

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

VOL. XIII.

PLANO, ILLINOIS, JULY 1, 1881.

No. 1.

SCHOOL OF CHRIST.

THERE is a school on earth begun,
Supported by the Holy One;
He sets his students all to prove
The principles of perfect love.

Come, come, my friends, wher'er you be,
Say, will you go to school with me.
Christ Jesus is my Master's name—
Come deaf and dumb, come blind and lame.

His school books are the Scriptures true,
His lessons are forever new;
His scholars ought to be agreed,
For 'tis a blessed school, indeed.

My Master learns the blind to see—
Then come ye blind, the school is free;
My Master learns the lame to walk,
He also learns the dumb to talk.

My Master learns the deaf to hear.
Then come ye deaf, and lend an ear
Unto my Master's pleasant voice—
He'll make your mourning souls rejoice.

He learns the swearing man to pray,—
Then come, profane, without delay;
He'll cause your tongue to praise his name,
And spread abroad your Master's fame.

Come, brethren dear, who are at school,
And take the Bible for your rule;
'Tis best for all to mind this book,
Who have all carnal joys forsook.

We lay these carnal weapons by,
We'll praise our Master till we die,—
We'll keep the straight and narrow road
That leads to Jesus Christ's abode.

When we have done with all below,
Home to his kingdom we shall go;
And by his all-prevailing prayer,
We'll meet a happy welcome there.

Soon these frail tenements shall die,
And then we'll lay our school books by,
We'll reign with Master Jesus then—
Glory to God! glory, Amen.

R. S. DAWSON.

UNCLE JOHN'S CHAT.

WELL, dear Hopes, here we come
again for a short chat. In chatting,
you know, people talk of many
things, and so we will do; that is not take
any one subject.

You don't know how much I love you little
Hopes, and this is why I write, that I may
perhaps induce some of you to try in your
youthful days to form habits of industry,
obedience, and meekness.

In the town where I live there are a great

many very bad boys. They are bad because
they use very bad language. Does it do any
person good to swear? I would like to have you
explain to me why people swear. Is swear-
ing forbidden in the Old and New Testament.
J. A. C. who lives away down in Texas
writes a very nice letter, because—well I don't
know whether to say he, or she—thinks more
of our heavenly home than our earthly. Now
little Hopes, I want to ask you which we
should seek first, an earthly or heavenly home?

There are five words in Sr. Nancy A.
Brooks' letter that make a sentence contain-
ing one of the most important duties of chil-
dren. Read it carefully and see if you can
find them.

Dear Hopes, do all you can to support our
good little paper. I am glad to see so many
enlisting in the "Ten cent army of Zion's
Hopes." Is not that a good name for it. I
think Lizzie and Ora King loved the HOPE
very much to pick and sell berries to pay for
it. How many more can do as well.

I want to describe to you a little person and
see if you can guess his name. He is very
cross looking, drawing his eyebrows down
and sticking out his lips all the time. So you
see he is not beautiful. When he comes
around where his parents are, he does not feel
good toward them, sometimes even saying he
does not like them. When he talks he has a
very harsh voice, not gentle and mild as a
good boys is. This little person is quite often
found among children and always causes quar-
reling and fighting. He tries to get into our
house sometimes, but we try to drive him
away. Now, little Hopes, can you guess the
name of this person, and if you can, tell me
what the Savior says about the matter. I
will perhaps tell you his name if you do not
guess it. I see by your letters that many of
you belong to the Church. Such have a
duty to perform, in speaking of God's good-
ness to them. Don't say you are too young,
to speak or pray in meeting, for you are not,
if you are old enough to be baptized. The
Savior says "Take up your cross and follow

me;" that is do as the Savior wants you to,
whether you just feel like it or not. If you
always felt like speaking or praying, having
no fear, it would be no cross; but if you con-
tinue to take up the cross it will grow lighter
and lighter—so it was with me. Do you all
speak or pray in meeting, little Hopes? If
not, do so the next time you meet with the
Saints, and see if you do not feel much better;
try it. You, little Hopes, who do not yet be-
long to the Church, do not put off too long
the day of obedience. Read the Bible, and
learn your duties, then go forth and obey.
Now, dear Hopes, let me conclude by asking
you what the first thing necessary for salvation
is, and what are the scriptural proofs; I mean
the first step. Now it is your turn to chat
again to Uncle John.

WHAT THE GIRLS DID.

BY PERLA WILD.

CHAPTER II.

APRIL had been cold and damp and
chill. 'Twas nearly May now, and
still the weather was very disagree-
able. At the Warren cottage the
evening shadows fell gloomily enough.
There was one scant armful of wood, which
pretty little Angie bore into the house.

"Where shall I put this wood, mother
mine," she asked.

"In the sitting room to be sure," replied
Mrs. Warren. "You know poor Nick must
be kept warm, whether we eat much or not."

"But there's only one loaf of bread for our
supper," said Angie, as she placed the wood
in the box. "If we only had some milk we
could sup quite nicely. Poor old Bloss! why
couldn't she live for us?"

"We won't make a fire in the kitchen to-
night, we must not," said mother. "So little
fuel. We can eat a bit of toasted bread,—
there's a little jelly for Nick, that Mrs. Perry
sent. Magdalena, child, don't lie down there
and go to sleep."

A little five year old lassie rose slowly from

the carpet and rubbed her eyes dreamily.

"I don't want any supper. Just a basin of bread and milk, and I'll go to bed," and she nodded as she finished speaking.

"Gueth you're athleep," said lisping Nick, from his easy chair, carefully adjusting the support of his broken arm. "Don't you know we haven't got any cow!"

O,—I,—forgot," and with a sigh that was half a sob, little Mag dozed off asleep again.

"Hark," exclaimed Nick, presently. "I heard thome one at the other door. Thome one rapped." Mother was slicing bread to toast on the warming stove; but Angie had taken the baby, so she laid the knife and loaf on the little side table, and went into the kitchen, returning almost immediately, followed by Lib Perry and Flo Sterling, each bearing a great parcel tied in brown paper. Before they were fairly seated, another rap, and Joe Perry and Lew Hardy were admitted, carrying two great baskets. The Warrens were almost dumb with surprise; but now another call, and Olive Smith and Alice Wise came in with their arms full of bundles.

"What does it all mean?" cried Mrs. Warren at last, as she laid away the last bonnet and cloak.

"I know, mother," exclaimed Dick; "it's a thurprithe party. O goody."

Presently there was a noise in the kitchen, as of some one rattling the stove. Mrs. Warren scarcely knew whether to sit still or go in there.

"Don't trouble yourself, Mrs. Warren," chirped Olive Smith, pinning up her sleeves. "We girls can do very nicely alone."

"Only if you'll please take the baby, so Angie can come and show us where the dishes are," added Flo Sterling. "We haven't taken tea yet and thought maybe you would not be expecting so many, so we brought something with us." And out went the girls into the kitchen, while Paul Sterling and Jack Wise came thence into the sitting room, the one picking his teeth with a splinter, the other brushing some ashes from his coat sleeve. And Nick had to tell again that his arm was getting on finely, as he had several times before. In about half an hour little Mag came bustling into the room—(she was all awake the moment the first visitor entered)—and called out, "Supper's ready! every body come quick. And O, mamma, there's just the prettiest pink and white cake, and chicken and—O, do come, all of you."

Sure enough there was the table, spread to its utmost limit, draped in a buff bordered spread that had never graced that board before, and loaded with the best of food.

"We girls did all the cooking, and maybe some of the things are not very good. But we did our best. Take a piece of chicken, Mrs. Warren," said Lib Perry, whom the other girls desired to preside in a manner, over the little feast.

"Yes, that chicken's splendid," remarked Jack Wise, "cause I gobbled a piece to pay for carrying the basket."

"I noticed a mar on it, I carved it," replied Lib.

"Jack, don't talk so vulgar," entreated Alice Wise.

"What you mean, Al, hey?" asked Jack, unconsciously, taking another spoon of dressing and a big piece of cake to accompany.

"O, Jack!" whispered his sister, with a reproachful look.

Mrs. Warren could scarcely eat; her grateful emotions choked her. And when she tried to express her thanks to the dear, kind-hearted children, the tears almost entirely prevented her utterance.

There was a momentary silence. Then as it seemed necessary for some one to speak, Paul Sterling said, "We know, Mrs. Warren, we know you are very thankful. But you know 'tis written that it is more blessed to give than to receive."

Supper over, the girls remained to put away the things, sending Mrs. Warren and the boys into the sitting room, meanwhile.

"Now, girls," observed Lib Perry, when they were alone, "what about our 'convention,' as the boys called their affair. You know at that time we agreed that we'd see what we could do. But the time we set to meet was stormy; then some of the girls backed out. Then Mr. Warren got sick, and first one thing and then another hindered us. Now, we've talked it up, and intend organizing a society to-night. Just as soon as we get this work done."

"O, I'm so glad," cried Angie Warren. "And won't you meet here 'most every time; because Nick can't go out. He'll be so pleased."

"But, it's going to be solely for girls," answered Flo Sterling.

"Pshaw! girls," put in Alice Wise. "'Twont be half so nice. Let the boys join if they want to. It'll be ever so much more interesting."

"Well," said Lib Perry, "we'll begin without them, any way."

But that beginning was not so easy as they supposed. The girls repaired to the other room and seated themselves. A few remarks were made, then a silence fell over the company. The silence grew painful.

"Let's play something," said Lew Hardy.

"Ahem!"—began Lib Perry, who was the oldest of the girls, and had been appointed speaker and leader. "I,—that is we,—ahem."—Then a pause. Poor Lib couldn't say it to save her. Every idea fled, the moment she rose to her feet. Olive thought Lib was very childish, and determined to speak herself.

"We girls have made up our minds to—to"—poor Olive paused and blushed. That one word had escaped from her memory, and in great confusion she sat down.

Paul Sterling began to see the drift of the girls' intentions, and laughed softly to himself. He remembered Flo had hinted once or twice something concerning the failure of the Boy's Convention. She had also remarked that when girls undertook anything, they went through with it. They always knew what they were going to do before they commence. He felt like saying something of the kind then, but gallantly refrained. Florence sat

beside him, and she whispered to him despairingly,

"O, Paul, do get up and tell it. We can't. I didn't think it would be so hard. We had it talked up, and now it's all fallen through, just because Lib couldn't do anything she undertook."

"You say it, Flo," answered Paul, wickedly.

"Now Paul, you're too bad. Do please get up and start it. Just say that we want to organize a society."

Paul rose and began. "Friends, I am requested to say that the young ladies present are desirous of organizing a society. First one must be chosen for president of this meeting. Another, secretary."

So they began. Paul was chosen president, not only for the evening, but for the society; which, by motion of Olive Smith, was named the Anti-Slang Society. A penalty of five cents every time a member talked slang. Lib Perry acting as vice-president; Alice Wise, secretary, because she was a ready writer; Olive Smith, critic, which office she seemed well adapted to; Nick Warren, treasurer. The money procured as fines to be used for charitable purposes. So the merry company separated. Mrs. Warren pointed to the parcels they had brought which lay piled on a stand in one corner.

"O, we intended to leave them here," replied Flo Sterling and Lib Perry in the same breath.

"Don't forget to come next Wednesday night," repeated Angie, as she held the light for the last one to pass out.

"Do let uth thee what'th in thotho parcelths, pleathe, mother," urged Nick, as soon as the family were alone. So mother proceeded to unloose the wrappings. "O! O!" cried little Mag, as a pretty pink and white little princess dress was brought to view. "O that's mine; that's mine. O, I'm so glad. I can go to Sunday School, can't I, mamma?"

"Look! look!" exclaimed Nick, "what a tweet little cap for baby; and only thee! tuch pretty little sheoth, too. And what'th that? O, a dreth for mother, and tho nithe. Who gave them all I wonder?"

The other bundles contained a new dress for Angie, clothes for Nick, and the like. Great was the joy of the family, and sincere their geatitude to God and their kind young friends.

To be continued.

DIFFERENCES of opinion give me but little concern; but it is a real pleasure to be brought into communication with any one who is in earnest, and who really looks to God's will as his standard of right and wrong, and judges of actions according to their greater or less conformity.

A white garment appears worse with slight soiling than do colored garments much soiled; so a little fault in a good man attracts more attention than great offences in bad men.

An old German minister is said to have prayed: "O Lord, when I try to do a little thing for thee, and give up something near to my heart, thou comest and givest me back a thousand times as much!"

DRIFTWOOD.

By MYRTLE GREY.

CHAPTER II.



ND that reminds me," said Mrs. Brown, settling herself back in her chair and rolling up the ruffle she had been hemming, "Semanthy was over to Brother Cole's yesterday, an' they was jest settin' down to supper; an' would you believe me, there was nothin' on the table to eat but dry bread an' water!"

"Sister Brown!"

"Yes; it's true; for Semanthy seen it with her own eyes, an' he a askin' a blessin' on it at that; and Sister Cole has hardly been able to be about, she's had a spine in her back, or somethin' like it."

Mrs. Nelson sat silent a moment.

"I've an idee," she said impressively; and another moment went by in silence.

Mrs. Brown waited patiently for the "idee" to develop itself.

"The idee is" she said at last, "to give Brother Cole a donation party."

"Good!" said Mrs. Brown; "but then there is so few of us."

"Stop; I won't have no 'buts' about it. That ar'e one word has spiled many an' many good intentions. An' few or no few, we can ha' a donation, an' we will," said Mrs. Nelson, with energy.

"Here, sister; take this paper an' pencil, an' draw a line down the middle, so. You're the youngest an' can see better than I can. Now we'll see how many members we have in the branch, here."

So they counted together on their fingers, and found just eighteen who lived in town.

"Now the half of eighteen is nine; write nine names on this side of the line, and nine on that. Then we'll cut it in two an' you take one, an' I'll take 'tother, an' if Mrs. Squire Hadley can go beggin' for heathens as she knows nothin' about, we can beg for a brother an' sister, as is sick an' needy; an' I don't call it beggin', neither; it's lendin' to the Lord."

So they arranged the whole programme before tea time, and called the result of their efforts a "Donation Surprise Party."

The next day proved as pleasant as the preceding one had been, and two figures, whom we recognize as Mrs. Nelson and Mrs. Brown, parted company at the former lady's gate, with light hearts that were sure of success, for they were not to go to strangers, but to members of one family, to solicit aid for a brother and sister.

The first place Mrs. Nelson stopped, was at Mr. Preston's, who, when she unfolded her plans, met them with delight. Even six year old Floy Preston listened attentively, and going to her little box, she drew forth a bright silver quarter, she had saved towards the purchase of a doll that was already dear to her heart. She hesitated. It was hard to relinquish dolly; but she did it bravely, and holding out her money said, "See, grandma, won't this buy something nice?"

"Yes; you dear, an' you shall put on your

cloak, an' come right along with grandma an' buy it yourself, if your ma is willin'."

To be sure mamma was willing, and the two started off together. Down the street they went, when Floy paused before a window in which stood the coveted dolly.

"Oh! grandma; ain't she a beauty, the little darling."

And Mrs. Nelson noted the wistful eyes, and hastened on.

"We'll stop here, Floy, an' you can buy your present."

Floy mounted a chair and looked over the array of goods on the counter.

"But what will it buy?"

"I think an apron, and a spool of thread to make it with, would be nice."

"An apron?"

Yes; she could pick that out. She turned over the goods till she came to a navy blue piece, with little white stars on it. "See, grandma, you can almost see 'em twinkle."

The clerk clerk cut it off, rolled it up with the thread, and as Floy relinquished the piece of shining silver, a little sigh escaped her, and all her bright visions of dear dolly had vanished. Generous little girl!

When they were out on the street again, Mrs. Nelson said: "Floy, this is 'bread cast upon the waters, and will return after many days.'"

"Yes, I remember that verse; but I don't know what it means."

"It means, cast your bread upon the waters, an' it will come back buttered on both sides."

