church, but hope to some time. I have a little sister seven years old, and a little brother five years old. Good bye.

IDA MAY YOCUM.

Dear Hopes:—We wish you all a happy New Year. We have a big blue cat, and his name is Bennie. We had a pair of white doves for a Christmas present, besides some toys and goodies. We go to Methodist Sunday School at Beebe-town. We have the sweetest little cousin; he is six months old; his name is Charlie Martin; he lives at Independence, Missouri. We want to be little Hopes and be good.

LILLIE and FRANK YOCUM.

### 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.

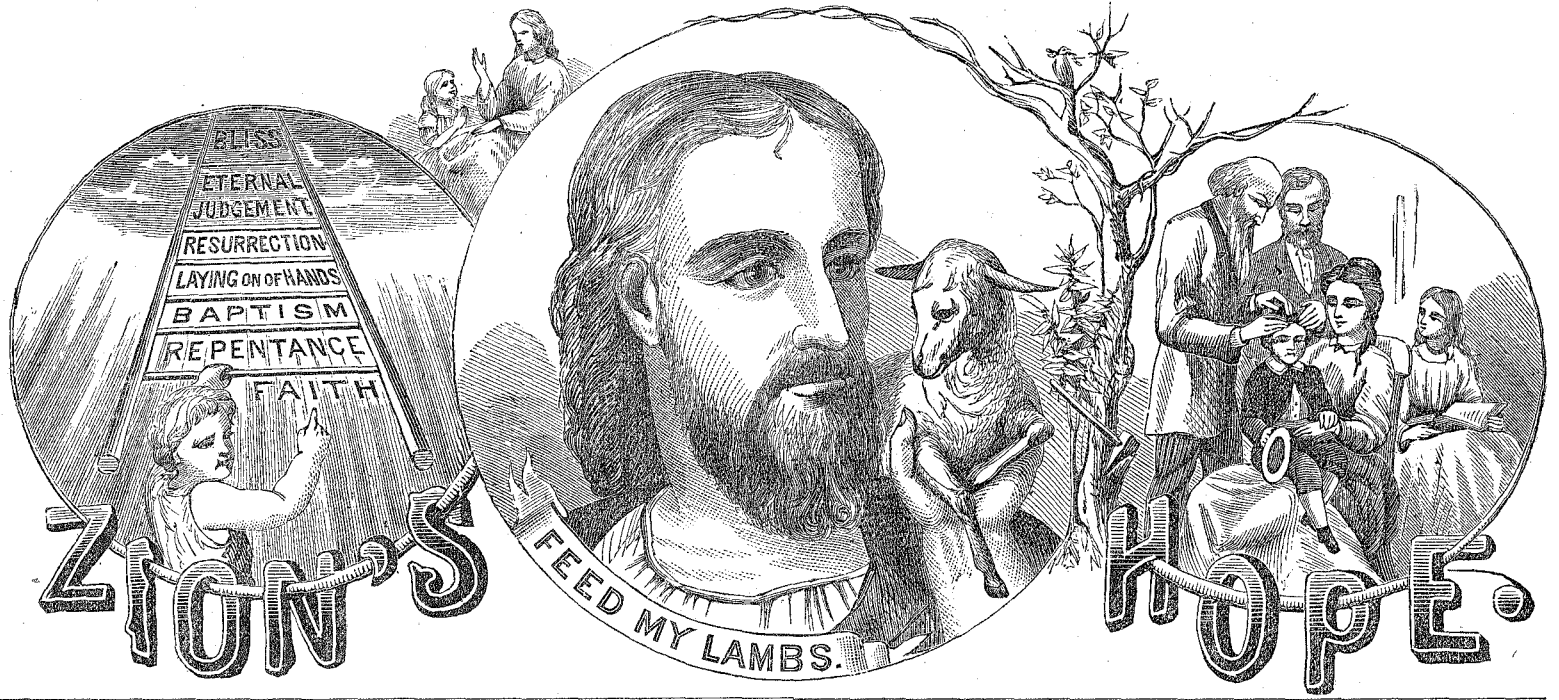
I February 80.

A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue.

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 H. A. Stebbins. Price Sixty cents per year, free of postage.

All remittances, orders, and business communications intended for the office of publication, should be directed to Joseph Smith, Plano Kendall County, Illinois. 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.

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



"Even a Child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure."—Prov. 20:11.

### PURE FRIENDSHIP.

**P**URE friendship? How the name's profaned  
Among the children of mankind!  
How many who its office claim  
Believes the principle divine?  
Alas too few! Yet, now and then,  
We meet that "marvel" here below,  
Whom "truth" indeed may write a friend,  
Such as will share the mourner's woe!

Pure friendship cheers the saddened heart;  
It drops the sympathizing tear;  
And whispers: "Thou art not forgot—"  
Tells of a precious Savior near.  
It clasps the hand and leads the way  
Unto the kingdom of our God;  
From suffering ones turns not away,  
But helps them bear their weary load.

Pure friendship hears, but does not heed,  
The calumnies our foes declare;  
It answers—"I do not believe  
So much deception dwelleth there!"  
And so it does not haste to tell:  
"I heard my neighbor Johnson say  
That Mrs. Jones told Mrs. Snell  
That Sister Brown had gone astray!"

Pure friendship whispers an "Amen,"  
Unto the lesson Jesus gave:  
"Forgive us Father of our sins,  
As we forgive our fellow men.  
The Principle no deception has,  
Deep rooted in the human heart,  
But writes within its Perfect law,  
Be good and true who'er thou art.

S. N.

### HONESTY REWARDED.

**G**EORGE and Harry, two young mechanics of much promise, worked in the same shop, but as the working season was almost over, and there would be little work to do during the summer months, their employer informed them as they settled upon Saturday evening that he could only give one of them work hereafter. He was sorry, he said, but it was the best he could do. He told them both to come back on Monday morning and that he would decide on the one he wished to retain. So the young men returned to their boarding house a good deal cast down; for work was scarce, and neither one knew where he could obtain a situation if he was the one to leave.

That evening as they counted over their week's wages Harry said to his friend:

"Mr. Wilson has paid me a quarter of a dollar too much."

"So he has me," said George, as he looked at his.

"How could he have made that mistake," said Harry.

"O, he was very busy when six o'clock came, and handling so much money, he was careless when he came to pay our trifle," said George as he stuffed his money into his pocket-book.

"I am going to call on him this evening, and return my quarter to him," said Harry.

"You are wonderful particular about a quarter. Why, he would not come to the door for it, if he knew what you wanted; and I am sure you worked hard enough to earn it."

But Harry called and handed his employer the money, who thanked him for returning it, and went into the house. Mr. Wilson had paid each of them a quarter more than their wages on purpose to test their honesty.

So when Monday morning came, he seemed to have no difficulty in determining which one he would keep.

He chose Harry, and intrusted the shop to his care for several months when he was away on business, and was so well pleased with his management that, when work commenced in the fall, he gave him the position of superintendent. Five years afterward Harry was Mr. Wilson's partner, and George worked in the shop again but as a common laborer.

There is nothing like a good character when you want employment. Some young men can always get work, no matter how hard the times are, while others can find nothing to do when hands are scarce simply because they can not be trusted.

### A DEADLY SERPENT.

**S**OME time ago a party of sailors visited the Zoological Gardens. One of them, excited by the liquor he had taken, and as an act of bravado to his companions, took hold of a deadly serpent. He held it up; having seized it by the nape of the neck in such a way that it could not sting him. As

he held it, the snake, unobserved by him, coiled itself round his arm, and at length it got a firm grasp, and wound tighter and tighter, so that he was unable to detach it. As the pressure of the snake increased the danger grew and at length the sailor was unable to maintain his hold on the neck of the venomous reptile, and was compelled to loose it. What did the snake then? It turned around and stung him, and he died. So it is with the appetite for strong drink. We can control it at first, but in a little while it controls us. We can hold its influences in our grasp for a while, so that it shall be powerless; but afterwards "it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

### JOHN THE BAPTIST.

**J**OHNE of God's prophets was named John. This name was given him by an angel. He was so called because he was sent to baptize, and because he baptized the people that came to him in Jordan. This was his business or calling. Very many surnames came in the same way, as "Joseph the carpenter," "Simon whose surname was Peter" once lodged with one "Simon the tanner." Carpenter and Tanner are now both quite common names. If Simon's surname was given in English I suppose we would properly call him Simon Stone.

This John was a priest, after the order of Aaron. He was born heir to this priesthood because his fathers held the same priesthood before him. He lived in the deserts. I suppose he lived there alone in solitude and prayer. While there "the word of God came unto John the son of Zacharias in the wilderness."

Though born heir to the priesthood, he did not begin to preach until the Lord called him. What did he do after the word of the Lord came to him? "And he came into all the country about Jordan, preaching the baptism of repentance for the remission of sins."—Luke 3:2, 3.

Millions of people will say, "I don't believe

that; I don't believe that John preached baptism for the remission of sins." But "John whose surname was Mark" (see Acts 12:12) testifies: "John did baptize in the wilderness and preach the baptism of repentance for the remission of sins."—Mark 1:4. Jesus came to John to be baptized and "John forbade him, saying, I have need to be baptized of thee, and comest thou to me? And Jesus answering said unto him, Suffer it to be so now, for thus it becometh us to fulfill all righteousness."—Matt. 3:13, 15.

So Jesus testifies that what John taught about baptism was true. The Holy Ghost came down on Jesus in the form of a dove; thus the Holy Ghost testified that John's teaching was true, and the Father from heaven said, "This is my beloved son in whom I am well pleased." Thus the Father testified that the Son did right in obeying the ordinance of baptism. And why? Because the Father sent John to baptize. John testifies, "I knew him not but he that sent me to baptize with water the same said unto me, Upon whom thou shalt see the Spirit descending and remaining on him, the same is he which baptizeth with the Holy Ghost."—John 1:33.

When the "word of God came to John the son of Zacharias in the wilderness," then God sent him to preach "the baptism of repentance for the remission of sins." So we have the testimony of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, that baptism is for the remission of sins.

When the news spread through the country that a man dressed in camel's hair cloth, with a linen girdle about his loins, and living on locusts and wild honey, (which he found abundantly in the wilderness), was holding meetings on the banks of the Jordan, quite an excitement was raised among the people, and thousands flocked to hear. Very many listened to his teachings, who believed and were baptized.

But we read of some classes who heard but refused to obey. "All the people that heard him, and the publicans, justified God, being baptized with the baptism of John. But the Pharisees and lawyers rejected the counsel of God against themselves, being not baptized of him."—Luke 7:29, 30. Whose counsel did they reject? God's counsel. What did God counsel them to do? To be baptized of John for remission of sins. Then those who reject God's counsel to be baptized for remission of sins do as the Pharisees and lawyers did, reject the counsel of God against themselves.

John, like most of God's prophets, died a martyr. He was beheaded by a wicked king, whose sin he had reprov'd. He had finished his work; he had prepared the way before Jesus; he had made ready a people to receive him; he had opened a door into the sheep-fold for the Good Shepherd to enter. Christ is now the "door" and the shepherd of the sheep. We are to follow him, and he leaves this testimony: "Among them that are born of women there has not arisen a greater than John the Baptist."

And so may we revere his memory.

H. S. DILLE.

## EDUCATION FOR BOYS.

**E**DWARD Everett gave utterance to the following: "To read the English language well, to write with dispatch, a neat, legible hand, and be master of the first four rules in arithmetic, so as to dispose of it at once, with accuracy, every question of figures which come up in practice—I call this a good education. And if you add the ability to write pure grammatical English, I regard it as an excellent education. These are the tools. You can do much with them, but you are helpless without them. They are the foundation, and unless you begin with these, all your flashy attainments, a little geology, and all other ologies and ophies, are ostentatious rubbish."

## NIL DESPERANDUM.

BY PERLA WILD.

SAVED.

**H**ERE'S dem ar boys, ole wom-an? Is'e hunted an' hollered for 'em all ober de farm een a most. I seed 'em out wid deyre sleds about sun down, an' now when dey're wanted dey'se jest nowhere. De hogs is all out, an' I'se run myself most down, an' you'se in de dough pan, an' Massa Ingram aint strong enough to run, an' I'd like to know what's to be did."

Uncle Sam mopped his face with his big, yellow handkerchief, and sighed. His wife had slipped the last pan of biscuit into the oven, and, without stopping to wash her hands, she threw a shawl over her head and followed Uncle Sam out, rubbing the dough from her fingers as she went.

"Why, Sam, de bressed boys comed in jest at dark an' wanted, or Norton did, to go right to bed widout his suppah. But I made 'em eat a bite an' den dey scooted up stairs to bed. So I'se got to help you, which I kin, I 'low."

When the recreant swine were all in their pens, Aunt Abby stood by the gap while her sable husband went for hammer and nails to repair the break. He came puffing back to where she was stamping her feet on the snow to keep them from freezing, and exclaimed,

"I declar', I'se done gone forgot to tell Missus 'bout de meetin'."

"Meetin'! Sam?" echoed Abby; "why we haint had a meetin' in dis kentry for nigh onto two year. An' I'd begun to calkerlate de good Lord had gib 'em all ober to de hardness ob heart. A meetin', Sam? What kind of a meetin'? A good ole Meffodist, I spect. An' don' I wish I mout go. But, laws, if I hadn't clean forgot my biscuit in de obben," and away she hurried to the house.

At supper Sam spoke again of the meeting. "It's gwine to be at de school house. De folks what owns de church wouldn't let him hab dat in course. Dey haint been a meetin' in de church for a long time, but de Lord's house oughtn't to p'luted dat way."

"What way, Sam?" queried Emily.

"Hey?" replied Sam.

"Laws a me! I do 'bieve de hogs has turned his brain," cried Aunt Abby.

"Dey'd turn any body's," replied Sam, "if dey acted as much like de ole mischief as dey did to-night. I spect dey'se some ob de breed dat de ebil sperrit went into out ob de man, in ole Bible days."

"Dey all on 'em run right down head fust into de sea an' was drowned," put in Abby.

"Yes," replied Sam, thoughtfully; "but I 'spect one ob 'em swimm'd ashore again. Kase de hog breed's been up to meanness ebber sense. An' dere aint no history dat dey was, afore dat."

They all laughed, save Sam, who was in sober earnest.

"But, Sam, what of the meeting?" asked Aunt Rany.

"O yes," said he, "I'd forgot. Dey say he's a full blooded Mormon, what's gwine to preach; an' dat he's got free or four wives, an' wants a lot more. An' Harvey, ober de hill yon, said to tell de folks about it, but to tell Missus Emily not to let Miss Rany go, nor herself nudder, 'less Massa Preslon went, kase jes' like as not he'd carry 'em off."

Both ladies laughingly declared they were not afraid, and Mr. Ingram expressed his intention of going if Sam would hitch up the horses for him.

"Course I will," said Sam, "an' de wimens can all go. If Missus Emily'll 'low it I kin wash de dishes, an' den go up an' keep fire in de room where de little missus be."

So it was settled, and in half an hour's time Preston Ingram, Emily, Rany and Aunt Abby were speeding rapidly over the snow to hear a Mormon preacher.

On their return Sam shuffled down and lifted the women out of the sleigh and said to Emily, as he took the lines to drive round to the barn,

"Pears like dey's suffin' wrong wid Miss Lelly. She's kinder hot an' febrish, an' breaves like her froat is sore."

And sure enough the child was burning with fever, hoarse, and very restless. All night the mother watched her and listened to her wandering talk. But the most she repeated was, "O mamma, at naughty Snort he frowed me in de big snow, an' it all went in my neck an' made it cold. And I'se cold yet; an' oh my neck an' my froat hurts."

Sad, anguished thoughts filled Mrs. Emily's heart; and, as morning brought no change, save for the worse, she almost wished Norton had never come there.

Sam quizzed Abby about the sermon and the speaker, when they were alone.

"O," said she, "he jest looked like any odder man. An' he preached jest like a good ole Meffodist; 'cept he said ebbery body'd got to be baptized, or else dey could nebber get into de kingdom. He nebber said a word 'bout wives, nor anyting."

"Humph," sniffed Sam, "course he wouldn't in de pulpit, kase de folks wouldn't b'leve it. But jest let him 'lone awhile. He'll show de cloben foot an' de debbil's horns fore he gets done wid it. He's gwine to preach more, hey?"

"Laws, yes," replied Abby, "ebbery night for a week. And Marse Preston, don't you fink, went up an' shuk hands wid him; I spose to be kinder friendly, but Missus Emily didn't like it, I know, de way she looked."

"Humph!" sniffed Sam again; "Marse Preston's ben way out yon, an' nobody knows but he's ben to Salt Lake where de Mormons all lib. Mebbe he's one ob 'em, yah! an nebber tole it. An mebbe he'll tote Missus Emily an' Miss Rany off an'—"

"Hush, Sam," cried indignant Abby; "you jes oughter be cuffed, you had, to talk so 'bout a 'spectable man like Marse Preston."

Little Luella grew worse; so much so, that the next evening only Abby and Sam attended meeting. And the next night and the next, and Luella grew rapidly worse, till the mother had given up hope. Poor, grief-stricken young mother! pacing back and forth wringing her hands and weeping. Preston Ingram had been trying to comfort her; trying to induce her to rely on the power and mercy of God. Citing her to the compassion of Christ and his apostles toward the sick, and the instances of healing in those days.

"O Preston, Preston! don't taunt me!" she cried in grief, "there's no Christ nor apostles now, and so my precious darling must die."

"Why, Emily, doesn't Christ live still?" gently questioned her husband. "Isn't his power as great now as ever? Has he not said that the promise was to extend even to the end of the world?"

"Say no more, Preston, I beseech you. Every word you speak aggravates my sorrow. It is true the holy Bible teaches all the doctrine you have told me of. Since our marriage I have thought of it a great deal, and wondered why none of our preachers declare it to us. But, because it might be, and we can't obtain the blessing, is why it pains me to know it. O my Father must she go!" she cried, as the little one strangled and seemed almost overpowered and unable to get her breath. 'Twas the much dreaded diphtheria.

At that moment a gentle tap at the door caused her to turn. Norton, with downcast eyes and trembling voice, begged to come in and see Lelly a moment. For a full minute Mrs. Ingram stood gazing at him with her heart full of bitterness. But for him her precious child might not have been sick. The anguish of the thought that Luella must die almost bereft her of reason. She dared not give the boy an abrupt denial, and could not admit him. So she turned away to the window without a word.

Norton came softly into the room and stood by the little white bed in silence, tears streaming down his cheeks. A step without, and a subdued voice, and Preston Ingram walked to the door.

"I done gived him de paper you writ, Marse Preston," whispered Sam so loudly that Emily couldn't help hearing, "An' he said he'd be comin' in jest five minutes."

"Thank you, Sam. You have been very kind," said Preston. Then going over to Emily, carefully, for the sick child was sleeping again her troubled slumber.

"Emily, my dear wife, let me tell you something. There is a Church that believes the whole gospel of the New Testament. Their leader was commissioned by an angel, and he has ordained others; and Christ's love is manifest, because the Father seals and sanctions the acts of these ministers. There is one of them that I have sent for to come here. If you believe that God is able, and willing, your child, our dear little Luella, may be spared."

The agonized mother stared in wonder at Preston. "O, why didn't you tell me before. It's too late, too late." A step on the door sill. Emily looked and saw the Mormon preacher. She turned toward Preston in surprise and dismay. What could it mean?

"Brother Leman, my wife," said Preston Ingram in a low tone. Brother Leman took a step forward, bowed and extended his hand. Emily stood in round eyed wonder without a word or motion. A sound from Luella aroused her. She sprang forward as the little one threw up her arms and with a gurgling wail raised herself to fall back in a spasm. Emily sank down on her knees and seemed dumb with agony. Mr. Leman came and took the child's poor, stiffened hands in his, and stroked them soothingly.

"Don't grieve, Mrs. Ingram. If you believe, your child will be given back to you." No answer.

"Mamma, mamma!" with a strange faint voice Luella called. The mother was on her feet in an instant.

"What, darling?" A strangling shiver of pain and the blue eyes were closed again.

"I met the doctor, Mrs. Ingram," said Mr. Leman. "He thinks there are but a few moments left for her." No answer, save the silent tears of the mother. Preston asked if he should not call in Mrs. Urania, and Sam and Abby, to see the child once more.

"Yes, Preston, call them all in, the children, too," replied Emily, sobbingly.

They all came and stood silently about, every face bedewed with tears. Emily spoke solemnly, without looking up. "Pray, all of you for my child. Mr. Leman, I believe. Ask God to heal her."

There was faith in the short but earnest prayer of the minister, and there was faith in the hearts of those bowed there. They arose and Mr. Leman took a bottle from his pocket. "Here is oil that has been consecrated and set apart for healing." Pouring a little in the palm of his hand he bathed the swollen neck, and the brow of the sick child, invoking the blessing of God on the anointing. Then he knelt beside the bed. Preston Ingram came and knelt beside him. All the rest followed the example. Mr. Leman prayed fervently with his hands on the little one's head, that God would beget faith in the hearts of the friends. He prayed for her life and health, and closed by sealing the coveted blessings on the child.

The moment they all arose, Luella opened her eyes and called for Norton. He came shrinking forward.

"I'se ever so much weller, Nort. Aint

you glad? I am. But I'se been awful sick; and I 'spect I was sick 'cause I was so naughty. I was drefful naughty 'at day we went coasting on the sleds. I'se sorry I was. I want you to forgive me for it."

Poor Norton was so full of sobs he couldn't speak for a moment, only to bathe the little upraised hands in tears.

"Mamma, I tolded a story. Nort didn't frow me in 'e snow. I jest made e' sled tip over my own self. I'se so sorry."

Luella was healed, and the mother and Norton were brought together on the best of friendly relations.

To be Continued.

## RESPECT OF PERSONS, AND DANCING.

**S**EE in the *Hope* of December 15th a piece entitled "Respect of persons," by Uncle J. Frank, of which I approve. He says: "A righteous man or woman boy or girl, may be clad in rags, and a miserable hypocrite and scoundrel be clad in satin, silk or broadcloth; don't you know that?" Yes, and the former may be clad in "camel's hair and a leather girdle," too. There are some here (mostly card and billiard players, dance goers, horse racers and bar keepers) who will not notice me when I have on my working clothes, though we come face to face. Then when I have on my best clothes they are very careful to speak and bow very politely. But, as Uncle Fank says, they speak "to the clothes." A Spanish boy here recently, who had been at work, and before going home he went to a dance. Presently he asked a richly dressed young lady to dance with him. She looked at him, and refused to do so. Then he went immediately home and put on his fine suit, and came back and asked her to dance with him. She accordingly agreed; but he began to pull off his coat and said, "It is the clothes that you want to dance with." This young man seems to be "no respecter of persons." He was like God in that respect, but he was doing wrong for we may all know that it is wrong to go to dances, or "a dance;" for it is a thing (like horse racing, card playing and the using of hot and strong drink) that the Savior never taught that we should do, nor even intimated that we might; and that God has not established nor recognized, and what is not of God is of the Devil, and no righteous or good thing can come of the devil for he is the "evil one" that was cast out of heaven. It is therefore unrighteous, and "whatsoever is not of faith is sin." So much as may be said on dancing there are a few sisters (and brothers if possible) who continue this worldly practice. The first question is:

"Are you going to the dance?"

"No."

"O, I wouldn't miss it for fifty dollars."

"I didn't know there was going to be one; I don't believe in dancing."

"Well, I see no harm in it, and I go just to have a little pleasure and enjoyment. Father So and So went to look on." "Seek the Lord for more of his Holy Spirit; for he will

manifest the truth of all things unto you by his Spirit, and the Spirit searcheth all things." Then I want to do what I know is right, and not what I see no harm in. Then they seek to justify themselves by saying, "I know that, but you are too strict. I have my faults, so it seems that we may all have our faults, one after this manner and another after that." We find these words in the Bible, "And behold I (the Lord) come quickly," and "who shall be able to stand." Suppose you were in the "giddy whirl," when the Lord comes. You might be there too, for it says in another place, that he cometh "as the lightning," at "an hour when ye think not." Do you think that you could stand? What would you do and what could you say? I am afraid that you would come too late and behold the door is shut and you begin to cry out and say, "Lord, Lord, open unto us." But he answers, "Depart from me." Let us examine ourselves and quit our bad habits, and try to serve the Lord better. Your brother in Christ,

IONE VALLEY, California.

E. T. DAWSON.

### SCHOOL TEACHING.

**H**AVE seen nothing on the above subject in the *Hope* lately, and a few thoughts on the subject may be acceptable.

This occupation is by some considered to be no work at all, but merely as play, in which the teacher is the principal actor, or actress, as the case may be. But some think differently, especially those who have had some experience in teaching. While people who teach are not obliged to labor with their hands the same as people of the laboring classes do, nor yet are they required to work as many hours, still they have tasks to perform that are not quite as easy as some imagine. For, in doing their work, they have not only one person to please, but the whole community, besides the thirty or forty mischievous boys and girls to keep still and at their studies. These, and various other things, constantly keep one's mind on the stretch, so that, if teachers do not work with their hands they do considerable headwork.

Many teachers do not realize the responsibility which is daily thrown upon them, and they are satisfied if they hear the lessons and get through with their school without being turned off, and get their pay they are all right. They should remember that for a time they are employed to train and cultivate the minds and principles of future generations, those who will, before long, take the place of the leading men and citizens of the present time.

And not only this but they are dealing with beings who have immortal souls. Do they ever think that the principles and habits that they teach to children have any thing to do with the welfare of the children's souls? If they do not then it is time they were thinking something about it.

Says one, "Suppose that a child will not listen to a teacher or take his advice, be it never so good?" Then I reply that I think the teacher is entirely at fault. A little child

is of such a nature that his love or ill will is easily obtained, one as easily as the other. When their love is gained they can hardly do enough for their teacher. They are entirely under his control; they obey his every wish and command, not for fear of being punished, but for the respect which they have for him.

A teacher should always take an interest in the lessons of his scholars. Let them know that you wish them to learn; encourage instead of discouraging them; take an active part in all the little games they may suggest, and you will at once find that your scholars have a better opinion of you than you have of yourself.

By so gaining their love a teacher can influence his pupils, and can instil into their minds and hearts principles that will last through all their lives, principles which will not only help them to perform their duties here, but which will prepare them for the next world.

If a teacher works for this he has not only the pleasure of knowing that he has the love and confidence of many little children but the respect and regard of their parents.

SOPHIA WALLIS.

### THE LORD'S PRAYER.

**D**ID you ever think, short though it is, how much there is in it? Oh, it is beautiful! Like a diamond in the crown of a queen, it unites a thousand sparkling gems in one.

It teaches all of us, every one of us, to look to God as our parent—Our Father.

It prompts us to raise our thoughts and desires above the earth—Who art in Heaven.

It tells us that we must reverence our Heavenly Father—Hallowed be Thy name.

It breathes the saint's reward—Thy kingdom come.

And a submissive, obedient spirit—Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.

And a dependent, trusting spirit—Give us this day our daily bread.

And a forgiving spirit—Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us.

And a cautious spirit—Deliver us from evil.

And last of all, an adoring spirit—For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

### Letters from the Hopes.

JENNER-TOWN, Somerset Co., Pa.,  
January 21st, 1880.

Dear Little Hopes:—I feel as though I must write a few lines to you, although this is my first attempt. I am a little girl, nine years old. I do not belong to the Church, but my mamma says that I must try and live as near to God as I can, so that some day I may be received into the Church of Christ. My mamma belongs to the Church and kingdom of God, and she is thankful for having obeyed the gospel of Jesus Christ. She loves to meditate upon the promises and blessings and beauties thereof, and she wishes to be remembered in the prayers of the Saints. And please remember my two dear little sisters and me also.

That we may live to know and fear him,  
Trust and love him all our days;  
So we may dwell forever near him,  
Shout Hosanna, and sing his praise.

BIRDIE H. L. YOUNG.

LLANELLY, South Wales, Jan. 1st, 1880.

Dear Hopes:—We have very good meetings in Llanelly. We have baptized about fifteen during the last year—1879—myself being one of them. I am now, or at least will be in March, fifteen years of age. I am young in the Church; but I can say as long as I live I will continue to be a Saint. I hope you will all pray for me to have strength to go onward with the precious work. We had our conference here on Sunday the 27th of December; and in the afternoon meeting enjoyed many gifts; indeed it was a real "Pentecost." I like the *Hope* very much, and

I think they are very cheap. Remember, dear Hopes, that this year (1880) the Church is fifty years of age. Let us live very faithful unto our Heavenly Father, and perhaps we may have some gift given to us. Remember, dear Hopes, we shall have gifts according to our faith. We have lost a brother here last week, but we hope to meet him on Mount Zion. His name was William Trehearn, and he was forty-nine years of age. He left a large family after him, most of which, I am happy to say, are Saints. We feel very sorry to lose the brother, and also for the family. It has come out in "the gifts" for them to be comforted. I hope you will all give me an interest in your prayers, so that I may overcome all temptations. Your brother in Christ,

JOSEPH J. HOWELLS.

January 17th, 1880.

Dear Hopes:—It being Saturday and my work done, I thought I would write to you. I suppose you all go to school. If so I hope you strive to improve your minds. Be gentle with each other, and don't be rough in play. If any are not as far advanced as you are and you have time to help them, do so. Render all the happiness to others that you can, and you will be happier for it. If there are any little Hopes sick, let those who can, go to see them. If they are poor, try to help them, and make their days brighter by trying to help them to bear it. If we were sick we would feel bad if no one came to see us, and help to pass away the painful hours. Then little Hopes, let us find time to visit the sick, and with a smiling and pleasant countenance try to make them better. And if there is any thing that we can do let us do it, and thank our Heavenly Father that we have an opportunity to do good. I remain as ever, your sister in Christ,

MAGGIE.

JENNER-TOWN, Somerset Co., Pa.,

January 21st, 1880.

Dear Uncle Henry:—I guess you will be surprised to receive a letter from me. I have been thinking of writing ever since I came here. Mamma's health is very poor indeed, and we feel very much worried about her, but our prayers are that the Lord may spare her a great many years longer, for we need her so much. We all wish quite often that we were in Plano, so we could attend the Saints' Sabbath School and meeting; for we miss them very much. But mamma says that we may some day live among the Saints again, and then we will attend the Sabbath School and meetings more faithfully than we did before. Mamma says she will never feel at home unless it is among the Saints. Please remember us all in your prayers, Uncle Henry, and please answer this letter and oblige your little girl, who is trying so hard to be good, so that some day she may be worthy to meet with you all in the celestial kingdom. Mamma sends her love to you all, and your little girls send theirs.

BERTHA H. L. YOUNG.

LAMONI, Decatur Co., Iowa, Jan. 19th, 1880.

Dear Hopes:—We have no Sunday School here now, but we hope they will have interest enough by Spring to open one. For my Christmas I got a school satchel with two new school books in it; a nice little work box; a little china cup and saucer, and a mug; a nice little box filled with candy and nuts; a silk handkerchief, and a toy with a looking glass to it. I go to school this winter and brother Earl Bailey is our teacher. They have built a new railroad here and we have a new town started. It is building up quite fast. They named it Lamoni. Papa expects to move there in a week or so. I was baptized when I was nine years old; I am twelve now. I think the *Hope* is a nice little paper. I like very much to read it. It is always a welcome visitor at our house. Hoping my letter will be welcome with the rest of the letters in the *Hope*, I will say good by.

MAMIE THOMAS.

15 February 80.

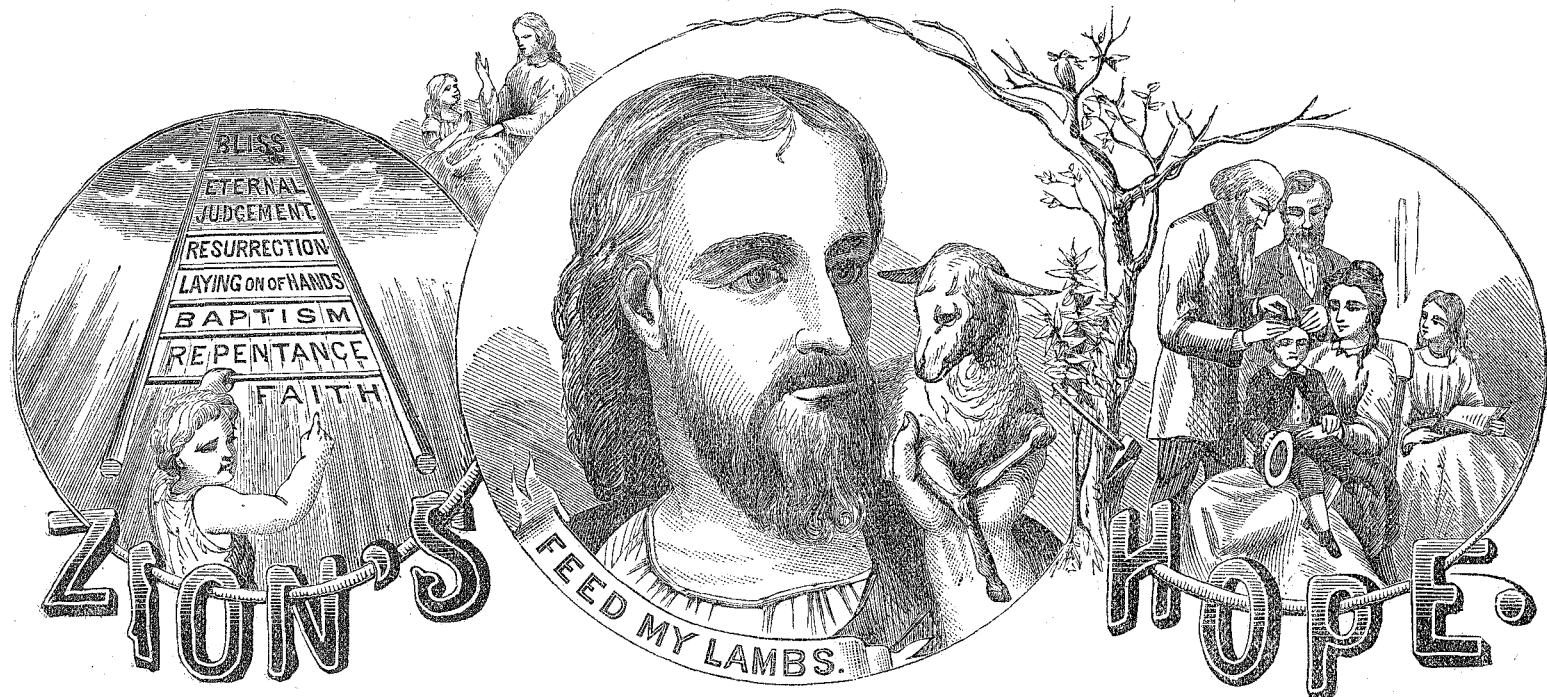
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ZION'S HOPE is published semi-monthly by the Board of Publication of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, at Plano, Kendall Co., Ill., and is edited by Joseph Smith and H. A. Stebbins. Price Sixty cents per year, free of postage.

All remittances, orders, and business communications intended for the office of publication, should be directed to *Joseph Smith, Plano Kendall County, Illinois*. 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.

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





"Even a Child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure."—Prov. 20:11.