"Yes, I see," exclaimed the little girl.

"And you'll remember?" questioned the old lady.

"O, yes; I'll not forget when I understand it."

We will not follow them on their rounds; but suffice it to say, the "party" was to assemble at Mrs. Nelson's, where everything was to be arranged in order for the start at six. As it was nearly four when that lady arrived at the Prestons she hurriedly exchanged a few words with Mr. and Mrs. Preston, and taking Floy, with her started for home. Upon arriving there, she was met at the door by Mrs. Brown, who was in a flutter of excitement.

"Such a sight I never did see in my life; every chair an' table, an' all in under the table's chuck full—besides all the folks, an' I was just tellin' Semanthy, if this thing kept up, we wouldn't have no place to put 'em."

As Mrs. Nelson entered, she saw at once the account was not exaggerated. Such an array of bundles of every conceivable size and shape! And at five o'clock, Mr. Nelson drove up to the door, with the big wagon, and the fun for the boys commenced. The ladies classified the articles, while the boys carried them to the wagon, and the men attended to the packing. There were potatoes, beans, cabbages, smoked hams, salt pork and fish, flour, and so on down to the smallest articles from the grocer's; all neatly packed. Then came two baskets; but what was in them was only known to the sisters. Presently another wagon drove up loaded with wood, saws and

axes. At six all was in readiness, and the party started for Mrs. Coles. Arriving there, the sisters went in first, according to previous arrangement. Mr. and Mrs. Cole sat shivering over an almost cold stove, while the remnants of their supper still remained on the table—namely a piece of stale bread. As the company entered, the worthy couple started to their feet in astonishment, then began to apologize for the chilling atmosphere of the room.

"We are glad to see you sisters; but we are burning our last stick of wood, and only God can tell what will become of us. I am not able to work, and this lameness is beginning to tell on me."

"Now don't be looking so downcast, brother; it will all come out right, and we've come over to cheer you up a bit," spoke up one of the sisters.

But Mr. Cole only shook his head despondently.

Mrs. Nelson stepped to the door.

A troop of men entered, each loaded with bundles, which they placed on the floor, and turning around, went out again without a word. Mrs. Nelson again opened the door, and three boys entered, each with an armful of wood, which they deposited in the empty wood box, then retired as quietly as they came.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Cole, when she could recover her senses, "what does it all mean?"

While Mr. Cole sat completely overpowered; and as the door again opened, and another load was laid down, he comprehended the situation, and burst into tears.

At last the unloading was finished, and the two huge baskets stood on the bed, in lieu of a better place; a bright fire was burning in the stove, and as the room grew comfortable, the spirits of the company rose accordingly.

Mr. Preston made a little speech, which was responded to in a few broken words, far more eloquent than the most elaborate speech could have been. At eight o'clock Mrs. Nelson went out, as the boys were finishing their work. Some were sawing, some splitting, others were piling the wood neatly in the shed; and as the last stick was laid on, a shout went up that would have done justice to twice their number.

"Now, boys, comes your part of the 'surprise,'" said Mrs. Nelson, holding the door open for them to enter. The table stood in the center of the room, literally loaded with good things, which the sisters took great pride in, as their own work, gotten up on so short a notice. It was a grand feast, and the hungry boys looked expectantly happy, and pleasantly surprised. And as "surprise" was the order of the evening, still another one awaited. Two large packages stood in the center of the table, propped up by the sugar bowl and spoon holder. Mrs. Nelson evidently had charge of these, for, calling the house to order, she proceeded to relate in her own way, the story of little Floy's sacrifice, who was quietly nestling in her father's arms, and who opened her eyes wide, as she wondered

how "grandma found all that out," and looked at her father for the solution; but he was intently watching something in another part of the room. As Mrs. Nelson concluded, she gave one package to Mrs. Cole, and the other to Floy, whose eyes grew brighter and brighter, as she took off paper after paper, and finally revealed the beautiful doll of the show window.

"O! you sweet darling!" And she kissed and caressed it with all the tenderness a young mother could lavish on her first-born.

"The dear child!" exclaimed Mrs. Cole, as she displayed the apron, "it is beautiful, isn't it sisters?" and being called on, they gave their opinions in chorus; while the boys, well knowing they couldn't cheer in the house, made as much noise as is possible for boys to make with their hands and feet. Order being again restored, a blessing was asked, and supper commenced.

"The bread has come back, grandma," said Floy, catching at Mrs. Nelson's dress as she was passing.

"Didn't I tell you it would; and didn't it bring you happiness?"

But no need of asking that, for the child's face was a perfect picture of contentment. At ten o'clock, the "Donation Surprise Party" broke up, and after a prayer and hymn, they separated at the door. Nothing could restrain the boys now, and with a deafening cheer, they jumped into the wagon and drove away.

"Who'd a thought that so few of us could ha' done so much?" said Mrs. Brown.

"And we don't feel one mite the poorer for it either," added Mrs. Nelson.

"Richer!" richer!" exclaimed several, who had overheard the remark. And by exerting themselves in contributing to the happiness of others, they were doubly blessed; and in the knowledge of leaving two happy hearts behind them, they went to their rest with a happy "Good night."

GOOD ADVICE.

DEAR HOPES: I feel impressed to write a few lines to you, and while I do so I pray that I may be led to thoughts that will be of benefit to the readers of the HOPE. I feel that I have neglected my duty many times, as one professing to love you, in not writing to you oftener; but it is not because you are forgotten by me, but because I am busily occupied with the toils and cares of life, that it seems I can hardly find opportunity to collect my thoughts sufficiently to write anything worthy of space in the columns of our paper we love so much. But as I desire it to prosper, I feel to cast my mite among the rest for its prosperity.

I feel like writing a few lines by way of caution to the Hopes, old and young, that we be not too ready to find fault with those by whom we may be surrounded. How many bearing the name, Latter Day Saint, are slaves to this bad habit? Ah! too many indeed. I would that I could say none; but alas, I can not. It is almost an every day occurrence, no matter where we go, to hear some one

and they would pass on. The dream troubled me for several weeks. I would tell it to my neighbors that would come in, but none of them would listen to me, until an honest-hearted neighbor woman told me that it was a correction of my sins. This relieved my mind to some extent; but still my dream was with me, until in 1863, I saw a vision, which impressed me more deeply than my dream. Then I set myself to work to find a church that would contain all that I had seen. I went to hear all denominations, but none of them satisfied me until I heard the Saints preach. As soon as I heard the Saints' doctrine, I knew that it was the Church I had been searching for, so I accordingly joined it, and expect by the grace of God to continue to live in it until God sees fit to remove me from this earth. May God bless you, dear Hopes, and show you the right way.

Your sister in Christ,

G. M. JARVIS.

KINMUNDY, Marion Co., Illinois,

June 5th, 1881.

Dear Hopes: This is Sunday morning, and is raining; we meant to have Sunday School, but the rain may prevent. We have Sunday School at our house. Elder Smith has been here lately, and stayed ten days with us; he preached several times, and we had a nice time. Father has gone to conference at Deer Creek; he started the third of this month, accompanied by a friend, Mr. Fillmore Nickles. A friend of mine, Miss Sarah Losey, is visiting at our house. She belongs to the Christian Church at Alma; we like her very much, and were glad to have her company while father is gone. The branch meets twice a week; Sunday for Saints' meeting and Wednesday night for prayer meeting. We are sorry to hear of the death of Sister Hilliard, and our prayer is that God will comfort and bless the bereaved family. We know she is not lost, but only gone before. I do not expect I will ever see all the faces of the Hopes in this world; but I do desire to meet them in a world where we will see as we are seen and know as we are known. I desire the prayers of all the honest in heart, that I may hold out faithful, and have a part in the first resurrection, on which the second death has no power.

Your brother in the covenant of peace,

ARCHIE BREWER.

ALMA, Marion County, Illinois,

June 5th, 1881.

Dear Friends: I thought I would write to you; this is the first time that I ever tried to write to you. I am visiting now at Mr. Brewer's. I do not belong to the Saint's Church. I belong to the Christian Church at Alma. I have heard brethren Smith and Morris preach, and I like their preaching real well. I heard them preach at Alma, and Bro. Morris came and stayed all day with us. I have missed my Sunday School two Sundays. I was at the Saints' Sunday School last Sunday. I think they have a real interesting Sunday School. I desire the prayers of the people that love God, that I may hold out faithful and meet them all in heaven.

Your sister in Christ,

SARAH LOSEY.

LAMONI, Iowa, June 4th, 1881.

Dear Hopes: This is my first letter to the HOPE, though I have often thought I would write. I love to read the HOPE, especially the letters. I will be eleven years old the 30th of this month. I was baptized when I was nine. My father is in Australia, on a mission. He has been gone two years last May. We miss him very much. I desire to do right, though I find it very hard some times. Pray for me.

NELLIE C. GILLEN.

1 July 81.

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.

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, Price Sixty cents per year, free of postage. Superintendents and Teachers of Sunday Schools, Book Agents, and the Traveling Ministry, are requested to act as Agents.

What are another's faults to me?
I've not a vulture's bill
To pick at every flaw I see,
And make it wider still;
It is enough for me to know
I've follies of my own,
And on this wise my cares bestow
And let my friends' alone."

I for one feel that we ought to be up and doing while the day lasts. Do all the good we can in this life, that we may be the better prepared for the life beyond. Now, dear Hopes, lest I weary you with too long a letter, I will bid you adieu for the present, hoping that what I have written may injure the feelings of none, as no injury was intended by the writer; but have written with the deepest feeling of love dwelling in my heart toward all; and if any are in the habit of finding fault with others, and what I have written shall be of any benefit to them, then I shall feel amply repaid for the little good I shall have accomplished. Ever praying for the welfare of Zion, and striving in my weak way to help others to "Rescue the perishing," I am as ever

Your sister in Christ,

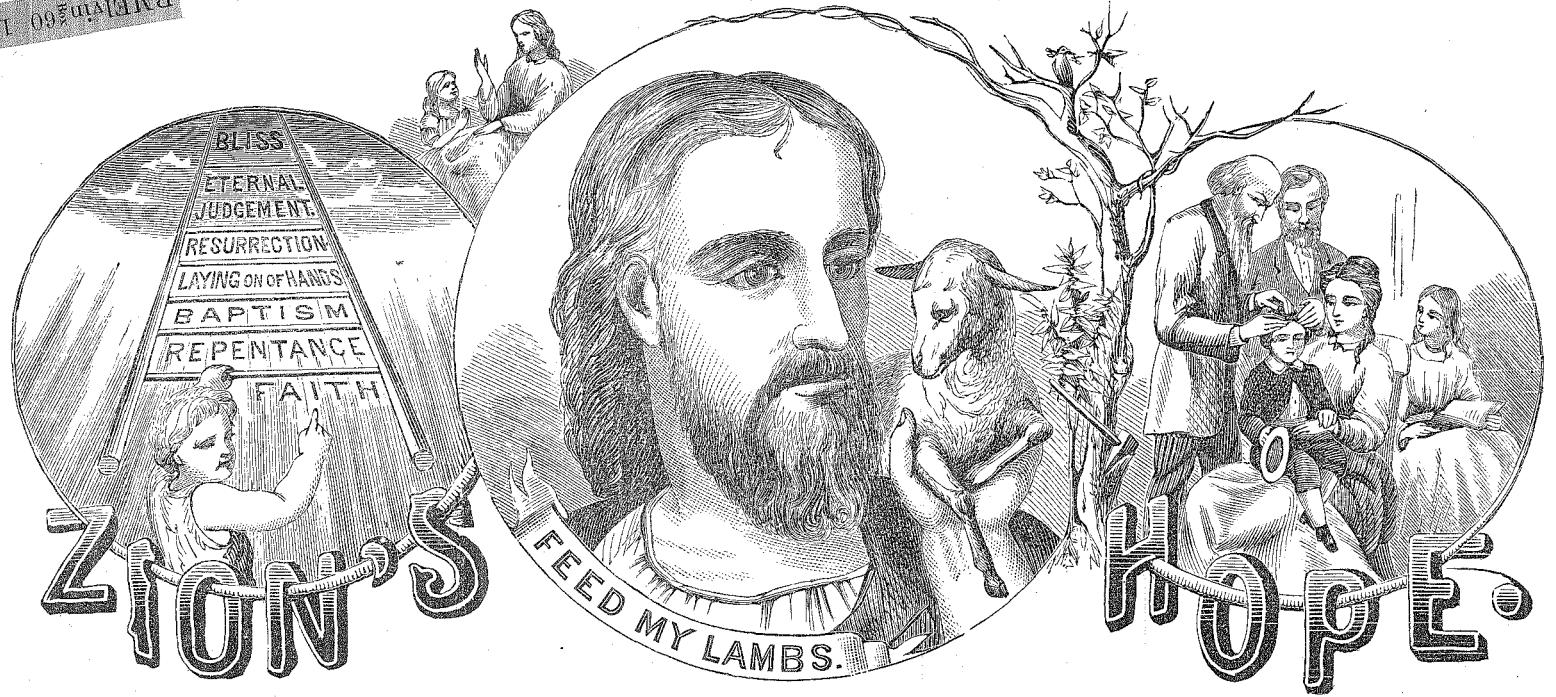
SARAH J. ROSS.

LITTLE SIOUX, Iowa, May 21st, 1881.

Letters from the Hopes.

XENIA, Illinois, June 6th, 1881.

Dear Hopes: I love to read the letters in the HOPE, and hear from you all, although I can not see you. Conference was not held in this branch this year; therefore I did not get to attend, and I feel it my duty to write to the HOPE. Brother Smith (president of this branch) was here and spent a few days, and preached four times. He is considered an able speaker, and is well beloved by all his friends. He left here on the first of June, to attend conference, which was held in the southeastern branch. In reading so many dreams in the HOPE, they remind me of a dream I had in the year 1856. I dreamed that I saw Jesus. It seemed that he was inside of a canvas, on the side, of a sloping hill, and there was a smooth path that went past the place where he was standing. He stood inside the canvas, and received papers from the people that were coming along the path; to some he would nod his head, and they would come in, but to the most of them he would shake his head and murmur to himself,



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

VOL. XIII.

PLANO, ILLINOIS, JULY 15, 1881.

No. 2.

DARE TO SAY NO.

DARE to say "No," when you're tempted to drink, Pause for a moment, my boy, and think:— Think of the wrecks upon life's ocean tossed, For answering "Yes," without counting the cost? Think of the mother who bore you in pain, Think of the tears that will fall like the rain;— Think of her heart, and how cruel the blow, Think of her love, and at once answer, "No."

Think of the hopes that are drowned in the bowl, Think of the danger to body and soul;— Think of sad lives, once as pure the snow, Think of them now, and at once answer "No." Think of a manhood with rum-tainted breath, Think how the glass leads to sorrow and death;— Think of the homes that now shadowed with woe, Might have been heaven had the answer been "No."

Think of lone graves, both unwept and unknown, Hiding fair hopes, that were fair as your own;— Think of proud forms, now forever laid low, That still might be here, had they learned to say "No." Think of the demon that lurks in the bowl, Drawing to ruin both body and soul;— Think of all this, as life's journey you go, And when you're assailed by the tempter, say "No."

GOOD COUNSEL.



WHILE meditating upon this latter day work, it makes my heart rejoice, and I feel that we have something to work for. Though some of you may be young, you are Zion's Hopes. This beautiful name is full of meaning. Zion's Hopes, this little band may some day help to roll on this great and mighty work of our Lord, and that they may some day be lively stones in the building of Zion. I think I hear some one say, "I can not do anything; some one better than me will have to build up the cause and spread the gospel." 'Tis not so; put those thoughts away, and strive to do what little you can. Put your trust in the Lord, for he is strong, and if you trust in him, he will make you what he would have you to be; for he has said, "Those that seek me early shall find me." Then let us all seek the Lord diligently, for there is work for each of us now to do; do not wait until you get a few years older, but try to begin now, with a determination that you will, by the grace of God, do what you know is right.