VOL. XI.

PLANO, ILLINOIS, MARCH 1, 1880.

No. 17.

### IN THY YOUTH REMEMBER.

**N**O nothing that thy peace will mar;  
Be upright, it is better far  
That thou shouldst live a righteous life,  
And partake not of Satan's strife.

Now, while in youth's bright, verdant spring,  
Drink from this source, which peace will bring;  
Seek but to tread that peaceful road  
Which leads unto the Saints' abode.

While you are young, strive to possess  
A heart that God delights to bless;  
Strive meekly in the trying hour  
To overcome the tempter's power.

And when affliction's gloomy pall  
Around thy darkening way doth fall;  
When the dear ones of earth are fled  
Where sleep the silent, mouldering dead,

Have courage then, do not despair,  
The day will break yet bright and fair.  
If thou hast been sincere and true,  
You never will these actions rue.

And friends that thou may think not of  
Will bless thee with their cheer and love:  
For those who're constant, true, and tried,  
May fear no harm, for He'll provide.

Who gave us life, and power here,  
And taught us love and taught us fear,  
So we might know the right and wrong,  
And shun the world's delusive throng.

Remember now in youth to sow  
The seeds of virtue that will grow;  
Strive hard thy passions to control,  
For by this you may save your soul.

And when in strength of years you grow,  
Shun every thought that's base and low;  
Avoid that which may mar your peace;  
Help friends to from contention cease.  
And then, when locks of silver hair,  
Will deck the temples once so fair,  
Then Christ's sweet peace will thee surround,  
And whisper, "You'll be glory crowned,  
When mortal life will pass away,"—  
With joy we wait that glorious day.

LUSTER J. ADAMS.

### THE GREAT MASTER.

"**I** AM my own master!" cried a young man, proudly, when a friend tried to persuade him from an enterprise which he had on hand; "I am my own master!"

"Did you ever consider what a responsible post that is?" asked his friend.

"Responsible—is it?"

"A master must lay out the work which he wants done and see that it is done right. He should try to secure the best ends by the best

means. He must keep on the look out against obstacles and accidents, and watch that everything goes straight, else he must fail."

"Well."

"To be master of yourself you have your conscience to keep clear, your heart to cultivate, your temper to govern, your will to direct, and your judgment to instruct. You are master over a hard lot, and if you don't master them they will master you."

"That is so," said the young man.

"Now, I could undertake no such thing," said his friend. "I should fail, sure, if I did. Saul wanted to be his own master, and failed. Herod did. Judas did. No man is fit for it. 'One is my master, even Christ.' I work under his direction. He is regular, and where he is master, all goes right."

### THE CHILDREN AND THE MOON.

**O**NE bright sunny morning in May, Willie, Charley and Kate went out on the hillside to play. They took their dinners with them in a basket; for their mother told them they might stay all day. Charley took his little dog Fido and Katie took her doll, Rosy. They were full of glee, and they ran hopping and skipping along in the tall grass, and little Fido seemed to enjoy the sport as well as the rest; and Rosy, too, almost, seemed to laugh as loudly as her dear little mamma.

They played very hard a long time until the great sun was high up in the sky, and already had he begun to go toward the west. Then Charley said,

"Come, it is time for dinner."

So they took their baskets, and Charley called Fido, Katie picked up Rosy, and all of them went and sat down on the grass in the shade of the old elm tree.

Near by, a cool spring bubbled up, from which a little, trickling stream run gurgling among the pebbles down the hillside, and joined the great river beyond.

Willie opened the basket, and, after dividing

the lunch, filled their tin cup from the spring, and sat down to his own share. Little Charley, never easy unless teasing Fido, held a bit of meat over the dog's head and said, "Beg, Fido, beg." Then Fido stood upon his hind legs and begged as he had never begged before, and Charley gave him the expected morsel.

After the children had eaten their dinner they felt very tired and laid down on the grass to rest. Soon they were all fast asleep. They slept a long time, and when they awoke, the great sun had set and all the land was dark. Then the children began to cry, for it was so dark they could not find their way home, and they did not know what to do.

All at once they saw a light shining through the trees. At first they did not know what it was, and were afraid; but soon they saw it was the moon. Then they were no longer afraid, but were glad; and, as the moon rose up, slowly and calmly, and looked down upon the earth from her throne of beauty in the sky, she saw the children and knew what they were crying about and felt sorry for them. Then the moon kissed the tears from their cheeks and said,

"Do not cry, dear children, I will give you light that you can see your way. The same God that created you, created me; and it is my mission, as well as yours, to do all we can to make others happy."

Then the children stopped crying, and the moon said,

"Run home now, for your mother is worried about you."

And when they got to the door they said, "Thank you, kind moon, for your beautiful light that has shown us our way home."

Then the children ran into the house and told their mother all about how they were lost in the dark, and how the beautiful moon so kindly lighted their way home, and their mother said,

"Come, now, it is time for you to go to bed; and I hope you will not forget to thank God in your hearts for the beautiful moonlight."

And when their mother had put the dear children in bed, the soft rays of the moon shone through the window into their sweet, happy faces. Then Willie said,

"Mamma, will you not read to us again those pretty little verses about the child and the moon."

So their mother read to them this pretty little poem:

"O mother, how pretty the moon looks to-night;  
It was never so cunning before;  
Her two little horns are so sharp and so bright,  
I hope they'll not grow any more.

If I were up there, with you and my friends,  
We'd rock in it nicely, you'd see,  
We'd sit in the middle and hold by both ends;  
O what a bright cradle 't would be.

We'd call to the stars to keep out of the way,  
Lest we should rock over their toes;  
And there we would stay till the dawn of the day,  
And see where the pretty moon goes.

And there we would rock in the beautiful skies,  
And through the bright clouds we would roam;  
We'd see the sun set, and see the sun rise,  
And on the next rainbow come home."

While the children's mother was reading to them this pretty little poem, the moon had kissed their eyelids to sleep; and gently withdrawn her beams out of the window, and gone again on her mission of love all around the world.

I hope that all the dear little Hopes who read this story of the children and the moon, will never forget to thank God, not only for the beautiful moonlight, but for every other blessing they receive from his kind hand.

MARK NOBLE.

#### HOW IT IS DONE.

**S**CENE in a library—gentleman busy writing—child enters.

"Father, give me a penny."

"Haven't got any; don't bother me."

"But, father, I want it; something particular."

"I tell you I haven't got one about me."

"I must have one; you promised me one."

"I did no such thing—I won't give you any more pennies; you spend too many. It's all wrong—I won't give it to you, so go away."

Child begins to whimper. "I think you might give me one; it's really mean."

"No—go away—I won't do it; so there's an end of it."

Child cries, teases, coaxes—father gets out of patience, puts his hand in his pocket, and takes out a penny and throws it to the child.

"There, take it, and don't come back again to-day."

Child smiles, looks shy, goes out conqueror—determined to renew the struggle in the afternoon, with the certainty of like results.

Scene in the street—two boys playing—mother opens the door, calls to one of them, her own son.

"Joe, come into the house instantly."

Joe pays no attention.

"Joe, do you hear me? If you don't come I'll give you a good beating."

Joe smiles and continues his play; his companion is alarmed for him, and advises him to obey. "You'll catch it if you don't go, Joe."

"O no, I won't; she always says so, but she never does. I ain't afraid."

Mother goes back into the house greatly

put out, and thinking herself a martyr to bad children.

That's the way, parents; show your children by your example that you are weak, undecided, untruthful, and they learn aptly enough to despise your authority and regard your word as nothing.

#### NIL DESPERANDUM.

BY PERLA WILD.

AUNT RANY'S VALENTINE.



"DON'T you see mamma, that Nil Desperandum is a very true saying?" said Nil the next morning. "We had all given Lelly up to die, and we were in despair, when that good man came and cured her. So you see we never ought to despair."

"Ah honey, you'se a powerful smart boy. But you don't seem to know, honey, dat de man didn't cure de chile. 'Twas de faith, boy. De good Lord seed we all b'lieved and he couldn't say no. It's drefful strange though. He's a Mormon." And Aunt Abby looked thoughtful.

"Well," chimed in Norton, "what if he is a Mormon? What's the difference about the name, so that one has God on his side; and 'twas proved last night that he was on the side of that man and papa."

"Your papa aint a Mormon, is he?" cried Nil.

"Yes, he is, and has been two or three years," replied Norton.

"How many wives did he had," asked Aunt Abby solemnly. "I mean dat you knows on."

"Well, Aunty, he's had two, that's all I know anything about."

"Where am dey, bofe of 'em?" questioned Abby.

"One," replied Norton, "my sweet mother, is in her grave, away in the western land. The other is up stairs with Lelly."

"No, she's here, Norton," said Mrs. Emily, slowly, "and she wants to know, seriously, if she has married a Mormon."

"Yes ma'm; and my first mamma was a Mormon, and I hope my second mamma will be," was his reply.

She turned and went slowly up stairs to Luella's room. The little girl was sitting on Mr. Leman's knee, while he conversed with Preston.

"Preston," she exclaimed, "you have deceived me. And I thought you incapable of deception." He looked bewildered, then blushed. She went on. "If you had told me you were a Mormon I would not have married you."

"I suppose not," he answered. "Therefore 'tis well I did not. But, what is to be done?"

"This," she said. "Since you can not come over to me, I must go over to you, and be a Mormon, too. How can I help it; I've had testimony enough."

"God bless her!" cried Mr. Leman, while Preston's eyes filled with joyous tears. "And, Mrs. Ingram, if you dislike the name of Mormon, you can adopt the real name, Latter Day Saint."

"O," she replied, "I dont know as that is much more suitable. I'm afraid I shall not be a very good Saint."

So Lelly grew strong and well, and Mrs. Emily was baptized; and also Sam and Abby soon after. All was peace and happiness. Norton was contented at last, and took Nil Desperandum for his counsellor, and grew more and more cheerful. He took Nil's name, "Never Despair," for the motto of his life. Luella was as sweet tempered as could be wished, a little earth-angel.

"Why didn't you dit bapmtized, mamma," asked little Miriam, one day, as she sat on her mother's knee and noticed a sad look on Urania's face. "Maybe I'se goin' to get sick some time, and maybe then God wouldn't hear you if you prayed ever so hard about me."

"Why, child, what do you mean," asked her mother.

"Why, mamma, 'e preacher said 'e ozzer night 'at it was 'e God callin' folks; an' if they didn't hear him, he wouldn't hear when 'ey called him. I'se been finking all day 'bout it."

"Miriam," said her mother sadly, "I'm waiting for your papa. I pray every day, every hour, that God will soften his heart and send him back a good man; and then I will go with him into the waters of baptism."

"O Aunty Rain," cried Luella, bursting into the room, "here's such a pretty letter for you; Nort just got it from 'e post office. See! here's two birdies on it."

Mrs. Evans set Miriam down, and took the letter in her hand. It was a valentine. But who had sent it? Some of the family to give her a surprise. But, no, it was in a strange handwriting. She tore it open. A beautiful and costly design, a lovely blue eyed woman, with a crown of stars, and a pretty poem, entitled, "My Guiding Star."

What did it mean? Sent by whom? She rose and with the two little girls went into the next room, where the family were assembled, for it was growing twilight.

"Ah," said Preston, "a valentine, hey? Bro. Leman is growing romantic since he went away. This wont do for ministers."

Urania Evans turned her head away in displeasure. "It's not Mr. Leman; you can't think so. But who is it?" and she gave the valentine to Emily.

"Old bachelor Peters," suggested Preston. "He don't know but you're a genuine widow; no more did Bro. Leman. Must be one of them."

"Whom do you think it is, Rany?" queried Emily, as she handed the valentine back.

"I am sure I can't tell," answered Mrs. Evans.

"Is it Valentine Day to-day?" cried Norton.

"O!" exclaimed Nil, 'tis Valentine Day! I'm going to send some body one next year, see if I don't. Look, Norton, there's a gentleman coming up the walk. Who can it be? Is it Mr. Leman?"

The children gathered round Nil to look. "O its'se papa," cried Miriam; "now I'll have a papa yike 'e rest of you." Then she stopped suddenly, remembering unpleasant things of the papa without.

Aunt Rany turned pale and leaned against the mantel for support. "Don't be fearful, Rany," said Emily "we will protect you from harm," and she drew the trembling woman close to her, while Preston went out to meet the new comer.

In a moment more he stood in the open door. Urania dared not raise her eyes. Preston led the way into the room and placed a chair by the fire. The man came forward and sat down, no one having spoken. He drew an envelope from his pocket and gave it to Preston Ingram. He opened and began to read it.

Little Miriam looked at her father searchingly; then came timidly forward and laid her hand on his knee. He took her in his arms and wept silently. Not a word was said as Preston handed the letter to Rany. Then with Luella's hand in his, he beckoned Emily to follow, and they left the stranger with his wife and child. The two boys had run out with Preston at first, to get a peep at the stranger.

"What is it, Preston?" asked Emily, as the door closed behind them.

"It is a letter from Bro. Leman," replied Preston. "He says he baptized Evans two months ago—before he was here, and that he is a repentant man, deserving our sympathy. He had quit drinking before he saw him, and was trying to reform. He recommends him to our sympathy and kindness. He has just learned that he is Rany's husband, and sends him to her.

Aunt Abby came bustling out of the kitchen. "Whar's dat man? I seed some uns comin' toward de house dat looked like Marse Evans. He'd jes better mak e hissef skerse, else he'll hear from me. He can't see Miss Rany."

Preston undertook to explain that Mr. Evans had reformed, become a christian, and had come humble and repentant. But Aunt Abby "lowed 'twas put on, jes to git Miss Rany an' the picaninny." But, when Mr. Evans came and shook hands with her, and humbly expressed his sorrow for his past wickedness, and thanked her most sincerely for caring for his wife, Abby was convinced that he was in earnest.

A happier group never met than was assembled in Miss Rany's room that evening.

"O—Miss Rany, he's your valentine," exclaimed Nil. Mrs. Evans looked at her husband, and the smile in his eyes told her that he had sent the missive.

"I had prayed and hoped so long that I dared scarcely believe it was you that remembered me so flatteringly," she murmured, laying her hand on his arm confidingly.

"I would never have come, Rany, but for Bro. Leman. He didnt know that you were aught to me, till I asked him to address a valentine for me that you might not know the sender. He recognized the name and place, and began to question me, telling me he had just been here, and had baptized all the family but you. I told him the truth, Rany; and I told him that I never dared hope to see you, as you could not forgive me for all the past. He urged me or I had never

come. He told me I would be kindly received; that you were a christian at heart. But it is more than I deserve. I can not undo the past, but I can do anything for you save to give up my religion, which I feared you might not approve of, as you did not choose that way yourself."

"I was not as honest hearted as you, my husband," replied Rany, with tearful eyes. "I believed,—but waited, praying and hoping that you might return, and be induced to go into the baptismal water with me. You obeyed the call as soon as you heard it. And I shall when Mr. Leman returns. I had almost given up hope of you," said she looking dreamily into the fire," and was on the verge of despair."

"Do you remember what I told you, Missy Rany?" asked Nil.

"Yes; heaven bless the boy," replied Mrs. Rany. "I couldn't hardly believe it but he always said Nil Desperandum."

THE END.

## NATURE.



WE hear people complain, almost every day, of being stintingly supplied with the blessings of earth; of unfairness to some in dealing out her bounties, and complaining that, to them, all is dark and drear, and longing to go hence; to be set at liberty from earth, and all her belongings.

Others we meet, whose minds are so overflowed of the beautiful things, that are distributed broadcast from the hand of Nature, that they can not speak upon any topic without bringing before our minds some of the beauties of the earth upon which we live. They will tell you that we can not put aside the curtains of our windows, the eye glancing outward, without a feeling of gratitude to Him who has made this world of ours so beautiful and decked her with so much to please the eye and gratify the fitful longings and desires of mankind.

Such people see only the beautiful, and they recognize *some* loveliness in every object which nature produces, from the humble blade of grass, decked now and then with a tiny flower, to the most beautiful of blooming plants; from the small rivulet, rippling at our feet, to the river which plows onward in majesty till it reaches the bed of billows, the grandeur of whose dimensions can not but awaken in our minds feelings of veneration, reverence and awe toward God, who is the great author of all. He guides the stars in their course; and all that is beautiful and grand, is brought into existence at his bidding.

Yes, our very souls are drawn out in admiration when contemplating the loveliness and grandeur of earth. We are the sojourners among these things which so gratify our hearts. And, more, the one who has made all so good and grand, in order to gratify the heart of mortal, has implanted in our souls the desire to be participants in the glorious life to come. It is written that "eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither hath it entered the heart of man, the things which God

hath prepared for those that love him."

If the glory and grandeur of the world beyond, which we have not seen, does so far surpass all that is so beautiful here, which we see every day, we may well be glad that we are only pilgrims, plucking here and there a flower as we journey onward, offering, now and then, a smile or a word of consolation to those who travel by our side; or clasp the hands of those whose journey seems more wearisome than our own; or doing often a good deed, feeling thankful, ever thankful in our hearts, that power hath been given us, (by patient striving), not only to enjoy the blessings so lavishly bestowed upon the honest worker here, but to become partakers of the glorious majesty of the life beyond.

L. E. F.

## A WORD TO YOUNG MEN.

OF all the evils prevalent among young men, we know of none more blighting in its moral effects than to speak lightly of the virtue of woman. Nor is there anything in which young men are so thoroughly mistaken, as to the low estimate they form of the integrity of woman—not of their own mothers and sisters. As a rule, no person who surrenders to this debasing habit is to be trusted with any enterprise requiring integrity of character. Plain words should be spoken on this point, for the evil is a general one, and deep-rooted.

If young men are sometimes thrown into the society of thoughtless or depraved women, they have no more right to measure other women by these, than they would have to estimate the character of honest and respectable citizens by the department of crime in our police courts.

Let our young men remember that their chief happiness depends in utter faith in woman. No worldly wisdom, no misanthropic philosophy can cover or weaken this fundamental truth. It stands like a record of God itself, for it is nothing less than this—and should put an everlasting seal upon lips that are wont to speak disparagingly of the Perfect Woman.

## VERDICT OF A JURY OF BOYS.

WHEN Dr. Nathaniel Prentice taught a public school in Roxbury, he was very much of a favorite, but his patience at times would get nearly exhausted by the infraction of school rules by the scholars. On one occasion, in a rather 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 these detectors shouted,—

"Master, John Ziegler is whispering."

John was called up and asked if it was a fact.

"Yes," answered John, who was a favorite, both of the teacher and his school-mates, "I was not aware of what I was about. I was intent on working out a sum, and requested the one who sat next to me to reach me

the Arithmetic that contained the rule I wished to see."

The doctor regretted his hasty threat, but told John he could not suffer him to whisper and escape the punishment, and continued:

"I wish I could avoid it, but I can not without a forfeiture of my word, and a consequent loss of authority. I will leave it," continued he, "to any three scholars you may choose, to say whether or not I shall remit the punishment."

John said he would agree to that, and immediately called out three boys.

The doctor told them to return a verdict; this they soon did, after a consultation, as follows:

"The Master's word must be kept inviolate. John must receive the threatened punishment of six blows of the ferule; but it must be inflicted on volunteer 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 outstretched hand, 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."

A master might, in the case of such an unintentional transgression, neglect to inflict the punishment. But if the act had been intentional and willful, to have excused it would have subverted discipline and law in the school.

## Letters from the Hopes.

KEWANEE, Illinois, February 6th, 1880.

Dear Hopes:—After reading so many of your very good letters in the *Hope*, I feel rather doubtful about writing to you. Although I have not written for a long time, I assure you I have not forgotten you. I read in the last *Hope* of your Christmas entertainments, and think them very nice. We also had a Christmas tree. Our Primitive-Methodist friends having no entertainment of their own, they brought presents and participated in our enjoyment. The tree was very beautiful, it being literally loaded with presents; and, although our chapel is quite large, it was pretty well filled, and I believe that all present enjoyed themselves, for, altogether, we had a jolly good time.

Dear Hopes, I have finished going to school; and, during last fall, I have learned pretty well how to husk corn. I didn't see anything about husking corn in the *Hope* under title of "What should be done with daughters;" but I thought I would gain this little knowledge extra. Yet somehow I don't think it very profitable.

I often wonder what has become of many of the dear Hopes who used to write to almost every number, and now their names seldom, if ever, appear in the paper. Perhaps they don't know how we enjoyed reading their letters, and how glad we were to hear from them, and I wish that some of the dear Hopes would write to me.

We had quite a good time at our conference in December. I also attended Millersburg conference, and became acquainted with many of the Saints there, and enjoyed myself very much.

Dear Hopes, let us each be more earnest and sincere in the cause, so that when we assemble to worship God, we may enjoy more of his divine blessings; also that we may daily have his Spirit that we may live worthy to be called true Saints of God.

Let us not be vain and haughty, for "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall. Let us keep our garments spotless, our spirits pure, so that when

we depart this life, we may be worthy to dwell with the redeemed who have gone before. How much better this world would be if we all lived just as we wish to do. Dear Hopes, pray for me, and I will continue to pray for you. Your sister,

ELIZA FRANCE.

SWANSEA ROAD, Llanelly, Wales,

November 5th, 1879.

Dear Bro. Joseph:—We little Hopes have often thought of writing to you. It is only twelve months since we have become members of the Church of Christ; and, through the ever thoughtful mind and zeal of our worthy brother and president, Alma Nephi Bishop, we have received the *Zion's Hope*, and I can assure you that we are pleased with it, and heartily wish it God's speed, and you dear brethren as its editors. We have a good branch of Saints in Llanelly, and a nice little Sunday School, and we are trying to push the work of God onward. We ask an interest in your prayers, and also the prayers of all our fellow Hopes. If we see this letter in our little *Hope*, we will write again. Trusting that the God of heaven will bless you, and although the mighty waves of the sea separate us, yet may we all stand on Mount Zion in the last day. We will give you an account of the mountains in Wales in our next. Yours faithfully,

JOHN H. EDWARDS, LOT BISHOP.

JEFFERSON CITY, MO., Feb. 4th, 1880.

Dear Hopes:—I used to belong to the Church in Decatur county, Iowa, but since that I have been very disobedient to my Master. But I hope to overcome by faithful prayer. Dear little Hopes, I am glad to hear of so many of you confessing your love for our little paper; for it is good reading. We ought also to do our best to help each other; for we all have troubles and trials to bear. I sometimes think that I must give up to despair; but, when I think of the blessed promise of our Lord to them that hold out faithful, and that cheers me to battle on. Brothers and sisters, my best wish is that God may bless us in this work. Our trials may seem very hard sometimes, but the Lord will reward us if we will endure. I sometimes hear my neighbors say that they have paid all they had to doctors to heal them of sickness, and had failed to be healed. But, thanks be to God, if we only will do his commandments, we have a physician who will heal all of us that have faith in him. A great many people think that they have faith when they believe in God; but I think that we must have more faith than that. Pray for me. Your most unworthy brother,

E. M. MERCER.

SUMMER HILL, Douglas Co., Nebraska,

January 23rd, 1880.

Dear Little Hopes:—We like to read "Nil Desperandum" and the letters in the *Hope*. My father and sister and I belong to the Church. There is a branch of thirty one members here. A great many people are sick here. My sister is attending on some of them. The woman is a sister in the Church. They wish all the Saints to pray for them. I hope that you will pray for them and also for me. Your sister in Christ,

JENNIE E. STOWERS.

BLUE RAPIDS, Kansas, Jan. 29th, 1880.

Dear Hopes:—I am twelve years old. I have a brother and two sisters. My father and mother belong to the Church. I do not and think I never will until I can conduct myself as a Saint should, and keep in that strait and narrow path that leads to life eternal. My father and two sisters have been very sick, but we called the elders, and they administered to them, according to the scriptures, and the Lord has healed them. My ma was sick but she was restored to good health by obeying the gospel last May, and has been sick but once since she was baptized. We live half a mile from Blue Rapids, on the banks of the Blue River. I wish all who may read this letter had as pretty places to live as I have. Your friend,

MINNIE CASE.

LUCAS, Lucas Co., Iowa, Feb. 3d, 1880.

Dear Little Hopes:—It is a great pleasure for me to write to the little Hopes. And it is a great pleasure for father and mother to hear me read the *Hope*, because neither of them can read or write. Our Sunday School had a New Year's tree, and a concert. Thomas C. Reese

and his party sung well. Our superintendent is brother John R. Evans, and our school is going on pretty good. Brother Thomas R. G. Williams was buried here December 28th, brought from Coalville, Iowa. Brother John R. Evans preached the funeral sermon. Another brother was buried here, named Thomas R. Davis. He was killed in Carbon, Wyoming, by a fall in the coal mines. The people are saying that this is holy land because the Saints are brought here to be buried. I hope you will pray for me,

WILLIAM TRUMAN.

NEWTON, Iowa, February 9th, 1880.

Dear Hopes:—We are expecting Bro. J. H. Lake here to-day. We have meeting on Sundays, but no Sabbath School. I think it would be a good thing if we could have one. The most interesting column of the *Hope*, I think, is the "Letters from the Hopes." I enjoy reading them more than anything else. I admired the poem, "Charity," that was written by Luster J. Adams. It does my soul good to see how many there are obeying the gospel and coming into the Church. If there was less contention there would be still more that would offer themselves to Christ. I have been a member nearly four years. I have not been as good as I might have been, and I wish all the Hopes to pray for me, that I may be more faithful in the future, and you shall have my prayers in return. Your sister in Christ,

IDA I. WEEKS.

SOUTH COTTONWOOD, Utah, Feb. 1st, 1880.

Dear Hopes:—We have had a very severe winter and much snow. It lies very deep in the mountains, which will be good for the crops here next summer; for we have to irrigate in these parts, and last summer the crops suffered for want of water.

My uncle, William Cloggie, has kindly subscribed for the *Hope* for me again as a Christmas gift; and I appreciate it very much, for I consider it a very instructive little paper, and would be lonesome without it.

I do not belong to the Church, but I wish to be a good boy, and to become a good and useful man. I have never seen any of the little Hopes, for none of them live about here. I shall be ten years old next May. I have never yet been to school, but I study at home. We live about eight miles south of Salt Lake City, where my grandma lives. My love to you all,

WARREN HARVEY LYON.

## Editorial Chat.

WITH this issue ends the entertaining story of *Nil Desperandum* which has so greatly pleased the readers of the *HOPE*. We trust to receive something equally as good from the pen of sister Perla Wild again, whenever she may find time to write. We will begin in the next issue a story in three chapters by Myrtle Grey, which will be found as interesting and well written as her previous ones.

Sister Jennie Krahl of Schuyler, Nebraska, sends the following commendation for our paper. She writes: "I must say a word for the *Hope*. We like it very much. It is so pure, and so careful to lead the young and tender minds in the right path. I have myself three little ones whom I hope some day to see rejoicing in the gospel of Christ." We thank you, sister, and all others who send words of encouragement to us and to our contributors and correspondents. May your wish be fully realized.

1 March 80.

A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue.

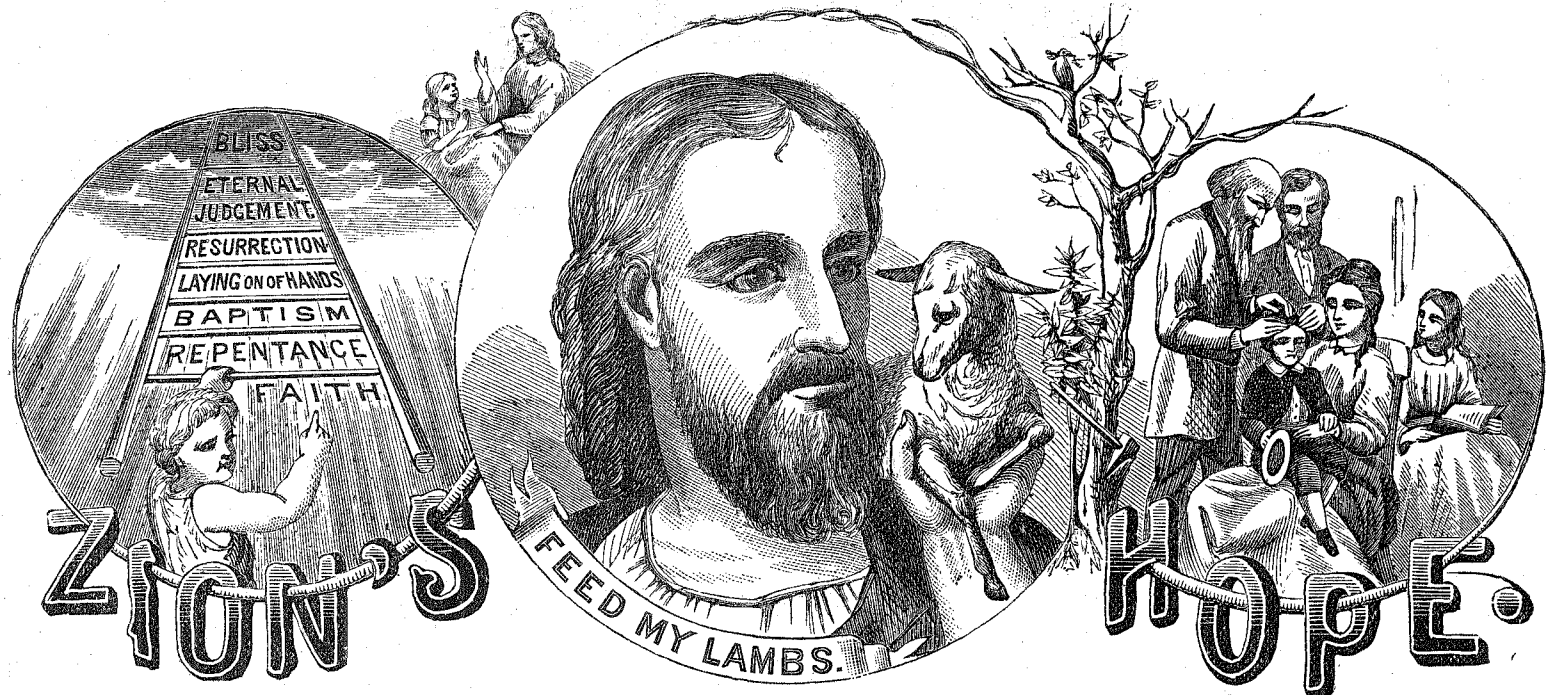
## THE SAINTS' HERALD.

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.

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 H. A. Stebbins. Price Sixty cents per year, free of postage.

All remittances, orders, and business communications intended for the office of publication, should be directed to *Joseph Smith, Plano Kendall County, Illinois*. 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.

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



"Even a Child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure."—Prov. 20 : 11.

BOOK OF COVENANTS.

AN ACROSTIC.

B e still a choice and goodly treasure;  
O ft I read thy words with pleasure.  
O ut from each page doth shine  
K nowledge pure, and truth sublime.  
O , mayest thou ever, ever prove,  
F or all mankind God's holy love.

C omfort thou, the mourning ones,  
O er whose heads dark sorrow comes;  
V ictor over falsehood thou'lt prevail;  
E verything, but truth, must fall.  
N o more gross darkness will be known,  
A bout the hearts on whom thou'st shone.  
N ow may thy light still guide us through  
T his dark'ning maze of sin below;  
S till on, right on, we'll ever go.

ROBERT FULLER.

THE WIDOW'S TEMPTATION.

CHAPTER I.

It was a cold, dreary afternoon, that day before Thanksgiving; and it was with a heavy heart that Mrs. Ames put the last stick of wood into the little stove. Stepping softly across the room, to a bed where lay her only child, a little girl of eight or nine years, she put her hand caressingly on her head.

"Are you cold, Nellie?"

The child turned her large eyes upon her mother. "No, mamma, only so hungry!"

Mrs. Ames' lips closed tightly. What should she do? No money, no friends; alone in the city; courage fast waning, until she saw, with a startled fear, that wild, awful look in her little Nellie's eyes. Had it come to that? She must procure food. Dropping on her knees beside the bed, she uttered an incoherent prayer for help. Then lifting a little embroidered sack of baby Nellie's from the place where it had lain so long, she sped with it into the street to the nearest baker's shop.

"Will you give me a loaf of bread for this?" she asked, laying it on the counter.

The man picked it up and eyed her curiously. Quickly divining his thoughts she said, "It is mine, sir, but I am a widow, and very, very poor; and my little girl lies at home sick, and I must have bread."

"What seems to be the matter with her?" he asked, incredulously.

"Want, sir; she is starving!"

"Surely not!"

"Yes, sir. O, had I the means to provide the common necessaries, she would soon be restored to health. But I have tried so hard, and could find so little to do. O, this is a hard, cold world!" She tried to restrain her tears; but she was weak from hunger, and sobs almost choked her.

The baker's heart was touched; and, when she had regained her composure, he placed a package in her hands, saying, "Here, my good woman, take this; and here is a dollar for the sack. I'll warrant my wife will find some use for it."

Mrs. Ames received them with a thankful heart, and turned her steps homeward, only stopping to purchase a few groceries. She found that Nellie had dropped into an uneasy slumber. So, depositing her load on the table, she went out, closing the door softly behind her.

"Now for some wood," she said to herself, "and Nellie may have a Thanksgiving dinner after all."

She was returning home with a large basketful, when her foot struck against something lying on the pavement. She uttered a cry of surprise as she picked up what seemed to her a well filled pocket book. The shadows were gathering fast, and the wind seemed to pierce through her scant raiment, as she gathered her thin shawl more closely about her, and hurried forward with a wildly beating heart. Nellie was still asleep, and Mrs. Ames, with another glance at the pocket book, conquered the desire to sit down and examine the contents, and thrust it into a drawer, locked it, and put the key into her pocket. After lighting a candle, she soon had a bright fire crackling in the stove, which sent a glow of comfort into the desolate room. The noise awoke the little girl and she gazed around bewildered.

"What is it, mamma?"

Mrs. Ames came toward her. "A good warm fire, Nellie, and a light once more. Yes, dear, and something to eat," answering her before she had time to ask the question.

"Nellie sprang up in bed eagerly, but her mother put her gently back, saying coaxingly, "Nellie must be patient and wait a little while, for mamma has not had time to prepare it."

It seemed to the hungry child, who had been waiting so long, a cruel thing, for she could have eaten heartily of anything. But Mrs. Ames quickly prepared some sweet herb tea, and, unwrapping the package from the baker's, she found one dozen of his nicest cakes and two loaves of bread. Hastily cutting a slice of bread, and pouring out a cup of the tea, she went with them to the bed. Nellie snatched the bread from her mother's hand, and began eating ravenously.

"Nellie! Nellie!" said Mrs. Ames, "you must not." And taking it from her, she broke off, bit by bit, and fed the bread to her, giving her a sip of the tea occasionally.

"More! More!" she cried, when she had eaten the last bit.

"No, not any more, now."

"Why, mamma, when you have so much; just a little more," she begged piteously.

The mother wept at the sight of that little white face, and longed to feed her till she wanted no more; but, well knowing the danger, she put her back on her pillow, with the promise of more soon, and after appeasing her own hunger, she put away the food. Then, replenishing the fire, she unlocked the drawer, and, taking out the pocket book, proceeded to examine the contents. At the first glance she trembled from head to foot. It was full of money! Fives, tens, and one hundred dollar bills!

"There it is," she murmured, "health for my Nellie, plenty of good, warm clothing, all the necessities of life, and some of the luxuries; and all mine! For didn't I find it?"

"Who lost it?" asked Conscience.

She started as though a voice had spoken

the words. "Of course it is mine," she said. "I can see no name," hurriedly glancing over the papers.

"Did you look thoroughly?"

Again she started.

"I can see no name." But, just then, she turned over the papers and saw the signature, "S. C. Redmond." There could be no mistake. Everybody knew where Judge Redmond's beautiful home was; Mrs. Ames had often passed it. "But," she said, "he has everything he needs, and will not miss this much; while I have not even the means to keep us from starving. And no one knows I picked it up; not even Nellie."

The wind was blowing a perfect gale without; the windows rattled, and the doors shook in their fastenings. Mrs. Ames drew nearer the stove, clutching the pocket book nervously; and, at times, looking over her shoulder, peering into the dark corners of the room, fearing she knew not what.

At last she rose from her chair, but started at the sound of her feet on the floor. Hastily locking the money away from her sight, she lay down by the side of her sleeping child. But it was no better; the battle still went on 'twixt right and wrong. And, lying there, trying to convince herself that she was doing as near right as she could, she fell into an uneasy slumber. Here it was the same; she was struggling through dark waters, or falling from high cliffs of rock; or standing over yawning chasms, and no kind hand stretched out to save her. Thus, sleeping or waking, the battle went on.

Once in the night Nellie awoke and asked for food. As her mother arose to get it for her she remembered that she had neglected to pray that night! Now she understood that strange feeling in her heart. She felt guilty in the sight of God! God? Yes, she remembered how often she had trusted in Him in her trials heretofore, saying, "The Lord will provide." And now in this trial to forget to ask him for guidance! Would he hear her now?

Nellie did not understand why her mother looked so grave; and, after eating, she soon fell asleep, and Mrs. Ames knelt down and tried to pray. "They that trust in me I will not forsake." Who had spoken? Why was it that a thrill of happiness ran through her being? The shadows took wierd forms no more. She started not at the sound of the wind, although it was blowing fiercely without; but, with her head resting near her innocent Nellie's, her arms about her wasted form, she closed her eyes peacefully, and sank into a quiet slumber.

The conflict was ended! Hers was the victory, by the help of him who doeth all things well.

To be Continued.

One of the little ones asked if she could play awhile upon the organ, but was refused, as their nearest neighbor had just died; she was silent for a moment and then said: "Why, if he's dead, he can't hear it, so I don't see what difference it makes."

### THE PROMISED SALVATION.

**G**OD has promised us salvation  
At the resurrection morn;  
O what joy and consolation  
To the faithful will be found.  
Then to meet with those, the ransomed,  
Whom the Father still doth own,  
And there enjoy the new life promised,  
By our Savior and our friend.

We must then awake from slumber,  
And to the word of God respond,  
And contend against temptation,  
And ever in the truth abound.  
God, our Lord, again hath spoken,  
To reveal His will to man;  
If we fail to yield obedience,  
We shall never, never stand.

Then, O Saints, remember Zion;  
Only there will peace be found;  
To all tribes and every nation,  
Shall the gospel truths abound.  
At the resurrection morning  
We shall all appear as one;  
O what joy and consolation,  
Will among the Saints be found.

It is only for the faithful,  
And to those who shall endure,  
That he's promised this salvation,  
To the honest and the pure.  
Yes, we hear the Lord is coming  
At the resurrection morn,  
To redeem his sons and daughters,  
From the evils and the wrong.

And what consolation's promised  
To the faithful at that day,  
There to meet our Elder Brother,  
Who has walked the narrow way.  
Then, O Saints, awake to union,  
For the Spirit says "Be one;"  
O what love, and joy, and gladness,  
Will among the Saints be found.

ALFRED JACKSON.

### THE SIZE OF THE CITY.

**H**OW small seem those little country villages and towns in some of the western states to any one who is used to living in any of the large cities, such as New York, Chicago, or St. Louis. These cities are so fine and extensive, with their large parks, their beautiful buildings, their stately court houses; and their fine places of amusements appear so nice, that, when those who always have lived in them leave them, to go and live in smaller places, they miss them so much.

But, perhaps these small places are just as necessary as the large cities are; for it is very probable that, even in those very smallest places, many live very happily. And it would not do for every one to try to live in the large cities; for in some of those very large cities that are so full of people, there hardly seems room enough for all.

I was in New York once and I found out that a great many poor people had to live down in cellars. There was so little room for those who lived there that they needed more room, and many more houses.

But, for thousands of years there have been both large and small cities, just as there are now. I have read of a very large city, so large that it would have made eight cities as large as the great City of London, with its four millions of people. It was called the chief city of Chaldea, and its name was Babylon. It was built on each side of a beautiful river, called the Euphrates, by which it was divided into two parts, eastern and western, and these were connected by a bridge of wonderful construction. It was so large that the

wall around it was forty-five miles. This wall was seventy-five feet high, and thirty-two feet broad. You can read about it in Jer. 1:12. Although it was so large, I suppose there was scarcely room for all.

But the City that I wish to tell the little Hopes about is larger than Babylon; and there will be only one class of people living there, and they will be the good, (Rev. 21:27.) and all those who go there will be permitted to stay there, for there will be no more death. Jesus compares this city to a large house or building with a great many rooms in it. And he told his apostles that they might come and live with him always there. And then it is so large that not only the apostles will live there, but also all of the redeemed. And, after Jesus went to heaven, he allowed one of the apostles not only to see it, but to know the size of the city. And he said it extended twelve thousand furlongs each way, in length and breadth and height. There are eight furlongs to a mile, so if you divide twelve thousand by eight, a little sum in simple division, it gives you fifteen hundred.

Thus you see that the Beautiful City where Jesus dwells, is fifteen hundred miles each way. It is so large that such a city no one on earth ever saw, or heard of, except one of Christ's servants. And this is what the Bible says. It reads that no eye has ever seen, no ear has ever heard, or can understand the beauty of that heavenly home. It is larger than Babylon and London and New York and Philadelphia and St. Louis and Chicago and Boston all put together. If an angel should invite you when you are there to ride round the city, and you went at the rate of thirty miles a day, it would take you just fifty days to ride through just one single street. And if you wished to ride only once round the walls of the city you would have to ride just six thousand miles. Is it not a pleasing thought to us that God is so great, and yet so good, as to prepare and keep for us so large a city, that all will find plenty of room, and so beautiful a heavenly home.

Little Hopes may we all meet there.

He is fitting up my mansion,  
Which eternally shall stand,  
For my stay shall not be transient  
In that holy, happy land.

BRO. STILL.

### A TRUE STORY.

**P**ERHAPS I might write something that would interest you. It will be a true story, no fiction; and it will be told in a simple way. At the time my story begins the gentleman of whom I write lived in the state of New York. He was quite well off. This man and his wife were Universalists in belief, and were much respected by all of their acquaintances. When the new doctrine called Mormonism came out, it raised a great excitement in the place where he lived, as well as in all the adjoining towns.

This gentleman frequently went to hear the Mormons preach, prompted only by curiosity, but at length he became somewhat interested; and, when Joseph Smith and Sidney Rigdon came there, he went to hear them

and invited them to his home to stay over night. The invitation was as freely accepted as it was given. The gentlemen were sitting up late that night, conversing on points of doctrine, and many arguments were used by this man, those not in favor but against the "new religion," as he called it. In the morning, before taking his leave, Joseph placed his hand on the gentleman's shoulder, and said, calling him by name, "I prophecy in the name of the Lord that you will be a Mormon before long." The gentleman, feeling very positive that he never would, said, "When you see me a Mormon you will see a lock of red wool growing out of the middle of my hand." And still he continued to attend the meetings, and he studied the faith until at last he became convinced, and in three months was baptized, and sure enough became a "Mormon."

His little daughter afterwards took her father's hand asked him to show her the red wool in the middle of his hand. But he answered,

"It is not there, my child; Brother Joseph was a prophet, while I was only a man of the world."

He afterwards became one of the Elders of the Seventy, and with his family he emigrated to Far West, Missouri. He was driven from there with the Saints, and died in Nauvoo in 1841.

Dear Hopes, if this story is interesting to you I will be pleased to write another some other time. Until then you have the prayers of,

AUNT ELSIE.

## CHOOSE YOUR ASSOCIATES.

**H**T has been some time since you have heard from me through that best of papers, *Zion's Hope*. I have often thought of writing again, and of taking the three words at the top of this page for a subject.

I can think of nothing of more importance to the rising generation, of nothing more weighty in its results, than that of making a good choice of associates. I look upon it as second only to the gospel of Christ. Indeed, a correct choice often leads to the embracing of the faith of the gospel. Nor is that all, for a bad choice often leads in the opposite direction.

Listen to the sayings of the wise man: "My son if sinners entice thee, consent thou not."—Proverbs 1:10. In other words, Go not after them. Do you not know that you are apt to partake of the spirit of your associates? That all of us are apt to be led by the same fascinating things that move the crowd that we mingle with?

See that group of young men and boys who are in the habit of running about the streets and lounging about the saloons or stores! How often you may see them on a Sabbath morning with their dogs and guns, or with their fishing tackle, bent on a day of pleasure! And should you search their pockets, you might find a pack of cards, and perhaps a bottle with something in it to help

make them not only noisy but reckless. Now let them entice some other young man or youth to accompany them a few times, and it matters not how well he has been brought up, nor how much he has been taught to respect and revere the Sabbath and all holy things, yet how long will it be before he can swear as big an oath, tell as obscene a story, or smoke a cigar as well as the rest of them?

O then how careful we should be in choosing our associates. Our choice may be the means of obtaining for us the favor of God, and of securing for us an inheritance in his kingdom, one that is incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away. Or a choice may be the means of working our ruin.

We have already supposed the case of the good boy, or the innocent young man being drawn into a crowd of wicked ones, and thus choosing his associates, and we have seen what the results are likely to prove.

Now let us suppose a different case: Take the little boy or girl who loves to go to Sunday School, and who loves to hear the servants of Christ preach his gospel, sing his praise and pray for his love and his blessings to rest upon not only his Saints, but also upon all the Hopes of Zion, for they with the Saints have a great work before them. I have emphasized the word LOVE, to show that I mean those who go there from choice, and not those merely who are sent there, but those who themselves select for their associates the people of God.

Now let us note the results of this choice: If it be true that we are likely to drink into the spirit of those with whom we associate, then where may we expect to find those boys and girls when they become men and women? We will find them among the good, among the wise, among the honored and the respected. You will find them as school teachers and Sabbath School teachers; and many of them you will find are praying men and women, as well as preachers of the gospel; and all this is the result of their rightly choosing their associates in their youth.

Now let us visit our reform schools, (in other words a prison or house of correction for unruly boys and girls), our jails, our penitentiaries, and our drunkard's graves, and we will find those who never chose the people of God for their associates, nor delighted in going to the house of prayer and the Sabbath School; or, if they did, they left them for places of amusement, the ball room, the theater, the card table and the saloon; from which they drank into that spirit that has brought them to their present condition of woe, misery, shame and disgrace.

Says David, (who, before he was tempted and fell, was a man after God's own heart), "I had rather be a door keeper in the house of my God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness."—Psalms 84:10.

Moses the man of God, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, thereby rejecting the heirship to the throne of Egypt, "Choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, (in other words, choosing that

people for his associates), than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season."

Now why did Moses choose the people of God for his associates, instead of remaining in the house of Pharaoh, and thus becoming a mighty king and ruler? It was because "He esteemed the reproach of Christ, greater riches than (all) the treasures of Egypt; because he had respect unto the recompense of reward."—Heb. 1:25, 26.

Then, Dear Hopes, in choosing your associates, as well as in every thing else, be like Moses and others, have "respect unto the recompense of reward."

Let us, at the beginning of this new year, resolve that we will make that choice, not only in our associates, but in the books and papers that we read, such choice as shall not only prove to our best interest here in making us wise and useful, but such as will result in our eternal happiness and well being. This is the prayer of Uncle W. R., as he wishes all the Hopes of Zion, together with his brothers and sisters in Christ, a happy New Year.

UNCLE W. R.

CORTLAND, Illinois, Jan. 1st, 1880.

## THE GOSPEL.

**C**HILDREN, your dear parents have no doubt taught you concerning "the gospel;" and many of you, I presume, understand what those words mean. But, for the sake of having a pleasant talk with you on the subject, I will ask the question, What is the gospel? A simple answer would be, The way to be saved.

Now you who are old enough to go to school have probably learned the way to the school house; and you know full well that, when you start for school in the morning, if you were to go off in some other direction you would never get there. So it is about the way of salvation. There is but one way, which Jesus calls "the straight and narrow way," and all who go some other way will fail to obtain their salvation.

But some would answer my question like this: "The gospel is the plan of salvation." Well, that will do. You children, whose papas are carpenters and build houses sometimes, would think it very strange to see them begin to build a house without having any plan or calculation about it, without knowing how large it was to be, or how high, or how many rooms, doors or windows; how they were to be arranged &c.; and you would no doubt laugh at the building when it was completed. But carpenters do not build in this way. They first have a plan made of the building they wish to make, and then build accordingly; and in this way they build just such a kind of house as they want.

In like manner God, the great Architect (an architect is a chief builder) made a plan, (so it is stated in the scriptures), before the foundation of the world, to save the children of men who should live in the world; and that plan is called "the gospel." Sometimes it is called "the everlasting gospel."

By this we understand that it can not be

changed, but that it is like God himself, or "the same yesterday to-day and forever."

What will save one person will also save another; and it will do so among all people and in all ages of the world; and without this plan there is no salvation. Let us therefore strive to learn what is required in the gospel; or, in other words, what we must do to be saved.

But, lest you become weary with my talk, I will defer the subject until another time, hoping we shall be able to learn truly what will bring us salvation in the kingdom of God.

AUNT CARLIE.

### A CURE FOR DISEASE.

**C**HRISt had power to heal all manner of sicknesses and diseases, and he has as great power to-day as at any time previous. The promise is without limit. It extends to all, for he says, "Whosoever believeth." I believe however that much disease is caused by disregarding the "word of wisdom," which says that if we do certain things we shall receive certain blessings. The word of wisdom is true and good, for, we read in 1st Corinthians, twelfth chapter, and also in the Book of Mormon, Moroni tenth chapter, that "To one is given, by the Spirit of God, the word of wisdom; to another, prophecy; to another, healing, etc. It seems that the word of wisdom was as necessarily given to the Church as the other gifts were. Is Christ going to keep this a secret? If so, why did he say, "whosoever believeth?" I answer, yet not I, but the Lord, that he will reveal it by his Holy Spirit to those who seek him, and who come unto him in God's way. It is therefore "Scripture" and "profitable for doctrine." EDWIN T. DAWSON.

### Letters from the Hopes.

PALACKY, Ellsworth County, Kansas,  
February 3d, 1880.

Dear Hopes:—Seeing nothing in the *Hope* from this part of Kansas, I write you of how the work is progressing here. Brethren Kent and Harder were down here this winter and preached for three weeks, baptized six, and organized a branch. We have eleven members. We have prayer meetings every Sabbath at 2 o'clock, and on Wednesday evening. Your brother in Christ,

DAVID M. DENNIS.

BELL CREEK, Washington Co., Nebraska,  
February 10th, 1880.

Dear Hope:—I am going to school, and we have a very nice time. I have enough studies to keep me busy most of the time. Our teacher is good and we learn very fast. I am trying to be as good as I can; though some times it is much easier to do wrong than it is to do right at first. But, when I think that I am doing wrong, I try to avoid it as much as possible. I hope that all of you will pray for me and I will do the same for you. Your sister in Christ,

AMY A. KENNICOTT.

FARRIS, Illinois, Feb. 6th, 1880.

Dear Little Hopes:—I was eight years old last September. I was baptized January 28th. Four more were baptized the same day. I read in the Second Reader and spell in Webster's Speller. I like the letters in the *Hope*. I went to Sunday School last summer. We have the *Quarterly* published by C. Cook. Hope we will have one of our own next Summer. We live four and a half miles from our chapel. Good by for this time.

HATTIE A. HEAD.

WEST JORDAN, Salt Lake Co., Feb. 20th, 1880.

Dear Hopes:—I am a little Hope twelve years old. I love to read the letters, but the last two *Hopes* have not come. I could cry when I go to the post and get the *Herald* and not the *Hope*. Brother Henry, please send them, and let us see their pretty faces again. It has been a very long and hard winter here. I belong to the Church, and I try to be a good girl; but I think I fail some times. Dear Hopes, pray for me.

JANE E. MARRIOTT.

DEER CREEK, Nebraska, Feb. 8th, 1880.

Dear Hopes:—I love to read your little letters. I do wrong some times, but I am sorry when I do. I do not mean to do wrong, but Satan is so ready to tempt us, that we sometimes do wrong when we do not think. I intend to do right, and when I do, then I am happy. I want to be saved in the kingdom of God. Pray for me, little Hopes. Pa holds meetings at 2 o'clock Sundays, but our branch do not all come every Sunday, for they live across Elkhorn River. I am nine years old. I love the stories in the *Hope*. Your brother,

JOSEPH WESLEY LOOMIS.

BELL CREEK, Nebraska, Feb. 10th, 1880.

I am nine years old. I read in the fourth reader, and study geography, arithmetic and spelling. I do not belong to the Church yet, but I am going to do what is right till I can. I like "Nil Desperandum" very much, and the letters from the Hopes. I wish that I was one. I will try to be as good as I can. I wish you all to pray for me.

ALFRED B. KENNICOTT.

INDEPENDENCE, Mo., Feb. 5th, 1880.

Dear Little Hopes:—I am always pleased to see the bright face of our dear little paper. Of all the children's papers that I have ever seen, none are more worthy of being well sustained by all classes of people than our own *Zion's Hope*. It is very pleasant to read all the little letters from even the very tiniest Hopes; and how many good and pleasant things there are in it from aunts and uncles. These I suppose are the big Hopes. Will the little ones try and profit by the good advice and counsel contained in those articles? Do we realize as much as we ought what a blessed thing it is to be adopted sons and daughters of God? And especially that we live in these latter days, when the Lord has spoken from the heavens, when angels have again visited the earth, and when the pure gospel is declared by servants of the Lord, commissioned from heaven to go and declare it to the nations of the earth. And do we realize that the coming of the Savior is drawing nigh? And are we preparing for his coming as we ought?

Dear little Hopes, let us all strive to live pure in heart, in word and in deed, that we may look for his coming with joy, and hail him with gladness. Your unworthy brother in the cause of Christ,

JOHN W. HOLE.

FARRIS, Illinois, Feb. 6th, 1880.

Dear Little Hopes:—I am five years old; will be six the 30th of next July. I have a little baby brother, five months old. Papa is painting our buggy. He is going to stripe it. I have never been to school yet, but will be old enough to go next summer. We had a nice Sunday School last summer. When I am eight years old I intend to be baptized. I wish Grandpa Lambert to baptize me. We wish to go to meeting every Sunday now, since mamma has got well. I think I will plow when I am ten years old. Good by.

GEORGE F. SEIGFREID.

DEER CREEK, Madison Co. Nebraska,  
February 1st, 1880.

Dear Uncles Joseph and Henry:—We have not taken your good little paper, the *Hope*, for a long time. We have Uncle Charlie's to read. I asked ma to let me send for it, for I have some money, and she said she would give me money enough to make up the amount. I like very much to read the letters. We have no school this Winter, but ma teaches us children most of the time. I have wandered in wrong paths, but I am sorry when I do so. I pray to my heavenly Father when I go to bed. I intend to do my duty and live right. Pray for me, dear Hopes and dear Uncles. Your brother,

DENSLAW ALMA LOOMIS.

MONDAMIN, Iowa, Feb. 19th, 1880.

Dear Little *Hope*:—My mother and three sisters belong to the Church, but my pa does not. Yet I pray God that he will, before it is too late. We have no Sunday School in this branch, but I go to the Baptist school. The teacher is kind and good, and she tries to teach us what little she knows about the lessons we have in the Bible. Pray for me. Your sister in Christ,

HATTIE GAMET.

ELIZA, Mercer County, Illinois,  
February 17th, 1880.

Dear Hopes:—I have just read the letters from the Hopes, and I am glad to see that you are all trying to do right. I am trying too, but it is a continual fight. Yet to those who overcome there is a promise of eternal life in the Kingdom of God. And do we realize that the coming of the Savior is drawing nigh? Do we realize what a blessed thing it is to be the adopted sons and daughters of God? And are we preparing for his coming? Dear Hopes, let us try to live so that we may look for his coming with gladness. Truly I love the blessed gospel, and I am trying to live faithful. Your brother in Christ,

WILLIAM KECK.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., February 26th, 1880.

Dear Hope:—I belong to the Providence branch. I joined it December 7th, 1879. I was twelve years old August 22d, last. I feel so happy at times, and it makes me think of what will be over there, if we are only faithful. All in our family belong to the branch, father, mother and I, and we rejoice in this glorious gospel. Dear Hopes, I pray for you all, and I hope you pray for me.

ANNA E. SIEGBIST.

GATES MILLS, Cuyahoga Co., Ohio,  
February 22d, 1880.

Dear Little Hopes:—I have three little Hopes of my own. The youngest is seven months old. He is a bright little Hope, and it is my desire to bring them up in the true and right way. I love to hear that so many of the Hopes are striving to go on in this good and glorious cause. I wish we lived near a branch where my other two little Hopes could go to Sabbath School. As for myself I always loved to attend meeting and Sabbath School. There are no Saints here to meet with, and we are all alone, but I hope we will be where there is a branch some day. Dear young Hopes, and older ones too, press onward, never give up till we meet, never to part again. What a glorious thought it is. It is my desire to press onward and to serve my heavenly Father, so that when I am called home, I may go in peace. I ask you all to pray for me, as I do for you all. Your sister in Christ,

M. A. F.

ERRATUM.—In my article entitled "John the Baptist," third line, after the words, "by an angel," the following sentence was omitted by me in copying, "He was surnamed the Baptist." The little Hopes will please read it again and supply the omission.

H. S. DILLE.

A rather gaily-dressed young lady asked her Sunday School class what was "meant by the pomp and vanities of the world." The answer was honest, but rather unexpected: "Them flowers on your hat."

The mind of youth can not remain empty; if you do not put into it that which is good, it will gather elsewhere that which is evil.

15 March 80.

A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue.

### THE SAINTS' HERALD.

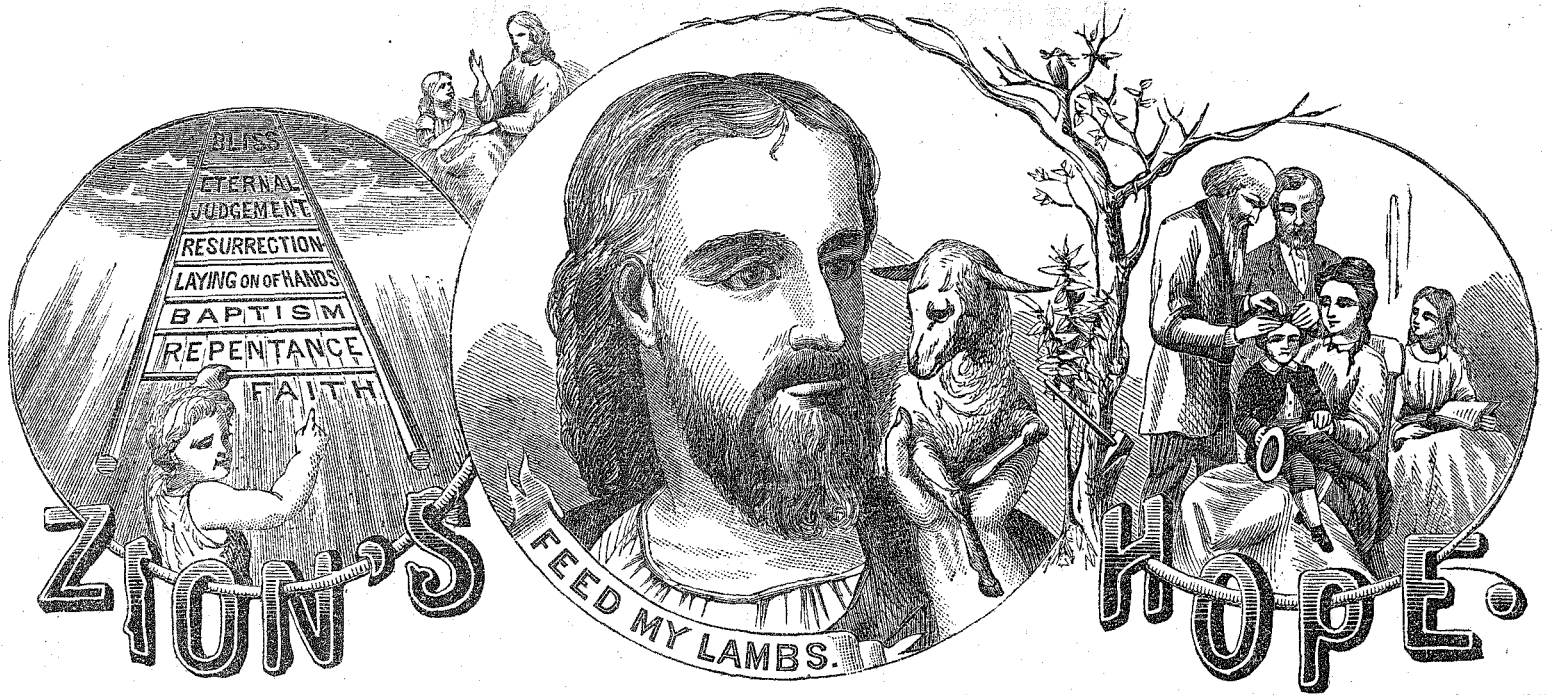
The above publication is issued semi-monthly, at Plano, Kendall County, Illinois, by the Board of Publication of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, \$2.15 per year free of postage. Edited by Joseph Smith and Henry A. Stebbins.

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 H. A. Stebbins. Price Sixty cents per year, free of postage.

All remittances, orders, and business communications intended for the office of publication, should be directed to Joseph Smith, Plano Kendall County, Illinois. 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.

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





"Even a Child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure."—Prov. 20 : 11.

VOL. XI.

PLANO, ILLINOIS, APRIL 1, 1880.

No. 19.

#### A WORD FOR THE MOTHER.

**S**END the children to bed with a kiss and a smile,  
Sweet childhood will tarry at best for a while;  
And soon they will pass from the portals of home,  
To the wilderness ways of their life-work to roam.

Yes, tuck them in bed with a gentle "Good-night!"  
The mantle of shadows is veiling the light:  
And may be—God knows—on this sweet little face,  
May fall deeper shadows in life's weary race.

Yes, say it: "God bless my dear children I pray!"  
It may be the last you will say it for aye!  
The night may be long ere you see them again;  
And motherless children may call you in vain.

#### LETTER FROM AUNT JENNET.

**I** AM still in the bonds of gospel peace,  
still trying to do my Master's will,  
but come far short of doing it to my  
satisfaction.

One year, or more, has passed since I last had a chat with the Hopes. The reason was not because I had not time to write, but because I have been very sick, and also I thought nothing from my pen would interest any one.

When trials came I felt weak and discouraged, and I stood "still," I was going to say; but, worse than that, I have been going backward in the work. I find it impossible to stand still; for, if we do not increase our talents, they will surely decrease, and we will be the losers. We can not let them lay by one or two or three months, and then take them up again as we laid them down. They will rust, and then need a great deal of rubbing and using before they will shine with the same luster they had when we laid them down. And when we want to use them they will not be at our service. So the best and only safe way is to keep using them, and to be continually watching, fighting and praying; for the enemy of our souls is never sleeping, but is watching every opportunity, no matter how great or how small, to draw us from the path our Savior has marked out for us. He has such cunning ways of his own, that if we are not careful, very careful, we are sure to be his prey.

How many, many times have we been led astray, and then have strayed a long way

from the fold before we thought, Where am I going? or what am I doing? And when our eyes have been opened, what bitter tears have flowed, and all for the lack of watching. How many times have we had to turn back to our first lesson and begin anew, when we might just as well have been a teacher to some lost one, instead of a baby scholar, having to be taught over and over again the same lesson. Will we ever be shepherds if we continue to be straying sheep and bleating lambs? I think not.

"We have so many hard trials to bear," some say, or we all say. Who can say, "I have no trials, or no temptations?" We all have our own to bear, some of one nature and some of another. But this is only an evidence to us that we are loved of our Father; for we must be tried as gold seven times purified. And if we are always found where we ought to be, with our minds, hands, and whole strength occupied with our own business, and in keeping the covenants we have made, we will never give a chance for the enemy to get his head in to whisper evil things to us, and our lives will be happy here and happier hereafter; and our trials will be to us blessings, and we will rejoice and sing praises amid tribulation.

The time draws nearer and nearer, each joy and each sorrow brings it nearer, when God's judgments will be poured out in great fury, and few shall be able to stand. What are we doing to prepare ourselves. Are we sitting down with folded arms, and grieving over the wrongs sister B. or brother A. have done to us till we get a chance to pay them back? 'Tis high time we awoke to righteousness and union; and have the love of God abounding in our hearts, loving one another with that perfect love which casteth out all fear.

Let us not be too exacting, one toward another; for we all have faults, but we can see more plainly those of others than our own; and at the very time that love and sympathy are needed, then we turn a cold

shoulder. And how often have we heard, "He (or she) is not worthy of my company; I wouldn't be seen conversing with him." And at the same time, he (or she) in good standing in the Church, the remark being made only because they didn't please all; and, sometimes, because such an one had strayed from the fold and needed a kind word or act to help them back.

Let us remember that our Savior did not come to bring the righteous but sinners to repentance. And this also is the mission of his disciples. "They that are whole have no need of a physician, but they that are sick." Then remember that those who have the most need of our kind words and acts, are those who would spurn us from them. Our duties are right contrary to our natures. For to our enemies we owe our greatest sympathy and kindness.

Then it is needful that we watch and pray, not forgetting to fight, to fight against our own will when inclined to do that which is wrong, and also for the right, and for the honor of God and the gospel. Let us begin to reform at home; do better ourselves, and others seeing our good works, will love us and will glorify our Father in heaven, and be encouraged to press onward and endure. Even the very weak ones will be made to feel our influence, and will come out and take up the cross with new courage, feeling that we will assist them in their feeble efforts. Thus we will be preparing ourselves for the coming of our Savior, and great will be our reward.

I feel like pressing onward, and like doing all I can to assist those weaker than I. I ask an interest in the prayers of the Hopes, both old and young, that I may be faithful to the end of my days; for I know this is the gospel of Christ, the power of God unto salvation. I know what I must do to be saved; and if I do it not, I will have to suffer the consequence. "She who knoweth to do well and doeth it not shall be beaten with many stripes." I have received undeniable evidences

of this being the gospel, the only true gospel, and I know it will save or condemn me at the last day. "To whom much is given, of them will much be required." This chat is nothing but what you all ought to know, but it will tell that I have not forgotten what I must do to be saved. Next time I will tell you how I found the gospel. Since I last wrote I have changed my name. It used to be Jennet Archibald, but I now introduce myself as Your sister,

JENNET CLAY.

SONG.

**S**ING, little bird, O sing!  
How sweet thy voice and clear!  
How fine the airy measures ring,  
The sad old world to cheer!

Bloom, little flower, O bloom!  
Thou makest glad the day;  
A scented torch, thou dost illumine  
The darkness of the way.

Dance, little child, O dance!  
While sweet the small birds sing,  
And flowers bloom fair, and every glance  
Of sunshine tells of Spring.

O! bloom, and sing, and smile,  
Child, bird, and flower, and make  
The sad old world forget awhile  
Its sorrow for your sake!

AMY'S ADVENTURE IN THE CITY.

**F**EAR the bank of the Mississippi, lived an honest farmer by the name of Prescott. His two children were bright and obedient. Their ages were fourteen and twelve years. They lived a few miles from the city of M—, where the children sometimes accompanied their father when he went to sell his butter and eggs, or whatever else he might have. Amy had been there but a few times, and she was so delighted when her father told her she might go to the city with him on her birthday; and she might also take some strawberries and try to sell them.

On the morning of her birthday she awoke before the lark, and, jumping up, she was soon dressed; and, going quickly down stairs, she took a large pail and hurried out into the garden, where she was soon busy picking strawberries.

At five o'clock her father came down stairs and went out into the garden. He was surprised to see Amy there.

"Why, child! Run back to bed. What are you doing here so early?"

Amy laughed, and said, "I have been here a long time, pa. I thought I would surprise you. See I have picked this pail nearly full."

"You are very industrious," said her father. "Now go into the house and see if you find anything for you on the table."

Amy ran into the house and saw a pretty dress, a pair of shoes and a hat lying on the table, directed to her. She examined them over and over again, tried on her hat, and then, remembering that she had not yet thanked her father, she ran out into the yard and half smothered him with kisses.

"Well, I am glad your are pleased. Now you shall wear them to the city."

"Pa has been so good as to say I can go to the city, so I will try and sell all I can.

And ma has been so good as to make my dress and to spare me, I will behave as well as I can. Martin is real good, too, for he ought to go," said Amy to herself.

After breakfast Amy began to get herself ready, and she looked very pretty.

"I am sure I never saw you look as nice as you do now," said her mother.

Soon Amy was seated in the large farm wagon, with the fresh berries behind her.

"Be sure you are not bold and impudent," said her mother; for I dislike such children. Remember all I have told you, my dear, and act lady-like.

After a short ride they reached the city. Amy was afraid when she saw the half-drunk men and women; but at last she took more courage.

"There now, my dear," said her father, taking her out of the wagon, "be sure you do not wander away. I shall be near here most of the time." So saying, her father took out some fine hens and went away.

After Amy had watched her father out of sight, she picked up a basket of strawberries, and a smaller basket of flowers, that she had picked before starting. Just then she saw a carriage moving slowly along, with two ladies in it. "Perhaps they will have some," thought Amy. So she hurried and was soon by the side of the carriage.

"Do you wish any fresh strawberries, or flowers?" said Amy.

A large girl, standing near, pushed Amy away, and said,

"Buy mine; buy mine; they are fresh and nice."

"No," said one of the ladies, you are too rude. Go away." Then turning to Amy, she said, "How do you sell yours, little girl."

"I sell them for ten cents," said Amy.

"Cheap," said the lady. "Is that all you have?"

"O no; there are more in the wagon; will you take some."

"Yes, I will take about five quarts, but perhaps the large ones are at the top, and the small ones at the bottom," said the lady.

"O no; indeed ma'am they are all alike. Father and I picked them this morning. You see it is my birthday, so he said that I might come to the city; but wait, I will get some out of the wagon."

Just then Mr. Prescott came up. "Well, Amy, how are you getting along?"

"O, father, there is a lady in a carriage who will take five quarts, she said."

So her father measured out five quarts and gave her some fresh flowers, saying, "I will wait here for you."

Before long she was back, and said, "They took the berries and some flowers; and, as I was coming back, a man took the three quarts out of the other basket, and some flowers for a sick child, he said. Now see, I have received ninety cents."