Dear Hopes, if you would overcome temptation, do not neglect your secret prayers, for I will assure you that it is through this we receive the greatest strength. Do not think because you are young the Lord will not hearken when you pray. Not so; for he hath said, not one sparrow shall fall to the ground unnoticed by him. What a kind and tender parent we have. Let us all strive together to build up the cause of Christ, by living in the fear and love of God every day. We can begin at home, by striving to overcome our faults, and doing kind acts to those around us, whoever they may be. This is a good beginning, and one that will be for our good in the end, and be to the honor and glory of God. We can also strive, by the grace of God, to make our hearts pure, that our thoughts may be pure; and by so doing our minds will rest on higher and nobler things. When we go into society, let us choose that which is good, and flee from that which is evil, that we may store our minds with good, because all good comes from above. If we would learn of Christ our Savior, we must not neglect our Sabbath School; for there we learn of the meek and lowly Jesus; 'tis there we can learn his teachings and example, and if we heed the lessons there taught, they will help us on our heavenly way. I oftentimes think of the Hymn.

Wonderful things in the Bible I see,
But this is the dearest, that Jesus loves me"

Truly he does love us. Then why should we not love him and follow his example, and study his teachings; and when we read we find that he lived just as he taught others to live, so that in him we have a perfect example. Then we will not be idle—there seems plenty for us to do. We may have inclinations that are not right. We may feel that our natures are prone to evil; but our heavenly Father has kindly made a way by which we can go to him in humble prayer, and seek strength, that we may cultivate the good there is in us, and it will out grow the evil. May the Lord guide your feet in that Heavenly

way, that we may meet at last in that home where sin and sorrow are no more, when the battle is ended, and the Lord our captain will say: "well done thou good and faithful servant." What welcome words. Let us then work well, that we may enter into the joy of our Lord. I will not continue, lest I tire you; but in some future day I may send a few more gleamings from my thought's; that perhaps I may scatter a few seeds by the way-side. May the Lord bless the few words written. Your sister in the bonds of peace,

ALLEGHANY CITY, Pa., June 7th, 1881.

RUTH.

WHAT THE GIRLS DID.

BY PERLA WILD.
CHAPTER III



MMOTHER, just look out there," exclaimed Angie Warren, the morning after the surprise party. "If there isn't a whole load of wood all ready to put in the stove."

"And look there in the safe, Angie," replied her mother. There are half a dozen loaves of bread, four pies, two cakes, a pan of beans, a great roll of butter, at least twenty pounds of meat, and I don't know what else. God bless the dear hearts who have done so much for us."

"Whath in that thack there, behind the door?" queried Nick.

It had not been noticed before; but was found to contain potatoes. And little Magdalena, ran breathlessly into the kitchen panting out,

"O, dear! O dear! there's a awful big red cow right in our stable, just 'zactly where old Bloss used to stand. Add she said "Moo," and shook her head at me awful, when I went to get some corn to feed my pet chicken."

They all wondered how a cow could get in there, when the door was kept shut.

"You must have left the door open last evening, Magda," replied mother.

"Deed I didn't. I shut it up awful tight, and fastened it," persisted Mag.

"I declare, you'd get fined for talking thlang, if you wath one of our thothiety," remarked Nick.

"I don't 'long, though," replied Magdalena, "and I didn't say anything but 'awful,' and that aint slang; is it, mamma?"

"It is a very awkward, improper way of speaking, at least," said mamma.

Angie who had gone out to see about the cow, now returned with a note that she had found tacked on the stable door. It read: "Will Mrs. Warren please accept the cow within, from her friends."

A few days after, as Angie was out in the yard milking, and Nick standing by, they saw Paul Sterling and Jack Wise passing.

"Ah! good morning, boyth," cried Nick. "Come in; we want to tell you how thankful we are. Mother wanth to thee you."

"Haven't time, now," replied Paul. "Never mind the thanks. Tell your mother if we've made you all any happier and more comfortable, we are well paid."

"What is our good bossy's name, and who was so very kind as to give her to us," asked Angie, rising with her pail of milk, and patting the cow's neck caressingly.

"O, Paul's father gave the cow. But if it hadn't been for Florence, there wouldn't been anything done in the matter. She thought about it, and talked it up with the girls, and then got us boys to help," returned Jack.

"Heaven bless her, and you all," murmured Angie, her eyes full of tears.

"The cow's name you will have to determine. You know we have a good many cows, and only occasionally one is honored with a name that stays. We usually say the red cow, the white one, the brindle, and so on," said Paul.

"I'll call her 'Blessing,' then," cried Angie. "For she is a real blessing.—But how did you boys get that wood here the other night. We didn't know you had a team. And I suppose we can thank you boys for the wood. The girls didn't saw that."

"You bet they didn't!" replied Jack Wise.

"Whoa, there, Jack. There's one nickel out of your pocket, old fellow," cried Paul Sterling.

"You hush, Paul. I heard you say 'How's that for high,' when a stick of wood flew over your head, and lighted on the wood shed," said Jack.

"Surely, Jack," returned Paul, "and I've a nickel laid up for my fine, too. You see," turning again to Angie and Nick, "sister Flo asked father if we might have some wood if we'd go to the timber and get it. He said we might, so Joe Perry and I went to the timber lot and cut and hauled the wood to our house. Then Jack, and Lew Hardy, and Joe and I sawed and split it at odd times. That's all we boys did, only to haul it here and unload it. The other things came partly from Wise's, partly from Perry's and Smith's, and the rest from our house. But the girls did all the fixing things. And Flo gave up going to visit her cousins if father'd give her the cow—but plague on it—I forgot I wasn't to tell."

Jack began to laugh. "Slang again. We'd best go on to our work, or we'll lose all the change we've got, at this rate."

"Angie," said Nick, when the boys were gone, "leth uth give our money for the boyth. You've got five, and I've got ten thenth. They've been tho good to uth, we'd ought to do that, I think."

"I will surely. And wish we could do sometnoing more," she replied.

But when their little society met, they found they could not do as they had determined. First, the boys would not permit it, and second, the society would not accept the fine on such terms. And, would you believe it, those ten members paid in one dollar and a half into the treasurer's hands. Not one but had indulged in slang. Angie Warren and Alice Wise had only five cents each to pay. No one had heard them talk slang—but they judged themselves, and paid their fine.

"What did you say, that you're paying a fine," whispered Lib Perry to Angie Warren. "You never talk slang."

Angie blushed. "Yes; I do, sometimes, before I think. I said to-day was an awful nice day."

"That isn't slang; you silly girl," replied Lib. "Everybody says awful."

"Yes; but, Libby; I used it improperly."

"Fudge, Angie, you're too conscientious."

"What did you say, Miss Precision," asked Olive Smith of Alice Wise. "Didn't say confound it, did you?"

"I did; and never said it before in my life. Whenever one determines to do particularly better, then one's sure to be tempted more than ever to do wrong."

"Yes, Olive, that's true," replied Alice. "I said 'you bet,' and don't remember that I ever said it before."

"I said that, too," remarked Olive. "But I do believe we can break ourselves of the habit. But O, dear! There are so many expressions that are unnecessary, one scarcely knows how to decide. Every little by-word or interjection, some people call slang."

"I'm afraid almost every one talks slang, then," returned Alice. "Even the older ones. It's natural, I guess."

"You be—" Olive began, smiled and added, "Of course it is. I've had my ears open for the last week. And I've heard three church members talk slang; and two Elders say 'confound it,' and 'you bet,' and one say 'darn it,' another scold his boy and use four adjectives too, bemeaning to apply to any person out of jail, with 'confound you' to end the remark. I—" they stopped whispering.

"Mr. President," said Jack Wise, rising, "I see that our worthy officers have turned this meeting into a whispering school. Our critic, Miss Smith, will please note that the vice president, Miss Perry, secretary Miss Wise, and also Miss Smith, have been neglecting their duties. Therefore, I move you, that they be requested to speak out, that we may all benefit by their remarks."

"I thecond that motion," cried Nick Warren, as soon as Jack Wise sat down.

"You've all heard the 'motion and second,'" said Paul Sterling; "Have you any remarks?"

"Strange how much easier 'tis for Paul now than 'twas when he felt 'so good and tried to show off his wonderful knowledge in the Boy's Convention last Fall," whispered Olive to Lib. Then she arose and said:

"Mr. Chairman. We were talking about slang, if you wish to know. I tell you without calling the voice of the assembly. If the mover and seconder of the question are satisfied, we'll stop whispering, and will present a resolution."

Jack and Nick expressed themselves satisfied, and Olive wrote out the following, and handed to the secretary to read:

"Resolved that we, the members of the Anti-Slang-Society be watchful, and earnestly invite every one, old or young, whom we hear talking slang to join our society." Which was unanimously carried.

The money now in the treasurer's hands was tendered Mrs. Warren. But that lady, with grateful tears, declined to accept it, as she was in no immediate need.

Paul Sterling then called the vice president to the chair, and offered a resolution, that the money accruing from the fines be expended in purchasing a library, to belong to the society, save when some charity presented itself. Which was carried.

Their library in only one year's time has increased to twenty-five volumes. So hard is it to break off a bad habit. But they only receive small quantities now, for the charter members have succeeded in curing themselves of talking slang; and only an occasional new one who comes in, adds to the fund. But they never persuaded any of the older heads, save Mrs. Warren and Mrs. Sterling to join them. 'Twas too small business for the gentlemen. Or, they never talk slang. Which?

Concluded.

CAN AND COULD.

CHAPTER I

CONCE upon a time, Could went out to take a walk on a wintry morning; he was very much out of spirits, and he was made more so by the necessity under which he found himself to be frequently, namely, repeating his own name. "O, if I could;" and "O, if I were rich and great; for then I could do so and so." About the tenth time that he said this, Can opened the door of her small house, and set out on an errand. She went down a back street, and through a poor neighborhood; she was not at all a great personage, not nearly so well dressed, or lodged, or educated, as Could; and in fact was altogether more humble, both in her own esteem and that of others. She opened her door and went down the street, neither sauntering nor looking about her, for she was in a hurry. All on a sudden, however, this busy little Can stopped and picked up a piece of orange peel. "A dangerous trick," she observed, "to throw orange peel about, particularly in frosty weather, and in such a crowded thoroughfare;" and she bustled on till she overtook a tribe of little children, who

were scattering it very freely; they had been bargaining for oranges at an open fruit stall, and were eating them as they went along. "Well, it's little enough that I have in my power," thought Can, "but certainly I can speak to these children, and try to persuade them to leave off throwing orange peel."

"Can stopped. "That's a pretty baby you have in your arms," she said to one of them. "How old is he?"

"He's fourteen months old," answered the small nurse. "And he begins to walk; I teach him. He's my brother."

"Poor little fellow," said Can. "I hope you are kind to him; you know if you were to let him fall, he might never be able to walk any more."

"I never let him drop," replied the child. "I always take care of my baby."

"And so do I;" "and so do I:" repeated other shrill voices; and two more babies were thrust up for Can's inspection.

"But if you were to slip down yourselves, on this hard pavement, you would be hurt, and the babies be hurt in your arms. Look! how can you be so careless as to throw all this peel about; don't you know how slippery it is?"

"We always fling it down," said one.

"And never slipped down but once on a piece remarked another."

"But was not that once too often?"

"Yes; I grazed my arm very badly, and broke a cup that I was carrying."

"Well now; suppose you pick up all the peel you can find, and then go down the streets around about and see how much you can get; and to the one that finds the most, when I come back, I shall give a penny."

So after making the children promise they would never commit this fault again, Can went on; and it is a remarkable circumstance, that just at that very moment, as Could was walking in quite a different part of London, he also came to a piece of orange peel, which was lying across his path.

"What a shame!" he said, as he passed on. "What a disgrace it is to the city authorities that this practice of sowing seed, which springs up into broken bones, can not be made a punishable offense; there is never a Winter that one or more accidents do not arise from it. If I could only put it down, how glad I should be! If, for instance, I could offer a bribe to people to abstain from it, or if I could warn or punish; or, if I could be placed in a position to legislate for the suppression of this and similar bad habits. But, alas, my wishes rise far above my powers; my philanthropic aspirations can find no—"

"By your leave," said a tall, strong man, with a heavy coal sack on his shoulders.

Could stepped aside, permitted the coal porter to pass him.

"Yes," continued Could, taking up his soliloquy where it had been interrupted, "it is strange so many anxious wishes for the welfare of his species should be implanted in the breast of a man, who has no means of gratifying them."

The noise of a thundering fall, and the

rushing down as of a great shower of stones, made Could turn hastily round. Several persons were running together, they stooped over something on the ground—it was the porter; he had fallen on the pavement, and the coals lay in heaps about his head; some of the people were clearing them away, others were trying to raise him.

To be continued.

TABLE ETIQUETTE.

WONDER if all the little Hopes are versed in table etiquette? I am afraid not. If you are not, perhaps it is not your fault. You may not have been taught. If you read this article carefully you may learn a little about proper conduct at the table. In the first place, Hopes, never come to the table in a cross, fretful, sulky mood. I like to see a bright, cheerful face come to the table. If you can't come in a pleasant mood, don't come at all. Don't engage in conversation that will require deep thought or study. As that is injurious to health. Neither talk about disagreeable objects. Some are very delicate. I was once at a table where a person spoke of a rabbit, and one young lady was so affected that she could eat no more. Perhaps she was a little too delicate. If a fly, insect, or other disagreeable object be found in your food, make no display of it, but place it where it can not be seen by others. Do not pound on the table, or handle your knife, fork, or spoon, if you are not eating with them. Make as little noise as possible with the mouth when eating. Eat slowly and with the mouth closed. Convey the food to the mouth with your fork. Don't use the knife for that purpose. The knife is for cutting. While sitting at the table take a graceful, easy, position. Don't lounge, or lean your elbows, or arms on the table. Never criticise any article of food, or the way it is cooked. When eating soup or other liquid, never strive for the last drop, and always take it from the side of the spoon. Never wipe your mouth or fingers on the table cloth. If there are no napkins, use your handkerchief. If you have no handkerchief—you should have one. If you are told to "help yourself" at the table, don't be afraid to do so. But in more educated communities, the head of the family waits on his guests. Wealthy families have servants for that purpose. To me, one of the most pleasing sights, is a table tastefully arrayed, encircled by happy faces and cheerful voices, engaged in light, lively conversation.

S. L. C.

DUST ON YOUR GLASSES.

DON'T often put on my glasses to examine Katy's work, but one morning, not long since, I did so upon entering a room she had been sweeping.

"Did you forget to open the windows when you swept, Katy?" I inquired; "this room is very dusty."

"I think there is dust on your eye-glasses, ma'am," she said, modestly.

And sure enough, the eye-glasses were at fault, and not Katy. I rubbed them off, and

everything looked bright and clean, the carpet like new, and Katy's face said:

"I am glad it was the glasses, and not me this time."

This has taught me a good lesson, I said to myself upon leaving the room, and one I shall remember through life.

In the evening Katy came to me with some kitchen trouble. The cook had done so and so, and she had said so and so. When her story was finished, I said, smilingly:

"There is dust on your glasses, Katy; rub them off, you will see better."

She understood me, and left the room. I told the incident to the children, and it is quite common to hear them say to each other:

"Oh, there is dust on your glasses."

Sometimes I am referred to.

"Mamma, Harry has dust on his glasses; can't he rub it off?"

When I hear a person criticizing another, condemning, perhaps, a course of action he knows nothing about, drawing inferences prejudicial to the person or persons, I think right away, "There's dust on your glasses; rub it off." The truth is, everybody wears these very same glasses.

I said this to John one day, some little matter coming up that called forth the remark: "There are some people I wish would begin to rub, then," said he.