"Well, you are doing finely. Do you want to try again? For I have some business that will keep me for an hour."

"Yes, I will try to sell some more."

"Well, be sure you do not get lost; good-by."

"Amy sat down in the wagon and ate a few. As she sat there she saw two women talking. One said,

"I wish I could get two quarts of fresh berries; but I have nothing to take them in."

Amy soon made her way toward the women, and said, "Do you want some berries?"

"Yes," said one, "Only I have nothing to carry them in."

"O you can have the basket too."

So two quarts more were sold, and the basket too, and then she had one dollar and twenty-five cents, and she felt rich, and in half an hour she had sold all but five quarts of berries and about ten cents worth of flowers.

Her father came back and they went into a restaurant for their dinner, and about 2 o'clock they started for home. Amy had sold all her berries and flowers, and was well pleased with her day's adventure. Her mother praised her for acting lady-like, as she called it.

About six o'clock there was a knock at the door and Amy went to the door and there saw a company of children who had come to surprise her. About eight o'clock they started for home, but not before they had eaten a good supper, and given Amy a present of a large silk handkerchief. Martin had got it up, and her mother had done the cooking while she was in the city. Amy thanked her parents and brother again and again; and she thinks that she will remember and give the same kind of a surprise on their birthdays.

The next time Amy went to the city was on her father's birthday, and she sold a great deal of fruit. Amy will always remember her twelfth birthday, and how it was spent.

M. ANNIE SCOTT.

ALWAYS TWO WAYS OF LOOKING AT THINGS.

**T**WO boys went to hunt grapes. One was happy because they found grapes.

The other was unhappy because the grapes had seeds in them.

Two men, being convalescent, were asked how they were. One said: "I am better today." The other said: "I was worse yesterday."

When it rains one man says: "This will make mud." Another: "This will lay the dust."

Two children looking through colored glasses; one said: "The world is blue." And the other said: "It is bright."

Two boys eating their dinner, one said: "I would rather have something better than this." The other said: "This is better than nothing."

A servant thinks a man's house is principally kitchen. A guest that it is principally parlor.

"I am glad that I live," says one man. "I am sorry that I must die," says another.

"I am glad," says one, "that it is no worse." "I am sorry," says another, "that it is no better."

One man counts everything that he has a gain. Another counts everything else that he conceives a loss.

One man spoils a good repast by thinking of a better repast of another. Another enjoys a poor repast by contrasting it with none at all.

One man is thankful for his blessings. Another is morose for his misfortunes.

One man thinks he is entitled to a better world, and is dissatisfied because he hasn't got it. Another thinks he is not justly entitled to any and is satisfied with this.

One man makes up his accounts from his wants. Another from his assets.

A FAITHFUL DOG.

**A** STRANGE scene occurred the other day at Sierk on the Moselle. Herr Schmidt had a dog which he wished to get rid of. Rowing out into the middle of the river, he fastened a stone round the dog's head and threw him into the water. The animal sank at once, but during his struggle the rope slipped off the stone, and he again rose to the surface and tried to get back into the boat. His master, however, continued to push him back, but as the dog persevered, he lost his patience, and striking him with his oar, lost his footing, and fell into the water himself. He was unable to swim, but the dog, seizing him by his coat, succeeded in bringing him to land, after having been repeatedly washed away by the current. The dog's life was spared, we are happy to say.

THE WIDOW'S TEMPTATION.

BY MYRTLE GRAY.  
CHAPTER II.

**T**HANKSGIVING day! The earth was dressed in a holiday garment of white; and, as the sun rose and sent forth his bright rays of light, countless jewels came to view, and they danced and sparkled with beautiful colors, as if to add all their little mites to the glory of the scene.

Nellie Ames awoke as one ray, more daring than the rest, stole in and rested a moment on the pale and almost transparent cheek. A pleasant warmth was diffused throughout the usually cold room, and the table was in the middle of the floor, with two plates, cups and saucers; and her mother stood pouring out some fragrant liquid which she remembered to have tasted, but could not tell when.

Mrs. Ames looked up to find the eyes of her child following her with no little wonder. "Do you want to come and sit at the table, Nellie, and eat a nice warm breakfast?"

How the little face lighted up! "O! mamma, I dreamed such a pleasant dream, of eating! Such nice bread and tea. Was it a dream, mamma?"

"You did eat last night, dear," her mother replied; but she added quickly, as if to banish all thought of the terrible trial she had undergone, "Mamma will dress you and you can sit here by the fire. This is Thanksgiving day, you know."

"When Nellie was dressed, a quilt was thrown over a chair; and, when snugly

enscensed therein, she looked comfortable indeed; and truly grateful hearts they were that offered their thanks to the bountiful Giver from the humble abode of Widow Ames.

Breakfast over, the duties of the house, if such they could be called, being performed, Mrs. Ames begun her preparations for her walk. Satisfying herself as to Nellie's comfort, as mothers always will, she folded her shawl around her, tied on her bonnet, then went to the drawer where lay the source of her great temptation, the pocket book. Opening it to assure herself the money was still there, she looked it through, without the slightest desire to keep any of its contents, but feeling that her trust reposed in one who was mighty to overcome all trials and difficulties, and able to render her happy midst her poverty, if it should be so willed.

Out into the busy streets she sped along, now pushing through the crowds of people who were rushing about, each intent upon their own errand, and then waiting at crossings for her turn to pass, and not one familiar face greeted her sight as she pressed on till she reached her place of destination, Judge Redmond's. A negro was sweeping off the walks, and to him she addressed the inquiry, "Is Judge Redmond at home?"

"A great 'clamity hab fallen on de house ob Judge Redmond, which we all anticipates in; an' him desires am to see no one; but if you wishes, I'll take up yer card;" and delivering himself of this speech, he raised himself to his utmost height, as if to fully assure her of the importance of his position in the house of Judge Redmond.

"I have no card, but if you will tell Mr. Redmond"—

"What name shall I extinguish you by?" he asked.

"Mrs. Ames," she answered, thinking that the best way of sending him on his errand. Vain hope! For, with a grand sweep of his body, which he intended to be a particularly impressive bow, he said,

"An' my ignomen am, George Washington Thomas Jefferson Wilson, giben me by my responses in baptism, wherein I was made a child ob de Lord, an' an heir to de 'states of Judge Redmond, as long as we bofe shall live an' breve de bref ob life."

"Well Mr."—she began, almost despairingly.

"You may use de contemplation of Mr. Wilson, which for de ingenience ob de fam'ly am"—

"Heah, you ole man, what you puttin' on all dem ar's for, keepin de lady waitin. Show her in; an' be quick about it too," sounded from the kitchen door; and Mrs. Ames turned to see a stoutly built negro woman standing in the door. "Come right 'long, honey, an' you, Wilse, go 'bout yer bizness, an' no more ob yer foolin."

"She dozent understan' de infection ob manners in gentlemen ob de fust s'ciety," he said, turning to Mrs. Ames, who was following her dark guide to the house.

Stating her errand to the woman, she was

led to the room in which Judge Redmond was sitting with his wife, engaged earnestly in conversation.

"A lady to see you on 'ticular bisness."

The Judge looked at the intruder inquiringly, then said quickly, "You came in answer to my advertisement?"

"I have seen no advertisement, sir; but, last evening I found this on the pavement," producing the wallet.

"Have seen no advestisement, and yet you bring this!" he asked in surprise, as he glanced at her threadbare apparel.

Opening and looking through it he found every note in its place. Every paper was there, not even the smallest sum was missing. He laid it down in silence. "Surely," said he, after a moment, "I had not expected honesty like this in these days."

His wife gazed upon Mrs. Ames in admiration, and joined her husband in her praise.

The widow flushed painfully, then broke forth, "O, sir, don't think I relinquished all that without a struggle. And a bitter one it was, from the time I picked it up from the pavement, till the early hours of morning." "Madam," she said, "turning to Mrs. Redmond, "you are a mother. Could you watch your child dying by degrees of want—could you hear it plead for food when you had none to give, without your heart being wrung with anguish? And, when the means were placed within your grasp that would give your beloved child, the only tie you had on earth, life, health, plenty; could you relinquish all without a struggle, realizing that death would soon rob you, unless a stronger hand should interpose? Would there not be a conflict in your breast? Words can not express the agonies I have endured, but God is my friend; he rescued me; in him I put my trust."

The Judge was moved by the passionate words of the woman; while his wife went to her, and taking both the widow's hands in hers, in broken accents promised that she should want no more, and that her troubles were at an end, as far as she could bring relief to her.

The kind words were like balm to her heart, and she threw herself weeping into the nearest chair; but they were not tears of grief but of relief.

Judge Redmond went out and left the two women alone, for he knew his wife would be the one to speak comforting words; for he could not trust himself to talk to her in his blundering fashion. When he came into the room again he was dressed in his overcoat, and almost muffled to the eyes.

"Wife," he said, "we are going to have a Thanksgiving dinner, to-day."

His wife looked up in surprise. "Of course we are."

"A genuine thanksgiving, I mean; and this lady is going to stay and join us."

"I thank you, sir, but really I can not; there's Nellie at home."

"O yes, I know there's Nellie, and she will be here too," he said, smiling, as if there was much behind, that only he understood.

"But, sir, you do not understand; Nellie is ill, and it would be impossible, and I must hurry home lest she should need me," and wishing them "Good day" she passed out of the room.

Judge Redmond looked at his wife knowingly, and she smiled in response. He conducted Mrs. Ames to the door where stood a carriage in waiting. Turning to bid him good morning a second time, he smilingly held out his hand, and she, taking it, was led to the carriage and lifted in.

"Now tell me where you live, for I have a curiosity to see your little girl, who I imagine must be near the age of our Olive;" and giving the number to the coachman, they were whirled rapidly away.

Concluded in our next.

### Letters from the Hopes.

DEER CREEK, Madison Co., Nebraska,  
February 4th, 1880.

Dear Uncles Joseph and Henry:—I am eight years old. I wish to be baptized, but my ma says that she desires to teach me more first. I have two nice dollies, one large one and one a little longer than my finger. Aunt Ellen's girl sent it to me, I think.

I want to tell you about my little heifer. I think she is so nice, and she is such a pet. I call her Lilly.

I intend to do right, so I may be saved. Pray for your little friend. I never went to school a day in my life, excepting to Sunday School, but I can read and write. Ma taught me. From your friend,

MARY RACHEL LOOMIS.

MILLERSBURGH, Illinois, March 9th, 1880.

Dear Hopes:—After reading so many of your good letters in the *Hope* I send a few lines. How I love the little *Hope*. It cheers me very much. How thankful we ought to be for such a good paper, and for the truth it contains. It is very interesting for the old as well as for the young. It cheers my heart to read the letters from the little ones who are striving to follow Jesus. True, our trials are great many times, but, dear Hopes, never give up. Let our motto be, "Try, try again," until we win the crown of eternal life, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give us at the last day. Let us, therefore, strive to lay up for ourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through; for where our treasures are, there will our hearts be also.

I am striving to keep the commandments of God, but I, as well as many of you, meet with many trials and temptations, yet our trials are nothing compared with those our Savior endured. He was scorned and buffeted, and he died that we might gain eternal life. Dear little Hopes, I feel to say,

"For wisdom let us seek,  
And God's commandments keep,"

So, when we are called to eternity we can go with a heart both pure and free. Your sister in Christ,

S. P.

BEAVER, Utah, February 29th, 1880.

Dear Hopes:—We are living on a farm four miles from Beaver. I don't like living here on account of the school. The nearest place is Greenville, and there the school is taught by Mr. Benjamin Anther, a Brighamite. My sister and I go. He charges three dollars per quarter.

We have had the coldest weather this winter that the oldest settlers have seen. The people here believe in being baptized as many times as they want to be. They say the first time is for the remission of sins, and the rest when they commit other sins. I think it is a mockery of baptism. Brother Deuel has been here once or twice. The bishop at Greenville told him that Christ could not alter his opinion by preaching a whole year, that he was a good judge, and could judge for himself. But I hear he is denying it now; I suppose he is ashamed of it. As ever yours,

C. COLUMBUS COVINGTON.

GAINESVILLE, Florida, March 7th, 1880.

Dear Little Hopes:—As the most of you have seen in the *Herald* there was a Branch and Sunday School organized in this place last year. We were all doing well with both prayer meetings and Sunday School; the children, with bright, cheerful faces, met together every Sunday, every one trying, by good lessons, good behavior and punctuality, to get tickets to win prizes with. Then we had a tree and also a Christmas entertainment, which opened with singing and prayer; for we deemed it necessary and right to give praise and thanks to the Giver of all our enjoyment. The tree looked beautiful, with shining toys and burning candles all over it.

I viewed it with both a cheerful heart and a sorrowful one. It cheered my feelings and gave me pleasure to see the little ones receive their presents, with sweet smiles and light and gay hearts; but then my thought stole away among the groups of thousands of dear little children who were destitute of any such enjoyment. Yea, thousands who have not even enough to eat and wear. My heart beat with grief at the thought. And how thankful we ought to be for the blessings which we daily receive from our Father's bountiful hand; for our home comforts, and for the enjoyments of gospel truths, and for many other blessings, such as thousands of people are destitute of. Dear Hopes, if you have not seriously, earnestly, and prayerfully considered this all important matter, do so before it is too late.

But the little Sunday School here, and the prayer meetings have ceased. Why? Because the Saints have moved away, some here and some there. Yet I trust that they will never forget the instructions their superintendent used to give them. But, though we are now alone, we can still do our duty to God in as perfect a manner as before; for, in our distresses, God is distressed; in our griefs he is also grieved, and he feels for us. He is with us in all our sorrows, and he will assist us if we trust in him. Then, dear reader, if you have not yet begun that all-important work, begin at once, I beseech you. You know the parable of the unfruitful fig tree.—Luke 13:7-9. When the Lord had said, "Cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground?" he was entreated to try it one year longer, and then, if it proved unfruitful, he could cut it down. Christ, himself, there twice makes the application, verses third and fifth, "Except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish."

How many years has God looked for the fruits of love and holiness from thee, and has found none. And yet he has spared thee. How many times, by your wilful ignorance, carelessness and disobedience, hast thou provoked Justice to say, "Cut him or her down, why cumber they the ground." And yet mercy has prevailed, and patience has prevented the fatal blow to this day. If you still continue in your heedless condition God will cut you down as a cumberer of the ground. Sickness and pain cry, "Turn ye," and poverty and loss of friends, and every twig of the chastening rod, cry, "Turn ye," and yet dost thou not hearken to the call.

May God, by the power of his Spirit, change, direct, guard, and keep you all in the right way, and at last crown us all together in his kingdom, is the prayer of

M. O. HOWARD.

SOUTH WALES, March 1st, 1880.

Dear Hopes:—It makes us rejoice to see so many letters from young Hopes. We are very fond of the paper, and look forward for its coming with some impatience. We are young members in the Church; were baptized November 5th, 1879. Though we are young, we thank God that we enlisted under the banner of his Son Jesus Christ. Dear Hopes, we ask an interest in your prayers, so that we may overcome all evil temptation the world may offer us. We are very fond of the story entitled "Nil Desperandum." We, in Llanelly, have a Sunday School; it is attended by some twenty scholars. We have also a Bible class, and a Saints' meeting at 2 o'clock p.m. every Sunday. We are very glad to state that it is attended by many. We have a preaching meeting at 6 p.m., and many of the world's people come to hear.

For instance, a man and a woman—worldly people—came to our chapel, and attended very regularly for some time. Our president, Mr. Bishop, talked to them and asked them if they believed. They said they did believe, and

they would become Saints, only they would not receive gifts from the High Church if they did become Saints. These gifts were simply blankets, etc. Let us, dear Hopes, pray for them, so that they may see their foolishness. During the past year, 1879, there were eight baptized, and there are some more that will be baptized soon. Dear Hopes, both old and young, please write often to the *Hope*, for it is so pleasing and interesting to read your letters. Your brothers in the gospel,

JOSEPH HOWELL and JOHN EDWARDS.

NEW TRENTON, Indiana, March 7th, 1880.

Dear Hopes:—I have just been reading the letters from the little Hopes, and it gives me pleasure to read them. There are fifteen members in this branch, and we are all relations. There are four families of us. We have meeting once a week, but no Sunday School. Brother B. V. Springer was here about three weeks ago and preached twice, which is all the preaching we have had since the conference last June. Our school will be out in three weeks. Only five Hopes attend our school. Dear Hopes, I am trying to do what is right, but often find myself in the wrong path. Yet I wish to overcome through faith and prayer. Let us try to be faithful, watchful and prayerful, that we may not be led into temptation. I would like for some of you to write to me. May we all meet in the celestial kingdom, is the prayer of your sister in Christ,

MINNIE F. CHAPPELOW.

LLOYD, Wisconsin, March 7th, 1880.

Dear Little Hopes:—I am ten years old. I do not take the *Hope*, but my grandma lets me take hers to read, and I like very much to read them. Mamma and papa belong to the Church, and I shall as soon as I am old enough. We do not have any Sunday School here and so I can not go. And we hardly ever have any meetings, because our school house has been burned, and we have no church building. I go to day school whenever there is any, and read in the second reader. I want all of the little Hopes to pray for me that I may do what is right.

CLAUDE CARPENTER.

BEAVER, Utah, February 29th, 1880.

Dear Little Hopes:—We have been living for over a year about four miles from Beaver, where we get our mail, but we go to school in a little town named Greenville, one mile from where we live. The second day I went I could not learn any thing, for they asked me so many questions. They asked me if I belonged to the Mormon church, and I told them I did. They asked if I was baptized into their Church. I told them, No. They say we must be baptized at eight, and at twelve years, and as many times as we commit sin after that. Yours as ever,

SARAH E. COVINGTON.

### SUNDAY SCHOOL REPORT.

Report of the Bethel Sabbath School, Fall River, Massachusetts. The annual election of officers of this school took place on Sunday, February 29th, 1880, when the following were elected for the ensuing year: John Potts, Superintendent; Charles W. Wilson, Secretary; James McKee, Treasurer; John McKee, Janitor; John E. Rogerson and Alfred Leather, Auditors; Orrin E. Granger, Librarian; John Potts, Leader of singing; Orrin E. Granger, Organist. The school has bought an organ during the past year, at a cost of \$175. Your brother,

CHARLES L. POTTS.

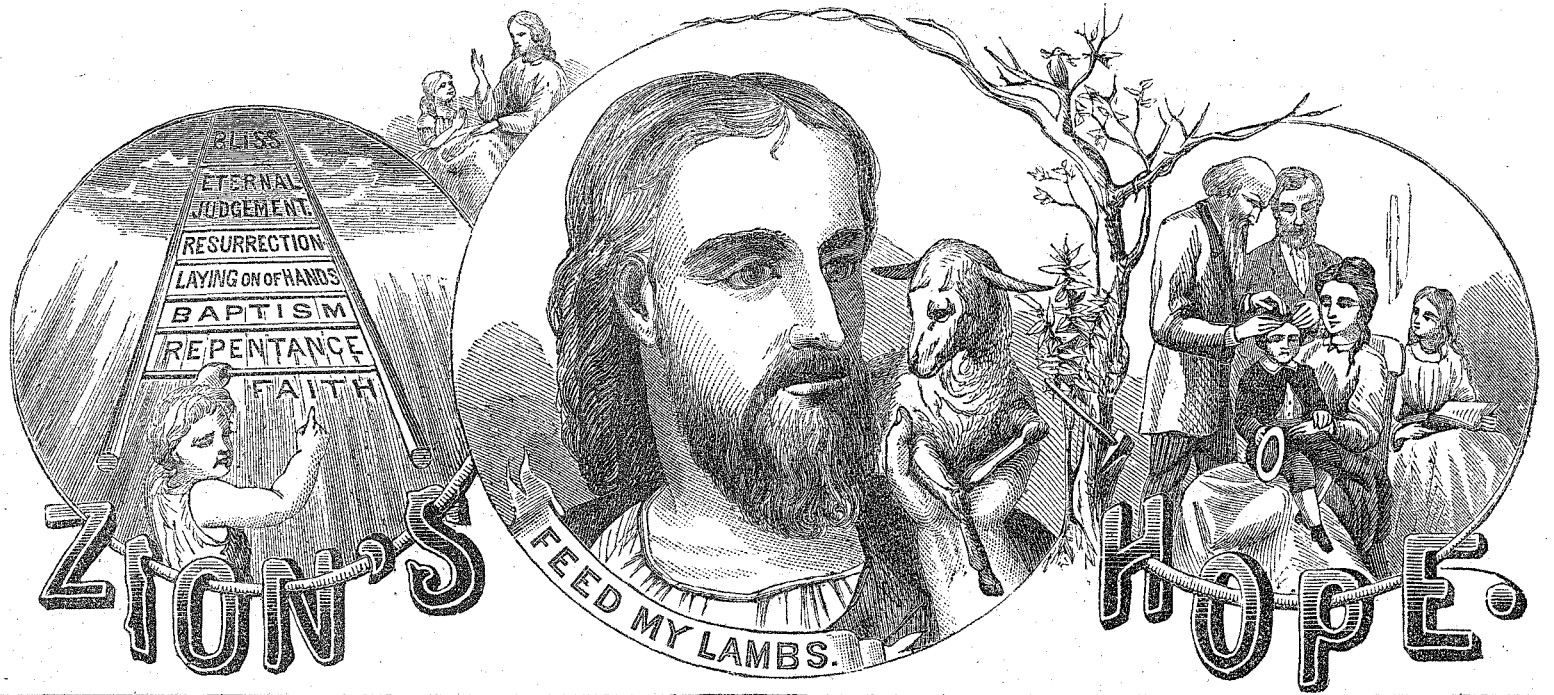
1 April 80.

A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue.

### 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.

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 H. A. Stebbins. Price Sixty cents per year, free of postage. All remittances, orders, and business communications intended for the office of publication, should be directed to Joseph Smith, Plano Kendall County, Illinois. 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. Superintendents and Teachers of Sunday Schools, Book Agents, and the Traveling Ministry, are requested to act as Agents.



"Even a Child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure."—Prov. 20:11.

THE LITTLE GRAVE.

"T'S only a little grave," they said,  
 "Only just a child that's dead;"  
 And so they carelessly turned away,  
 From the mould the spade had made that day.  
 Ah, they did not know how deep a shade,  
 That little grave in our home had made.

I know the coffin was narrow and small,  
 One yard would have served for an ample pall,  
 One man in his arms could have borne away,  
 The casket frail and its freight of clay;  
 But I knew that darling hopes were hid,  
 Beneath that tiny coffin lid.

I knew that a mother had stood that day,  
 With folded arms by that form of clay;  
 I knew that burning tears were hid—  
 Neath the drooping lash and aching lid;  
 And I knew her lip, and cheek, and brow,  
 Were almost as white as her baby's now.

I knew that some things were hid away,  
 The crimson frock and wrappings gay,  
 The little sock and the half-worn shoe,  
 The cap with its plumes and tassels blue;  
 And an empty crib with its covers spread,  
 As white as the face of the precious dead.

'Tis a little grave, but, O, beware,  
 For world-wide hopes are buried there;  
 And ye, perhaps, in coming years,  
 May see like her through blinding tears,  
 How much of light, how much of joy,  
 Is buried up with an only boy.

Selected by FLORA M. HUTCHINS.

A PLEA FOR THE LITTLE HOPES,  
 A DREAM, ETC.

BRETHREN JOSEPH AND HENRY:—

As you are contemplating making the Herald a weekly, I do hope and trust, for the sake of the little "buds of Zion," you will endeavor to make Zion's Hope a weekly also. With such writers as Uncle W. R., Aunts Elsie, Carlie and Em., and Brn. E. T. Dawson and Still; and Sisters H. H. and Mary, and others too numerous to mention, you may venture to put on the "shingles." What do you say Bro. Scott? I think the little ones, and big ones too, will try and increase its circulation.

I have seen no explanation of Sister Perla Wild's story, "Nil Desperandum," in the correspondence column. The word means "Never Despair."

I dreamed not long ago that the superintendent of one of the mills in Fall River,

Massachusetts, asked me to go fishing, and I consented. We baited with worms, but I do not remember catching any fish. As we were coming back I saw a number of people standing in a line, having a "spelling bee." I was told to take my place in the line, which I did, the superintendent looking on. I remember spelling Zedekiah and Zechariah, and I went to the head of the line, singing the familiar hymn, "I am glad I am in the army, the army of the Lord," with, "Praise God and give him glory," for a chorus.

The mercury has had a lively time of it this winter in trying to keep at both ends of the glass at once. Cold weather and warm, wet and dry, brilliant sunshine and dull fog-giness, have followed each other in quick succession, and got so hopelessly mixed up that it has puzzled a great many to guess the condition of affairs half a day ahead. As we might expect, sickness prevails to a great extent, so that people are anxiously waiting for Spring to make up her mind, like a sensible damsel, to settle down and not conduct herself in such a fickle, changeable manner.

We have a very good Sunday School at Pittsburg, and each scholar receives a "Zion's Hope" every two weeks, they bringing and offering every Sunday for that purpose. The superintendent and teachers are very kind, and seem very attentive to their duty. There is also a large Sunday School at Fall River, and the way it is conducted is a credit to the officers of the school. Business seems to be improving everywhere; and for the sake of "Zion's children," I hope it may. Love and regards to you all. Yours truly,

WILLIAM STREET.

PITTSBURGH, Pa.

WHO KNOCKS?

"Who knocks?"

"A beggar, mother; cold and shivering she stands asking for admission."

"Close the door, my boy, and ring for the servant to stir up this fire."

As these kind orders were being obeyed the

beautiful millionaire was gracefully flinging around her shoulders an elegantly wrought scarf, and she endeavored to compose herself in the carved arm chair that was drawn so near the glowing embers.

Let us leave this room for the cutting wind, the falling snow and the stormy street. Though a blazing hearth crackles here, and rich crimson curtains hide from us the storm raging without, yet the cruel, cold reply of that woman is sufficient to send a chill through one's very life blood. O, woman! is it possible that your nature is ever so degraded? Thou who art made for the kind, gentle, and loving. Yes, like snakes in the garden of roses, here and there will be found the form of woman, but so degraded, so cold-hearted, yet so shrouded in the drapery of riches, that we know not of its character till circumstances like the above betray it. Let us follow her, whose chattering teeth, pale face, trembling form, too well betoken poverty, stern, dire, gnawing poverty. Mark the falling tear, the suppressed sigh; see those thin white hands up-raised, as she calls upon the great Father of all who seems to have almost forsaken her. You, cradled in the lap of luxury, you can not know the misery, the agony of that moment. You can not feel the crimson blood that hurries to the cheek, or turns careless and deathly to the heart, when the poor, barefooted child, scorned and rejected, turns from that woman, so rich, and so heartless. On through the drifting snow she hurries, but alas! nature worn out, sinks under the sorrows no longer to be borne. She dies—lift her up carefully, stranger. Close those cold eyelids tenderly. O, remember she is "heir of the self-same heritage, child of the self-same God." Remember that poverty, sorrow, and a cold-hearted world made her so, and if she erred, if she has sinned, bear well in mind

She has but stumbled in the way.  
 You have in weakness trod.  
 Deal gently with the erring one,  
 As God has dealt with thee.

—Selected by Annie McLenon.

## THE WIDOW'S TEMPTATION.

BY MYRTLE GRAY.  
[CHAPTER III.]

## THE SEQUEL.



DO wish mamma would come!" and the tired head fell back, the pale face grew paler, the little, patient hands were folded wearily; the thoughts drifted away farther and farther; sounds grew more and more indistinct, and all was quiet. Was she asleep?

A carriage stopped before the door, there was a sound of feet, a bustle at the door; still the little figure stirred not. Mrs. Ames went toward her, uttering a tender greeting, when the words froze on her lips and she stood as if turned to stone. Judge Redmond took in the situation at a glance, and, lifting the little girl from the chair, he placed her on the bed, and rubbing the pallid form briskly with his own warm hands, he was soon rewarded by seeing a slight quivering of the eyelids.

"She's all right," he said cheerily to Mrs. Ames, who stood looking on in a sort of dumb terror. "Get some water, please. Now then, Nellie, how do you do?"

The child opened her eyes and looked with wonder into the kind face above her. "Where am I? Where did I go?—I remember—I was so tired."

"Yes dear, Mamma left you too long." Then, turning to the Judge, she said tremblingly, "Whatever happens, I shall stay at home and take care of my child."

"That we will," he responded heartily. "Wilse," said he, going to the door, "bring in those robes;" and, selecting the softest one, he took Nellie in his strong arms, wrapped her tenderly as if she were an infant, all the time telling her of the grand visit she was to have with his Olive; and, overcoming all Mrs. Ames' scruples, he carried Nellie out to the carriage, and bidding the mother follow he placed her among the cushions, and piled the furs around her till she looked like a little Laplander.

So firmly, yet so gently had he conquered pride, that the most fastidious could have found no fault, and Mrs. Ames was not disposed to quarrel with what evidently was fate. And, by the time the carriage stopped again, a faint tinge of color began to show in the pale cheeks."

"There!" said the Judge exultingly, "am I not a good doctor?"

"You are too kind, sir."

"Nonsense," he answered; and Nellie was lifted out and carried into the great house, through long halls and handsome rooms, to the own cozy home-room of Mrs. Redmond. Here he gave his charge into the care of his wife, and, leaving the ladies together, he went to call Olive, he said.

After a quiet chat Mrs. Redmond excused herself, and, going to her daughter's wardrobe, selected a complete suit.

"My dear friend," she said, returning to the room, "you have done us a great favor; will you not allow us to return it in our own way;" and she laid the dainty things over the back of a chair.

The flush deepened on Nellie's cheeks, as she looked at the pretty clothes; and when Mrs. Redmond took her on her lap and told her they were all hers, a look of real animation sparkled in her eyes, and Mrs. Ames seeing this burst into tears of gratitude. Olive came into the room as her mother was fastening the last button in the soft, warm dress, and one glance into the pale face and Olive's tender heart was touched with pity, as she saw the lips quiver when she put her arms around her and called her "friend." She sat by her side as she lay on the sofa resting, and brought out her beautiful doll, her pretty books, and watched her with such tender care that both mothers smiled and looked into each other's eyes, drawn by the loving tie of motherhood.

We will pass over the old folks' dinner, and take a peep into the room where a table was set for the children, who were enjoying their dinner without restraint. Nellie sat bolstered up in a large chair by the side of Harry Redmond, who was older than Olive, and who was helping her to dainty bits so tempting to her appetite. Olive sat on the other side, while "Aunt Chloe" took her station at the foot, and Wilse took it upon himself to do the honors of the occasion.

"Come, Uncle Wilse," said Harry, giving the girls a sly wink, "let's have a toast—Miss Nellie."

"I rises to expound," he said gravely, lifting a glass of water. "I pledges de health ob Miss Nellie in dis yer glass of water, kase de Judge am a temperance man, and I sticks to him principles till de day ob de 'Lenium, when de moon shall be turned inside out, and de sun be turned up side down, and de ribers be turned to wine, an' all de darkies be white, and go down wid glasses in dere hans' singing 'shall we gader at de riber' an'—"

"When did you say all that would happen, Uncle?" asked Harry mischievously.

Witse put the glass down solemnly and said, "Dat am Scripture. Miss Nellie, may de hapiness ob dis 'casion, and de blessin' ob de Judge confide wid you when you is moved to yer"—

Here Aunt Chloe gave him a nudge and a frown; Olive pulled his sleeve and looked wise, so that before he had recovered himself Harry had snatched the glass and said in broad Irish dialect, "Here's to yees, Miss Nellie; may ye live to ate the hin that scratches over yer grave;" which brought a laugh from all.

"De 'casion, my friends, am a 'portant one," continued Wilse, anxious to air his knowledge; "for when de Pilgrims came ober in de *June Rose*—"

"*May Flower*, Wilse."

"Only a slight deterioration, Miss Olive."

"A what, Wilse? I wish to goodness yer'd stop sech talkin' an' stick ter de language ob yer faders, which am easier an' soun's nicer an' plainer, like ole times when we was liben in de ole cabin;" and Aunt Chloe, having administered her reproof, helped herself to a huge piece of turkey.

"Ob de elewation ob de human race, I is

prehensive; but de female wimmen, who am de weaker sect"—

"Now, Uncle, I'll not stand that!" exclaimed Harry; "I'll defend the ladies; and, if you wish to debate, take this chair, and look to your laurels. Olive will time us. One, two, three, ready!"

There was a stir at the door, which stood partly ajar; and, looking up, Harry caught the merry twinkle of three pairs of eyes, and sat down in confusion.

"Never mind, children," said Mrs. Redmond, coming forward, "we were afraid you were keeping our sick girl too long. Are you tired, Nellie?"

"No ma'am, not much; it is so nice here, and we've had such a nice time—and," she added in a lower tone, "Wilse is so funny."

"In return for your speech, Wilse," said the Judge, "you may carry Nellie to the parlor where we will have some music. Come Chloe, never mind the table now."

Nellie declared she was strong enough to walk, but Wilse picked her up and deposited her on the sofa in the parlor as tenderly as a woman. He was never happier than when, with Olive at the piano, they were singing those quaint old melodies, so dear to the Negro heart.

After the music the servants returned to their respective occupations. Games and books were brought out, and thus passed a day long to be remembered by every one present. As evening approached Mrs. Ames spoke of returning home. The Judge left the room, followed by the children. There was a whispered consultation held in the hall; then Mr. Redmond stepped in and asked her to lend him Nellie for a few moments. After a short time he returned and informed Mrs. Ames that all was ready. She arose, put on the wraps that were in readiness, and was followed to the door by the whole family, Wilse and Chloe, each with wide open eyes and shining ivories, bringing up the rear. No carriage stood at the door, and where were Nellie and Olive? Mrs. Ames looked around puzzled, when the Judge kindly invited her to make a call before going farther, and led the way down to the lower end of the great garden, where stood a small cottage, half hidden by the tall trees. He knocked at the door which swung back to admit the callers. There sat Nellie Ames in a large invalid chair, with Olive in attendance. The table was strewn with books and toys, and, as Mrs. Ames looked, she turned pale and red by turns. What did it mean? There was her own stove, table, and all her belongings, with the addition of carpet, stand, sewing machine, and many other articles which were both useful and attractive. She looked from one to the other in amazement, which was enjoyed by the others, especially Wilse and Chloe, who could restrain themselves no longer, and broke forth with three cheers, which were taken up and sent ringing out on the sharp night air.

The Judge made the presentation speech. Then followed explanations, and Wilse, who had played a conspicuous part in the removal,

told how they had worked and got through before dinner, and what a jolly time they had fixing up the house, and how nearly he had come to spoiling all at the dinner table.

When Mrs. Ames understood it was all hers, that she would no longer have to battle with the sharp stings of poverty, that a way was provided for herself and child, she sank down unable to say a word.

"De emotions ob de heart am a language best understood by de angels," said Wilse, as he brushed his eyes with his sleeve; and, for once, he had the right word in the right place.