"There is Mr. So-and-So, and Mrs. So-and-So, they are always ready to pick at some one, to slur, to hint; I don't know, I don't like them."

"I think my son John has a wee bit on his glasses just now."

He laughed and asked:

"What is a boy to do?"

"Keep your own well rubbed up, and you will not know whether others need it or not."

"I will," he replied.

I think, as a family, we are all profiting by that little incident, and through life will never forget the meaning of "There is dust on your glasses."

A LITTLE SKILFUL ENGINEER.

WHEN the 1st of January, 1830, a few friends in Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, met for the trial of a new steam engine, built by Mr. Stephenson for the Liverpool railway. Railways and locomotives were at that time great novelties. Mr. Stephenson's skill was highly praised; he was pronounced to be a great mechanic. But a member of the party undertook to introduce them to one still more extraordinary. The next morning, on one of his friends calling upon him, he brought out the tumbler glass with its contents. In this glass prison was a little scarlet-colored spider, whose beauty, with its bright yellow nest, on a sprig of laurustinus, had induced a young lady to pluck it from the bush where it was growing. When brought into the house, it was laid on the mantle piece, and secured by the glass being placed over it.

In the course of a very short time, this most wonderful little engineer contrived to accom-

Letters from the Hopes.

LAMONI, Iowa, July 7th, 1881.

Dear Children:—One who was of your little band on earth when the last copy of the HOPE came to you, and who wrote a letter to you in it, is now gone to the bright home beyond. We buried Nellie Gillen, yesterday. Many mourning families were present, her grandfather's, her great grandfather's, and others of the relatives, uncles, aunts, etc.

Think, Dear Hopes, what sad news this will be to Bro. Gillen in far Australia, there preaching the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, for the salvation of men. Pay that he may have great patience, endurance, and comfort given him by the Great Being, whose servant he is. How his heart will yearn to see his home, his child, but can not see her more till he meets her in the happy world beyond the portal of death. But we pray that he may come safely home to find all the rest in life and health. Nellie was eleven years old June 30th. She was baptized in April, 1878, by Elder C. H. Jones. By her modest and gentle ways, and her thoughtfulness for her mother in the household labor, she won the love of all, and became the favorite of all. Dear children, try to emulate her example, being loving and obedient.

UNCLE HENRY.

ALLIANCE, Kansas, May 25th, 1881.

Dear Hopes: As this is a rainy Sabbath, I will write a few lines. The Scriptures teach us that there is something for all to do, who have enlisted under the banner of Christ. Some may think because they have not plenty of money to give to the poor, and for the spread of truth, they can do nothing; but in James 1:27, we read: Pure religion and undefiled before God and the father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world. There are many points to guard to keep ourselves unspotted from the vices of the world, and I will try and point out a few for our consideration. The first that I will mention is pride, the next intemperance in its various forms, and the use of profane and bad language; all these, with many others, are rocks on which our barks are liable to drift while passing through this voyage of life, and while we are toiling and battling for the right, let us remember that humble prayer will ever keep open the direct channel whereby we may receive wisdom and knowledge. Let our prayers be united, that the doctrines of men may vanish away, and the pure and undefiled gospel may roll forth, until all mankind may hear the glad news of salvation. Ever praying that truth may prevail, I am a brother in hope,

B. P. SCOTT.

STOCKTON, Cal., June 28th, 1881.

Dear Hopes: I love to read the letters, they are so interesting. This is a very large town, there are about twenty-one thousand inhabitants live here; but very few Saints. They have meetings every Sunday morning at my mother's house. I do not attend Church very regularly, as I live about two miles from Church. They had a very nice little Church here, but it burned down. Bro. Nightingale is the leader of our Church. Bro. Carmichael was here and preached not very long ago; we expect two more of the brethren soon to come and preach for us. I often think how nice it would be if all the Saints could be together; what a nice time we could have, without associating with the world's people. I am the only young girl that belongs to the Church here; I get very lonesome at times. I do not know very many here, and I don't care to associate with them, for they don't belong to the Church. I hope there will be more join soon.

Your sister,

LIZZIE LIGHTOWLER.

COVE, Jackson Co., O., 5th June, 1881.

Dear Hopes: I have often thought of writing; this is the first time I ever wrote to the HOPE. I do not belong to the Church, but I expect to some day. Pa and ma belong to the Church. There is prayer meeting at our place this afternoon. I love to read the HOPE.

B. D. E. ALLEN.

IONE, California.

Dear Hopes: This is my first letter to the HOPE. I was baptized by Brother Cook, February 10th, 1880. My mother, sister, and two brothers belong. I love to go to

meeting. We don't have any branch here, but I hope we shall soon. Love to all the little Hopes.

R. S. DAWSON.

Editorial Chat.

THE officers and members of the "Rising Star" Sunday School and the Saints of Plano, together with the friends of the Church and school, with a few members of the Sandwich Branch and some of the scholars of their newly organized Sunday School, met at the Plano Meeting House on the morning of July 4th, and with amply filled luncheon baskets, proceeded from there to Henning's woods, just east of town, to spend the day in a quiet, social manner, and have a basket picnic dinner. Many of the Saints who have attended the successive Annual Conferences held at Plano for the past fifteen years, will remember these woods, where so many penitent souls have been buried in the waters of baptism, in the Big Rock Creek, which meanders through the solemn stillness of these woods. After arriving there, swings were hung from the tall trees, hammocks stretched, games of ball, croquet, blind man's buff, foot racing, etc., were engaged in by the young and sportive; while the older ones,—those who have borne the heat and battle of the journey of life,—sat around in social converse, enjoying the frolics of the younger ones; and some retired in quiet nooks, were eagerly perusing the morning papers, anxious to learn of the condition of the President of our country (the one hundred and fifth anniversary of which we were celebrating) who had been stricken down by the hand of an assassin, on the morning of the second of July, and whose life was then trembling in the balance.

After some time had been thus spent, and at the sound of the noon whistle of the Harvester works in the village, the assemblage was called to order by Superintendent Conover, and Bishop Rogers invoked the peace of God on those gathered together, and asked his blessing on the food so bountifully arranged on table cloths spread on the green sward. After ample justice had been done to the viands, ice cream was distributed free to all present which was very much enjoyed by the children especially. Brethren Wilcox, Lear, and Hawks worked indefatigably in procuring freezers, ice, milk, and other ingredients for the ice cream, and surely deserve the thanks of all, for their unweariness in laboring for the pleasure and enjoyment of others. So passed away a very pleasant day, and one long to be remembered, as many whose labors are connected with the Herald Office will be removed to other parts before the recurrence of another National Jubilee. The Sandwich Saints returned home on the evening train.

Of late we have received very few letters from the Hopes, and suppose it is partly due to the fine weather,—the long days and short evenings,—when the Hopes are otherwise engaged, either in labor or in rambling in the woods; but we anticipate that on the approach of cooler weather, and longer evenings, we shall receive many good and instructive letters for publication, when we hope to be nicely located in our new office which is being built at Lamoni, Iowa.

We have received the first chapter of "Jessica's First Prayer," signed Sister Emma. Now if Sister Emma will forward us the balance of the chapters we will be able to see and determine whether to publish. We like the first chapter.

15 July 81.

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.

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, Price Sixty cents per year, free of postage.

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

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.

plish the herculean task of raising the sprig of laurustinus, a weight several hundred times greater than itself, to the upper part of the glass, and attaching it there so firmly, that after thirty-six years, it is still suspended where it was hung by the spider.

In the Bible we read: "The spider layeth hold with her hands, and is in kings' palaces."

But in its glass prison there was nothing for it to lay hold of—no peg, or nail, or beam on which to fasten its threads; yet, in a short time, the little insect had nearly filled the interior of the glass with minute, almost invisible threads, by means of which it had accomplished its herculean task.

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

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

Very striking are the terms in which Solomon directs attention to one of the insect tribe: "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise." The same may be said of the bee. Examine her ways; admire her industry, her habits of prudence and order. Look, too, at the wonderful work of this tiny spider. Behold its skill, and its extraordinary powers in providing from its own body the cords for raising such a weight, and fastening it to the smooth glass. All these are indeed "a feeble folk," yet they are exceedingly wise.

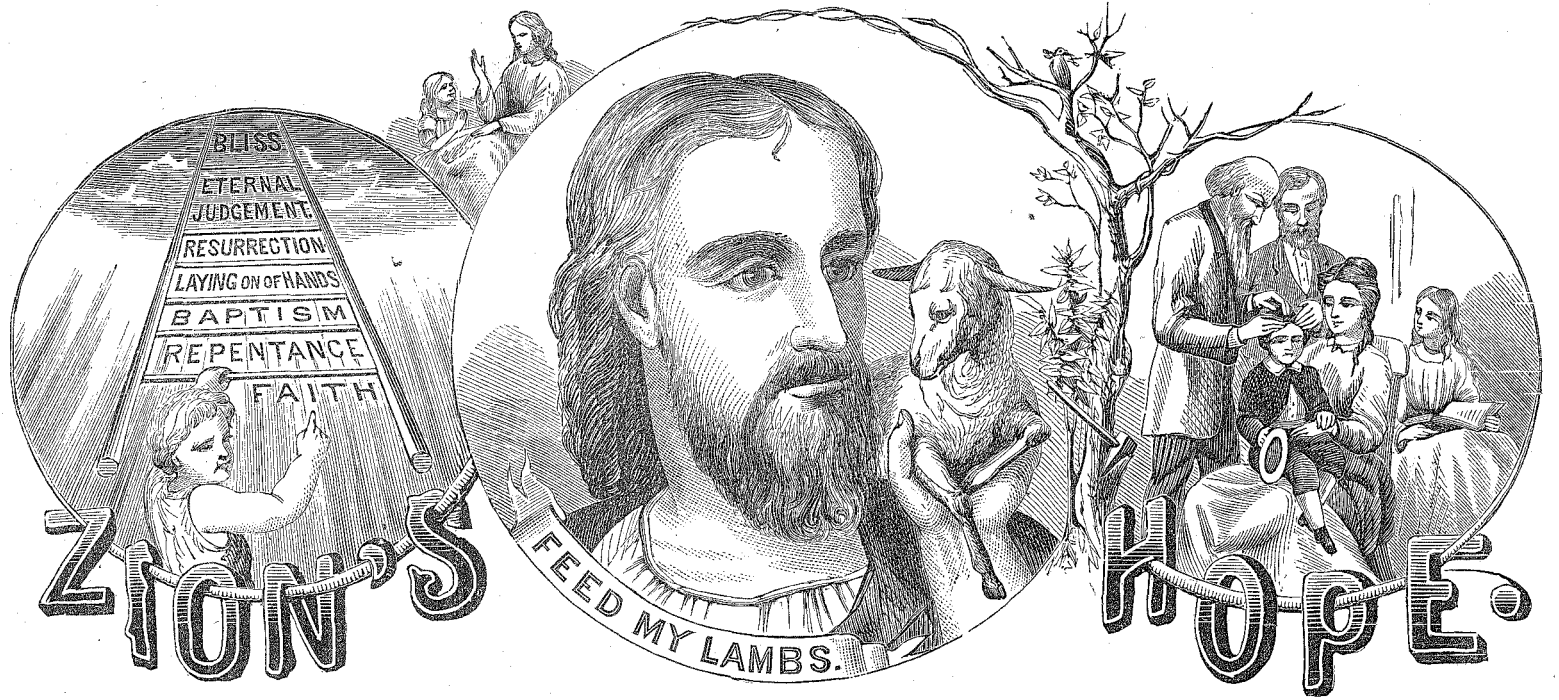
When any of our young readers begin to plead feebleness, or ignorance, or want of skill as an excuse for not performing individual duties which fall to you, think of the lesson taught in the above story, and go to work with a strong heart, and determined purpose, and you will come out victors, and grow up to be useful men and women.

DAMASCUS is probably now the oldest town in the world. It is away up on the northeast border of Palestine. The ancient wall is still shown; it is even called "St. Paul's Wall." "Straight street" remains just where it was when Ananias lived in it.

The approach to this city is noted for its almost matchless beauty. The road winds through orchards of olives and oranges, perfect forests of apricots and prunes. Rushing streams of water, fed by the snows of Hermon, flash among the gardens. The fantastic edifices shining in the distance show white upon a wonderful landscape of green. The ancient legend says that Mohammed paused upon the brink of the descent overlooking the plain and turned resolutely away from entering the gates, saying, "There can be but one Paradise, and mine is fixed above."

We hear of this famous city through what we call Damask roses, Damask upholstery, Damascus steel, and Damascene (damson) plums.

Flattery sits in the parlor, when plain dealing is kicked out of doors.



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

MANNERS FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

In silence I must take my seat,
 And give God thanks before I eat;
 Must for my food in patience wait
 'Til I am asked to hand my plate,
 I must not scold, nor whine, nor pout,
 Nor move my chair or plate about.
 With knife, or fork, or napkin ring,
 I must not play, nor must I sing.
 I must not speak a useless word,
 For children must be seen, not heard.
 I must not talk about my food,
 Nor fret if I don't think it good.
 My mouth with food I must not crowd,
 Nor while I'm eating speak aloud.
 Must turn my head to cough and sneeze,
 And when I ask, say, "If you please."
 The table cloth I must not spoil,
 Nor with my food my fingers soil.
 Must keep my seat when I am done,
 Nor round the table sport or run.
 When told to rise, then I must put
 My chair away with noiseless foot;
 And lift my heart to God above,
 In praise for all his wondrous love.

A SENSIBLE GIRL.—No. 6.

AFTER George and his friend had fed the horses, the girls spread the lunch on a grassy plat, at the foot of a large tree that stood near the water's edge. They also wandered a little way into the wood and gathered a bouquet of wild flowers, which they laid amid their lunch, to relieve the eye. They seated themselves round their cloth on the carriage cushions placed for the purpose; George said grace, and they began to eat. Preston had been watching Miss Bodie very closely during their morning ride and the preparation for lunch; and had observed that she was very plainly, but nicely, dressed. There was nothing gay, or gaudy, in her clothing; but there was a pleasant harmony in dress and trimming, and hat and flowers and ribbons were all in keeping with complexion, hair and eyes. Her brown eyes were clear, and had something in them this Sunday morning that the young man had not seen before, or if he had, he had not noticed it. He could not tell what it was, exactly; but whenever she was spoken to, she turned her head and looked at the speaker, frankly and quietly;

seemingly not embarrassed, nor afraid; and yet she did not appear bold; as nearly as he could describe it to himself, afterward, it was the light of conscious uprightness of intention, and freedom from affectation. After the first attack of hunger was satisfied, Preston remarked that he was at a loss to account for the reason why food tasted so much better, eaten in the open air, as to-day, than at a set meal in some party, or dinner assembly.

George thought that it might be from the appetite being better by having ridden so far, and the breathing the pure air, that having incited hunger. To this Mary assented.

Preston turned to Miss Bodie and said: "Miss Stratton, what do you think about it?"

To this question the young woman replied: "The appetite may be better; but I fancy that the enjoyment does not rise from simply gratifying the appetite, the animal sense of eating; but comes from a sense of freedom from restraint, a release from embarrassment always felt at set dinners. At least I think that is one reason why I enjoy such a meal."

Preston smiled at this, a little, and said, "I believe that Miss Stratton is right. Though it had not occurred to me in that light, exactly."

"It may be that Mr. Clark has not been subject to embarrassment while attending stately dinners, and for that reason has not had occasion to think much about it."

"Yes; but I have thought. And now I think of it, I can remember very well how very hungry I was once, at one of those dinners, and how the victuals did not taste good—and I did not know what to do with my hands and feet, and did not get half enough to eat, and went home half starved; just because I got nervous and embarrassed."

At this sally of Preston's, they all laughed merrily; he was so earnest and comical in telling it. But Preston added: "I have certainly enjoyed this lunch, if I was hungry, for I was not embarrassed; and I guess Miss Stratton is right. Freedom from constraint and embarrassment have much to do with it."

After lunch the girls repacked the basket, but they did not leave the pleasant shade for an hour, but remained pleasantly chatting upon the suitable topics suggested by their trip and its accompaniments.

As George set his friend down at the door of the Hotel, after putting the girls out at Mr. Chappel's, Preston remarked, "George, this has been one of the pleasantest days I ever spent. I have enjoyed our ride immensely."

"I am glad, Preston. I would hardly have liked to go without you. My mother thought perhaps you would not care to go, but I was sure that you would."

When his tea had been taken at the hotel table that evening, Preston went out for a walk, and wandered about the streets till late bedtime; but in all his wanderings he still had his thoughts upon the day's experiences. He went to bed pleased with himself, his friend George—and his new acquaintance, Bodie Stratton.

The next day Preston received a letter from his mother, asking him to return home, assigning no particular reason for it, only that she wanted him at home. At this summons he laughed a little, tapping something in the breast pocket of his coat with his finger, and saying softly to himself: "Ah, my good mother, I understand you. But it is no use. I shall remain here awhile yet."

He had some leisure days yet. He had not fully made up his mind what to set himself at as a matter of business; or whether he should attempt anything. Labor, as a means of support was, fortunately for him, not necessary; and why should he engage in it. He was thinking in this way while walking past his old home and the residence of the man to whom he had sold the property, when he heard some one singing; the voice was one he had heard, so he looked up and saw some one hanging out clothes, her arms bare to the elbows, and with a mob cap on her head. She was busy with her work, saw no one, and was singing softly to herself. Preston

looked at her for a moment or two, because as he said, he could not help it; but ashamed to be found intruding, he went on, muttering, "If she had had a broom in her hand now, it would have been the girl of my dream, sure enough." The next morning he called at the house to see the gentleman to whom he had sold the property, to answer an inquiry made by him by card written the day before, but found that gentleman absent. Miss Bodie answered the door bell, and there stood in the hall before him the veritable type of his dream, brown eyes, bare arms, mob cap and broom. She made no allusion to her occupation, bade him a pleasant good morning, and answered his inquiry for the man of the house, simply and quietly; also telling him when he was expected home.

To say that this young man was puzzled, is to say just what he stated to his friend George that evening at his rooms; the puzzle being how this Miss Bodie Stratton, a maid of all work, should maintain so even a behavior under circumstances which usually embarrassed and distressed, or disconcerted those of her age generally.

"I told you, Preston, that Miss Bodie was a 'Sensible Girl,' and I think you will discover it to be true."

"Well; I am not prepared to say that she is not, George; but she is certainly a very self-possessed young woman."

Before retiring to rest that night, Preston wrote to his mother that he had decided not to return to his home for a few days longer; in fact, that he could not tell exactly when he would return; that he found his stay pleasant, and his old friend, George, anxious for him to stay as long as he could.

IMMORTALITY OF THE MIND.



WE are told that "God has not created the human mind and soul with any purpose of eventual destruction;" and I believe it. The Creator is able to accomplish all his purposes. Though we can not know the secrets of God, yet by his visions great and marvelous things may be made known to us.

Behold the tiny grasses, with the flower thereof. And the exquisite petals of the rose drop; they fall to mingle with earth, but the fragrance never. And the human body so divinely formed, must return to the dust from whence it came, while the soul—the intelligent part of the creature—moves onward and upward to purer realms of a future existence, still preparing for the enjoyment of God's highest favor for ever.

Heaven and hell are names designating manners of happiness and misery, as equally applicable now as in time to come, here or elsewhere. Those living in what they believe to be the highest plane of life, ever seeking wisdom, knowledge, and understanding, will surely enjoy heaven both now and hereafter, while those living indifferent to these interests shall never such happiness know.

Through Christ the Son of God, and by

Him only, can we attain to that diviner life, which consists of a pure heart, and intelligent obedience to truth—heaven's truth. The more closely we keep this way, the more fully will we appreciate his benefits,—the beauties and glories of his great and everlasting kingdom, and his glory is to make men happy, and his works have no end.

Angels are watching and recording; heavenly messengers, who come and go; hourly their vigils keeping, anxiously watching and anxiously waiting to bear us away to happier realms beyond; where we may join in heavenly music with those we have held so dear on earth. Methinks there are far greener fields, with flowers and roses more beautiful, with never ceasing fragrance; surely that is a world of bliss, to the portals of which we are hastening. That shining shore is just before us; soon we will be there. And he who lays not up for himself treasures in that world will lose the chance of a glorious reward, in both time and eternity.

Tupper, the poet, uses this language:

"Dost thou live man, dost thou live, or only breathe and labor?
Art thou free, or enslaved to a routine, the daily machinery of habit?
For one man is quickened into life, while thousands exist as in a torpor,
Feeding, toiling, sleeping, an insensate weary round;
The plow, or the ledger, or the trade, with animal cares and indolence.
Make the mass of vital years a heavy lump unleavened,
Drowsily lie down in thy dullness; fettered with the irons of circumstance;
Thou wilt not wake to think and feel a minute in a month.
The epitome of common life is seen in the common epitaph,
Born on such a day, and dead on such another, with an interval of three score years.
For time hath been wasted on the senses, to the hourly diminishing of Spirit,
Sear is the soul and pineth in abundance for the body,
It forgot the world to which it tended and a creature's true nobility,
Nor wished that hope and wholesome fear should stir him from his hardened satisfaction."
"How hardly in the midst of our hurry, and jostle by the cares of life,
Shall a man turn and stop to consider mighty secrets,
With barely hours, and barely powers, to fill up daily duties;
How small the glimpse of knowledge his wondering eye can catch,
And knowledge is a noting of the order wherein God's attributes evolve;
Therefore, worthy of the creature, worthy of an angel's seeking."
Schooled in Christ, thenceforth we love his laws,
Regenerated, or born again, the spirit feeds the mind,
Hourly we now enjoy the Pearl of Great Price;
Death is conquered by Christ the Son,
Sublime the fitness, the mind immortal he has won.

We may polish the marble slab, shape the iron ore, chisel and make beautiful the hardest stone, or carve an image of wood, or we may paint fine sceneries; but time will waste all these works; such are of the earth, and are earthy; while within the soul is found the imperishable. Let the above work be wrought upon the growing youthful mind, and it is done forever. And we are held accountable. Wherefore, upon our goodness depends our happiness. Thus by purity and diligence we secure God's divinest blessings. God is infinite, we are finite; he is immortal, and we are of his making. He loves us. We and all we have belong to him; therefore we should love and revere him. All unrighteousness is sin, and no sin can abide in his presence. Therefore, hear "the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God and keep his commandments, for this is the whole duty of man." And that

we may abundantly reap of the harvest and fruit of our highest anticipations in the paradise of God, I shall ever pray.

Read before our district school.

GEO. M. JAMISON.

SANDYVILLE, Iowa, July 15th, 1881.

CAN AND COULD.

CHAPTER II.



COULD advanced and saw that the man was stunned, for he looked about him with a bewildered expression, and talked incoherently. Could also observed that a piece of orange peel was adhering to the sole of his shoe.

"How sad!" said Could. "Now, there is the bitter result of this abuse. If I had been in authority I could have prevented this; how it chafes the spirit to perceive, and be powerless to prevent. Poor fellow! he is evidently stunned, and has a broken limb; he is lamed perhaps for life. People are certainly very active and kind on these occasions; they seem preparing to take him to the hospital. Such an accident as this is enough to make a man wish he could be king or a law giver. What the poet says may be true enough:

"Of all the ills that human kind endure,
Small is that part which laws can cause or cure."

And yet I think I could have framed such a law that this poor fellow might now have been going about his work, instead of being carried to languish for weeks on a sick bed; while his poor family are half-starved, and must perhaps receive him back at last a peevish, broken-spirited cripple; a burden for life, instead of a support; and all because of a pitiful piece of scattered orange peel. While Could was still moralizing thus, he got into an omnibus, and soon found himself drawing near one of the suburbs of London; turning and winding among rows of new houses, with heaps of bricks before them, and the smell of mortar in their neighborhood, then among railway excavations and embankments, and at last among neat villas and cottages, standing in gardens, with here and there a field behind them. Presently they passed a large building, and Could read upon its front "Temporary Homes for Consumptive Patients." An excellent institution, he thought to himself, here a poor man, or woman can have a few weeks of good air, good food, and good nursing; the best things possible for setting them up, at least for the time. I have often thought that these remedial institutions do more good on the whole, than mere hospitals, and if I could afford it, I would rather be the founder of one of them than of places with more ambitious aims and names. It is sad to think how much consumption is on the increase among the poor; bad air and heated places where so many of them work, give these winterly blasts a terrible power over them; but it is my lot to sigh over their troubles, without being able to soften them. A small competence, a fixed income, which does not more than provide for my own wants, and procure those simple comforts and relaxations which are necessary to me, is of all things least favorable for the realizing of

my aspirations. I can not gratify my benevolent wishes, though their constant presence shows how willingly I would if I could.

The omnibus stopped, and a man in clean working clothes inquired whether there was one inside place.

"No; there is not one," said the conductor; and he looked in; most of the passengers were women.

"Would any gentleman like to go outside?"

Like! thought Could, with a laugh; who would like in such a wind as this, so searching and wild? Thank heaven I never take cold; but I don't want a blast like this to air the lining of my paletot, make itself acquainted with the patron of my handkerchief, and chill the very shillings in my waistcoat pocket.

"Because," continued the conductor, "if any gentleman would like to go outside, here is a person who has been ill, and would be very glad of a place within." He looked down, as he spoke, upon the man whose clothes were not well calculated to defend him against the weather, and who looked sickly and had a hollow cough.

No answer came from within.

"I must get outside then," said the man, "for I have not much time for waiting."

So he mounted; and the driver spread part of his own wrapper over his legs, another passenger having lent a hand to help him up.

"Thank you, sir," said the man; "I am but weak; but I am sorry to give you the trouble."

"No trouble; no trouble," answered the outside passenger; and he muttered to himself, "You are not likely to trouble any body long."

To be continued.

KINDNESS TO ALL.

DEAR READERS OF THE HOPE:—I often think of you all. I sometimes picture you all together. O, how lovely it would be if we could all be of one heart and mind; how much pleasanter it would be, and how much better we would get along in this life. But to my subject. I should think it does not sound unfamiliar, and yet it is something which a great many seldom think of; and I guess there are not any of us who make a practice of it all the time; there have been times when I have been unkind and thoughtless; but I have tried hard to overcome it, and I think the Lord has blessed me greatly. I think it would be much nicer for us all to practice kindness toward each other.

I remember once, when at school, of hearing a little girl say to an older sister, "Will you please show me how to do my lesson."

What do you think her answer was? It should have been "Yes, sister, I will try;" but instead of that it was: "No, I shan't do it; if you want your lesson, get it yourself. I have enough to do to get my own, so go away."

The little girls lips began to quiver, and tears filled her eyes. I drew her near to me, and helped her through. She smiled and her eyes brightened, and she said: "I love you

for that." Just that one little act of kindness made her happy, as well as myself.

Dear little Hopes, how much more happy we would be if we could at all times cultivate kindness. Wherever we may be, let us try to control our passions, and be meek and lowly, and treat every body with respect, and especially the aged. There might be a great deal more said on this principle of kindness, which I will leave for an abler mind to carry out. I believe if we would write on different principles from time to time, we would improve our minds more than we do at present. Let us then be up and doing. I feel my inability to write to our paper, but I feel good. I love to read our paper, and wish its success. Ever praying God to bless us and make us useful in society. Asking an interest in your prayers, I remain as ever,

Your sister,

LYDIA F. KEMP.

NORTH OGDEN, Weber Co., Utah, June 5th, 1881.

BIBLICAL RESEARCHES.

MR. GEORGE SMITH, in his new work on the Assyrian Canon, has some interesting remarks on the way in which the regnal years of the Assyrian kings were reckoned. As is well known, the Assyrians dated events by certain officers called *limmi*, or eponyms, after whom each successive year was named in turn. Thus, instead of saying "the year 727," the Assyrians said "the year of such and such an eponym." This mode of counting time seems to have been in use from a very early period; and, though many of the lists of eponyms have now been lost or are still lying under the soil of Assyria, the British Museum possesses portions of seven such lists, extending from B. C. 909 to B. C. 659. Three of the lists add the titles of the eponyms as well as the chief events of each year. It is needless to point out how invaluable these lists are for the chronology and history not only of Assyria, but also of Judah and Israel. The regnal years of the kings were reckoned not from the day of accession, but from the new year's day, either before or after the accession; that is, from the day on which the eponym of the year entered upon office. In most cases the regnal years were counted from the new year's day next after the accession, and the period between the days of accession and of the following new year were termed "the beginning of the reign," the next year being "the first" of the reign. Sometimes, however, the year of accession was considered as the first year, and, hence, a double reckoning was in use for the reigns of Shalmaneser II, Tiglath-Pileser II, Sargon, Sennacherib, and Nebuchadnezzar—a fact which will throw some light on the chronological difficulties connected with the reigns of the kings of Judah and Israel. The eponyms were changed on the first day of the first month, and it is probable that they were nominated some time before. Until the time of Sennacherib the king was accustomed to be the eponym of the first year of his reign, the other eponyms following more or less according to a fixed order of precedence. The

majority of them were originally governors of the principal towns and districts, which leads to the inference that they dated from the time when Assyria was still a confederacy of small states. This mode of reckoning time had, no doubt, been borrowed from Babylonia. In Babylonia, however, other means were also employed for determining the date of events. Thus they were sometimes dated according to the years of the reigning monarch; sometimes from some remarkable occurrence, like the capture of a city or the dedication of a temple, which served as the starting-point of an era.

FILIAL DUTY AND OBEDIENCE.

BEVEN when parents are ill-tempered and unreasonable, they should be treated with respect and forbearance by their children. Olympias, mother of Alexander the Great, was a woman of ambitious disposition, and occasioned much trouble to her son. Nevertheless when pursuing his conquests in Asia, he sent her many splendid presents out of the spoils which he had taken, as tokens of his affection. He only begged that she would not meddle with State affairs, but allow his kingdom to be managed peaceably by his governor, Antipater. When she sent him a harsh reply to this request, he bore it patiently, and did not use sharp language in return.

On one occasion, when she had been unusually troublesome, Antipater sent him letters complaining of her in very grievous terms. Alexander only said, "Antipater doth not know that one single tear of my mother is able to blot out six hundred of his epistles."

A boy was once tempted by some of his companions to pluck ripe cherries from a tree which his father had forbidden him to touch.

"You need not be afraid," said one of his companions, "for, if your father should find out that you have taken them, he is so kind, he would not hurt you."

"That is the very reason," replied the boy, "why I would not touch them. It is true my father would not touch me; yet my disobedience, I know, would hurt my father, and that would be worse to me than anything else."

A boy who grows up with such principles will be a man in the best sense of the word. It shows a regard for rectitude that would render him trustworthy under every trial.

TRUE TO HIS WORD.

MRS. S. C. HALL, who died a short time ago in England, was one day visiting Ireland with her husband, preparing to write a description of its scenery and customs. Arriving at Glendalough they observed a young lad seated on one of the tombstones, who immediately on their approach, doffed his cap, and offered his services as guide over the district.

Returning after a day's thorough enjoyment, Mr. Hall took a flask from his pocket, and after partaking of the contents, offered

some to the lad. To his utter astonishment the offer was firmly but politely declined. To Mr. Hall such a thing was wholly inexplicable. An Irish boy who would not even taste whiskey was, indeed, a stranger sight than any he had seen during the day. He could not understand it. Resolved to test the lad's principles, he offered him a shilling, then half a crown, then five shillings, if he would drink the poisonous drug, but the lad was firm. Under the ragged jacket there throbbed a true heart. Mr. Hall finally offered him half a sovereign, a coin not often seen by lads of his class in these parts. It was a wicked act, and proved too much even for the politeness of an Irish boy. Drawing himself up in something well-nigh akin to indignation, and pulling a temperance medal from the fold of his ragged jacket, he firmly told Mr. Hall, "that for all the money his honor might be worth he would not break his pledge." Then he learned that the lad's father had spent his best days as a drunkard, and at the last moment he signed the pledge and gave the medal to his son as a dying legacy. The boy's heroism in resisting Mr. Hall's temptation, was not in vain. The flask was thrown into the lake and Mr. Hall and his wife from that moment became firm teetotalers.