### TALK TO THE CHILDREN.

**C**HILDREN hunger perpetually for new ideas. They will learn with pleasure from the lips of parents what they deem drudgery to study in books; and even if they have the misfortune to be deprived of many educational advantages, they will grow up intelligent people. We sometimes see parents, who are the life of every company which they enter, dull, silent and uninteresting at home among their children. If they have not mental activity and mental stores sufficient for both, let them first use what they have for their own households. A silent home is a dull place for young people—a place from which they will escape if they can. How much useful information, and what unconscious but excellent mental training in lively, social argument! Cultivate to the utmost the art of conversation at home.

### IN A PONY'S STABLE.

**I** AM going to tell you a true story about a little boy. He is a little Hope, and will be six years old in April. He is very pretty; his eyes are as black as night, and he has a dimple in each cheek when he speaks or laughs. But he is pale. Why? That is the secret. Because he does not have enough to eat. His mamma is very poor, and she is a cripple; her spine is hurt. How did that happen? She had a bad, a drunken husband, and he crippled her and then left her to take care of herself and two children. Little Harry was only a baby then, and a kind lady let them live in her pony's stable. In a stable? Yes; the lady wainscotted it on the inside; the roof all slants one way, and the doors open on the outside.

When any one gives little Harry a penny he does not spend it for candy or for nuts, nor even bread. He says that is the Lord's money, and he takes it to meeting or Sunday school and puts it on the plate. He says that he wishes the good Lord to buy his mamma a home, and when he is a man he will work for the Lord. The town overseer of the poor gives them one dollar and a half per month; and he says that if they cannot do with that he will take her to the poor house, and get homes for the children. But that would break their mother's heart, she loves them so much. Yet she does not know what to do.

The lady who has been so kind to them was then a widow, and she has married and

gone to Ottawa to live. She has sold her place here, and so they will not have even a stable to live in much longer, if the Lord does not provide for them.

Harry's brother is fifteen years old, but he is small of his age, but could do work on a farm if anybody wanted him. He is not stout, and has the heart disease because of having been frightened by his father. It is a long and a hard story, if you could hear it all, but I will conclude by saying that the little Hopes should not forget little Harry. His mother and brother are Saints, and Harry has been blessed. Their address is No. 914 Sixth St., Peoria, Ill. Your Aunty, J. B.

### Egypt, Palestine, and Syria.—No. 28.

PREPARED BY T. J. ANDREWS.

THE CHAPEL OF HELENA.

**T**HIS is a costly room, decorated at a great expense. It is partly hewn in the rock, and is one of the most striking portions of the church. It is sixteen feet below the level of the rotunda floor, and is 43x51. It is entered by a narrow doorway and a flight of twenty-nine steps, partly hewn in the rock. Its interior arrangement is in the form of a Greek cross, the only light entering through a cupola in the roof. The cupola and roof are supported by large, thick, dwarf looking columns, with huge capitals of Byzantine form. It has an altar dedicated to St. Demas, the penitent thief, and another one to St. Helena.

Here, clustered around the chapel and under the same roof, is Mount Calvary and the Garden, the Chapel of the Sacrifice of St. Isaac, the Chapel of Melchisedek, the Chapel of the Three Crosses, the Chapel of the division of Garments, Greek Choir, occupying the center of the world, the rooms of the Latin Convent, Greek Convent, Chapel of the Maronites, Chapel of the Georgians, Chapel of the Copts, Chapel of the Jacobites, Chapel of the Abyssinians, and rooms of the Armenians, and the great central place of attraction, the monstrous rotunda and dome covering the Holy Sepulcher. It is indeed a great collection of churches and chapels, of choirs, naves, and transepts; of shrines, of altars and sanctuaries; the great Cathedral of the Christian world, where lights are always burning, incense always smoking, and the voice of chanting and praising always resounding.

After this general survey of the building let us attend to what is passing around us. Pilgrims are now assembling in Jerusalem from all parts of the world. See what a motley crowd is gathered here. The floor of the great rotunda, the galleries above the aisles, and transepts leading into the different chapels, seem one living, seething mass of human beings. Here are all nationalities, all shades of complexion, all forms and hues of dress. In the midst of the general confusion each is permitted to speak his own tongue, to worship in his own way, to resort to the shrine that best accords with his views. Armed soldiers move about among the multitude to preserve order. How changed the scene!

1800 years ago soldiers stood around the dying Son of God, to aid in consummating the murderous deed; now they gather around the sacred spot to protect those who would do Him homage. The Greeks had formed a long procession encircling the rotunda, carrying costly and curious banners of various devices, representing Scripture scenes. A large company of boys went before, having lighted candles. The dignitaries of the church wore red silk and damask robes, profusely trimmed with gold lace. Some carried censers smoking with incense; others sprinkled consecrated rose-water upon the crowd; another carried an immense cross of burnished gold, while the Patriarch arrayed in sumptuous robes wore upon his head a royal crown, sparkling with diamonds richly set in gold. In the Latin department the display was equally gorgeous. The Abyssinian priest beat his cymbals, and the Armenian uttered his prayer; the Syrian read aloud his Arabic ritual; the Coptic friar drawled his plaintive devotion; lawless spectators walked about gazing and talking. From the lofty galleries above, and from the deep, subterranean chambers below, there seemed to issue a strange jargon of sounds. Such was the strange scene. It was the celebration of Christ's triumphal entry into Jerusalem.

Pushing myself through the crowd I reached the side of the rotunda and ascended a flight of twenty-one steps upon the side of Calvary, to the place of the Crucifixion. We often hear it spoken of as a mount. It seems to have been a slight elevation, rather upon the side of a hill. How high it was, or its original shape none can tell. The summit and sides have been graded down and the depressions filled up, to accommodate the immense church that now covers it. The hill, like all others around Jerusalem, is a mass of limestone rock. Having ascended the steps I entered a low, vaulted chamber, with a marble floor. It is Greek property, and is decorated in the most gaudy style. The walls are adorned with pictures. Massive wax candles rise from their sockets, and a profusion of gold and silver lamps are suspended from the ceiling. It is the Chapel of the Crucifixion. At its eastern end is a platform ten feet long and six feet wide, elevated about eighteen inches from the floor. On it stands a richly decorated altar, and under it is a round hole in the marble floor, cased with silver. Beneath that hole is the reputed spot upon which the cross of Jesus stood.

The Holy Sepulcher is the next place of attraction. Descending the steps by which I reached this place I was once more in the great rotunda, and beneath its center is the consecrated spot. It was originally a grotto in the rock after the fashion of all Jewish tombs. The visitor is surprised to find it not only detached from the hill side, and all above ground, but elevated a step or two from the level of the floor. The necessary changes that were made on the level of the ground to accommodate the church accounts for this. The earth and rock around has been cut away, and what was probably once a cave in the hillside now looks like a small room or closet

above ground. Nor is this all. The hand of art has still more transformed it. This rock-hewn cave, standing as it does in the center of the great rotunda, and directly under the eye of the monstrous dome, all is covered over by a small building of yellow and white marble, twenty-six feet long and eighteen broad, a dome in the form of a crown surmounting the whole. It is profusely ornamented, nearly covered with pictures, crucifixes and images, and hung around with gold and silver lamps; while, standing by its side, are several monstrous wax candles, nearly as large as a man's body and eight or ten feet high.

I passed through a low, narrow opening in the wall into a chamber twelve feet square. This is the vestibule of the tomb, called the Chapel of the Angel, from the supposition that it was here where the angel sat after he had rolled the stone away. On the west side of this room was a low, narrow door, the opening to the tomb itself. Like Peter of old, I first stooped down and looked in, then, bending down nearly to the ground, and crowding through the opening, I was in the sepulcher. It is a small room six feet by seven, and has a dome roof, supported by marble columns. Not a vestige of the original rock of the tomb can be seen. The floors, walls, and ceiling, are all lined with white polished marble. Forty-two lamps of gold and silver, richly wrought, are suspended around this little grotto, kept continually burning, filling the place with a rich flood of mellow light, while much of the time the sweet fragrance of burning incense fills the air. A little couch, or elevation of stone, about two feet high, runs along the right side of the tomb, now covered by a plain marble slab. As this was intended for the reception of the dead, on it no doubt the body of the entombed Savior was laid. Falling upon my knees I leaned my head upon the marbled covering, and poured out my soul in grateful adoration to God. I had promised my people that I would remember and pray for them upon Mt. Sinai, and at the tomb in the garden. Amid the sublime grandeurs of that mountain top I had stood, and there I had redeemed my pledge, and now that I had reached this hallowed spot, I was not unmindful of my vow.

My visit was brief, for a crowd of pilgrims was coming and going, crowding the little sanctuary and jostling against me. I arose from my knees, and, leaving the marks of my tears upon the marble slab, I slowly and reluctantly turned away. Not as a bereft and sorrowing one, I left behind me, O rapturous thought, an empty tomb. I heard the soft rustle of an angel's wing, and a voice of unearthly sweetness whispered in my ear, "He is not here, He is risen."

#### A THOUGHTLESS BOY PUNISHED.

"I SHALL never forget," remarked a friend of ours once, "an incident of my childhood, by which I was taught to be careful not to wound the feelings of the un-

fortunate. A number of us school children were playing by the roadside, one Saturday afternoon, when the stage-coach drove up to a neighboring tavern, and the passengers alighted. As usual, we gathered around to observe them. Among the number was an elderly man, with a cane, who got out with much difficulty, and, when on the ground, he walked with the most curious contortions. His feet turned one way, his knees another, and his whole body looked as though the different members were independent of each other, and every one was making motions to suit itself.

"I unthinkingly shouted, 'Look at old Rattlebones!' while the poor man turned his head, with an expression of pain which I can never forget. Just then, to my surprise and extreme horror, my father came around the corner, and, immediately stepping up to the stranger, shook his hand warmly, and assisted him to walk to our house, which was but a short distance.

"I could enjoy no more play that afternoon, and when tea-time came I would gladly have hidden myself; but I knew that would be in vain, and so tremblingly went into the sitting-room. To my great relief, the stranger did not recognize me, but remarked pleasantly to my father, as he introduced me:

"Such a fine boy was surely worth the saving!"

"How the words cut me to the quick! My father had often told me the story of a friend who had plunged into the river to save me, as I was drowning, when an infant, and who, in consequence of a cold then taken, had been made a cripple by inflammatory rheumatism; and this was the man I had made a butt of ridicule and a laughing-stock for my companions!

"I tell you, boys and girls, I would give many dollars to have the memory of that event taken away. If ever you are tempted as I was, remember that, while no good comes of sport whereby the feelings of others are wounded, you may be laying up for yourselves painful recollections that will not leave you for a lifetime. S. B. PELL.

#### Letters from the Hopes.

SODA SPRINGS, Idaho, March 14th, 1880.

Dear Hopes:—To-day is Sunday, and, as there is neither Sunday School nor meetings to attend, I will write to our precious paper, which we all love so dearly. I only wish that we could live more like the instructions of those who so kindly furnish the *Hope* with useful and instructive reading. I hope that Perla Wild and others will favor us with more pretty stories; they are filled with good morals. We go to school and have a mile to walk. Our teacher's name is Mr. Williams. He is very much liked by all his pupils. We are having very cold weather here this winter, and it is playing havoc with the cattle. This is a very pretty place in the summer. People come here and spend two or three months through the warmest weather for their health, and to drink soda water. Perhaps some of our readers do not know what I mean by soda water. Well, it bubbles up through the ground, and is as clear as crystal. It has a strong, yet a pleasant taste. I can hardly describe it, for there is nothing that I can compare it with. The springs are numerous. We drink nothing but soda water in the summer. We are situated in a little valley surrounded by large mountains. Bear River is south of us; Soda

Creek runs north and west of us, and east of us is a beautiful, clear stream, called Spring Creek. I wish you were here in the spring when all the meadows are green, and the flowers are in blossom. Love to all, and pray for me that I may remain faithful to the cause. As ever your sister,

CAROLINE ELIASSON.

ELMIRA, Mitchel county, Kansas,  
March 22d, 1880.

Dear Little Hopes:—As I can not write my sister will write for me. I am nine years old. I do not belong to the Church, but I wish to be baptized next summer. I want you to pray for me, that I may be a good boy. When I can write for myself I will write again.

JOHN U. ANDES.

ELMIRA, Mitchel county, Kansas,  
March 22d, 1880.

Dear Little Hopes:—I seat myself to try to interest our little paper. I am ten years old, and was baptized the 8th of June. I am trying to do what is right. I sometimes do what is wrong, but I pray to the Lord to forgive me for all that I do that is wrong. Dear Hopes let us try to do what is right, and when we do things that are wrong let us ask the Lord to forgive us. I want you all to pray for me, and I will pray for you. If I see this little letter in the *Hope* I will write again.

CATHARINE REBECCA ANDES.

AUGUSTA, Wisconsin, March 20th, 1880.

Dear Hopes:—It being Saturday and my work done, I improve my idle moments in writing to you. I do not belong to the Church. My father, mother and sister do. There is no branch here. We would like to have some elders come, as we are all alone. There is no church to go to only the Methodist. I would like to see some more in the *Hope* from Uncle John. I wish so much that the *Hope* was a weekly. Love to all. Your friend,

LAURA.

SAMISON, Shelby county, Iowa,  
March 13th, 1880.

Dear Hopes:—I am eleven years old. It is snowing very hard here to-day, and it is very cold weather. The snow is four or five inches deep and very soft. Father has had the neuralgia in his face about a week, but it is a little better now, but he can not work any yet. I love to read your letters in the *Hope*. Father has been the president of our branch, for a number of years. We have no Sabbath School now, but will have the first Sunday in April. I love to go to it. Brother John H. Lake baptized me last winter. Your affectionate sister,

KATIE HALLIDAY.

BARNARD, Mo., March 19th, 1880.

Dear Little Hopes:—I do not know many of you, but I would like to see you all. Let all of us who have obeyed the gospel try to live so that we may be worthy to be gathered home, when the time comes for the gathering. I am going to try to go to the May conference at Ross Grove, and I hope to see some of you there. My love to you all,

HANNAH CHRISTENSON.

BERBETOWN, Harrison Co., Iowa,  
March 7th, 1880.

Dear Hopes:—I think that Nil Desperandum is a splendid story. If any of the Hopes would like to write to me I would like to have them. My little niece and nephew are living with us. Your sista in the Church,

IDA C. YARRINGTON.

15 April 80.

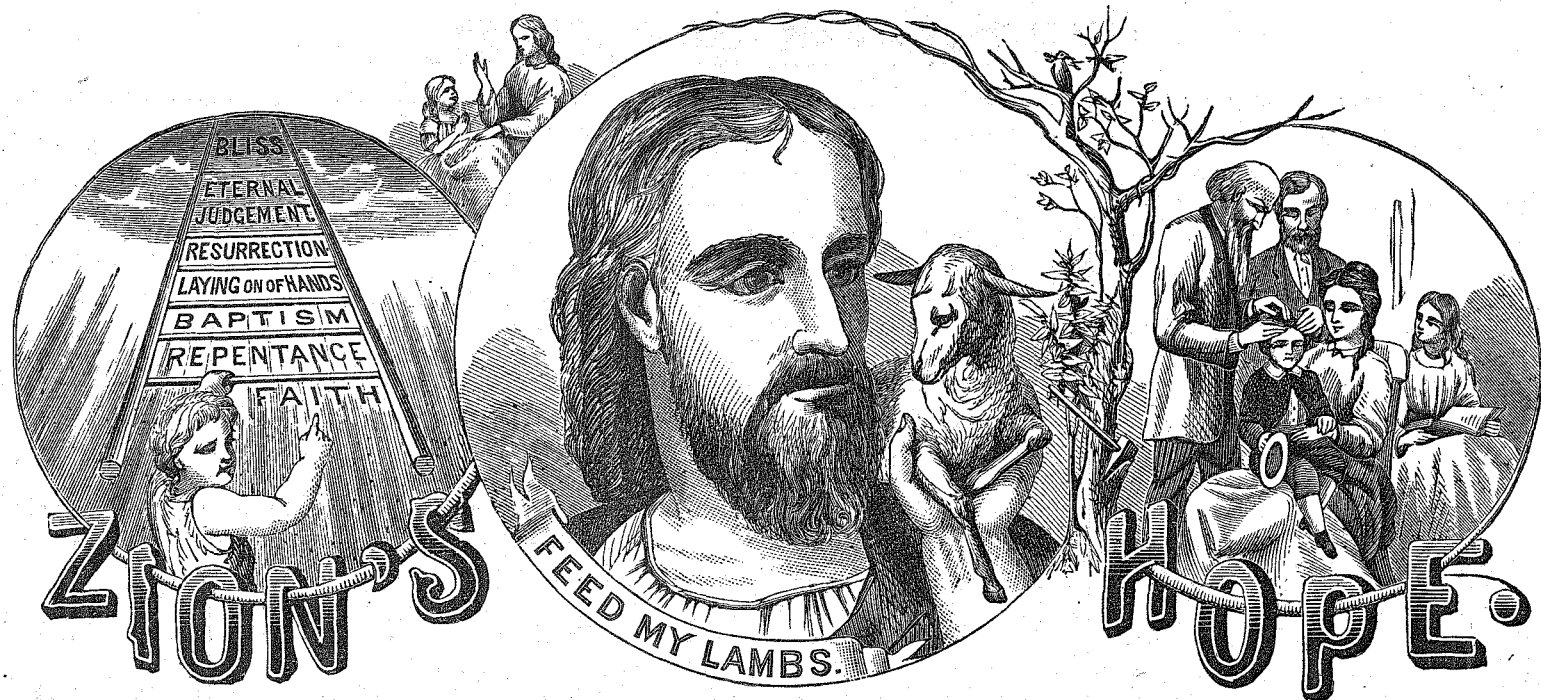
A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue.

#### 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.

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 H. A. Stebbins. Price Sixty cents per year, free of postage. All remittances, orders, and business communications intended for the office of publication, should be directed to Joseph Smith, Plano, Kendall County, Illinois. 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. Superintendents and Teachers of Sunday Schools, Book Agents, and the Traveling Ministry, are requested to act as Agents.





"Even a Child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure."—Prov. 20:11.

MAKE CHILDHOOD SWEET.

**W**AIT not till the little hands are at rest,  
Ere you fill them full of flowers;  
Wait not for the crowning tuberose  
To make sweet the last sad hours;  
But while in the busy household band,  
Your darlings still need your guiding hand,  
Oh, fill their lives with sweetness!

Wait not till the little hearts are still  
For the loving look and phrase;  
But while you gently chide a fault  
The good deed kindly praise.  
The word you speak beside the bier  
Falls sweeter far on the living ear;  
Oh, fill young lives with sweetness!

Ah, what are the kisses on clay-cold lips  
To the rosy mouth we press,  
When our wee one flies to her mother's arms,  
For love's tenderest caress!  
Let never a worldly bauble keep  
Your heart from the joy each day should reap,  
Circling your lives with sweetness.

Give thanks each morn for the sturdy boys,  
Give thanks for the fairy girls;  
With a dower of wealth like this at home,  
Could you rifle the earth for pearls?  
Wait not for death to gem Love's crown,  
But daily shower life's blessings down,  
And fill your hearts with sweetness.

Remember the homes where light has fled,  
Where the rose has faded away;  
And the love that glows in youthful hearts,  
Oh, cherish it while you may!  
And make your home a garden of flowers,  
Where joy shall bloom through childhood's hours,  
And fill your lives with sweetness.

GLIMPSES BY THE WAY.

**W**HEN traveling along the pathway of life, we occasionally catch glimpses of something by the wayside that attracts our attention, and we feel, under the inspiration of the moment, that perhaps a pen picture thereof might be of interest, to some, at least, but a consciousness of inability to portray the same, as others whose talents are greater, has hitherto caused me to refrain from making the attempt. But, as I call to mind the story of old, of him who had but the one talent, and also the words of one of the editors to me a few days ago, "We would like to have you write for the *Hope*," I will, with your permission, take up the pen, trusting that better acquaintance may strengthen our friendship, and lead us all nearer to the Father above.

And in thus writing, it may be of interest to some if I endeavor this time to tell you a little about my visit to Plano, as it was my privilege to attend the Jubilee Conference just past. But, before I speak of that, I will tell you, kind readers, where I live and who I am. I live in a quiet little inland town in the western part of the prairie state—Illinois—twelve miles from the broad Mississippi, and three miles from a branch of the C. B. and Q. rail road, which passes south of our town. So much for my home. I may tell you more of that some other time. As to who I am, I will be brief: I am one who, though young in years, comparatively speaking, has passed through many experiences that have not fallen to the common lot of all. Of some of these I may tell you in the future, should this meet your approbation; but I remember that at present I am writing of something else. We live about one hundred and sixty miles from Plano, and having only attended district gatherings before, it seemed like going quite a long way to Conference.

On the morning of the 5th a party of five boarded the train at A—, our railroad station, and a pleasant ride of forty miles brought us to Galva, where we changed cars and also took breakfast; for we had left home in the early morning. On board the train again our next station was Kewanee, where we were joined by Bro. and Sr. John Chisnall of that place, and from that on, at various stations our numbers increased, and at Buda, I think it was, a number came in who had come up on another road, among them Sr. Stafford, of Lewiston, Illinois; Brn. W. T. Bozarth and G. T. Griffiths of Missouri; Bro. J. A. Crawford and others. The conductor asked Bro. Griffiths what was going on up at Plano. He said that everybody was getting tickets for there. Time passed quickly and pleasantly by in conversation with the Saints, some of them being old friends, others new acquaintances. About two o'clock we arrived at Plano, where we found a number of the Saints at the station awaiting those who

should come, among the number we remember Bro. and Sr. Patterson of Kewanee, Bro. and Sr. H. A. Stebbins, Bro. J. F. McDowell and Bro. W. W. Blair. After exchange of greetings there was a brief consultation, and some of the committee took up our baggage and said, "Follow me," and we obeyed. Suffice it to say, we found kind friends and were made welcome, and we here express our thanks to all whose hospitality we shared while there, and assure them they are remembered kindly.

I do not know as I ought to express my opinion of Plano as a city or village, having had so little acquaintance with it. We were informed that it contains about two thousand inhabitants, and from the glimpses we caught it seems a pleasant, cheerful, homelike place. The building in which the conference was held is situated in the south part of the town, and faces the east. It is a plain, unpretentious, substantial appearing stone structure, with the words, "Holiness unto the Lord," over the door, also the date of its erection, "1868." The interior is neat and commodious.

On reaching the chapel on the morning of the 6th we found that conference had already convened, and slipping in quietly we took our seats. Glancing over the large congregation we beheld many strange countenances, here and there a dear familiar face, some not seen by us for years, and we felt thankful for the privilege of meeting with the Saints in General Conference. And, after seeing them there from the west, from the southern and eastern states, and from Canada, we felt as though we had not come so very far.

Space forbids me telling of the meetings, the conference minutes will speak of them. On Sunday there were three baptized in the clear waters of a stream near by, called Big Rock Creek. After the services, through the kindness of a friend, we had a pleasant ride. The evergreens growing on the hill-sides, and the pleasant, winding road, caused me to set, at least that part of the country down in memory as decidedly "picturesque."

We started for home on Wednesday, and reached our destination Thursday night, 15th. We came part of the way in company with our genial brother, E. C. Brand and his estimable lady, Bro. E. L. Kelley, Bro. Harvey of Magnolia, Iowa, and others. And so we are home again, to take up anew the burdens of life. Trusting that we may be so enabled to bear them that we may be worthy to meet with all the Israel of God,

"In the gathering when  
We stand before his throne."

I am your sister,

VIOLA.

## Egypt, Palestine, and Syria.—No. 29.

PREPARED BY T. J. ANDREWS.

**M**ARCH 25th. We have now an interesting week to spend in Jerusalem. Near the Temple area we turned a little to the right to view the remains of an old pool, now known as the

### POOL OF BETHESDA.

It is also called a sheep pool. The apostle John says, "Now there is at Jerusalem by the sheep market a pool, which is called in the Hebrew tongue, Bethesda, having five porches." It is a great reservoir 360 feet in length and 131 broad; another portion of it is 45 feet broad and continued 140 feet further. Its walls are built of stone and strongly cemented. The cement is broken off in many places, the walls fallen in, and portions of it filled with dirt. At the present rate of decay it will soon be added to the entombed remnants of the ancient city.

Regaining our road we turned to where the Christians are digging to lay the foundation of a new monastery. In their labors they discovered an ancient aqueduct in good preservation. It was a noble piece of work, built with care and skill. The walls were of stone and arched overhead high enough for a man to walk erect. The bottom on one side was a cemented channel, 18 inches by 18, for the water to flow in. On the other was a raised pathway, along which a man could walk in a crouching posture, free from contact with the water. The whole was smoothly cemented, and in as good condition as when first built. It led off in the direction of the Temple area.

Passing on we left the city by St. Stephen's gate. A little to the left our guide, pointing to a slight elevation, said, "There is where we suppose Stephen was stoned." From this point we made a descent into Jehosaphat again. A bridge 20 feet high crosses the Kidron. Passing over we came to the tomb and chapel of the Virgin Mary. Here is the reputed tomb of the Virgin Mary, and over it a church has been built. It is an antique looking structure, and its stones bear the deep lines of age. Situated in the deep narrow valley, and imbedded in the brow of Olivet, the deposits from the hill sides have accumulated around it until it has become almost a subterranean chapel. We descend by a flight of steps into a broad paved court. Here a spacious doorway, with door opened, stood before us. A long descent of 60 stone steps and we found ourselves in a spacious, gloomy

chapel, excavated in the hillside. On the left of these stairs is shown the tomb of Joseph, the husband of Mary. The chapel is decorated in a most gaudy manner, the rudely drawn, highly colored pictures of the Greeks adorn the walls, bunches of flowers and great clusters of ostrich eggs were hanging here and there, while a multitude of dazzling lamps, of gold and silver, were suspended from the ceiling. I counted more than sixty in the main hall, aside from those in the niches, aisles and recesses, that opened from the sides. The solemnity and gloom of the place was increased by the light of these lamps, reflected through the glass shades of different colored hues.

But where is the tomb of Mary? On the eastern side of the grotto, at its deepest extremity, there stands a little separate chapel, and in its gloomy shade an altar, the whole more profusely decorated than any other portion of the room. That altar stands connected with the tomb, which they say is the place where the body of Mary was laid.

We passed out of the church a few steps when the Monk, our guide, called us aside and drew a large iron key from his pocket, and applied it to the lock of a strong iron door in the hillside. It swung back upon its rusty creaking hinges, and we stood within another large cavern wholly excavated from the rock. "This," he said, "is the grotto of the agony." This spot is the property of the Latins. The Franciscans keep the key, and our friend had brought it along on purpose to show us this holy place. It is a large, low cavern of irregular shape, sixty feet across, chiseled in the solid rock. The low, rocky roof is supported here and there by columns of the natural rock. It is a singular looking cave, and has a low ledge of rock running around a large portion of the sides, as if intended for seats. Here are also an altar, lamps, candles and pictures. This altar is said to mark the spot to which the Savior retired and prayed, and where he endured his last agonizing struggle before he was betrayed into the hands of his enemies.

### GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

We emerged from the grotto, ascended the steps, and stood again on the open common. Here undoubtedly was the Garden of Gethsemane; its locality is so plainly indicated in the scripture narratives, and by the nature of the ground, as to leave little doubt in the mind of the visitor that he has found the place.

Just as you cross Kidron by the bridge and commence the ascent of the path that leads up the Mount of Olives, you see upon your right a small patch of ground covering perhaps half an acre, inclosed with a strong, stone wall, eight or ten feet in height. It is deeply shaded with eight venerable old olive trees, and planted with beds of flowers and shrubbery. This beautiful and carefully guarded spot is in the keeping of Franciscan Monks, and is the place usually pointed out and described in the books of travelers as the Garden of Gethsemane. On obtaining admission I inquired of my attendant concerning

its being the identical spot of the garden. He replied,

"We do not pretend to say that this is the garden any more than any other spot in this immediate vicinity. The garden was here and there and all about this locality. You see those great old olive trees. We built this wall to protect them, and had it not been for our care the pilgrims would long ago have torn them to pieces to carry home as relics to their own lands; and not a vestige of them would now have been left."

"How old," said I, "are these olive trees?"

"They are known to be nearly 1,000 years old," said he. "Some," he continued, "have supposed them to be the very ones under which the Savior sat, but I do not think that can be."

We wandered some time among the shrubbery, and plucked some flowers for our specimen book; and, what was still more acceptable, one of the Monks presented to us a rosary made from fifty of the stones or pits of the olives that grew upon these same old trees. We accepted the string with many thanks, not because it was a rosary, but for its association with the hallowed ground that had witnessed the agony and been watered with the tears of the Savior of men. "Here," said our guide, as we passed a certain place, "is where the disciples slept while Jesus prayed. There where you see that little inclosure is where Jesus taught them how to pray."

People were constantly going up a certain path, falling down upon their knees and kissing a rock. "What is that?" I asked. "By that rock," he replied, "Jesus stood when Judas gave him the treacherous kiss."

### THE HEAVENLY HOME.

**I**T is not the walls of the building in which you live that makes your earthly home, but the company of those you love.

A little boy about four or five years old was returning home from school one day. He bounded into the house, exclaiming as he hung his hat up in the entry, "This is my home! this is my home!"

A lady was then on a visit to his mother, and was sitting in the parlor. She said to him:

"Willie, the house next door is just the same as this; suppose you go in there and hang your hat up in the lobby, wouldn't that be your home as well as this?"

"No, ma'am," said Willie, very earnestly, "It would not."

"Why not?" asked the lady. "What makes this house your home more than that?"

Willie had never thought of this before. But after a moment's pause he ran up to his mother, and throwing his arms around her neck, said:

"Because my dear mother lives here."

It is the presence and company of those we love which makes our earthly home, and it is just so with our heavenly home—that home which our dear Savior has gone to prepare for the children of God.

A little Sunday School boy lay upon his dying bed. His teacher sat at the bedside holding the hand of his scholar.

"I'm going home to heaven," said the little fellow.

"Why do you call heaven your home?" asked his teacher.

"Because Jesus is there."

"But suppose," said the teacher, "that Jesus should go out of heaven?"

"Then I would go out with Him," said the dying child. This dear child loved Jesus.

### REMEMBER THE SABBATH.

**H** Johnson's Encyclopedia may be found a full description of a rail road bridge which crosses the Susquehanna River at Havre De Grace, Maryland: its length 3,500 feet, 13 spans of over 250 feet between beams; 500 to 1000 men, four or five years, and upwards of \$2,000,000 to complete the work. Three spans were completed when it was proposed to work Sundays to complete the work within a given time. Maryland laws at this time were very strict; yet neither the bridge nor its workmen were interfered with; and citizens died through walking in a July and August sun, because they could not hire a hack, home. There is a web which strong flies can break through. It came to pass that the bridge was finished within the time required, and a noble, conspicuous structure it was. But no sooner was it finished than the agents of another Lawgiver, wind, and storm, fulfilling His word, made their forces felt. A terrific storm arose, and the rain descended, the floods came, and the winds blew and beat upon that bridge, and it fell, and great was the fall of it. And, strange to say, the three spans that were completed before the Sunday work commenced, were left standing. But the waters of the Chesapeake Bay and of the Susquehanna River were literally covered with costly timbers that had been made fire proof. The bridge has been reconstructed since, but whether the Sabbath was violated or not the writer is unable to say. It was a certain proof to the people of Maryland, "Thou shall keep the Sabbath day holy."

James Kershaw, once a poor boy, but afterwards member of Parliament for Stockport, revisited the Sunday School of his early days, and looking over the class books was gratified to see for seven years that he had not been once absent when a Sunday School scholar, and fourteen years a teacher. And, while putting back the books, he expressed the conviction that his regard for the Sabbath and for the Sabbath School was the only foundation of all his blessings, both temporal and spiritual.

I have seen my father as a Sunday School teacher, superintendent, and local minister, and in all his thirty years in the work of the Lord, I do not think he was absent thirty times.

Todd, the American writer, says that every merchant in New York who kept his office open all or part of the Sabbath day failed in

business; that in twenty years forty Sabbath breaking merchants went to ruin; not one escaped.

"Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

"And God rested upon the seventh day, and hallowed it."

PITTSBURG, Pa.,

WILLIAM STREET.

### SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTION.

A convention of the St. Louis District was held at West Belleville, St. Clair Co., Illinois, March 14th, 1880. The assembly was called to order at 10 a.m. The superintendent, Bro. William Jaques, occupied the chair. Exercises as follows: singing from the Silver Spray, "The Angels in the Air." Prayer by Bro. R. D. Cottam, followed by anthem hymn. The reports of the different schools were then called for and read as follows:

West Belleville, "Bethlehem Sunday School, for six months ending March 7th, 1880: teachers and officers 7, average attendance 4; scholars 45, average attendance 35; books in the library 65, total in use by the school 90 volumes. Financial report: In debt last report, \$2.50; income since last report, \$18.90; disbursement \$8.55, leaving a balance on hand of \$6.65. [Error of \$1.20.—Eds.] Joseph E. Betts, supt.; Frank Griffiths, sec.

Caseyville, "Star of Zion" Sunday School: Average attendance of 25, teachers 4. Received during last three months, \$4; expended 10 cents, leaving a balance on hand \$3.90. The school is in fair condition. James Buxton, supt.; John L. Stoddard, sec.

Alma Sunday School, for the six months ending February 22d, 1880: Number of officers and teachers 9, average attendance 6; number of scholars 72, average attendance 41; total of 81 officers, teachers and scholars. Financial: On hand last report \$4.60; received \$9.20, total \$13.80; expended \$10.50, leaving a balance on hand of \$3.30. John Campbell, supt.; Robert H. Mantle, sec.

St. Louis "Zion's Hope" Sunday School: Scholars 30, officers and teachers 6, total membership 36; average attendance 25. Cash on hand \$4.70. R. D. Cottam, supt.; Samuel R. Burgess, sec.

Cheltenham, no report; but Bro. Reese stated that he understood that the school was in a good condition.

Gravois, disorganized.

Briar Hill, no report.

The president gave us an outline of his labor. He had organized one school at Briar Hill in the last quarter.

The question of funds for defraying the expenses of the district was laid over till next meeting.

Resolved that the conference to be held in St. Louis two weeks from to-day, be requested to send District Sunday School Superintendent, and to define his duty.

That school be requested to send one or more delegates to each convention.

That Joseph E. Betts act as a committee to draw up a form for Sunday School reports, and send it to the Herald Office and ascertain what it will cost to print two or three hundred, and report to the next convention.

That the minutes of the meeting be sent to conference.

That we adjourn till the superintendent be sent from conference, and till he call the convention together, and that the same officers act till that time.

WILLIAM JAQUES, Supt. of Dist.

JOSEPH HICKLIN, Secretary.

Bro. Henry: Our school district seems to be in a good condition, and I suppose that all our little Hopes will like to hear how we are doing in this great work; therefore we send the report of this meeting. It may be interesting to some of those who were not at the convention, and also to some not of our district. May God bless all the Sunday Schools in the Church, is our prayer.

JOSEPH HICKLIN.