THE MAGIC CREAM.



IN a certain room in the upper story of a boarding-house, with shaded light and locked doors, were once gathered a number of school girls. They were supposed by the teachers to be quietly asleep in their own beds, for the retiring bell had ceased its ringing long before. But they had something to do at this time far better than sleeping, so they thought, for upon the table around which they were eagerly gathered, was a heaping dish of most delicious strawberries, and beside it was a large package of loaf sugar, purchased that afternoon in anticipation of their feast. A comical array of dishes was on the table,—mugs, tin dipper, saucers, tumblers, and, in short, every thing and any thing that could hold berries.

"Just think, girls, we have no spoons," said one, after taking survey of the preparations for the strawberry festival.

"Nor cream," said another.

"O, if we only had some cream!"

"Well, Sue," said the first speaker, "if you will get the cream, I will hunt up the spoons."

"But where should I get it, pray?" said Sue.

"From the top of the milk pans, to be sure," said Maggie, the first speaker, nodding her head with a knowing air.

"But," began Sue, "that would be ste—"

"No, it would not," hastily interrupted Maggie. "I think some of the top of the milk belongs to us as well as to the lady-professors. I have looked into the cream pitcher at their end of the table many a time when I have been going past it, and I have seen something of an entirely different color from the sky-blue fluid we put into our coffee. I'll

not say that it is cream; but the cream goes somewhere, and we do not get any of it. What say, girls, shall we have our share to-night? All those in favor, please say, Ay."

A smothered chorus of "Ayes" went up from around the table.

"'Tis a vote," continued Maggie, "and now who'll hang the bell around the cat's neck, that's the next question; or, in other words, who'll be the one to get the cream? It must be one that is light-footed and that knows the way. Meanwhile, I'll get the spoons; for I know just where they are."

"And Sue must get the cream," said another of the girls, "for she is little and light, and besides, she was the first to suggest it."

Poor little Sue's heart fell at these words; her conscience was tender, and she failed to see the right in Maggie's arguments. While she was wavering in her own mind between her sense of duty and her desire to please her companions, Maggie had slipped quietly down stairs and had returned with a handful of teaspoons and a large one with them.

"This is for you to dip the cream with, Sue," whispered she. "The coast is clear, everybody is asleep and it is light as can be. Now take your mug and spoon and tip-toe away."

Little Sue, thus urged, started upon her errand, unwillingly enough, it must be confessed. She tripped lightly down stairs, across a long hall and down another flight before she reached the pantry where she knew the pans of milk were placed every night. Hastily, and with a trembling hand, she filled her mug, and then started up stairs again. Half way up the last flight, a slight noise made her start suddenly; and then on looking down she saw a long white streak upon one of the stairs. "O, I have spilled a part of my cream," said she to herself, "I must get something and wipe it up."

She soon reached the room where the girls were, and seizing a towel, ran hastily back. In a few minutes she burst into the room again, with her face as white as a sheet, and whispered, tremblingly, "Girls, I have spilled some cream on the stairs, and I can not wipe it up."

"Nonsense," said one of the girls.

"A solemn truth," said Sue; "the more I rub the whiter it grows. O dear! I wish I had not stolen the cream!" and the poor child wept with terror and remorse.

"I'll go," said one of the bravest of the girls.

"And I," said another.

"Give me the towel and I will try my luck."

"They were absent but a few moments, and then with half-smothered bursts of laughter they rushed into the room, exclaiming: "O girls; it was not cream at all! It was the moonlight on the stairs we were to trying to wipe out."

"What a joke," said the girls; and after laughing till they cried, they gathered around the table and feasted upon the strawberries and cream.

Little Sue, however, sat quietly by and refused to partake of the proffered dainties.

She firmly resolved in her inmost heart to learn a lesson from her fright and never again to take what did not rightfully and truly belong to her.

Selected by Wm. Marsland.

Letters from the Hopes.

SEDGWICK, Hancock Co., Maine,

July 7th, 1881.

Brother Joseph: The Brookville Branch organized and started a Sabbath School on June 1st. W. G. Pert, superintendent; Damaris Gray, librarian. We have fourteen scholars, and expect more soon. The older ones formed themselves into a Bible Class, and hope to make it interesting. Will Hopes and Saints remember us in their prayers. On the Fourth, nine of us, members of the school, took our boats and went down to Bro. Samuel Eaton's, who resides on Camel's Neck, on Deer Isle. It is a narrow neck of land jutting out into the bay, and was once a great resort of Indians in the olden time. The bay is full of islands, and at this season of the year are covered with verdure. I think the western Hopes would be delighted with a sail among them, and to land upon them and gather shells. At Bro. Eaton's, lives Grandfather Peter Eaton, who is ninety-five years of age, and as hale and hearty as many men of sixty. He reads the *Herald* without glasses, and his hearing is good as ever. His form is erect, his hair and beard as white as snow. He is the father of five sons; four of them Elders, the other a Priest in the latter day work.

W. G. PERT.

Dow City, Iowa, July 5th, 1881.

Dear Hopes: I love to read the letters in the HOPE. I do not expect I will see you in this world, but I hope to see you in a better. We have no Sunday School now, but I hope we will have soon. Ever hoping and praying for the welfare of Zion's cause.

I remain your sister,

EFFIE RUDD.

A Sunday School was organized at Buffalo Prairie, called the Buffalo Prairie Sunday School. The officers chosen for the next six months are C. A. Hall, superintendent; J. B. Larew, assistant superintendent; J. F. Adams, secretary; Edward Crittenden, treasurer; J. Halsted, librarian; Elmer Holmes, assistant librarian.

FERRIS, Illinois, July 11th, 1881.

Dear Hopes: I am glad I was baptized. I desire to do right, and to serve the Lord. I love to read Uncle John's Chat. I think the sentence in Sr. Nancy H. Brook's letter is: "Be kind to your parents." The name of the ugly little person is Satan, I think. Jesus said: "Get thee hence, Satan; for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve," as recorded in the 4th chapter of Matthew, 10th verse. The first thing necessary for salvation is to have faith in God. I think one proof for this is recorded in Hebrews 6th chapter.

Your sister in Christ,

HATTIE A. HEAD.

FERRIS, Illinois, July 11th, 1881.

Dear Hopes: I wish to tell Uncle John that I think the name of the cross little child is Satan. As I am only seven I will let the older Hopes find what Christ said about the matter. I think the sentence Uncle John spoke of containing five words is, "Be kind to your parents." I have been taught the first thing necessary for salvation is Faith in God; for the word says without faith it is impossible to please Him.

GEORGE F. SIEGFREID.

15 July 81.

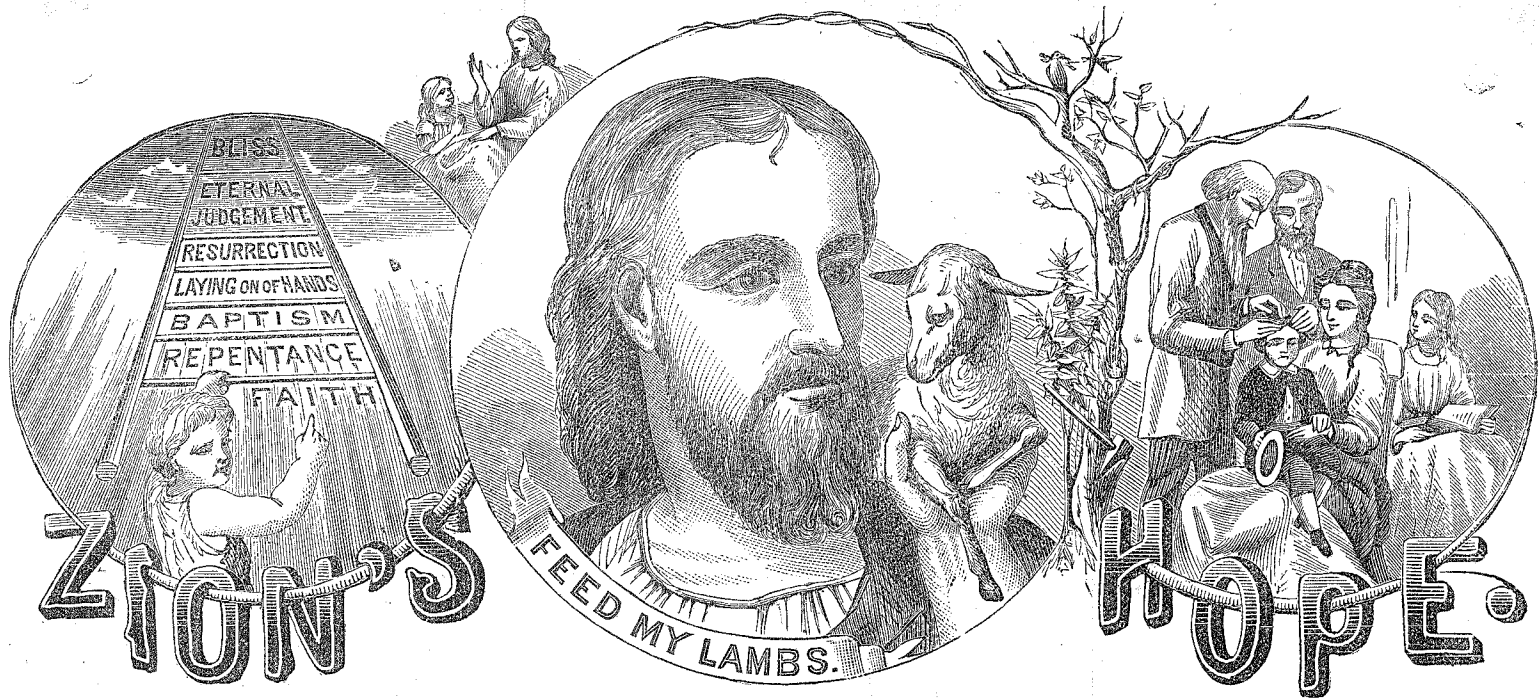
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THE SAINTS' HERALD.

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.

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, 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.

VOL. XIII.

PLANO, ILLINOIS, AUGUST 15, 1881.

No. 4.

[LITTLE HOPES.]

O H, my comrades, little pilgrims,
Is there aught that we can do,
That will help the cause of Jesus,—
Holy Jesus, good and true.
Though we are but little children,
Glad would we in deed or word,
By our faith or prayers or actions,
Be of service to the Lord.

We can pray and he will hear us,
Though in simple words of youth,
For the blessings of the gospel,
And the spreading of the truth.
We can pray for one another,
Friend or foe, with one accord;
And enlist to swell the numbers
Of the army of the Lord.

We can try to serve our Master,
Who did such a ransom pay
For the sinners, who repenting
Sought to find the better way.
And the sweetest invitation,
To the little ones he gave,
May we join that happy number,
When we pass beyond the grave.

Holy Father, now we pray thee,
Let thy tenderest mercies fall,
On the hosts of little children,
Jew and Gentile, one and all.
Wilt thou guide their footsteps ever,
In the paths of truth and peace;
Till from this life of temptation
They shall find a blest release.

C.A.

CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.

Acts 4: 23-37.

JUST before this lesson begins we have an account of how the apostles while preaching were taken up by the chief priests and rulers, and put in prison (Acts. 4: 3). The next day they were brought before the Jewish Counsel and examined. They answered the questions put to them with great boldness (vs. 8-13). Then the Jews forbade them to preach any more in the name of Jesus, and let them go (vs. 18-21). And just here our lesson comes in, it is a lesson about Christian fellowship, or union.

We see the apostles and early Christians here united in three things.

In the first place they are

UNITED IN THEIR CONDUCT.

They were perfectly united in the doctrine which they preached. They were united too

in the interest and earnestness and power with which they preached. And when the Jewish rulers put them in prison for preaching, and commanded them not to preach any more about Jesus, the apostles were united in opinion about what their duty was (vs. 18, 19). Their minds were made up at once on this subject. They resolved not to obey the Jewish rulers in this matter.

And here some one may ask the question :

Well, but does not the Bible teach us that we must obey our rulers? Yes. The command is "Obey them that have the rule over you" (Heb. 13 : 17). And again, "put them in mind to obey magistrates" (Tit. 3: 1) But this only means when rulers command us to do what is right. One of the plainest commands of the Bible is, "Children obey your parents." But even a child is not bound to obey his parents if they command him to break the Sabbath, or to tell lies, or to steal. Then, like the apostles, we must obey God rather than men. They were of one mind about this, here we see how they agreed in their conduct.

In the second place we find that they were

UNITED IN THEIR PRAYERS.

They begin their prayer by speaking reverently of God as the great maker of all things (v. 24). Then they quote the 2d Psalm to show how David had foretold, hundreds of years before Christ came, how kings and rulers would set themselves against Him (vs. 25, 26). Then they show how the prediction of David has been fulfilled in the conduct of Herod and Pontius Pilate and the Jews (v. 27). And then they all unite in the earnest prayer that God would look on the threatenings of those wicked men, and that He would give His servants the help they needed to go on preaching the gospel with more boldness, and doing still greater signs and wonders in the name of Jesus (vs. 29, 30). And here we have a striking illustration of the power of prayer. Our Savior had promised his disciples, that if two of them should agree touching anything they should ask, it would be

done for them by our Father which is in heaven (Matt. : 18 19). And in the Old Testament we have this sweet promise about prayer, "And it shall come to pass, that before they call I will answer, and while they are yet speaking I will hear" (Isa. 65: 24). And both these promises were wonderfully fulfilled in this united prayer of the apostles.

We read in 5: 31 that no sooner was prayer offered than the answer came: "The place was shaken, and they were filled with the Holy Ghost." God answered their prayer by an earthquake, that showed He was present with them, but did no harm to any one, and by sending them the Holy Ghost. This was just what they wanted and just what they had been praying for. It was the Holy Ghost who gave them power to preach, and to heal, and to work miracles. And when God answered their prayer in this way, it was just as if He had sent an angel down to say to them, "Be not afraid of these Jews. Never mind their threatenings. Go on with your work. I will be with you. I will take care of you, and give you all the help you need in doing the work I have sent you to do." And God is the same in His readiness to answer prayer now that He was then.

And then the third thing we see in this lesson is how the apostles were

UNITED IN THEIR PROPERTY.

See vs. 33 and 35. They shared with each other whatever they had. Those who owned houses and lands sold them, and brought the money and laid it down at the apostles' feet. Here we see several apostles standing together. One of them has his hands stretched out as if in the act of preaching. And the people are bringing bags of money, for which they had sold their property, and are laying them down at the feet of the apostles.

We are not told that all the members of the Church did this, but that some of them did it. There was no law in the early Church requiring or commanding the members to do this. It was a voluntary thing. Those who chose to do it, did so. Those who did not


feel inclined to do it were not compelled to do so. In the last two verses of the lesson, we have an account of a good man named Joses, or Joseph, and afterwards known as Barnabas, who sold his property and gave it up in this way for the use of the Church.

He belonged to the tribe of Levi, and was a native of the island of Cyprus, in the Mediterranean Sea. We read of him afterwards as a popular preacher of the Gospel. He was for a while the traveling companion of the apostle Paul, and his fellow laborer in spreading the glad tidings of salvation.

When we see how close the union was between these early Christians, we are reminded of what David said in the 133d psalm: "Behold, how good and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." Let us pray that the time may soon come when all Christians shall be one in heart and spirit, in the way our blessed Savior speaks of in John 17:21. And let us do all we can to promote this sort of unity among "all who profess and call themselves Christians."