### SUNDAY SCHOOL REPORTS.

The Crescent City, Iowa, Sunday-School, for the quarter ending March 28th, 1880, reports as follows: Total attendance 469, average 42 7-11; total collection \$3.83, average 38 cents. The expenses were \$3.45. Fifteen copies of the *Hope* are taken. Questions answered were twenty-two in number. Officers for the ensuing quarter are as follows: Superintendent, H. N. Hanson; assistant superintendent, Robert Kirkwood; secretary, C. W. Lapworth; treasurer, A. T. Lapworth; librarian, J. C. Lapworth; janitor, W. Strang. C. W. LAPWORTH, secretary.

The Rocky Mountain Branch Sunday School, of Colorado, reports for six months ending March 28th, 1880. This Sabbath-school was organized Sept. 19th, 1879, with 18 members. Since the organization 3 have been added, making a membership of 21, including the superintendent, secretary and 4 teachers. The average attendance has been 20; number of verses recited by the scholars 2557; received during the six months \$19.25, which has been expended for Sunday-school books, cards, tickets and prizes for the little Hopes. James Kemp, Jun., superintendent and librarian; Agnes Ellis, treasurer and secretary. This school is in a prosperous condition. Great interest is felt in it by the teachers and scholars. The superintendent gives out lessons from the Bible every Sunday for the children to learn, and questions are asked on the lesson, which makes the school interesting, and those not of the Church say that we have a good Sunday-school. These little Hopes live high up in the mountains, about seven thousand feet above the sea level. UNCLE JAMES.

Report of the Zion's Hope Sunday-school, Dennisport, Mass., for six months ending December 28th, 1879. There were 24 sessions held, two being lost on account of stormy weather. There was an average attendance of officers and teachers 5½, and scholars 19 23-24. There were 24 lessons, and 1,971 verses recited. By means of the penny collection, taken each Sunday, \$2.23 was realized, and from the Christmas entertainment \$6.22, making a total of \$8.59. Expended for books, papers and cards, and for Christmas entertainment \$2.24, leaving a balance of \$7.43. Isaiah L. Chase, superintendent; Jane S. Eldredge, librarian, secretary and treasurer.

### Letters from the Hopes.

MONDAMIN, Iowa, April 22d, 1880.

Dear Hopes:—Again I feel like talking to you. The love I have for the gospel continually wells up in my heart, and to-night I feel as though a word from me concerning it would be acceptable.

My thoughts go out in praise and thanksgiving to our blessed Savior, to read our dear *Herald* and *Hope* and see the interest and zeal that are manifested by the big Hopes and little ones too. And I feel as though I could not sit still and manifest no interest.

I feel like saying to the little Hopes, those who have the blest privilege of attending Sabbath School, Be punctual, and seek to God to help you to learn the truths that are there taught, that you may grow up wise men and women in Christ. I never had this privilege when I was a little girl, and I was never taught to think any more of God's precious words than any other book. But, like many others, through the love God had for me he directed affairs so that I was shown that I was not going the right way.

I have one dear little Hope to train up, and I intend, God being my helper, to impress on his little mind the duty that all human beings owe to their God. The more I learn of the goodness of God the more I feel the necessity of living to please him. And since I have come to a knowledge of the truth I wonder why God was so good to me even when I was so wicked; for he was good.

I was so blind and indifferent as to the things concerning him that I treated them as foolishness,

and would not listen to the good advice that was given me by those who loved to obey him. But while I was thinking that I was as good as the best of them, God showed me my errors, and many, very many are the times that I have thanked him for it.

Now, dear little Hopes, I trust and pray that you will not be as foolish as I was, so that you will need by bitter punishment (like all disobedient children) to come to a right understanding of what you might learn in a far easier manner. Let us ever respect and love those who are willing to give us good advice, or to help us in any way, either at home or at Sabbath School.

The first commandment given us is "Honor thy father and thy mother." This also we should observe, for our first duty is at home. And if we can not be kind, loving and gentle at home we can not have a good influence away from home. And parents should also conduct themselves before their children so that their examples may be worthy of imitation. Make home happy, cheerful and bright for the little ones. Let no cloud of gloom or ill nature hover around it, but, like the title of the beautiful story written by Perla Wild, "never despair" under the trials of life, no never. Pray for me that I may endure.

SISTER H. H.

ANTELOPE, Neb., March 23th, 1880.

Dear Hopes:—In this part of God's vineyard, we are striving to serve the Lord in our feeble way. We have no Elders. Brother G. W. Galley came to see us in January and baptized two, and organized us into a branch, called the Clearwater Branch. We are having a good Sunday-school. For the last quarter, commencing January 4th, Mrs. Ellen Horr was superintendent, Mrs. Kizzie Smith, secretary and treasurer, Mrs. Ellen Horr teacher of Bible class, Mr. Sylvester Horr teacher of small class. Average attendance of scholars 20; total verses recited 169; number of visitors 8. Organized anew for six months, as follows: Elected March 23th, 1880, superintendent, James H. Smith; assistant superintendent, Ellen Horr; secretary and treasurer, Kizzie Smith; teacher of the Bible class, J. H. Smith; of the small class, Sylvester Horr. Ever working for the welfare of the *Hope*, I am your sister,

KIZZIE SMITH.

BOSTON, Mass., April 7th, 1880.

Dear Hopes:—I will write a few lines, because it has been a long time since I wrote to you. I hope you will excuse me, as it is but the second time I have written to you, and I am not used to write letters. I am twelve years old. My parents take the *Hope*. We all like to read it. We have a Sunday-school here in Boston, and I hope it will go on. I like very much to go. I ask an interest in the prayers of the Saints, that I may remain faithful to the end. Your sister in Christ,

HELENA BERTELSEN.

BUFFALO PRAIRIE, Ill.,  
March 31st, 1880.

Dear Little Hopes: I am eleven years old. I am going to the Spring school. I study reading, writing, spelling, geography, and arithmetic. My father and mother, and two of my sisters, belong to the Church, and I intend to some time. I have another sister younger than I, and a little brother four years old. Good by for this time.

RACHEL A. LARUE.

CAMERON, Mo., April 4th, 1880.

Dear Hopes:—It has been a long time since I wrote to you. My father has gone to General Conference. Our school has not begun yet. My grandmother died the 20th of last month. She did not belong to our church; she was a Presbyterian, and lived a christian life according to the light that she had received. O, that I may live as she did, according to the light and knowledge I have received. She was in her sixty-eighth year, and we miss her very much, for she was a kind and affectionate grandmother. I want you all to pray for me, for I have

many faults to overcome. We have no Sabbath-school now. Hoping we may all meet in Zion, I am your sister in Christ, MARTHA P. BOZARTH.

I belong to the Church; was baptized last July by Bro. J. M. Terry. I am now nine years old. My father is on his way to General Conference; he is away the most of his time preaching the gospel. I try to be a good girl, but I am often overcome, and sometimes get discouraged. I still mean to try to do what is right. I hope you will all pray for me for I am very weak. Your sister in Christ,

ANNA BOZARTH.

ELKHORN CITY, Douglas Co., Nebraska,  
March 15th, 1880.

Dear Hopes:—It has been a long time since I wrote to you. I don't see many letters from Nebraska, so I write you that we are still living and enjoying good health, which is one of the greatest blessings God can give us, and we ought to thank him for his kindness. I hope that all of you are enjoying this blessing. We have had a fine old snow storm. It began to fall on the 11th of March, and continued for three days. We have had a mild winter, except about three weeks of cold weather in December, and a few days in January. Please remember me in your prayers, and I will remember you. I am as ever your sister in Christ,

MARY A. F. CURTIS.

I never wrote to you before. I am only eight years old. I liked to hear the story, "Nil Desperandum." I hope to be one of your number some day. Your friend,

CHRISTIANA CURTIS.

This is my first attempt to write to you. I am a little girl, and can not write, so I get my brother to write for me. I am only five years old. Good by. From your friend.

ISABEL O. CURTIS.

HUTCHINSON, Jefferson Co., Colo.,  
April 3d, 1880.

Dear Hopes: I am eleven years old, but I am not a member of the Church; I believe that I shall be baptized this summer, along with one of my sisters who is younger than I am. We have a nice Sunday School out here in the mountains. I received a very nice writing desk for my Sunday School prize, for learning verses; and my sister Lydia received a fine nice Bible from the Bible Class; another little Hope received a silver cup. We were all pleased with our prizes. I am going to school and learning to write: our teacher came from Iowa; he is a good one. I have my pa write this for me; next time I will try and write myself. I love to hear from all the little Hopes, and the big ones too.

SARAH KEMP.

SHERIDAN, Nev., March 22d, 1880.

Dear Little Hopes: We have no Sunday School here now; but I suppose it will commence next summer some time. We have had but a little fine weather this winter. I was thirteen years old February 21st. I have six brothers and one sister—her name is Sarah. I belong to the Church; I was baptized four years ago. We all belong to the Church except my three little brothers. Yours truly,

ELLEN JONES.

LITTLE SIOUX, Iowa, April 4th, 1880.

Dear Hopes: It being Sunday, I have time for thought, and my mind is drawn to contemplate the goodness of God. Do we live for God's blessing, or for the vanity of this world. I know that the book says "Let the beauty of your garments be by the workmanship of your own hands." But, dear sisters, let our garments be made neat, yet plain. How much better it looks when a sister comes in to the meeting-house with a neat, plain dress on, than one that is tucked up on one side and pulled back on the other, and tied so tight that she can not sit down with comfort. As Saints of God we must be neat and clean. Cleanliness is next to godliness. If we keep ourselves clean I think we will be paid for our trouble, when we see how nice every thing looks. Let us lay aside all vanity, and strive for that crown

which is for those who live faithful. Jesus said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Then we must strive to be as perfect as a little child. The thought is a very sad one to me that perhaps I shall not be able to embrace those dear little babes whom Christ has called to him. Let us each serve God, and obtain that glorious crown. We must be on our guard, or Satan will lead us astray. Your sister in Christ,

MAGGIE.

I hope these will find all the little and big Hopes well, and enjoying the Spirit of God. I do not take the *Hope*, so I do not see who writes for it. We have had rather of a hard winter in this part of the State. I ask an interest in your prayers, also for my husband, dear Saints, for he does not belong to the Church. Your sister in Christ,

SARAH A. HOFFMAN.

STARFIELD, Clinton Co., Missouri,  
March 21st, 1880.

Dear Hopes:—I am deprived of the privilege of meeting with the Saints, and I think that I can not employ my time better to-day than to write to you. When I receive our paper the first thing I do is to see who of the Hopes have letters in it, and when I read them it does my heart good to think what a blessed Redeemer we have, who has permitted us to live in this day and age, when there is naught to prevent us from worshipping him. Although I fall short of doing my duty many times, I try to put my trust in God, asking him to give me a portion of his Spirit, that I may be more diligent in keeping his commandments; and also that he may bless me with a firm mind, and with wisdom and knowledge, and with a good understanding. Let us all strive, dear Hopes, to live nearer to God. Pray for me, that I may ever live faithful. I am your unworthy sister,

SARAH A. SUMMERFIELD.

RIVER SIOUX, Iowa, March 27th, 1880.

Dear Hopes: I am ten years old; I read in the Fourth Reader. I belong to the Church; was baptized by Elder Cox. My brother and one sister, and my parents also belong. I have two sisters (younger than I am) who do not belong. I believe this is the true work of God. I know that I have been healed more than once, and my ma was healed when she was too weak to keep her eyes open, and she arose and got dinner for four besides our own family. I love to read the *Hope* and *Herald*. We have meeting at Little Sioux every Sunday, and I go every time I can. Your sister in Christ,

NANCY E. BRADFORD.

I am thirteen years old. I belong to the Church, and so do my pa and ma, and brother and one sister. My pa is a Priest in the Little Sioux Branch. I was baptized over three years ago. I believe this is the work of God. I want you all to pray for me, that I may ever strive to do good.

Your sister in Christ,

LAURA I. BRADFORD.

BARNARD, Mo., March 19th, 1880.

Dear Little Hopes:—I am eight years old. I am not baptized yet, but hope to be. My sister writes for me because I can not write well. I send my love and good wishes to all.

CARRIE CHRISTENSON.

1 May 80.

A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue.

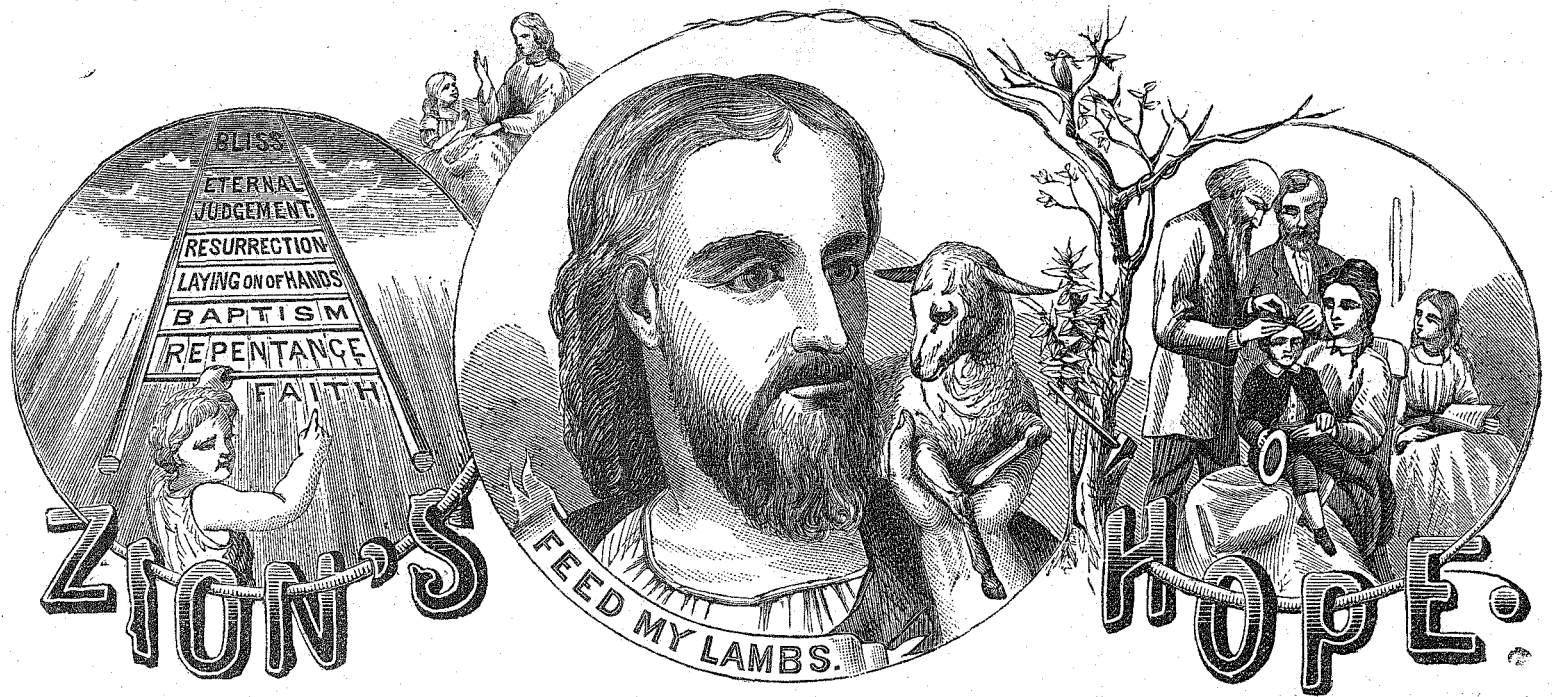
### THE SAINTS' HERALD.

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.

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 H. A. Stebbins. Price Sixty cents per year, free of postage.

All remittances, orders, and business communications intended for the office of publication, should be directed to Joseph Smith, Plano Kendall County, Illinois. 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.

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



"Even a Child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure."—Prov. 20 : 11.

**THREE APPLES FROM DREAMLAND.**

**G**ENTLE breeze floated through the open window, laden with the perfume of the orchard and clover field, rustled the white curtains, and lifted the ringlets from the forehead of a little girl who sat there, just enough to show a decided frown.

Susie Brown was discontented. She glanced around the tidy little room, turning her head away with a sigh as she did so, and began watching the bees as they flew from blossom to blossom, and vaguely wondered if they were contented with their lot. The curtains began rustling more loudly, and Susie saw a queer, little, old woman hop down from the window. Perching herself in a chair she began to scold Susie soundly.

"Now, look here, Susie Brown, what in the world have you to complain of? Here you have a nice farm to live on, a good father and mother to care for you, a dear little brother to play with; now what more do you want? There are plenty of children who have no home, no father or mother, not even a friend!" "Nice!" exclaimed Susie.

The woman followed the direction of her gaze, but, failing to discover the object of her contempt, she turned and looked at her more sharply. As she did so her eyes rested on a paper lying on Susie's lap.

"Aha!" she exclaimed, as she pounced upon it. "So this is it! Well, let's see," and began reading aloud:

"The Lady Beatrice sat in her rose colored boudoir, the rich lace of her dress, as it fell in cloud-like heaps upon the velvet carpet forming a lovely contrast with the silken hangings. Her beautiful head, resting on one jeweled hand, while with the other she was toying with a superb diamond necklace, which flashed and sparkled on her snow white neck."

"Bah!" she exclaimed, throwing down the paper, and giving the floor a vigorous thump with her cane, "I'll show you some beautiful

apples,—on the outside," she added to herself, as she drew forth a cloak, and folded it around the wondering Susie, who no sooner than this was accomplished, rose from the floor, and gently floated out through the window, over the fields, away toward the blue line of hills that had been her boundary all her short life time. The little old woman chuckled at her astonishment.

"Where are we going?" she asked. "Going to the orchard to find some of those apples you were reading about," was the answer, which Susie did not quite understand, but she remained silent for fear of appearing inquisitive.

They floated onward, and soon came to a vast collection of houses, of all sizes, houses on every side as far as eye could reach. Selecting one of the very finest, the old woman led the way, passing from room to room, where the utmost exaggeration of Susie's fancy was surpassed by the splendor that wealth displayed. At last she drew a long breath, and, turning to her companion, exclaimed,

"O, how happy must be the persons who live here!"

The old woman smiled, and led the little girl to another room, where was seated a young looking lady, who seemed evidently to be waiting for some one; for, from moment to moment, she would raise her head, as though listening, while her whole attitude bespoke suspense.

"Come," said the woman, as Susie paused timidly, "she can neither hear nor see us," and they entered, seating themselves in a corner where they could command a view of the entire room.

At last the lady grew impatient and began pacing up and down the room. A gleam as of hope lit up her face as she heard a footfall; but, as a young man entered the room, a look of despair settled down over her countenance. He spoke rudely to her, and in a commanding tone said,

"Well! why, are you here yet? I thought

I told you to leave in my absence." "I thought you might have relented." "Relent!" he answered scornfully, and a torrent of harsh words and threats burst forth, filling the room with a subtle poison, closing around the young wife, till, with an agonizing appeal for him to desist, she fell forward in a heap at his feet.

Susie trembled and shrank towards the old woman.

"O, I can not breathe, do come away."

"What! so soon? I thought"— "O, do please come," pleaded Susie, while the old woman smiled, as she stood for a moment over the senseless form, touching her gently to bring her back to life, and giving the man a sharp rap over the head with her cane as she passed him.

"Well, my dear, how do you like apple number one?"

Susie began to comprehend her meaning. "Wasn't it terrible!" she exclaimed.

To be Continued.

**THE GIRL IN TROUBLE.**

**W**HENCE there was a little girl and her folks were always scolding her and calling her names, because she would jump and would run. And when she laughed she did so very loudly. Then they would scold her again, which would make her feel very bad, and she would try to be quiet. So she would get a picture book to look at, and when she found a funny picture she would laugh aloud. Then they would tell her to hush and to stop her noise, or they would whip her. And if she went out to play they would call her "Tomboy," and tell her to go into the house and sit down like a lady. Then she would go into the house and sit down, and her mother and sisters would call her "Old grandmother," and tell her to get to work, and she would get to washing the dishes. And then when her mother came in, she would tell her to get down and not make her dress dirty.

ELLEN ROWLAND.

## Egypt, Palestine, and Syria.--No. 30.

PREPARED BY T. J. ANDREWS.

## THE ASCENT OF OLIVET.



LEAVING the garden we commenced to ascend the Mount of Olives. It lies directly east of the city, from which it is separated by the deep valley of Jehosaphat. Its height from this valley is from 500 to 700 feet, a little more than 100 feet higher than Mt. Zion, and 50 feet higher than the Temple area upon Mt. Moriah, so that it overlooks the whole of the city. The summit directly east of the city is the traditional place of the ascension of Christ. It slopes down beautifully towards Jehosaphat, and again toward Bethany on the east. Viewed from Mt. Zion it has a most graceful outline, and is the most commanding object from Jerusalem. It was once covered with beautiful gardens and olive orchards. Now it presents the same desolate appearance that characterizes all Jerusalem scenery. Of the palm trees in the valley not a single one is left, and the two gigantic cedars that once stood near its summit have disappeared, only a few scattering olive trees are seen upon its sides, and an occasional fig tree takes root in its scanty soil. Great boulders of variegated flint are scattered about in every direction, while here and there a little patch of ground enclosed by a tottering stone wall, is sown to barley.

At last we gained the summit and found upon it a little Arab village of fifteen or twenty miserable hovels, and a Turkish mosque surmounted by a tall minaret, and at a little distance a dilapidated Christian structure, known as the Church of the Ascension. From the minaret of this mosque we had one of those sublime and extensive views of the land that strikes every beholder with admiration. Here we stood, nearly 2800 feet above the water of the Mediterranean and almost 4000 above the Dead Sea. The mountains of Jerusalem were clustered close around us. Gethsemane, Jehosaphat and Kidron seemed under our feet, the walls, domes and minarets of the city lay glistening in the sunlight. Far away to the south rose up the high, conical peak of the Frank Mountain, encompassed by a multitude of smaller hills, and rising amid them all, Bethhaccerum, where Herod had his paradise, and where it is said his execrable bones were buried. To the north was Neby Samuel, or Mospheh, once the great rallying place for Israel, its summit now crowned with a Moslem mosque, while about clustered many other interesting localities, Gibeon, whose inhabitants beguiled Joshua into a league of peace; the valley of Ajalon, where at Joshua's command the sun and moon stood still in the heavens; to the right of them Michmash, the rocky glens and deep ravines of Ramah, Geba and Anathoth. Having feasted your eyes on these, you turn and look eastward; what a scene opens to your wondering vision. There the hill country of Judea, the wilderness, is before you in all its sterility, a mountainous region, broken

into bluffs and crags whose deep and yawning chasms, form a fit hiding place for Bedouin robbers and beasts of prey. Here your eye wanders to the bleak looking mountain where the Savior, fresh from his baptism, endured his terrible temptation and achieved his first great moral victory. Beyond this you look down into the deep vale of the Jordan, fresh in beauty and fertility, with its long snaky line of blue waters, around which cluster a thousand interesting associations. You follow its course along the dim distance, the width of the plain gradually expanding, until your eye catches a view of a portion of the waters of the Dead Sea, that wonderful monument that entombs beneath its dark, leaden waters the buried cities of the plain.

Beyond all these rise up in dark and sullen grandeur the mysterious mountains of Moab, on one of whose bold eminences the haughty Balak stood when he called Balaam, "Come curse me Jacob. Come defy Israel." Almost instinctively you search out the highest peak, and as your eyes rest upon it you exclaim, "There is Pisgah." On that sublime height Moses stood when he took his survey of the promised land. What remarkable sights are before us, and what wonderful visions of the past rise before us as we stand upon this lofty summit and enjoy this extensive prospect. Were there nothing more than this, a half hour on Olivet would well repay a long and weary pilgrimage.

The last chapter left us upon Olivet. We will now go to the opposite side. The eastern slope is more irregular, and has not the barren and neglected look of the western slope. Large patches of the soil are cultivated, olive trees are more plenty, and have a more vigorous and flourishing appearance. We made the ascension on foot, for we felt that it was an honored privilege to walk over ground every step of which has been trodden by patriarchs and apostles, aye, by the blessed Savior himself.

We continued down the direct path from the summit, narrow and rocky, but deeply worn, for it has known the friction of human feet for four thousand years. Near its base, nestling close under the brow of the hill, deeply shaded with olive trees, we found Bethany. It contains now about twenty houses, built of stone, all looking old and time worn. We made a descent upon the rear of the village, climbed over a low, tottering stone wall, and found ourselves in a patch of barley. An amiable old man in Turkish costume came out to meet us. His earnest look seemed to ask why we trespassed upon his lands. We met him with a friendly "Peace be with you," and he returned the salutation. He carried in his hand a Mahomedan rosary of olive wood beads, on which he was counting his prayers, for it was Ramedan. I took it in my hand and said, "How much?" at the same time offering him an English sixpence. He took it and gave me the beads, and I added them to my collection of curiosities.

Passing through the village another person offered to show us the house of Martha and

Mary and the tomb of Lazarus, and also that of Simon the leper, all of which we saw, but can not vouch for their genuineness. The tomb is a deep, dark vault, mostly excavated in the solid rock. A low door at the entrance, and a dilapidated winding stairway, led us down into the chamber, from which another door opened and a descent of a few steps brought us into an inner chamber, or small vault, in which the body of Lazarus is said to have laid. Although the tomb must have been somewhere near here, we have no evidence but uncertain tradition that this is the one.

Leaving Bethany we took the road around the southern brow of Olivet, to return to Jerusalem; and now we are upon interesting ground.

## FROM CALIFORNIA TO NEVADA.

**I** HAVE been intending for a long time to write and give a brief sketch of my journey from California (my former home) to this place, and I will now make good these intentions.

My home was in Lake county, California, and it was a very desirable location, being a very warm and pleasant, as well as healthy climate. I left there in May, 1879, and traveled about one hundred miles north, spending the summer in the small town of Newville in Colusa county. It was a very dry, hot place, much resembling the Sacramento plains, well known to all the settlers of California. In August 1879 I started for this place. Went first to Chico, Butte county, California, which is a very beautiful city. Spent a few days there, thence south to Sacramento City, and stayed there about two weeks. Then I took the train eastward for this place.

There are a great many grand sights between here and Sacramento City, chiefly the vast Sacramento plains, several rivers, the American, the Sacramento and the Bear rivers, the densely timbered foot hills of the Sierras, and the pretty villages that we passed occasionally, settled down in little sheltered nooks, and looking so quiet and secluded, and the farms also, well cultivated and nearly all of them having nice orchards and vineyards. But the darkness of the night prevented me from seeing the most beautiful and grandest sight of all, when we were on the summit of the Sierra Nevadas, but the conductor explained to me what it was, a precipice of hundreds of feet, down to a swift running river below.

We passed the summit at midnight, and after that I fell into a deep slumber, from which I did not awake till 8 o'clock the next morning. Then I found myself in Nevada, on a large alkali plain, and on looking all around that vast plain, and seeing nothing but sage brush, sand and rocks, my eyes longed for the sight of some trees, and as we neared the eastern side of the plain, I looked toward the south, and saw, as I imagined, a beautiful lake. On asking the name of it, I was informed that it was a mirage lake, not real.

When we reached Palisade, I changed cars for Eureka, and arrived here at half past eight o'clock, and was met by my husband, who came here some time before I did.

All I have to add is that this is a very prosperous mining camp, and it promises success in the future. It is very cold here. Spring does not seem to have opened yet, for there is no grass, no flowers, nor anything green. I am trying to serve the Lord, and I ask an interest in all your prayers. My prayer is for all that we may meet in Zion. More anon. Your sister in Christ,

EUREKA, Nevada, April 2d, 1830.

HETTIE F. HESS.

## THE DOG OF POMPEII.

**A** RICH citizen of Pompeii possessed a valuable dog, a noble and faithful animal called Delta. He had saved his master's life on three occasions; first, when nearly drowned in the sea; secondly, when attacked by robbers; thirdly, by destroying a she-wolf whose cubs his master had taken in a grove near Herculaneum. These particulars were inscribed on a collar round the dog's neck. When the sudden eruption of Mount Vesuvius in the year 79 overwhelmed these two cities and buried them for nearly seventeen hundred years, Delta, who had attached himself to his master's only son, attempted to shield him from the fiery tempest by stretching his body over him. In this position the two skeletons, the dog's and the boy's, were found when the ruins of Pompeii were explored.

## LETTER FROM ELDER CAFFALL.

*Editors Hope:*—The people who inhabit this part of Colorado arose from slumber this morning, to find the ground covered with snow, the glistening flakes still falling, with a prospect of continuance.

And as the severity of the storm precludes going forth, I decided to use a little time in addressing the readers of the *Hope*. Permit me then, to congratulate the young Hopes on their having Sabbath School privileges, and being able to learn so many valuable lessons from the columns of their paper. It would seem from the letters in the *Hope* that these privileges are appreciated, by some at least; and doubtless such will continue to see the necessity of continued diligence, so far as possible, in the performance of duties, and in the more permanent establishment of the Sunday School cause, in their respective localities.

Many, whose steps are now uncertain, and whose bodies are feeble, through the weight of accumulated years, can look back upon, and with joy remember, the lessons and impressions received in the Sabbath Schools, and can feel that it has been these have prevented the commission of many demoralizing acts. And, as they wait the close of their mortal career, and the entering in to test eternity's solemn realities, their burdens are made light in the thought that, at the examination of their earthly record, evidence will

appear of some of their time having been spent in the effort to promote the Sunday School cause.

In the beginning of this latter day work, the privileges of the Sabbath School were not enjoyed, the pressure brought to bear against the Saints, by the outer world, rendered it impossible. From 1830 to 1838 the Church essayed to settle, and to enjoy the rights and privileges of American citizens in Kirtland, Ohio, Independence and Far West, Missouri, and in Davies, Caldwell and other counties of that state, but, instead thereof, they were beset with and passed through many disappointments and bitter trials.

The cause for passing through so fiery an ordeal we will not stop to inquire. Nor is it necessary, as abler pens than mine have written, and, from the pages of history, said cause may, at least, be measurably known; and while it is apparent that persecution has been inflicted upon the Saints, it can not be made to appear that they retained their integrity so far as to have kept themselves entirely free from folly or wrong doing.

But we will not censure, judge nor condemn; for who can tell that they would have done better if standing in their places? To look back and condemn our predecessors for not doing differently is an easy matter, which we are too apt to do, But who amongst us is wise enough to see evil, and hide ourselves from it? Is there not room, and ought we not to improve in this direction? In the remembrance that by our acts we stand or fall, we certainly ought.

One obstacle to the success of Sabbath Schools amongst us has been the opposition that some elders have shown because it is of sectarian origin. Why the conclusion should be reached that none save Latter Day Saints can think a good thought, or perform a noble deed, is puzzling. And is it not time that we broke from such narrow limits and walked in a broader field.

Another obstacle likely to stand in the way of continued success is that officers and members grow tired and thereby lose their interest. The pupil who enters the school room to obtain an education is soon made sensible of the fact, that the higher branches of learning are only to be reached by perseverance and study; and however his mental powers are taxed to-day, as he emerges from the schools, and throws off the burden of the day, to-morrow will bring a similar burden by similar labor, exercises and study, and from the inception of to the close of labor terminating in a graduation, there is no cessation, but one continual round of study, labor, care and anxiety.

And how many, when they are necessitated to quit the school of learning through some untoward circumstances a year or two sooner than anticipated, look over the past and suffer the pangs of self reproach for a waste of precious time, and a failure to advance in learning when an opportunity offered. And how gladly now, feeling and suffering the sting of conscience, if the lost opportunities could be again offered, would they improve

them. But, alas! lost time returneth not. It is steady yet rapid in its onward flight, and they must suffer the inconvenience to which, through negligence, they are exposed.

And as no prosperity enjoyed in time can be reached but by steady perseverance and labor, so no blessing or prosperity of a spiritual character comes by negligence or a failure in duty.

To be continued.

## UNCLE JOHN'S CHAT.



**E**LL little Hopes, here I come again, after a long silence, to have a short chat with you. I don't want to confine myself to just one subject but to talk as I may think. I have just read in the Bible, "Honor thy father and thy mother." I find this in two different places, and I want you to tell me where they are.

I want you to tell me too what the promise is to those who honor their parents, and what it means. If you don't know, ask your papas or mammas.

As I was going to town (I dont like to tell you what town) the other day, a little boy got into the wagon to ride. He seemed to be very bold and garrulous. (Do you know what that means?) As we went along I was very much shocked to hear this little boy make use of some very bad language. He took the name of our dear Redeemer in vain. I thought this little boy was very wicked to be so young, but I did not feel to blame him so much as I did his parents.

How thankful you should be, dear Hopes, that you have kind, Christian parents to teach you what is right. Our Savior says, "Let your communication be, Yea, yea; nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil." (Where is this written?)

So, little Hopes, you should be very careful what words you use. Don't use any by-words or slang phrases, such as "I'll be dogged," "Plague on it," "Dog on it," and many other similar unmeaning expressions, which are largely used, and I am sorry to say by the Saints also. Such expressions are what the Savior refers to by "more than these," and, as they come of evil, I hope you will carefully avoid them.

All of you who are willing to try and avoid the use of such bad language please write to the *Hope* and let us know. If the shoe fits any of the old Hopes I would like them to put it on; for they should set the example for the children.

Well, little Hopes, I would like to see you all, but I can not now. But if I can not see you, you can write and we can get acquainted somewhat in that way.

I am already acquainted with Ella, and Ollie, and Eva, and Florence, and Hetty, and Willie, and Charlie, and Bennie, and Mattie, who all live in our branch, and Viola, and Willie Keck, and others who live where I once lived; and with Herbert, and Franky who now live in the city where poor little Harry lived in a pony's stable. I hope they have visited Harry and comforted him.

This is a great work; it is the Lord's work; the calls for laborers are many; may the Lord send other faithful laborers into the field. I hope to soon be situated so I can do more work for the Lord. Be faithful, little Hopes; be kind and obliging; and above all things, obey your parents. From your affectionate

UNCLE JOHN.

### THE PET LAMB.

**B**AR away in India a bad man once wanted a fine sheep which belonged to another person. He went before the judge, and got other bad men to help him say that the sheep was his. The true owner came, too, and brought the sheep, and his friends came with him and told the judge that they knew the sheep belonged to him. How could the judge decide? He did not know the men, and how could he tell which were liars?

But he did know how the sheep are taught in those eastern countries; so he said, "Let the two men go into those two rooms—one on the right side and the other on the left side—and let the one on the left call the sheep." But the poor sheep did not "know the voice of a stranger," and did not stir. The true owner heard the sound, and did not wait to be told what the judge meant. He gave a kind of "chuck," and the sheep bounded away to him at once. The sheep knows his voice," said the judge. "Let him take it away, for it is his."

If we are the lambs of the good Shepherd, Jesus Christ, we shall know his kind call and obey it.

### Letters from the Hopes.

SANDYVILLE, Iowa, April 25th, 1880.

Beloved Hopes:—That you might know I still remember you and your correspondence I will write again.

I am now living in my old home. Having traveled about for six years without any fixed home, I now feel glad to think of settling down permanently. I live in what is called the Three River country, Middle river, North and South rivers. I live on the South one, which is the crookedest river I ever saw. These three rivers empty into the Des Moines, and that into the great Mississippi, which flows to the mighty ocean. I may say that we are like the rivers. By our help in this world to do good and in making others happy we are running out our stream of time. Our work does not stop; no, but it goes right on, and the good and the bad have been and will be recorded. O, then may we ever keep the stream clear and pure from its fountain.

Twenty-one years ago my only own brother was drowned here while bathing. He was four years older than I, and was then eleven years old. It is said of him, "he never told a falsehood." Dear Hopes, I expect to meet him in the first resurrection if I prove faithful to my covenant with God. And I expect too, to meet you then, when death will be swallowed up of victory.

I am afflicted again, will you pray for me, and I will for you. Your tried and humble brother,

GEORGE M. JAMISON.

MACEDONIA, Pottawattamie county, Iowa.

Dear Little Hopes:—I am ten years old. I belong to the Church. I go to school. I take the *Hope*. I liked "Nil Desperandum." I have a Bible and hymn book of my own, and my sister has one also. My sister bought me a toy watch for a birthday present. I think the letters in the *Hope* are the nicest part of it. Pray for your little sister in Christ,

BERTHA B. L. HOUGAS.

WEST BELLVILLE, Ills., March 20th, 1880.

Dear Hopes:—It has been a long time since I wrote to you, for the reason that I have been cold in the work, and I thought the Lord did not care for me any more. But how thankful I am that the Lord did care for me, and he brought me back into the line of duty, and I pray that I may never wander from it again, but that, with all the rest of you, I may be useful in the work of the Lord, and that I may be the means of bringing many honest souls into the kingdom of God.

Dear Hopes, we must keep the commandments of our Father in heaven. What a privilege we have, more than those who never heard the true gospel, and what a glorious time we will have when we all meet on the other shore, and with our dear Savior, reign a thousand years. I know that if I perform all my duties faithfully, I will meet you where friends shall be no more parted. Christ so loved us that he gave his life for us. Ought we not to love and serve him? And in order to do this we must keep a meek, humble and forgiving spirit within our hearts, and be humble and prayerful, asking daily and hourly for wisdom. If we think that we are wise then is the time the evil one will come and try to overthrow us; and if we are not careful, by and by he will get full control over us. May every one of us keep in the straight and narrow path that leads to life eternal.

Since I wrote last I have been to Stewartville and St. Joseph. It is a fine country around there. I have two sisters there now, the one older than myself is married, and the one younger is staying with her. They both like it in St. Joseph.

Bro. Heman C. Smith, M. T. Short and Daniel McPherson were all here at Belleville this week. They were on their way to General Conference. May the Spirit bless their labor and be a guide unto them. Pray for me that I may be a child of God in very deed, and that I may be worthy of the name which I now have; for I know that without the aid and mercy of our heavenly Father I am able to do nothing. I shall strive to remember you in my prayers, although I am weak, and feel like saying that my prayers will not do much good. Still you shall have all the aid I can afford you. Your sister in the covenant of peace,

LIZZIE ARCHIBALD.

CAMERON, Missouri, April 25th, 1880.

Dear Hopes:—I am five years old, and my pa has to write for me. I took a walk with pa and ma to day. We do not live where we can go to meeting all the time. My pa goes to school every day, and ma and I stay alone. I have no brother or sister. I play with my little wagon. I have a first reader and take a lesson every day. I have a slate and a pen, and ma made me some ink. I can print my name. I used to have a little sister, but she is now in the Good Man's house. Pa and ma belong to the Church and I am going to when I am a man, or when I am big enough. My pa's name is John M. Terry, and my ma's name is Mary J. Terry. I like the little *Hope* and my ma reads to me from it.

MORONI J. TERRY.

SHELBY, Iowa, April 26th, 1880.

Dear Little Hopes:—How I love to read your little letters! I am eleven years old. I read in the fifth reader. Pa baptized me last conference. I am so glad I am in the Church and numbered with the Hopes of Zion. Let us live as near to the gospel law as we can, so far as we understand it, and then when we are sick the Lord will heal us and make us well again. When we get sick we ask ma for the oil, and, dear Hopes, when we are living right I would not give one bottle of consecrated oil for all the doctors in the world. We intend to have Sunday School here as soon as our chapel is finished.

Yours,

FLORENCE CHATBURN.

WESTON, Iowa, April 1st, 1880.

Bro. Joseph:—I am thankful for such a lovely paper as the *Hope*. My aunt takes it for me. I like to go to Sunday School. We get cards, papers and books. My brothers were sick but are well again. I belong to the Church. I was baptized by Mr. Elvin. Our school is out now. I study reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic and geography. My ma belongs to the Church. I am eleven years old. I have a brother older than myself and three younger. I try to be a good girl but I think I fail.

I shall try hard now. There is meeting every two weeks at Downsville. A girl of fourteen years here has been sick for three years and has never been up since that. Her name is Emily Graybill. I help my mother wash and iron and cook. I hope we'll meet in Zion. Your sister in the gospel,

FLORA CARLIN.

BELTON, Cass Co., Mo., April 7th, 1880.

Dear *Hope*:—I am one who appreciates the valuable instruction that is given in your columns by the kind uncles and aunts, as well as the nice letters from the young Hopes, and I write to encourage those who are engaged in this good work. I hope the Lord will continue to bless them with the love for the Hopes of Zion. I think that "Nil Desperandum" was very nice. I delight to read the stories in the *Hope*, and would not do without the paper for twice its cost. I have not been to school very much since we moved into Cass county. I desire to continue faithful in this glorious gospel.

ANNA LLOYD.

ADRIAN, Illinois, April 1st, 1880.

Dear Little Hopes:—I was eight years old last August. I was baptized January 28th. My uncle was very sick, but by the anointing of oil he was healed. I read in the fourth reader and study arithmetic and spelling. I am going to learn to write and study geography. I have a little baby sister. Her name is Pearly May. I bid you good by.

LENORA A. LAMBERT.

ADRIAN, Illinois, April 1st, 1880.

Dear Little Hopes:—I am thirteen years old. I have not joined the Church yet, but will next summer. I love to read the *Hope* letters, and to attend the meetings. I read in the fifth reader and study arithmetic, spelling, geography and writing. There have been six deaths here in two weeks. I bid you good by.

RICHARD M. LAMBERT.

EMSORTH, March 16th, 1880.

Dear Brothers and Sisters:—While reading the *Saints' Herald* this afternoon my heart was made to rejoice that there is such a worthy advocate of the truth in the Church. Every number seems to be more interesting. It is all the preacher we have here of the true faith, but I hope that we will yet have a branch of the true Church. Asking an interest in the prayers of the Saints that all of my family may yet be saved in the kingdom of God. I am your sister in the gospel covenant,

SARAH RICHARDSON.

MACEDONIA, Iowa, April 14th, 1880.

Dear Little Hopes:—I am but thirteen years of age, but I have belonged to the Church for nearly four years. I go to every other General Conference. I have two brothers and one sister. My oldest brother is a priest. It is over two miles to where we hold our meetings. We have meetings nearly every Sunday. My father and my brother are going away to preach next Sunday. Bro. J. Badham was here to preach two weeks ago, and will come again in a week. I think the "Widow's Temptation" is a very good story. We have had no rain lately, and the winds blow dreadfully. Pray for your sister,

BLANCHE HOUGAS.

SHELBY, Iowa, April 25th, 1880.

Dear Hopes:—I go to the day school and read in the fourth reader. My pa and ma belong to the Church. I am not baptized yet. I do not take the *Hope*, but my sister lets me take her's to read. I like to read the letters.

ALMA B. CHATBURN.

15 May 80.

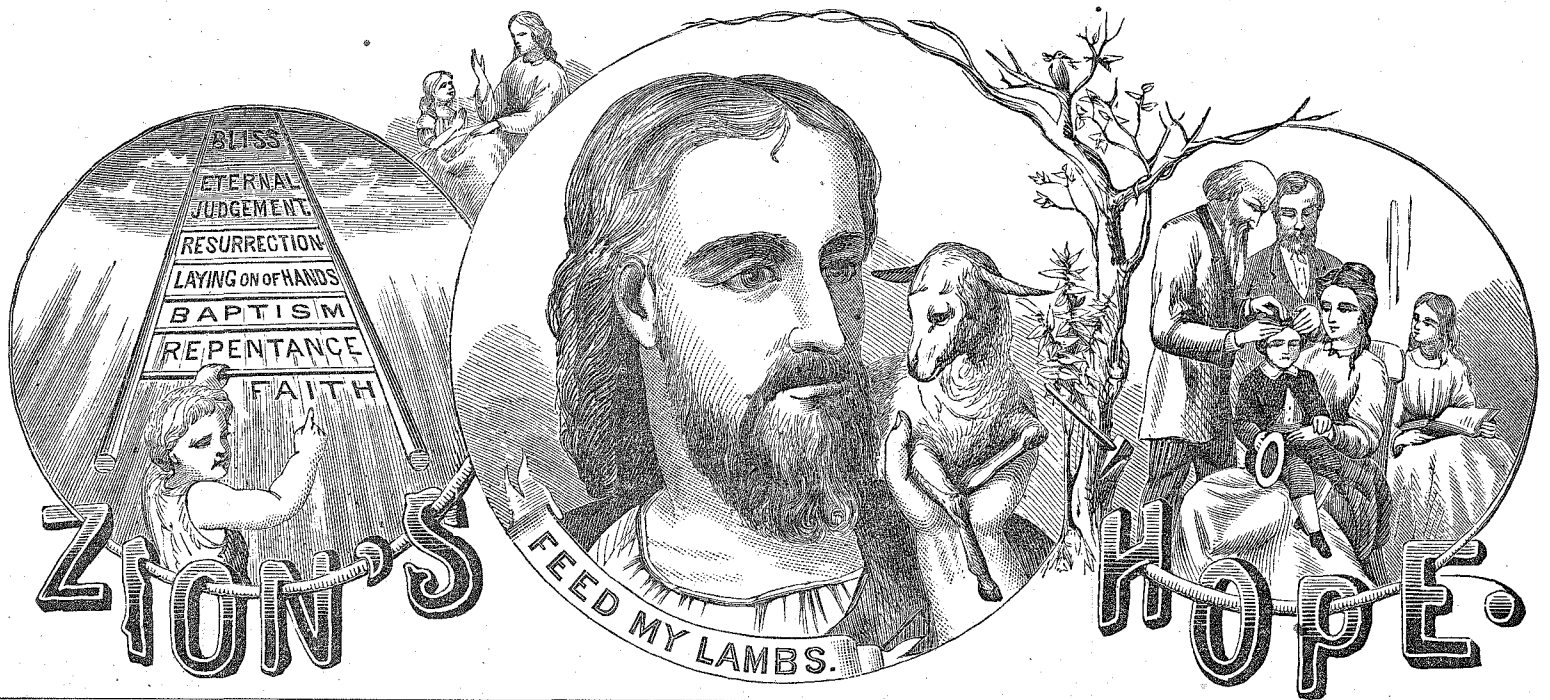
A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue.

### 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.

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 H. A. Stebbins. Price Sixty cents per year, free of postage. All remittances, orders, and business communications intended for the office of publication, should be directed to Joseph Smith, Plano Kendall County, Illinois. 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.





"Even a Child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure."—Prov. 20 : 11.

THE SORROWING JEW.

THE following pathetic piece is sent us by Sister Mary A. Adams, of Lamoni, Iowa. She says that it was written by a converted Jew, and she copied it about thirty years ago. It is worthy of preservation.

He is mourning alone, for no kind friend is near,  
His woe-stricken spirit to comfort and cheer;  
Nor ever descends blessed sympathy's dew  
To refresh the sad heart of the sorrowing Jew

He thinks of the land where his fore-fathers lie,  
Beneath the warm smile of their own eastern sky,  
And he wishes, perchance, he were laid by them, too,  
For earth has no home for the sorrowing Jew.

He thinks of the holy, and high honored fane,  
Where Jehovah would stoop to hold converse with men;  
He thinks of the glory Jerusalem knew,  
And thinks of himself, a poor sorrowing Jew.

Oh, hushed be thy sorrow, unheard be thy sigh,  
And hide the warm tear trickling down from thy eye,  
There are those that would mock at thy grief and thy woe,  
And scoff at the tear of the sorrowing Jew.

Yet woe to that man, though a prince on his throne,  
Who shall mock at a people God still calls his own;  
For he, whose great name is the holy and true,  
Hath sworn to avenge the poor sorrowing Jew.

Rouse, rouse ye then, Christians, if Christians indeed,  
Your hearts for the sorrow of Judah will bleed,  
Ye will mourn for her temple, her glory laid low,  
Ye will mourn for her son, the poor sorrowing Jew.

O, think ye with fear on the curse and the woes,  
Jehovah has threatened on Abraham's foes;  
Oh remember that he who was offered for you,  
In the days of his flesh was a sorrowing Jew.

And thou, blessed Spirit, whose life giving power,  
Alone can the feet of the outcast restore,  
O teach them their own pierc'd Messiah to view,  
And bring to his fold the poor sorrowing Jew.

ELMR.

THE "HOPE A WEEKLY.



ONCE more with gladness and love  
I seat myself to have a little talk  
with you. And not with you only,  
but also with the Editors of the best  
child's paper, the best youth's paper, and  
the best Sunday-school paper there is in the world.  
For the Editors will read this letter before it  
goes into the *Hope*; and I wish that it might  
go into the *Herald*, so that every Latter Day  
Saint, or true follower of Christ our Savior,  
might peruse it, and meditate on the same.

If I have extolled our glorious little paper  
too highly, I will say that it is by far the best  
paper of the kind that I have ever read, and  
I have read a great many of them.

Has not Bro. Wm. Street spoken the truth,  
in his remarks on this subject in the *Hope* of  
April 15th, in his timely suggestion and his  
prayer for the *Hope*, with the *Herald*, to be-  
come a weekly? My dear young friends,  
will you not, with Uncle W. R., hope, yes,  
and pray for the same thing? Yes, and will  
you not, with me, help to drive the same nail  
that Bro. Street has started in a sure place?  
And when it is clear through, we will clinch it?

But how shall we do it? I think I hear  
some little boy say, Let me tell you. About  
two years ago there was some excitement  
about a poor, neglected little *Hope*. The  
little creature was neglected and, to some ex-  
tent, left out in the cold, till it had, in a meas-  
ure, become diseased, and it was feared that  
it would die, if something was not done for it  
speedily. Now this little *Hope* was not a  
*Hope* of Zion, and still it was *Zion's Hope*.  
This little one was loved by all your Uncles  
and Aunts, and they felt such sympathy for  
him, and also the dear little *Hopes* began to  
make him presents and Christmas gifts, which  
so cheered him up that he soon forgot the cold,  
and headache, or heart ache. (Which was it?)  
He soon became rugged and hearty, and had  
a new dress (new type), and he is the biggest  
fellow for his size and the best fellow accord-  
ing to his goodness that I ever saw, or any-  
body else in this generation, even our glori-  
ous Sabbath-school paper, *ZION'S HOPE*.

Now, dear *Hopes*, the same thing that  
brought it back to us when it was so nearly  
done for, will, I believe, cause him to visit us  
once every week, instead of once in two  
weeks. Just let your Christmas gifts, your  
presents, your freewill offerings and your  
subscriptions pour in, and see if the *Hope* can  
not have the benefit of a special Providence,  
as well as the book department by a new  
press. I am doing what I can for the *Hope*.  
in getting subscribers for the same, which I  
am glad to do, and as Bro. Street has headed  
the list of writers for the *Hope* with the name  
of Uncle W. R., that uncle will head the list  
by a freewill offering to the *Hope* of fifty cents

for it to become a weekly when the *Herald* is  
made a weekly.

And now, beloved *Hopes*, I trust that uncles  
Joseph and Henry will let this appeal, or  
prayer in behalf of *Zion's Hope* and the *Hopes*  
of Zion; or, as Bro. Street calls them little  
Buds of Zion, go into the *Herald*, that we may  
have not only the prayers of all the kind  
uncles and aunts in our behalf, but also their  
assistance. For into your hands must fall the  
great work of building up the kingdom of  
Christ in the years just ahead of us, and I  
trust, for this reason, that we may see this  
appeal in the *Herald*. If so, dear Saints, in  
the name of our Master, if I may be so bold,  
I will say a few words to you.

We are all anxious to see the *Herald* a  
weekly, none of you I presume, more so than  
the writer; but are we as anxious in regard to  
the children, whom the Lord has given us?  
These he has said we must so instruct in the  
the things of the gospel that when they are  
eight years old they will understand and be  
willing to obey the same.—D. and C. 68:4.

Now let us see: there is about four and  
one half times as much reading in the *Herald*  
as in the *Hope*. Then we have the *Advocate*,  
and a glorious advocate it is too, enlisted in a  
glorious cause. God bless it and its editor,  
and may it be a weekly too. We also have  
many books, Church histories, debates and  
pamphlets, with the secular papers of the  
day; but our children must be content with  
the *Hope* alone, or fill up with rubbish and  
trash, dime and nickel novels, or story papers  
of the same class. O, brethren and sisters,  
this ought not to be. As you love your chil-  
dren, and expect some day to see them take  
up the gospel armor and bear it off to a glo-  
rious triumph, after we, through old age or  
death, have ceased to labor, don't let us be  
selfish and desire all the intellectual food.  
Do give the little buds of Zion a fair chance  
at our feasts. Let us labor with our mights  
that the *Hope*, with the *Herald*, may become  
a weekly, and if either has to wait longer let  
it be us. Beloved Saints of God, as we hope

for the cause of Christ, and to see it triumph, let us by all means nourish the dear lambs of the fold.

As this is the Jubilee year of the Church, and as we expect a blessing in very deed this year, by receiving a visit every week from our beloved *Herald*, let the Hopes receive a like blessing. Who is the loser by the sixty-eight dollars and ninety two cents, sent year before last, as presents for that neglected *Hope*, by three hundred and sixty-eight senders? But who would have been the loser had our Sunday School paper proved a failure for the want of that money, or for any other cause? God be praised, that it has not; and may it never prove a failure while there is a little Hope (or a big one either) to read it.

Having said what I will do for the *Hope* to become a weekly when the *Herald* does, my sister says she will give the same.

UNCLE W. R.

CORTLAND, Ills., April 24th, 1880.

### THREE APPLES FROM DREAMLAND.

"COME in here," and they floated through a decorated entrance, into the midst of a gay throng. A grand dinner party was in progress.

Susie looked on with eager interest. Surely, she thought, there is nothing here to mar the happiness of any one. The lady of the house seemed so happy in entertaining her guests, and, as they filed out into the great dining hall, Susie became more and more entranced. As the dinner progressed the old woman turned and asked.

"See anything now dearie?"

Susie shook her head.

Sailing towards the hostess the old woman touched her head with the cane when something seemed to fall from her face like a mask, revealing to Susie's astonished gaze, an expression of great anxiety; and, as she laughed and jested, her eyes wandered towards a young man, evidently her son, filled with a mute appeal. As he drained glass after glass of wine, her agony grew intense.

"Now can you see?"

Susie nodded her head, as the old woman re-seated herself.

If she could only break through the established custom, and save her son, she was thinking, all the while bowing and smiling, seemingly the happiest in the room. As they rose from the table a servant, unperceived by the company hastened the young man to his room. How the lady longed to break away from it all and follow to see if all were well. But no, she must entertain them till the last had departed. Then she flew to his room all the smiling gone from her face, giving place to horror as she saw him in a fit of delirium tremens!

Susie begged to be spared the awful scenes that followed.

"What! go when every thing the eye can rest upon is so beautiful."

"Oh! what do I care for beauty when there is so much misery here."

"Finding out there is something else needed in life besides wealth, hey?"

"Please let us go back to the dear home again," pleaded Susie.

"Nice!" and as the old woman imitated Susie's exact tone and expression, she hung her head, and looked a little bit ashamed. "No," she continued, "this is apple number two; we must find another;" and they rose and floated away.

"Here we are," as they paused a moment before entering another house, handsome as each of the preceding ones had been.

Entering they went direct to the nursery, which they found filled with all kinds of toys and devices for childish amusement. No pains had been spared to make it as attractive as possible; and the owner of it all was rolling over the carpet fretful and discontented. Nurse had tried to pacify him in vain, and had gone to call his mother.

"Why, Johnnie! what is the matter?" she asked.

"Matter!" answered the eight year old, "matter enough! I don't want to stay here, that's all. I want to go to Aunt Ruth's, so I do."

"Why, Johnnie! Aunt Ruth lives on a farm, and besides that, she is real poor, and you would have no nice playthings."

"Yes, I would, I'd play in the big barn, and climb on the hay, and hunt eggs, and go after the cows, and run bare-foot, in the bargain!" and his eyes sparkled in happy anticipation.

"Then you would soil and tear your nice clothes, Johnnie, and Aunt Ruth would scold."

"But I wouldn't wear nice clothes; and if I should tear 'em, auntie would say I could not help it, like she did when I got on the fence to jump over a puddle in the road, and went square into it," answered Johnnie.

"Then," continued his mother, "they have no nice carriage to ride in."

"No, but they have a jolly wagon; and it just goes bumping along, and uncle will let me stand up and drive. Say, can't I go? Please let me go. I don't want to stay here anymore. I want to go. Boo, hoo, I will go!" and he began rolling over the floor, kicking and crying.

"What do you think of apple number three, my dear?"

But Susie only said, "Can't we go home now?" and with joy Susie turned her face homeward.

"Now, my dear," said the little, old woman, "This orchard is very large, and bears fruit in abundance. You have seen only the very minutest part of it. Now remember what I tell you. If you wish real comfort in life, you must learn to make the most of what you have, and to feel glad and thankful that you are spared the trials and cares others are called to endure. And when you see another toiling on with a heavy basket take hold of one side of the handle. And remember that "all's not gold that glitters, and that contentment is better than wealth."

"The old woman's voice grew fainter and fainter, till it seemed to mingle with the hum of bees and rustling leaves; and, as Susie

turned to see where she had gone her face came in contact with the back of her chair! She looked around the room, every thing was just the same cheerful place, with all its pretty belongings; outside the radiant sunshine, the hum of the bees, as they worked away contentedly. Yet one thing was missing, the frown on the little girl's forehead; and as she rubbed her eyes she ejaculated, "Well!"

MYRTLE GRAY.

Concluded

## Egypt, Palestine, and Syria.--No. 31.

PREPARED BY T. J. ANDREWS.

### THE SAVIOR'S TRIUMPHAL ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM.



SHORT distance brought us upon the south-western slope of the Mount, where a turn in the road brought us suddenly in full view of the city.

It spreads out like an immense panorama, and is seemingly but a few rods distant. It is quite evident that this is the point where all at once the city burst upon Christ's view, and it stirred the profoundest depths of his sympathizing heart, and led him to exclaim, "Oh Jerusalem, Jerusalem, if thou hadst known, even thou in this thy day, the things that belong to thy peace; but now they are hid from thine eyes."

#### THE JEWS' PLACE OF WAILING.

We made a visit to the spot where the Jews are accustomed to assemble and weep over the misfortunes of Zion. This persecuted race have suffered every indignity that Gentile ingenuity could invent and inflict. They have even denied them access to the site of their beloved Temple and altar.

After the city's capture by Adrian the Jews were entirely excluded from it; and it was not until Constantine came that they were permitted to come near enough to behold it from the neighboring hills. Subsequently to this they were allowed to come into the city on the anniversary of its overthrow by Titus, to weep over the ruins of the temple. From those early times the mournings have been continued; but even to this day no Jew is allowed to visit the temple area, or to set his foot upon the hallowed spot once consecrated by the altar of God.

Near the south-western corner of the Temple area, in the wall of the enclosure, are several courses of large stones, some of them ten feet long, bearing the Jewish bevel, and, though very ancient, supposed by many to have been placed there by Solomon when the area was graded. These are the stones of wailing, and this place is the nearest approach the Jews can make to their ancient place of worship.

Friday afternoon is the special time of gathering here to weep for the departed glory and to pray for its return. On approaching we found the alley along the wall nearly blocked up with these mourning people. Here were the representatives of different nations, with their varied and strange looking costumes. Old men with wrinkled faces and white flowing beards, young men in the vigor

and strength of manhood, women enveloped from head to foot in loose robes of snowy white, rosy cheeked girls and smooth faced boys, some sitting, some standing, some leaning their heads against the old, time-worn stones, earnestly reading from Hebrew books or devoutly engaged in prayer. Some two or three venerable old men as they leaned against the wall seemed so overpowered by their deep and apparently heart felt emotions that their strong frames trembled. The great tears rolled like rain drops down their cheeks and they wept aloud. The women took up the solemn wail, and even the children seemed to catch the rising emotion as it went from heart to heart. How miraculously they have been preserved a distinct people; with what unyielding tenacity they still cling to their former faith; with what undying affection they turn to the home of their fathers, favoring the dust of Zion and taking pleasure in her stones.

There is yet another place in the Holy City I am most anxious to visit, a place sacred to the Jew, sacred to the Musselman, and intimately connected with those sacred scenes dear to the Christian heart, namely

#### MOUNT MORIAH.

It stands between Zion and Olivet, both of which rise considerably above it. The top of the mount has been graded down, and the space thus levelled including about thirty-five acres of ground is inclosed by a massive stone wall. It is now called the Harem, a name used by the Arabs, implying a sacred or prohibited enclosure, and is the ancient temple area, while some portions of the wall are supposed to be the same that Solomon erected when the temple was built.

This little enclosure has a strange history. That beautiful temple, the pride and glory of the kingdom, the astonishment of every visitor at the court of Solomon, after having stood four hundred years was plundered and burnt by the Chaldeans. The long captivity ended, it was rebuilt and the changes of five hundred years passed over it, when Herod rebuilt and adorned it, employing eighty thousand workmen nine years, sparing no expense to render it equal in magnitude, splendor and beauty to any thing among mankind. In the overthrow of the city by Titus, seventy years after Christ, this gorgeous and costly pile was so completely destroyed that the prophecy of Christ was literally fulfilled. Not one stone was left upon another that was not thrown down. About fifty years after, Adrian, out of contempt for the Jews, erected upon the spot a splendid temple to Jupiter. The subsequent history for many years is hard to trace. The sacred enclosure passed into different hands and underwent many changes.

**BIRD'S NESTS.**—Some birds build their nests on the summit of high rocks or on the pinnacles of old towers. Their dwellings are fortified by enormous pieces of wood, which nature has given them the power of carrying through the air. A habitation of this kind, when once finished, serves for a long line of

the descendants of the first builders. Other birds are content with dwellings of a less substantial nature, on the branch of a tree, against the side of a house, in the turf, or amongst the reeds.

Concluded.

#### LETTER FROM ELDER CAFFALL.

**T**WELVE years have passed since the organization of a Sabbath-school in one part of Iowa, under the auspices of a branch of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ. Many of its members were, at its commencement, young in years, but became interested and zealous, and, in turn, became teachers to others, bringing into requisition their abilities, and, at the return of each Sabbath, at the appointed hour, through rough and smooth weather, were in their places to labor for the growth of the Sabbath-school. But time works changes, and some of the workers in the above school have been struck down by death; others are filling the God-appointed positions of husbands and wives, while those who were coming up to fill the vacancies in the ranks, occurring through the above causes, have, it would seem, grown weary, so that the books in the library are wearing with time but not with use. The organ that, at the hour of 10:30 on Sabbath mornings, sent forth captivating sounds, accompanied with thirty or forty voices, causing the walls of the meeting-house to sound with the praises of God, seems to be supplanted by a melancholy silence, evidencing a cessation of Sabbath-school labor, whether through force of circumstances or a lack of interest, God knoweth. An allusion to past or present events, does not exhibit a desire to judge another or others, though our sensitiveness may lead to that conclusion.

Paul thought it good to exhort the Saints to pay the more earnest heed to the things they had heard, not to be weary in well doing, etc. How often the erring one has plunged deeper into sorrow and shame, because no sympathy was shown or kind word offered, pointing to the path of reformation. Now the object of the gospel is to effect a reformation, with a view to eternal life, which Christ alone can give.

And the Sabbath-school is a stepping-stone towards that grand ultimatum. Nor does the fact that Sabbath-school members, subsequent to training there, in going astray, disprove this fact. Christ's talk to the woman who had been unfortunate, did not prove that the commission of her crime had closed the door of mercy, or would prevent her future progress, but his telling her to go and sin no more, was evidence that a repetition of and continuance therein would have mediated against her, or been a forfeiture of eternal life; while to contend that she obtained forgiveness and encouragement, without confession and repentance, would not only be shallow reasoning but would prove the following declaration of Christ without force: "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish."

The mercy of God endureth for ever, yet

we only receive of his mercy conditionally. And, as his decree is that all wrongs must be repented of, Justice prevents Mercy until the conditions are complied with. Hence it is that a pointing to faults with legitimate labor to induce those guilty to repent and forsake, is evidence of a desire to save. It has been said that one of the greatest drunkards of the age, who, because he thought none cared for him, had decided to continue in his mad career, was brought to think and became a sober man and an influential member of society, through sympathy and a kind word, not by justifying him or telling him to continue, but the reverse of this.

In all the broad State of Colorado we have but one small branch of the Church which has a Sabbath-school, to which mothers who have families to care and labor for during six days, come on Sunday, to teach and encourage the rising generation, that, peradventure, they may be saved from the evils to come.

In closing this, perhaps too lengthy letter, I call to mind a resolution passed by the General Conference, recognizing Sabbath-schools as a part of the latter day work, and enjoining the reporting of the same to district and general conferences. But how apt we are to forget the duties the passage of a resolution may impose. Surely the frequent reminding of each other of duty is highly essential to our spiritual development in Christ. That a greater interest may be begotten, and more fervent labors by teachers and scholars for the spread and support of Sabbath-schools, may yet come among all branches of the Church, I shall pray.

JAMES CAFFALL.

**THE INFLUENCE OF THE FAMILY.**—The first institution established by our benevolent Creator was the family, and it has ever been the chief school of human virtue. No influence for good is so great. From it have emanated the principles, piety and patriotism, on which forever rest the prosperity and strength of nations. The ties of kindred are the golden links of that chain which binds families, states and nations together in one great bond of humanity. Everything, therefore, which pertains to the history of our families, should be carefully recorded and preserved for the benefit of those who are to follow us.

#### HE COULD BE TRUSTED.

**A**LFRED was missing one evening about sunset. Mother was getting anxious, for she always wished him to be home early. A neighbor coming in, said a number of boys had gone to the river to swim, and he thought it likely that Alfred was with them.

"No," said his mother, "he promised me he would never go there without my leave, and he always keeps his word."

But seven o'clock came, then eight, and mother was still listening for Alfred's step; but it was half past eight before his shout and whistle were heard when he ran in at the gate.

"Confess, now," said the neighbor, "that you have been to the river with the boys, and so kept away until it was late."

How the boy's eyes flashed, as he replied: "No, sir; I promised my mother that I would not go there without her leave, and do you think I would tell a falsehood? I helped James to find the cows that had strayed in the woods, and I didn't think I should stay so late."

"I think," said the neighbor, turning to the mother, as he took his hat to go home, "there is a comfort in store for you by him. Such a boy as that will make a noble man."

### Letters from the Hopes.

April 7th, 1880.

Dear Little Hopes:—What I desire to ask is, Do all of the Hopes believe fully in the gospel, as taught in the Bible, Book of Mormon and Doctrine and Covenants? We should all search diligently to know what is written in them, and to live according to their teachings. The Lord will add to you his blessings daily, so that you may overcome the evils of this life and have eternal life in the world to come. O that happy thought, to live and reign with our blessed Redeemer upon this earth a thousand years! Then the Spirit of God shall be poured out upon all flesh; and we shall all know each other there, and no one shall harm or make us afraid.

Children, obey your parents, for this is pleasing in the sight of your Heavenly Father.

Yes, search the scriptures and you will find where the prophet Ezekiel spoke of two sticks, and each one should contain writings of their own nation, and in time they should be brought together and become one in some ones hand. Now compare this with what Isaiah said about the words of a certain book that should come forth and be delivered to a certain man. Read the 29th chapter of Isaiah, and then compare this with what John saw upon the Isle of Patmos. Read the 14th chapter of Revelations and 6th verse. Now this book teaches the fullness of the gospel, and this book also teaches that there was a great change upon this earth at the time Christ was crucified. Some cities were burned, and some were sunk, and some were buried, and other changes took place. The face of the land was changed, and all this on account of their wickedness. Now the earth is yielding its hidden things. Every day's evidence concerning these things, such as buried cities, old ruins, relics, etc., goes to prove the authenticity of the Book of Mormon. If the people would read the book they would not be so ignorant about these things.

Little Hopes, read, reflect, and learn what the scriptures teach, and try to live by every word that God has spoken. Lift up your heads and rejoice that you live in the day when the gospel has again been restored and in its ancient purity. But, remember, if we obey the everlasting gospel we are the most responsible of all people; therefore let us live faithful and keeping the commandments, walking in God's counsels each day of our lives. Your sister in the gospel, ADALINE.

FARRIS, Illinois, May 5th, 1880.

Dear Hopes:—I often think of you all, and I love to read your letters. I hope you will all continue to write, and also learn to serve your Master while in the days of childhood. We have no Sunday-school now; I do hope it will begin soon. Last summer we had a very interesting and profitable school. Our superintendent took a great interest in training the minds of the young.

I must tell the little Hopes about my class. It was all composed of little ones, from four to seven years old. I remember asking my class one day, "What is meant by being happy?" One little bright-eyed boy of seven answered, "To be happy is to be good." A very good answer indeed. We should all remember this. It truly made me happy to see my little scholars try to recite their lessons well, and to teach them of our dear Savior. He loved the little ones, and his example and commands we

should strive to follow. And at many times, while lying on a bed of sickness for three months afterward, did I think of and pray for them.

Dear little Hopes, let us trust in the Lord in sickness and in health. In every condition let us praise his holy name. Your sister, MAGGIE.

CENTRAL HOUSE, Butte Co., California,  
May 1st, 1880.

Dear Hopes:—I am thirteen years old, I do not belong to your Church, but my grandma does. I like the little Hope very much, and I like to read the letters from you all, although I do not know you. We do not have any Sunday School but I hope we will before long. I have two brothers and three sisters, but none of us belong to your Church. I hope to some time.

SARAH E. HARRIGER.

WIRT, Indiana, April 29th, 1880.

Dear Little Hopes:—This is the Lord's day, and I thought I would write to you. I am ten years old. I have been attending school at Union. My studies are the Fourth Reader, spelling, arithmetic and writing. I do not belong to the Church, but I expect to sometime. My pa and ma, and my big sister Edora, they do. I have a sweet baby brother, and he is as fat as a China pig.

Now you must be good little Hopes. You must pray for me that I may be a good girl. It has been one year to-day since Elder Columbus Scott and his wife left this neighborhood. How we long to see their smiling faces once more. Bro. Scott is quite a favorite with the Saints in these parts.

I remain your friend, IRELLA T. STITES.