CAN AND COULD.

CHAPTER III.

66 HAT'S where you come from, I suppose," said the driver, pointing with his whip towards the house for consumptive patients.

"Yes," said the man. "I have been very ill indeed; but I'm better now, wonderfully better. They say I may last for years, with proper attention; and they tell me to be very careful of weather, but what can I do?"

"It's very cold and windy for you up here," said the driver.

The man shivered, but did not complain; he looked about him with a bright glitter in his eyes, and every time he coughed he declared that he was much better than he had been.

After telling you so much about Could, his kind wishes, projects, and aspirations, I am ashamed to mention Can to you again; however I think I will venture, though her aspirations, "poor little thing," are very humble ones, and she scarcely knows what a project means. So you must know that having concluded most of her business, she entered a shop to purchase something for her dinner; and while she waited to be served, a child entered carrying a basket, much too heavy for her strength, and having a shawl folded up on her arm.

"What have you in your basket?" asked Can.

"Potatoes for dinner," said the child.

"It's very heavy for you," remarked Can, observing how she bent under the weight of it.

"Mother's ill, and there is nobody to go to the shops but me," replied the child, setting it down and blowing her numbed fingers.

"No wonder you are cold," said Can, "why don't you put your shawl on instead of carrying it so?"

"It's so big," said the child, in a piteous voice. "Mother put a pin in it, and told me to hold it up; but I can't, the basket is so

heavy, and I trod on it and fell down."

"It's enough to give the child her death of cold," said the mistress of the shop, to go crawling home in this bitter wind, with nothing on but that thin frock."

"Come," said Can, "I'm not very clever, but at least I know how to tie a child's shawl so as not to throw her down."

So she made the little girl hold out her arms, and drawing the garment closely round her, knotted it securely at her back.

"Now then," she said, having inquired where she lived, "I am going your way, so I can help you to carry your basket."

Can and the child then went out together; while Could having reached his comfortable home, sat down before the fire, and made a great many reflections. He made reflections on baths, and wash-houses, and wished he could advance their interests; he made reflections on model prisons, and penitentiaries, and wished he could improve them; he made reflections on the progress of civilization, on the necessity of some better mode of educating the masses; he thought of the progress of the human mind and made grand projects in his benevolent head whereby all the interests of the race might be advanced, and he wished he could carry them into practice; he reflected on poverty, and made castles in the air, as to how he might mitigate its severity; and then having in imagination made many people happy, he felt that a benevolent disposition was a great blessing, and fell asleep over the fire. Can only made two things; when she had helped to carry the child's basket, she kindly made her sick mother's bed, and then she went home and made a pudding.

Selected by Sister Emma

A SENSIBLE GIRL.—No. 7.



ABOUT this time Miss Bodie received a letter from her mother, the purport of which was that her life and that of Bodie's sisters, Flora, Julia and Lisette, was much the same as at home, only that they were a little straitened for clothing, and ready money; as they had very little of the latter, and of the first only what they had taken with them, with but few additions. Bodie thought that she detected a little fault-finding spirit in the letter; but as no outright complaint of Mr. Selkirk was made, she thought it possible that she had made a mistake in that, and let the thought pass. One thing in the letter pleased her; that was that Flora, the sister next older than herself, was keeping company with a wealthy young gentleman, educated to the law, but who would not need to practice, as his wealth made it unnecessary; her mother wrote: "We are all elated with Flora's good fortune, as we think the catch a very desirable one. The young man is very rich."

Miss Bodie's pleasure was of two sorts; she was pleased that her sister should be sought after; and that her mother put the matter before her in so completely a speculative, fashionable way—the catch was a very desirable one. "Perhaps," thought she, "it

is desirable, so far as money may be concerned. But," and she felt for the moment a little bitter, "how about the man. Is he a desirable catch? Has he a good character? Has he a good temper? Is he kind and faithful? Are his habits good? Not a word about the man only that he is a 'young gentleman, educated to the law,' but very rich." Then as she remembered Mary, and her marriage with Mr. Selkirk, and the great difference of character between Mary and Flora, the easy, though somewhat pleasant ways of Mary, and the impetuous and apparently selfish nature and ways of Flora; the thought of Flora's last speech to her also coming to her mind, she involuntarily said: "Poor Flora; I trust for your sake, that this good catch may prove to be a tender-hearted, but wise man."

This letter was discussed by Miss Bodie and Mrs. Britton, over an evening meal, on the Sunday after the ride over to P—; and the answer necessary was written: one clause of that answer was as follows: "You write me, mother, that Flora is expecting to secure a great 'catch,' referring to some young man who is very rich. I hope, dear mother, for Flora's sake that he whom you think so desirable a catch, may be rich in truth, fortitude, manliness, and a kindly heart; for if, as I half suspect, your stay in Mr. Selkirk's home is not pleasant, there may be an opportunity for Flora to be made unhappy by reason of her husband's lack of these qualifications, discovered too late. As for me, I am not husband hunting, have a pleasant place to work; have good health, and am willing to labor. I have also, a little money laid by, a small portion of which, mother, let me share with you in the enclosed bill, for your own private purse." And the Sensible Girl enclosed a ten dollar bill in the letter, as she very cleverly concluded that Mr. Selkirk might not have supplied the inmates of his house with money in profusion.

Her mother replied to this letter with the statement that the character of the young man was good; but, as to how the matter was progressing she could not say, as he was then absent from the city, and had been for some time, where she did not know; but she presumed that he was away at some watering place, or fashionable resort. As for Flora, that young woman herself replied to her sister's solicitude. "I will take care of No. 1, my old-fashioned girl; and when I catch my husband, I shall try and impress upon him that I don't belong to the work-a-day, household Bridget tribe; and take care that he does not know that any of the family do. You may think it a fine thing to be independent, as you call it; but I call it disgrace. And, sister, you may depend, that I don't want you to put in an appearance to disprove what I tell you."

Bodie felt this letter keenly. Her mother neglected to mention the money sent to her; or to state whether it was opportune, or not. She felt assured that her mother was not offended; but thought that her mother might, at least, have said whether it came and was acceptable. Flora's cruel hit hurt her sadly;

but she tore the letter up, without letting Mrs. Britton see it. She would not let that faithful woman see how her people came short of dealing kindly with her. Mrs. Britton saw by her added soberness for a few days when they met, that she had been hurt some way, but made no inquiry; for she well knew that the girl would not speak, if it concerned the family.

The Wednesday following George presented Preston with a card from Mr. Granger, the purchaser of his mother's place, inviting him to visit at his house on the day following; George told him that his sister and himself had been invited, and wanted to know if he would go. To this Preston promptly replied: "Certainly I will go. I want to see Mr. Granger and get acquainted—and I want to see Miss Bodie; and have been racking my brains all the week how to manage it."

"Is there anything difficult about it?"

"Why, yes," replied Preston, she is at service; and it would hardly be proper for me to call on Mr. Granger and tell him that I wish to see his hired girl; would it?"

Preston said this in such earnest that George laughed heartily, which the other took quite good naturedly, and said: "I confess, George, that I have never met a girl that so impressed me as does your friend, Miss Stratton. Nor can I say just how it is. She is not handsome, that is, there is no striking beauty about her. Her face is plain, she is not tall, nor majestic in appearance. She makes no display, does not attempt to evade observation, and certainly does not court it. What to make of her I don't know."

"Don't bother yourself about her then, Preston. She is only a working girl, determined to take care of herself in this busy bustling world. I once heard her say, that she believed that she could hardly respect a man who had not some useful business, or labor, in which he was actively engaged. If wealthy, so much the more reason why he should be employed in husbanding his wealth for the benefit of others, not so fortunate as himself. I asked her what she would have a man do? "Do?" said she, "do anything but grow dull and enervated in idleness." But, I replied, there may not be anything for such a man to do. She turned at once upon me, 'Do not you find plenty of work to do?' Of course I told her that I did, but that I was poor and had to work. 'But, suppose you were not willing to work, how would it be then?' This was a poser to me, so I said: In that case I suppose that I could find nothing to do, and plenty of it. That is the secret of it, Mr. George Chappell, you may depend; and will apply in the case of a man who has wealth. Besides that, while you are at work, as you say from necessity, the labor that answers to the demand of that necessity, is offered to you by wealth represented in the manufacturing firm for which you are at work."

"Why, George, your friend seems to be a philosopher, as well as a Sensible Girl."

"Ought not philosophers to be sensible folks?" was George's reply to this sally.

"I suppose so; but then there are many sensible people who are not philosophers."

THE SKYLARK'S SONG.

IT is a pleasant thing
To walk at early day,
To see the pretty flowers,
And smell the sweet new hay.

The sun is warm and bright,
The sky is clear and blue,
And all the trees and flowers
Are wet with drops of dew.

Hush! don't you hear the bird
That's singing in the sky?
No bird except the lark
Would fly so very high.

It left its little nest
When day was just begun;
And flew so high to bid
Good-morning to the sun.

"Good-morning, shining sun,"
I think the lark would say,
'I'm happy in my heart,
This fine warm summer day.

'I'm very glad you're come;
You make the world so light,
And all the trees and flowers
So beautiful and bright.

'I'll sing a merry song,
And then lie down and rest,
Or search for worms to feed
My young ones in the nest."

The lark has done its song,
And settled on the ground,
But we will not forget
The sweet and happy sound.

And when our hearts are glad
In long bright summer days,
To God in heaven we'll sing
Our songs and hymns of praise.

God loves each thing he made,
However weak and small;
But glad and thankful hearts
He loves the best of all.

SPENDING THE TIME.

HOW often we hear the expression made by young ladies and gentlemen, and sometimes by older people—"Just to kill time." "Killing time" consists in an hour spent among rough companions, whose rude jests at first shock the hearers, but little by little, by constantly hearing, the real shock wears off, and no harm is thought until at last those who at first were only hearers, become participants in the low language. This is truly "killing time!" How much prouder we would be of our young men, if they would form themselves into literary and mutual improvement societies, and instead of acquiring evil habits, they might store the mind with useful knowledge!

Killing time sometimes consists in spending the precious hours in reading dime novels, filling the mind with everything that is unreal; creating therein a restlessness and general dissatisfaction with one's surroundings. How much better if, instead of killing time, the young ladies would scheme to make it lively and enjoyable. All mankind has a life before it, and it is not the making of a choice, but the adhering to it, which stamps that life. It is not the forming of a resolution, but in carrying it out. How may have earnestly resolved to live lives of usefulness; soon is the resolution forgotten, and the author is engaged at—killing time!

There are many ways to kill this precious

jewel that is placed within our keeping; but it is dangerous. A misspent youth nearly always brings on an unhappy old age. But a youthtime crowded full of noble deeds, will always bring a contented, happy old age. Noble deeds do not consist in doing some great things from which millions may derive benefit; but in catching the moments as they fly; planting in some heart some seeds of kindness that will grow up a bright floweret, making some life happy; shedding the sunlight of a smile, perhaps, that will brighten a desert of gloom and unhappiness in some heart. These little acts of kindness may not be noticed, extensively, but they count, methinks, in that last great day, even more than deeds that the whole world laud.

TWO KINDS OF WEEDING.

ABOUT this season of the year the farmers are kept busy weeding their gardens so that the vegetables will grow. In the flower beds, especially, the weeds must not gain headway, or the plants will be choked up and die. In pulling up a weed it should be taken from the root, or else it will sprout up again at some unexpected moment. Some weeds are so tough and tenacious that they can not be pulled up with the fingers, but require constant care to keep them down and out of sight. But these should come up even if violent methods have to be used.

Every one has a garden called Conversation. If the unpleasant words which blossom into thoughts are kept out, the garden becomes beautiful and interesting. There are a few kinds of weeds, which unconsciously creep into this garden and unless they are put down; or, better, pulled out, they injure and spoil the good flowers.

1. *Untruth.* This is dark leaved and so small at first that it is scarcely noticed. In its early stages it is called exaggeration. You are not sure whether you saw three or four things and you say four. The next time the number becomes larger, and so the weed grows until it is strong and hardy. Be sure and pull it up.

2. *Slang.* This spoils many a garden of choice flowers. It is sometimes overlooked among boys, but is not considered to have any beauty.

3. *Bad Grammar.* This is a common weed found in the gardens of uneducated and careless persons. It grows slowly, but steadily, and finds a place beside the nicest looking flowers. There are a number of varieties, and among them are "I seen" which chokes up "I saw," or "I have seen;" "it's her'n," which crowds out "it is hers," and "it is me" which grows close to the little plant "it is I."

4. *Gossip.* Every one knows this ugly weed which works mischief wherever it appears. It is one of the worst varieties, and has been known to completely overrun and spoil the gardens in which it was allowed to grow.

These are the principal weeds which find their way into the garden of Conversation. Examine the one belonging to you and see what weeds are gaining headway.

THINKING.

WHAT is this gentleman thinking about? How still he sits, and how sober he looks! Ah, who can tell his thoughts?

Perhaps he is thinking of the time when he was a little boy, and lived in the country. Then he ran about in the fields and woods, gathered flowers in the spring and nuts in the fall. How he wishes now that he had always minded father and mother, and been a good, studious boy in school.

Perhaps he is thinking of his own children, Clare and Ida and Daisy, and of the best way to train them to be noble men and women.

But we can only guess at his thoughts. We can not look within his busy brain, and see what is going on there.

But there is One who can. God can read our thoughts. We have to wait until a person's thoughts are expressed in words; but God does not. The Bible says he understands our thoughts afar off.

Sometimes we may have thoughts we should be ashamed to have others know. But we can not hide them from God. Good or evil, he knows them all.

If this is so, do you not, little child, desire a pure heart? Let us ask God to give us clean hearts, in which every thought will be so pure and right we shall not be unwilling for him to know every one.

David said, "I hate vain thoughts;" and another of God's servants, "The thoughts of the wicked are an abomination to the Lord."

THE POOLS OF SOLOMON.

THE Pools of Solomon are objects of great interest, * * * not only for their great size but for their undoubted antiquity. There can not be a reasonable question that they come down to us from Solomon's own time, and are among the few remains still extant of the works of that monarch.

These pools are three in number. They are built on a rising ground, each occupying a different level. The bottom of the upper pool is a little above the top of the second, and the bottom of this again is a little above the top of the third. They are so arranged in order that when one is filled its overflowings may be collected in the next, and the same with the third when the second is full.

These pools are of an irregular rectangular shape. They have been partly excavated from the rocky bed of the valley and partly built of large hewn stones. The sides and bottoms of the pools are covered with cement. They are still used for the purpose for which they were originally constructed, viz.: the supply of Jerusalem with water.

The lower pool is much larger than either of the others. When filled with water it is capable of floating the largest man-of-war that ever sailed.

To the north of the upper pool, and not far from it, stands an old fortress, which is occupied by the keeper of the pools. These pools

are supplied from a subterranean fountain in the open field, some distance from the valley, to the north-west. The only visible mark of this fountain is a circular opening, like the mouth of a well, generally covered with a large stone. The ground around these famous pools is now barren and dreary. But it was here, doubtless, that Solomon had his "garden enclosed," as well as his "fountain sealed." It was on the neighboring hills and in the valleys near, without any question, that he planted the vineyards, and made the gardens and orchards of all kinds of fruits, and made pools of water, to water therewith the wood that brought forth trees, of which he speaks in Eccles. ii. 4, 6. And it was to this spot, in the beauty and fertility that then marked it, that he was accustomed, as Josephus tells us, to take his morning drive. And of the great works which Solomon in all his glory builded, these pools that bear his name are all that remain.

MISS RACHEL'S BONNET.

WONDER if Miss Rachel means to wear that old bonnet again this winter," said one youthful teacher to another, as a lady, plainly attired, walked in and took her seat before the Bible-class.