Dear Hopes:—I will tell you more about the pony stable and little Harry, for I expect you will be glad to know that the lady who let them live in her pony stable gave it to them when she sold her house and lot. Then a good man got a little piece of ground to set it on, and, one day when they were just eating their dinner, some men came with a big wagon and took the pony stable and all, just as they were, and moved them up on the bluff, and O how glad they were to still have a home. Little Harry was frightened when they took up the house and began to move away with it, but he said, "The Lord will not let us get hurt." They are very thankful to the dear sister that has sent to relieve them, and they do not forget to thank our heavenly Father for raising up good friends to help them in time of such great need; for they are in great need. They have been without food now nearly two weeks, but they have been around with the Saints; so you see if the Lord had not been mindful of them they would have perished. Pray for them that they may live faithful, that they may be saved in the celestial glory.

Your Auntie, J. B.

The address of Harry's mother is, Mrs. Sarah Garrison, Bradley street, Peoria, Illinois.

LITTLE SIOUX, Iowa, February 1880.

Dear Hopes:—I belong to the Church, and I rejoice in the latter-day work. I am striving to be good, but the evil one tries hard to get the upper hand of me some times. But I know if we are humble and prayerful the Lord will help us to overcome the evil one. My mother is dead. I have one sister and two brothers. I live with Grandma Conyers, and I go to school. I desire the prayers of all of you, hoping that we will be saved in the kingdom of God.

EMMA MYERS.

FARRIS, Illinois, May 7th, 1880.

Dear Hopes:—I go to school now. There will be no school to-morrow; the teacher is going to Carthage. I have a new book, Wilson's Primmer. I can read very well in it. I gave my little McGuffey's Primmer to my little brother. I will be six years old next July. Papa is planting corn to-day. I have been riding on the planter. I expect to go to Sunday School this summer. Good-by, GEORGE F. SIEGFRIED.

STEWARTSVILLE, Mo., April 28th, 1880.

Dear Hopes:—I have taken the Hope about three years, and I think it is the best paper I ever read. I am eleven years old. I was baptized last June. I wish you to pray for me. Your sister in Christ,

ELIZABETH LEWIS.

UNION FORT, Utah, May 6th, 1880.

Dear Little Hopes:—I am twelve years old. I have not been baptized yet, but I intend to be the next time brother Luff comes out here. We have had some good meetings. Brethren Blair and Luff have preached here. There was a discussion between Brother Luff and a Brighamite Elder, the Brighamite failing to bring one passage of scripture to prove his belief. This has strengthened the Saints very much. My prayer is in behalf of the cause of Christ. Your friend, MARY ELLEN WARDLE.

LONDON, Ontario, April 10th 1880.

Dear Hopes:—I am thirteen years old, I have been a member of the Church four years. During that time I have not lived as faithful as I ought. I wish all the Hopes to pray for me that I may be more faithful, in the future. We have meetings every Sunday, also a Sunday School. Bro. R. Evans is the superintendent. Yours in hope, EMMA KNIGHT.

SOUTH COTTONWOOD, Utah,

May 7th, 1880.

Dear Hopes:—To-day is my birthday. I am now ten years old. I have received three presents, a portfolio; a pen that writes without ink and a prize box. I have kept a diary since the 9th day of last February. Nearly three years ago I made a resolution that I would not take tea, coffee, tobacco, nor intoxicating drinks of any kind. Since that time I have not, and I hope I never will. I love to read the stories in the Hope, and I am glad to see "Egypt, Palestine and Syria" continued. I think it very interesting and instructive.

I have read through the Fifth Reader this winter, and am now in common fractions. I have commenced to read the Book of Mormon through. This winter I have read "Ridpath's History of the United States," and Mark Twain's Travels to the Holy Land.

My love to you all, WARREN H. LYON.

FARRIS, May 10th, 1880.

Dear Hopes:—I will be nine years old next September. I like to read in the Hope, and to attend meeting. There was prayer meeting at our house yesterday. We had a good time. I love to hear the brethren and sisters speak of the goodness of God. I went to visit my grandma a short time ago; staid two days and nights. I enjoyed it. Good-by, HATTIE A. HEAD.

### SUNDAY-SCHOOL REPORT.

Report of Zion's Hope Sunday School, for the quarter ending March 28th, 1880:

Whole number of attendance for the quarter 351, average attendance 31. Collections for the quarter \$4.44, average collections 40 4-11.

Our Sunday-school is prospering under the management of good officers. They are: J. W. Waldsmith, superintendent; James Thomson, assistant superintendent; Joseph Dubois, treasurer and librarian; Leslie M. Waldsmith, assistant librarian.

Our teachers are: Lizzie Elvin, Book of Mormon class; Alex. Buchan, Bible class; A. Osborn, Testament class; Ruby Forscutt, infant class. The officers, teachers and scholars all are interested for the advancement of our Sunday-school. We ask the prayers of the Saints in our behalf, that we may make a success of Zion's Hope Sunday School.

MATTIE ELVIN, Secretary.

1 June 80

A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue.

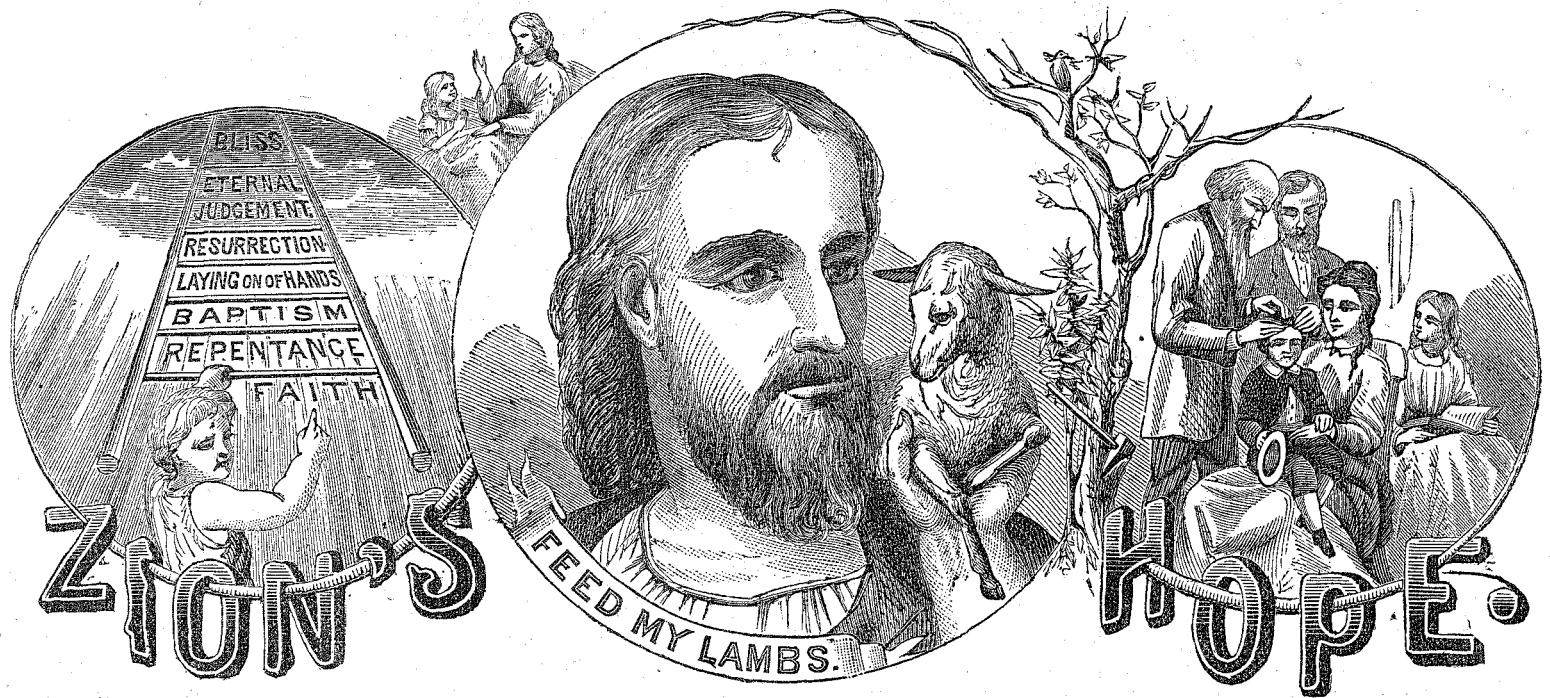
### THE SAINTS' HERALD.

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.

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 H. A. Stebbins. Price Sixty cents per year, free of postage.

All remittances, orders, and business communications intended for the office of publication, should be directed to Joseph Smith, Plano, Kendall County, Illinois. 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.

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



"Even a Child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure."—Prov. 20 : 11.

VOL. XI.

PLANO, ILLINOIS, JUNE 15, 1880.

No. 24.

#### A SABBATH OF MAY.

**T**HE cheerful rays of Summer's sun,  
Another Sabbath hath begun;  
The birds are singing midst the trees,  
Whose leaves are rustling in the breeze.

The apple trees, in their robes of white,  
The butterfly and bee invite;  
And the groves in Summer robes arrayed,  
Seem to ask us to their pleasant shade.

There the noble oaks do stand,  
Clothed with green by Nature's hand.  
We can watch the squirrels play,  
In sportive games throughout the day.

Some birds we see are building nests,  
While others are sitting in quiet rest,  
The flowers are nodding in the breeze,  
Which gently moves among the trees.

But it is beyond my feeble powers  
To describe the beauty of these bowers;  
Their grandeur, witnessed by the eye,  
My descriptive faculties defy.

May 20th, 1874.

LUSTER J. ADAMS.

#### LIFE.

**I**D you ever think what a solemn thing this life is, this life which was given us for some purpose, not to waste in idle dreams and expectations; not to spend in planning how much wealth, glory, or fame we may be able to obtain. This life was given us to use for high and noble purposes, to save our souls. What a solemn work. And how are we to do this great and mighty work in so short a life time. How many things there are to do; what hills to climb, how many stones there are in our paths, how much sadness and pain to discourage us, but we must remember that others have had as many trials as ourselves, and they have borne them. We must remember that the Bible says that we shall not be tempted beyond what we can endure. Is not this a blessed thought, but it is a thought that will sometimes give us pain, when we have done wrong and try to excuse ourselves by thinking that the temptation was more than we could endure. This will be a gentle rebuke to us, and a warning that we alone are responsible for our sins.

Where is the man or woman who would

not like to live a christian life, if by so doing they thought they could be happy in this world. They would be glad to obtain happiness in that way, but for the sake of being happy in the next world there are few who will give up the sins and follies of this world. If they could only realize that they would be happier in this world as well as enjoy the pure bliss of the world to come, perhaps they would be more willing to trust in God and try to live as his commandments teach them to do.

Life is short and full of trouble, but let us live so that when our heavenly Father calls us, our minds will not be full of sad forebodings, but with calm and happy trust in God. Then we may go from here glad that the time has at last come when we can leave this world of sin and trouble, and go to a place where we can rest in peace.

Our life is just as we make it. God has given it to us, and he expects something in return. He expects us to spend it as he has directed us in his book, which is a guide to our life and a comfort to our soul. It cheers us, comforts us, strengthens us, helps us, and humbles us. It teaches us to know God, and it learns us to keep his commandments, and to love him.

Indeed God is good; he has given us everything that is good for us to have, to make our lives happy and useful. And the birds, the flowers, the sunshine, and many other things are ordained for our benefit and pleasure.

Then why not enjoy life? Why not be happy in doing the best we can and leaving the rest to God? What is the use of worrying over what we can not help, when we know that all is for the best? If we have (as many say they have) a simple trust in God, why not look to him for strength, and, placing our lives in his hand, walk without murmuring in the path which he has laid out for us, giving him our hearts, and bending our wills to his? If we do so, then our lives will be such as we will not be ashamed of,

but they will be much truer, happier and better, and we will be able to do more for mankind.

We are responsible for the days that are given us here below, and we can not throw the blame on any one else. Our God holds us responsible for the time he has given us, and we will reap what we sow.

"It is not just as we take it,  
This mystical world of ours,  
Life's fields return as we make it,  
A harvest of thorns or of flowers,"

How true are the words which I have read, that "Time is the solemn inheritance to which every man is born heir, who has a life rent of this world, a little section cut out of eternity and given us to do our work in."

Indeed, what a solemn inheritance it is. How much is expected of us, and when are we to do the work? We must do it some time or lose our place in the kingdom of God. Is there any reason why we should not do it now? Begin now and live as God would have us live. Do not say there is time enough, for your salvation can not be marked out in a day or in an hour, and you are wasting time now for which you will have to give an account when you stand before the judgment seat of God.

"Every day in this world has its work," and what will we say for the days whose work was left undone? Will we not be held responsible for the consequences of that work being undone? And who can tell what the consequences may be?

MINNIE VARANA.

#### A MOTHER'S POWER.

**A** MOMENT'S work on clay tells more than an hour's labor on brick. So work on hearts should be done before they harden. During the first six or eight years of child-life, mothers have full sway; and this is the time to make the deepest and most enduring impressions on the human mind.

The examples of maternal influences are

countless. Solomon himself records the words of wisdom that fell from a mother's lips; and Timothy was taught the Scriptures from a child, by his grandmother and mother.

### MYSTERIES OF A LUMP OF COAL.

**F**OR years no one had supposed that a lump of soft coal, dug from its mine or bed in the earth, possessed any other purpose than that of fuel. It was next found that it would afford a gas which was combustible. Chemical analysis proved it to be made of hydrogen. In process of time mechanical and chemical ingenuity devised a mode of manufacturing this gas, and applying it to the lighting of buildings and cities on a large scale. In doing this, other products of distillation were developed, until step by step the following ingredients are extracted from it: An excellent oil to supply lighthouses, equal to the best sperm oil, at lower cost. Benzole—a light sort of ethereal fluid, which evaporates easily, and, combined with vapor or moist air, is used for the purpose of portable gas lamps, so called. Naphtha—a heavy fluid, useful to dissolve gutta percha and India rubber; an excellent oil for lubricating purposes. Asphaltum—which is a black, solid substance, used in making varnishes, covering roofs, and covering over vaults. Paraffine—a white crystalline substance resembling white wax, which can be made into beautiful wax candles; it melts at a temperature of 110 degrees, and affords an excellent light. All these substances are now made from soft coal.

### OCEANS.

THEIR DEPTH, FORM, INHABITANTS.

**I**T has always been my pleasure and aim to glean from books, (of which I have a small library), such knowledge and information that will benefit the little folks who subscribe for and read *Zion's Hope*, and I propose now to give them a few facts concerning the sea and what it contains.

THE DEPTHS OF THE OCEAN.

According to Dr. Thomson, Dr. Johnson, Canon Kingsley, in the Atlantic Ocean, are from 1500 to 3150 fathoms. A fathom is six feet. Lieutenant Parker of the ship *Congress*, in the South Atlantic, letting go his plummet, saw it run out 50,000 feet without touching the bottom.

Captain Denham and others who sounded the Atlantic between Buenos Ayres and Tristan found it to be  $8\frac{3}{4}$  English miles. He says—"The first hundred fathoms of the plummet line ran out in a minute and a half; the second hundred in ten minutes, five seconds; the third and every succeeding hundred fathoms, increasing in the time it occupied. The first thousand fathoms was run out in 27 minutes, 15 seconds, and the time occupied by the seventh thousand was one hour, forty-nine minutes, and fifteen seconds, the total number of fathoms run out 7,706, and the time it occupied was 9 hours and 25 minutes.

In the North Atlantic, according to Captain

Cook, Dr. Kane and others, 9, 11, 14 and 15 English miles. This goes to prove that the bed of the ocean lies in hills and valleys.

Gerard, the naturalist, says that all the marine plants at the bottom of the sea are flowerless, but they are to be found in diversities of styles, colors and shades; roots, stems, branches, leaves, &c., &c.

Captain Cook says that some of the marine plants may be termed "forests." They are luxuriant and abound so plentifully that, south of Cape Horn, they afford food and shelter to countless myriads of living creatures of all sizes and varieties. Some are three hundred and sixty feet in length. On the English, Irish and Scotch coast the marine plants are well distributed.

What is the floor of the deep composed of? "Mud," I hear you answer. Oh, no, it is a grand museum, in which are countless myriads, marvelous shells, &c., hundreds of them would only weigh a grain. Shells of every form and of every size, corals, ferns, crabs, shrimps, and thousands of other animals of every kind. No bed of flowers can be more brilliant. "The rocks and grottos of the ocean" are as richly carpeted with a verdure of their own, as our hills and valleys are. In the Pacific Ocean there are coral reefs one thousand miles in length, and four hundred miles in breadth. "Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men."—Psalm 107.

But, beyond the great natural wonders buried in the deep, what treasures of merchandise, what objects of love have found in it their graves! There lie the mighty ships of Tarshish and of every land! There lie the products of every clime, growths of nature, and works of arts. There too, beneath its waving weeds, sleep the sailor, and the fisher,

"For whom the place was kept  
At board and hearth so long."

Along all its heights, in all its deep valleys, are scattered all that hearts and homes have lost in the deeps' ten thousands of storms.

WILLIAM STREET.

### A LETTER FROM AUNT LAURA.

**I**TO me it seems a long, long time since I have written a letter to the Hopes. And indeed it is. But, for all this neglect, I love you just as dearly as I ever did, and feel now, as I have always felt, a deep interest in the welfare of our "Little Hopes."

The Lord's Little Lambs. How sweet that name sounds to the ears of those who love the Savior. Do you ever think of the great responsibility that rests upon us to be brave, pure little lambs of the dear Redeemer?

Do we ever neglect any duty that needs to be performed, such as obedience to parents, keeping the commandments of God, keeping ourselves pure and undefiled at all times, fit temples for the Lord's Spirit? Are we thankful enough for the blessings received every day?

We have all we need. Can we wish for

more, while there are many, very many who have scarcely enough to sustain life? We have Christian parents who have watched with unceasing care over us all our lives, shielding us as much as lies in their power from the evils of the world. Shall we not thank them for this care?

Please think of this just once, Little Hopes, and see if we are thankful enough. A very good and pretty way to guard ourselves from evil (i.e. overcome temptation) is to commit to memory some good verse from the Bible every morning and make it our guide through the day. If we do this, and ask God to help us, then every time we commence doing wrong that verse will come forcibly to our minds, and, if we heed it, we are sure not to do the wrong commenced. This is my remedy. Try it, and see if you do not like it.

We have reorganized our Sabbath School this Spring and are getting along well. I was chosen teacher of a class of nine dear little Hopes; and, although feeling incompetent to instruct, and that I would much rather be taught than teach, yet, with help from above, I will do the best I can. I have so far been able to interest them, and I ask all the little Hopes to pray for me that I may have sufficient strength to perform all duties given to me. The superintendent and teachers are kind and seem very attentive to their duties.

The work in these parts seems to be prospering, and, for the sake of the little Hopes and big ones, I trust it may continue to prosper. With much love to you all, and with best wishes for your welfare, I remain as ever. Yours &c.,

LAURA F.

### TO YOUNG MEN.

**L**ITTLE common sense and good advice will not be wasted, hardly out of place, even here. We do not know who wrote it, and here it is:

Young man, if you contemplate a business career, you can not look after your habits too carefully. Your aim in life is to be successful; with bad habits it is impossible to be successful or respected. Matters which seem of small importance to you may become in future the turning point in your career, either up or down, as they have that of many a man before you. In illustration of this we print the following anecdote as related in one of the most prominent New York dailies:

Horace B. Claffin, one of the most prominent and wealthy dry-goods merchants of New York, was alone in his office one afternoon, when a young man, pale and careworn, timidly knocked and entered. "Mr. Claffin," said he, "I have been unable to meet certain payments because parties failed to do by me as they agreed to do, and I would like to have \$10,000. I come to you because you have been a friend to my father, to my mother and might be a friend to me.

"Come in," said Claffin, "come in and have a glass of wine."

"No," said the young man, "I don't drink." "Have a cigar then?"

"No, I never smoke."

"Well," said the joker, "I would like to accommodate you, but I don't think I can."

"Very well," said the young man as he was about to leave the room. "I thought perhaps you might—good day, sir."

"Hold on," said Mr. Claffin, "you don't drink?"

"No."

"Nor smoke, nor gamble, nor anything of the kind?"

"No, sir!"

"Well," said Mr. Claffin, with tears in his eyes, "you shall have it, and three times the amount if you wish. Your father let me have \$5000 once, and asked me the same questions. No thanks—I owed it to you for your father's sake."

## UNCLE JOHN'S CHAT.

**F**ELT like writing again to you and having another short chat. It is one of my greatest troubles, when attempting to write, to find something interesting to write about. I thought I would open that "Book of books," the Bible, and see if I could there find a subject, or something that would suggest one. I opened the book at—well I won't tell you where, for I want you to find it yourselves—and read the following beautiful and truthful words, "A soft answer turneth away wrath; but grievous words stir up anger."

Little Hopes, will you commit this short verse to memory? And every day, if you have any occasion, put it into practice, and see whether it be true. If your playmates get angry at you and speak harshly, bring to mind this passage, and instead of answering them in the same harsh tone, give them a soft answer; that is, speak kindly, though you may feel provoked, and somewhat angry. Let not your angry passions rule, but keep your temper down, and remember that you are little Hopes of Zion and must not get angry, (Where is it forbidden in the Scriptures to get angry?), but must manifest the same meek and gentle spirit that Jesus did when he was reviled and persecuted.

O, little Hopes, what a lovable thing it is to see children meek, humble, loving and kind. "If thine enemy hunger feed him; if he thirst give him water to drink, for in so doing, thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head, and the Lord shall reward thee." This we find somewhere in the New Testament, and it means about the same as the other passage in—well I came near telling you where it was.

I will tell you a little story: A little boy was going to have a boat launch, and he had asked all his playmates, but, when he went to where the boat was, he found it with a hole bored in the bottom, and the sail all torn into shreds. He knew who did it and determined to punish him by tripping him down as he carried a basket of eggs to market. He met his cousin who, on learning his intentions, told him he had a better plan, which was to put a few coals of fire on his head. "What,

and burn him?" said the delighted little fellow, wholly taken up with the plan. But when his cousin explained it as he meant it, the little fellow was taken aback, but was finally persuaded to try it. Accordingly, on the next morning, he saw the boy, (who, by the way, was very fond of reading), and he went up to him and softly asked him if he would like to take his new book of travels, and told him that he would ask him to the launch, but some one had ruined his boat. The kind treatment had the effect; the coals burned, and the boy was punished more than if he had been beaten or kicked; and, what was better, ever after that he was a warm friend, instead of a bitter enemy. Be followers of God's word, dear Hopes. Test them and prove their truthfulness. I close by asking you to chat some.

## Egypt, Palestine, and Syria.—No. 32.

PREPARED BY T. J. ANDREWS.

**I**N grading the top of Moriah, near the centre of the inclosure a large portion of the original rock was left in its rough native state. This rock is from fifty to sixty feet long and fifty feet wide, a bold and majestic mass of stone, upon which no tool of iron has left its mark, the only surviving witness of the long series of changes and revolutions of 4,000 years. This unhewn rock, tradition says, was Abraham's altar, upon which Isaac was laid. On it David offered sacrifices, and this rock, it is supposed, became the altar of burnt sacrifice in the temple service. From this rock Mahommedans say their prophet ascended to heaven.

This is the reason of the sacred estimation in which they hold it, and hence the jealous care with which it is guarded from the intruding eye and polluting foot of the infidel Christian. For six hundred years they had it shut up and closely guarded, and no Christian or Jew could visit the enclosure but at the peril of his life, for it is said the authorities here had a firman from the Sublime Porte to kill any one who should presume to enter. In 1856, as a result of the wars among the European powers, the spirit of intolerance was somewhat relaxed, avarice triumphed over reverence, and the rigid law was so far modified that Christians might be allowed to visit the Harem upon the payment of five dollars. While in a state of suspense about paying this infamous and unjust tax, the French general commanding at Beirut, accompanied by sixty of his officers, arrived at our convent to spend passion week at Jerusalem. The Governor of Jerusalem extended an invitation to them and others at the convent, myself included, to visit the inclosure.

At an early hour of the morning we met at the office of the French Consul, under whose sanction and guidance the formal visit was to be made. The gates were opened. The Turkish guard, with Zouave dress and bristling bayonets were passed, and we were in the Harem. This is enclosed by a high stone wall, the eastern and a part of the

southern portion of it constituting also a part of the city wall. The space enclosed is about thirty-five acres, adorned with walks and shrubbery, while a few tall cypress trees lift their dark forms on high, adding to the variety of the scene. The Mosque of Omar is the chief attraction of the place, and next to the great mosque at Mecca and Medina, the most sacred spot to the Mahommedan. It stands near the centre of the inclosure upon an elevated platform paved with marble.

The lower story or main body of the building is a regular octagon, each side of which is sixty-seven feet; the central and elevated portion is circular, and about one hundred and seventy-five feet high. The building is crowned by a symmetrical and costly dome, over which rises a lofty bronze crescent, adding much to its architectural finish and beauty. The dome and upper portions of the building are everywhere covered with highly glazed porcelain tiles, of beautiful and gaudy colors, while the lower part of the octagonal sides are incased with rich marble of variegated colors, giving to the whole structure a polished, glittering appearance. The sides of the building are pierced with numerous windows, separated by marble columns. These windows are of the richest stained glass, through which a flood of rainbow light is poured into the interior. There are four entrances facing the four cardinal points, and over each a costly portico.

A Turkish attendant in military costume acted as our guide. Coming to the principal entrance, we laid aside our boots and shoes, and, with feet encased in light slippers, entered the sacred precincts. The interior, though richly furnished, was to me more gaudy than grand. A large portion of the wall and of the great dome appeared to be lined with the same kind of porcelain tiles that covered the exterior, though much more richly wrought, forming large gilded and mosaic pictures of brightest colors. Above the windows two lines of beautifully interlaced Arabic inscriptions from the Koran run around the whole interior of the building, wrought in the same beautifully colored, enameled tiles, forming a sort of religious cornice.

The interior is one hundred and forty-eight feet in diameter. Two corridors, one thirty feet wide, supported by Corinthian columns, and within this another, thirteen feet wide, the inside supported by Corinthian piers, together form the support of the central dome, sixty-six feet in diameter.

Occupying the centre of this rotunda is the Sacred Rock. This rock is sixty feet long, from north to south, and fifty feet broad. It rises several feet above the marble floor of the Mosque, and consequently would be some twelve or fifteen feet above the ground beneath. It is surrounded by a gilt iron fence, six feet high, and very strongly built, while over it is stretched a rich awning of parti-colored silk. For that rock this costly structure was built; for that rock this majestic dome spreads its ample proportions on high. That rock to the Jew is the most sacred spot on earth, for the rabbin says it is the identical rock on

which Jacob pillowed his head; on which Abraham offered Isaac; by the side of which Oman the Jebusite had his threshing floor, and on which David offered sacrifice; the rock that afterwards became the altar of burnt offering for the great Temple of Solomon.

But what renders this stone so sacred to the Mahommedans that for six hundred years they have shut it up from the approach of Jew or Christian? When Mahommed made his celebrated ascension from Arabia to Jerusalem, and thence through to the heavens, he stood on this rock and from it bounded upward to the celestial spheres. Here in the solid rock is shown the print of his foot; and, while the rock starting from its resting place would have followed him in his ariel flight, here are to be seen the marks of the angel's hand as he held it down.

They also believe that from that time till now this holy rock has remained suspended in the air, requiring no support but the miraculous power of God. True, there is a cave beneath the rock with walls of heavy stone masonry, but it is believed they do not support one ounce of the weight of the stone, but are only placed there to hold the rock in case the supernatural power that sustains it should at any moment be withdrawn!

### PRECIOUS NAME.

**H**E venerable Dr. Wisner, of Ithaca, as it is related, used to tell of a little girl who kept coming to him, while superintendent of a Sunday School, with a request to be transferred to a neighboring class. For a time she would not give her reason. "Is not your teacher kind?" "Yes, very." "Does she not know the lesson, and tell you a great many good things?" "Oh, yes." "Does she make the lesson interesting?" "Yes, we all like to hear her talk; but—" "But what?" "Well, sir, I can't help hearing what Miss—, the teacher of the next class, says to her scholars, and I find myself listening to her instead of our teacher." "Why is that?" "Oh, sir, she is all the time talking to them about Jesus, and it sounds so good and sweet. My teacher scarcely ever talks to us about Jesus!"

### Letters from the Hopes.

HUTCHINSON, Colorado,  
May 17th, 1880.

Dear Little Hopes:—I am twelve years old, and I thought you would like to hear from me, as it has been a long time since I wrote to you. We have a nice little Sunday School out here in the mountains. It is held at half-past twelve o'clock, and the meeting is at two o'clock. Our day school ended Friday. We walked a mile and a half to it. I received a nice dictionary for a prize for learning verses.

I have a little cousin, a month old. His name is Perry A. Elliott. My aunt and cousins are staying with my grandma.

We had a good time a week ago last Sunday, going up to Elk Creek, and Bro. Caffall baptized two of Bro. Kemp's children, and one of my cousins and one of my sisters, and also a young man about twenty-two years old. His name is Henry A. Ray. I hope they will all be

faithful. While they were being baptized it snowed very hard, but in the afternoon it cleared off and was real pleasant. We have prayer meeting every Thursday night.

Bro. Caffall has been preaching a good while. He has now gone to Denver to preach. We would like very much to have him stay with us longer. I think he is a servant of God. My uncle died about two weeks ago. He was about eighty-four years old. It seems very lonesome up at my grandma's. Bro. Caffall preached his funeral sermon. About fifty people attended. He was buried on the hill right by our house. There are six graves on the hill.

I desire the prayers of all the little Hopes that I may hold out.

Your sister in Christ,

INA A. KENNEDY.

STARFIELD, Clinton Co., Missouri,  
May 21st, 1880.

Dear Hopes:—To-night I again have the privilege of writing to our dear Sunday School paper, which is so full of instruction and good advice. I think "Uncle John's Chat" in May 15th issue is splendid. We ought all to take a lesson from it. I hope he will write to us often. I am glad that our uncles and aunts take pleasure in helping us along with our paper. We need all of their assistance, for they are older and are capable of instructing us in the right way. Yet we should not depend on them entirely, but should try to make our lights brighter, so that when our older writers are able to write no more we will be able to write for the Hopes who are younger than ourselves. And always keep in mind the instructions of our kind Editors. Dear Hopes, how I wish I was near a good Sunday School, so I could attend regularly, but we have no school at our branch, for the Saints are so far apart that they can not get together often enough. But I do pray that I may not always be deprived of the privilege which I would enjoy so very much. Pray for me, dear Hopes, for it is my desire to be worthy of a full salvation in the celestial kingdom.

Your unworthy sister,

SARAH A. SUMMERFIELD.

GLENWOOD, Iowa, May 22d, 1880.

Dear Little Hopes:—I belong to the Church, so do my five brothers and sisters and my father and mother. I know that I do many things that I ought not, but I try to overcome the evil one, who tries to come in every place he can, for he wants to get all he can to serve him. I am the least in our family, but I want to live so that when Jesus comes to make up his jewels I may be one of them. Pray for me, dear Saints, that I may do my duty more faithfully. Your sister in Christ,

EMMA HERSHEY.

LITTLE SIOUX, Iowa,  
May 22d, 1880.

Dear Hopes:—Again I feel like writing to our paper. I have had quite a ride out in the land since I last wrote. It was over hills and through the hollows, and I saw many things that made me think of the kind, loving Creator we have. These things were the beautiful flowers, the sweet-singing birds, the various kinds of trees, the clear running springs, everything to beautify this earth and make it pleasant as well as productive for the children of men. It seems there was nothing that a kind, loving parent could think of but what he has provided for us. Just think of the privileges we might enjoy if we would only think so. As the flowers beautify the earth, and make it sweet and pleasant for us, so might we be a blessing and a source of pleasure to those by whom we are surrounded, if we would observe all that the Lord requires of us, and seek to him diligently for light, for charity and for love. And if we would follow the example our blessed Savior set for us, think of the blessings we might enjoy!

But, on the other hand, look what a condition our beautiful world is in because of a lack of appreciation of the privileges God has given us. He gave us our own choice, to take the wise part or the foolish part; and, if the wise part had been the choice, I don't believe the terrible judgments that are slaying the people by hundreds, would have been abroad in the land, or that our rich earth would be dry and refusing to yield her products.

Dear Hopes, let us endeavor with our might, mind and strength to follow our pattern, to please our God, and to appreciate the privileges he has given us.

We have just started a Sabbath School in our branch, and it is the desire of my heart that a portion, at least, of the children in this part of God's vineyard may be properly instructed in the duties we all owe to our God. Pray that we may be successful.

Yours,

H. H.

LUCAS, Iowa, May 25th, 1880.

Dear Little Hopes:—I take opportunity of writing to you again a little news. Our Sunday School is still increasing. Elder Henry Jones is our superintendent. The branch intends to build a chapel. On the 21st inst, Bro. Thomas Gray was killed in the mines. He was born in the north of England. He has no relatives in this country. He was buried on the 22d. The funeral discourse was preached by Elder John R. Evans. I hope you will pray for me.

WILLIAM TRUMAN.

LONDON, Ontario, May 16th, 1880.

Dear Hopes:—With pleasure I embrace the opportunity of writing a few lines for our valuable and interesting little paper, which is a welcome messenger to our home. I was baptized November 5th, 1876, by Elder J. J. Cornish, who was then our worthy president. Since that time I have been blessed with the Spirit of God in many ways. Prior to the time that I embraced the gospel I was very deeply engaged in the pleasures of the world, but I thank God that, through prayer and fasting I have conquered much. We have a very good attendance every Sunday morning at our school. We sincerely hope that a great interest is taken in the little Hopes throughout the land, for God has revealed to us that it is the young of this generation that will accomplish the all important work of the last days. Your brother in the gospel,

RICHARD C. EVANS.

SHELBY, Iowa, May 29th, 1880.

Dear Hope:—I am a small boy, eleven years old. I go to school and read in the fourth reader. I like my teachers very well. My father, mother, sister and myself all belong to the Church. My father has been very sick for about three weeks, but the Lord has blessed him, and he is getting better, for which I am very thankful to our heavenly Father. The Saints in Shelby have built a hall, and we have meeting every Sunday at 11 o'clock, and Sabbath School at three o'clock. I attend both every Sunday.

SALEM E. GOREHAM.

CANTON, Illinois, May 23d, 1880.

Dear Hopes:—Brother Patterson was here last Sunday. I am ten years old. Our school will soon be out. I do not belong to the Church. I go to Sunday School. There are seventeen scholars. We expect to have a picnic next month. I wish all the little Hopes were here to go with us, for we expect to have a good time.

Good by.

IDA J. RIGGS.

LONDON EAST, Ontario,  
May 16th, 1880.

Dear Hopes:—I am ten years old. I go to Sunday School every Sunday, at 9:30 A.M. We have meeting three times a day. I have one sister and three brothers. My sister belongs to the Church, so does my pa and ma. I do not belong, but I hope I will some day. Mr. Richard Evans is the superintendent of the Sunday School. He is a good one. Good by.

Your friend,

CLARA TIMBRELL.

15 June 80.

A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue.

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 H. A. Stebbins. Price Sixty cents per year, free of postage. All remittances, orders, and business communications intended for the office of publication, should be directed to Joseph Smith, Plano, Kendall County, Illinois. 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. Superintendents and Teachers of Sunday Schools, Book Agents, and the Traveling Ministry, are requested to act as Agents.