"She is really growing miserly!" said her friend. "With her ample means to appear as she does, is absurd; that old satin dress has been in use as long as I can remember, and as for the bonnet, it has been altered and trimmed half a dozen times. I really would like to know what she does with her money."

Just then a little hand pulled the teacher's shawl, and a little face all aflush with earnestness and reproof looked into those of the young ladies:

"Please don't speak so about Miss Rachel, teacher. She sent us a ton of coal this week, and she bought my sick brother a chair with wheels, and she helps lots of folks besides us."

The bell rang, and the opening exercises began. Miss Rachel in her plain bonnet, joined heartily in them all; the blessing was on her that comes to those who let not their left hand know what their right hand doeth.

The teachers who had called her miserly felt some pricks of conscience.

WORLDLINESS—THE GREAT SIN.

DR. HOWARD CROSBY says: "If I were called to point out the most alarming sins to-day—those which are most deceitful in their influence, and most soul-destroying in their ultimate effects—I would not mention drunkenness, with all its fearful havoc, nor gambling, with its crazed victims, nor harlotry, with its hellish orgies; but the love of money on the part of men, and the love of display on the part of women. While open vice sends its thousands, these fashionable and favored indulgences send their ten thousands to perdition. They sear the conscience, incrust the soul with an impenetrable shell of worldliness, debauch the affections from every high and heavenly object, and make man or woman the worshipper of self. While doing all this, the

poor victim is allowed by public opinion to think himself or herself a Christian; while the drunkard, the gambler, or the prostitute is not deceived by such a thought for a moment."

Letters from the Hopes.

WAUKON, Iowa, July 27th, 1881.

Dear Hopes: This being the first time I have ever written for our interesting little paper, I don't know as I will interest you much. I have taken the Hope nearly ever since it was first published, and don't think I could get along without it. I am trying to live as I should, and would like to be a Christian. There are no Saints here, only my father and sister. We buried our dear christian mother last January; she died strong in the faith of coming forth in the first resurrection. We would be very much pleased to have some of the Elders come this way, for we hardly ever see any one of our belief. If some Elder would come here he would be warmly welcomed. I don't belong to the Church, as I have never had the opportunity; but I am a strong believer in the faith, and believe it to be the true Church of Christ. I will close for this time, hoping some of the Elders will come and see us.

Your friend,

MRS. ABBIE TREEMAN.

LAMONI, July 29th, 1881.

Dear Hopes; It is raining to-day, and I thought I would improve the time to write to you. I have belonged to the Church nearly six years. I will be fourteen the 2d of August. We have little folks prayer meeting one mile south of Lamoni, every Sunday evening, which commences at sun down. I think it is very nice, and I always feel well when I take a part in them. Pa and ma think it is just what we want. We have a Singing School one mile west of our house, Bro. O. B. Thomas is our teacher. We have a Union Sunday School at Lamoni, and have meetings in town and two miles south-west of town. Pray for me.

Your brother,

A. M. BAILEY.

FLAGLER'S, Marion County, Iowa,
July 22d, 1881.

Dear Hopes: I was very sorry to hear of the death of one little Hope, Nellie C. Gillen; it will be a hard blow for her father, Brother Gillen, who is in a foreign country, but I hope that God will send his Spirit to comfort him. I see in the *Labor Tribune* that Elder John R. Griffiths was killed in Cleveland mines, Iowa, by a piece of slate. I was very sorry to see it; he has been teaching me in the Sunday School, and he was lively in advocating the word of God. I wish the Hopes would remember his wife and children in their prayers.

WILLIAM TRUMAN.

DES MOINES, Polk County, Iowa,
July 17th, 1881.

Dear Hopes: I have often thought of writing. This is the first time I ever wrote to the HOPE. I do not belong to the Church, but I expect to soon. I am ten years old. My father and mother belong to the Church. I love to read the HOPE, especially the letters.

LESCO E. MERRILL.

There are some people who can see the dangerous ground their neighbor's children stand on more readily than their own—can see the faults and follies of others so clearly, but are blind toward their own.

15 Aug 81.

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.

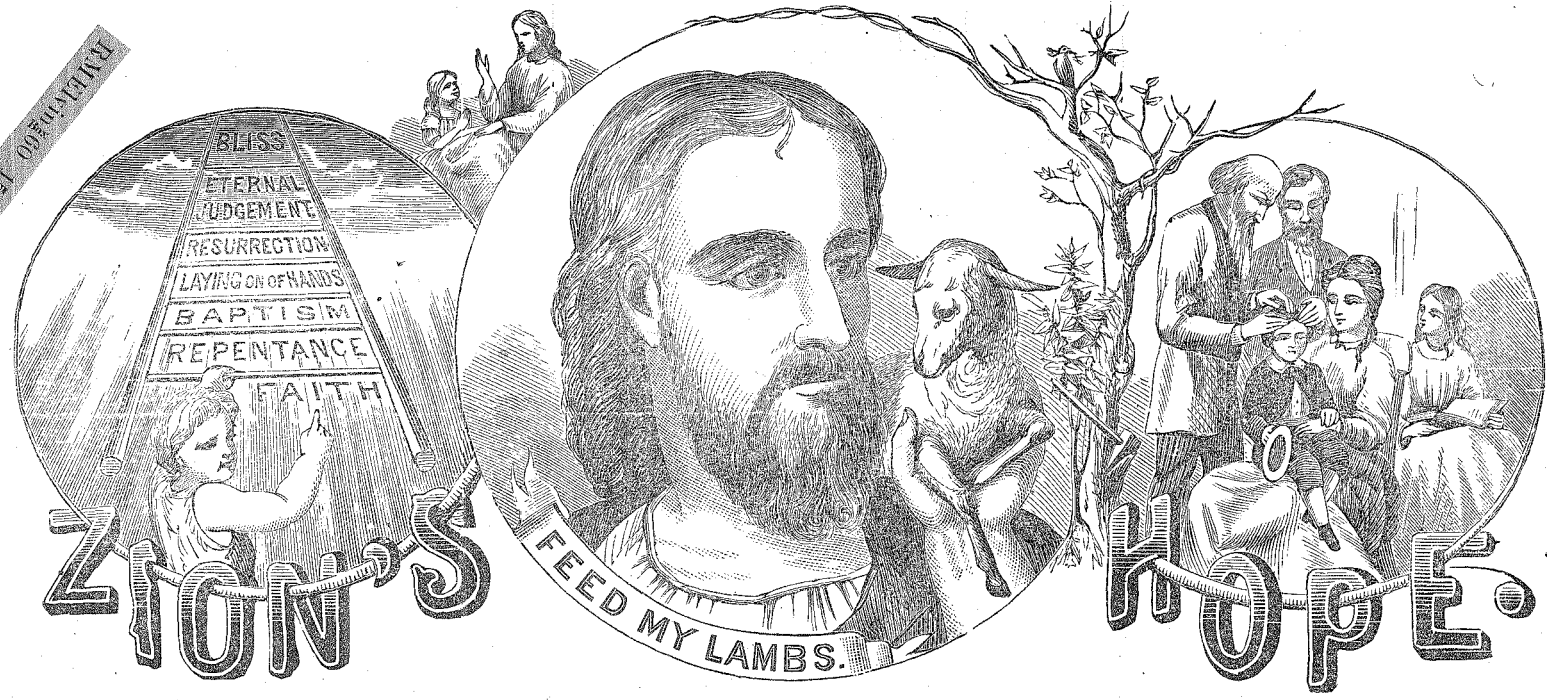
The above publication is issued semi-monthly, at Plano, Kendall County, Illinois, by the Board of Publication of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, \$2.15 per year free of postage. Edited by Joseph Smith.

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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 P. O., 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.

1881



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

VOL. XIII.

PLANO, ILLINOIS, SEPTEMBER 1, 1881.

No. 5.

BOYS WANTED.

BOYS of spirit, boys of will, Boys of muscle, brain, and power, Fit to cope with anything, These are wanted every hour.

Not the weak and whining drones, Who all troubles magnify; Not the watchword of "I can't," But the nobler one, "I'll try!"

Do what'er you have to do With a true and earnest zeal; Bend your sinews to the task, "Put your shoulders to the wheel."

Though your duty may be hard, Look not on it as an ill; If it be an honest task, Do it with an honest will.

In the workshop, on the farm, At the desk, where'er you be, From your future efforts, boys, Comes a nation's destiny.

A WORD TO THE HOPES.

I AM sorry to say it, but it is true, that some of our number, I hope not many, seem to grow weary of well doing; and even go so far as to say, "If my name was off the book, it never would go on." Now this ought not to be. It is a sorry thought to think of it. Why is it? Is it because they have ceased to love their Savior? Surely not. Is it because they care more for the follies of this world, than to faithfully serve their Heavenly Father? I hope not. It is true that there are many allurements, to draw the young mind from God and holy things. My dear children, there is a way by which you may obtain strength to resist all evil and overcome your own weakness. If you will seek your Heavenly Father morning and evening in secret, and pray earnestly to him for strength, for wisdom, and for his Holy Spirit to guide you through this world of temptation, and earnestly thank him for the life and health that you enjoy, and believe that he will give the same to you, I can promise you that you will feel that he does hear and answer prayer; and your young hearts will be made to rejoice in the Holy One of Israel. You will feel like praising

God that your "name is on the book," and that you have the privilege of approaching him in such a manner. I tell you this because I know it to be true. God will answer the prayer of even a child, when it is offered in faith. I am pained when I see some of our older Hopes going to dances, and dancing with an intoxicated partner. It sounds harsh, but it is true. There are others who will leave their own church for one more fashionable.

Dear Hopes, let us one and all examine ourselves, find out what is wrong with us, "Then take it to Lord in prayer," and he will surely help us. We all need his help. My prayer is that we may be more united in serving God, that we may have more strength to battle for the right. I hope you will not be offended at my plainness. If any are benefitted, I am repaid. My testimony to you is, that this is the work of God, and that he will hear and answer you and me when we come before him in faith. If we have not sufficient faith to satisfy us, let us pray for faith, and we will get it in his own due time.

C. A. S.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL MANAGEMENT.

IT does not require a very large amount of sagacity or intellectual ability (nor will it injure if there is a good share of these abilities) to establish Sabbath Schools.

And if, at the commencement, you have but few books, no organ, and but few sweet singers, begin and do the best you can with what you have got; but start your schools.

Some of the grandest projects that have been consummated, were most insignificant in their beginning. Joseph Smith started the Church in 1830 with but six members, and all the world opposed to them, which in the limited space of fourteen years was increased to tens of thousands.

We may remember that what we engage in to help ourselves and others in works of righteousness, with purity of desire, with a resolve to abide therein, we may expect God's

blessing to attend. And, after making a start, any Sabbath School finding themselves in a position to secure an organ, without involving themselves in debt, or neglecting other matters of greater moment, and feel that they can use it for the extra help it may bring, without quarreling over it, then they may adorn their school with an organ.

But if no advance is made in this or other godly works, until we can secure all the external show, we shall waste much precious time without accomplishing much good.

JAMES CAFFALL

THE FIRE ON THE LAKE.

WID you ever see a fire on the ocean? Well, it is one of the most terrible sights. At night time it is especially dreadful. The dark waves are lit up for hundreds of yards in all directions; the roaring flames arouse the sleeping passengers; the loud cries of the seamen at the pumps resound through every part of the vessel; and the hurry and confusion of getting down the boats add to the general confusion.

Let me tell you of a fire on a vessel which sailed on Lake Erie; not on the ocean, you see, yet still on a great body of water. It is a true story. It happened many years ago. It shows us what nobility of soul some men have, and how they are even willing to lay down their lives for the sake of others.

The vessel had started, and was many miles from the shore, when suddenly the cry of "Fire! fire!" was raised. The crew then soon began to run here and there, carrying water to throw on the flames. The women and children were shrieking, and everybody, nearly, seemed in a state of frenzy. Only the captain was perfectly calm, and the pilot, noble man, was a great deal more composed than the captain. The crew tried hard to save the boat, but to no purpose.

"John Mordaunt," cried the captain through his speaking-trumpet.

"Aye, aye, sir," answered the pilot.

"John, we must head her for shore."

"Aye, aye, sir."

And now the flames increased. Gradually the wind arose, and the smoke and fire drove the crew and passengers to one little corner of the boat. The little boats were all burned before they could be got off. "Our lives," said the captain, "depend on that man yonder at the wheel. If he can keep her head straight for the shore for ten minutes, we are saved; if not, we are lost."

"The fire had cut us off from the wheel-house. Only through the smoke we could see Mordaunt grasping the wheel with a firm, death-like look, as the flames came closer and closer to him."

"John Mordaunt," cried the captain.

"Aye, aye, sir."

"Can you hold on for five minutes longer?"

"Aye, aye, sir."

Hotter and hotter grew the flames, but we were near the shore; we could see the lights and hear the shouts of the people.

"John Mordaunt?"

No answer.

"John Mordaunt, can you hold on for two minutes longer?"

Feebly came back the answer, "I'll try, sir."

Now the ship strikes the shore. We are saved! But what of the pilot? He, brave man, had held the wheel with his right hand until it was burned off; then he had changed to the left hand, and that was half burned off when he fell dead at his post of duty! What an example is this to us, to stand firm until the very last, wherever God may place us.

Selected.

THE LITTLE CHILD.

THE firefly flew in and out among the trees, one Summer evening; hither and thither he sparkled and looked very bright; but a wind swept down the hills, dark clouds gathered, a sheet of lightning filled the air.

"Alas," said the firefly, "how little I am! what a nothingness compared with this magnificent lightning that flashes from hill to hill, and hurls down the great trees, and lights up the forest. How glorious is the lightning!"

So the firefly crept in among the leaves of a rose until the storm should pass.

Then the lightning flooded the earth and darted from one cloud to another, and the thunder pealed; but the lightning looked not only down beneath the clouds on the earth, it looked up through them beyond, and saw the stars shining calm over the storm.

"Alas," said the lightning, "how poor and little a thing I am! just flashing a little way, and for a brief time, then I am gone. What a nothingness compared with those stars that shine for centuries unchanged."

So the lightning passed away over the hills, the clouds were gone, the stars looked down on the earth that Summer evening; they saw a little child kneel down beside his bed and fold his tiny hands to say his prayers before going to sleep. "Our Father," said he.

"Alas," said the stars, how little do we seem! how brief is our existence, since the day must come when we shall perish, shall be found in the heavens no more; while that little child of our Creator, who even now is speaking to his 'Father in heaven,' is to live for ever. What a nothingness are we compared with an immortal soul!"

THE DEMON OF WINE.

LOOK not, my friend, on wines bright gleaming red;
Though its sparkle seem joyous and bright.
There's many a crime lies deeply veiled and hid
Behind its charming, fascinating light.

There's many an unwritten tale of woe,
Of maddening wrong, of fierce despair,
There's many a young life's bright hopes dead,
Love's bright promises, buried there.

Start not, start not, at my passionate words,
I know the sorrow, the shame too well,
My lover sleeps in a dishonored grave,
And by wine's fated power he fell.

Together we had played in childhood's hours,
Together wandered to the school-house old,
Together oft we lingered in the fields,
To pluck the crimson clover, and buttercups of gold.

Years passed with summer bloom and winter snows,
Our childish friendship ripened into love;
We pledged our love, in glowing sparkling wine,
And wine, alas, did soon his ruin prove.

For soon where youth and beauty met at eve,
To sing and dance beneath the gleaming light,
He often lingered longer than them all,
To drink the wine whose sparkle was so bright.

He knew not that the venom in the cup
Was swiftly, surely robbing him of life;
He knew not of the deadly haunting fear
Whose shadow saddened now his promised wife.

Soon pleasure ceased to lure him to the cup,
He only drank to drive despair away;
And drown his memory, but he little thought,
Of what must follow at no distant day.

And now, the end; when glowing day departs,
And leaves the rosetints gleaming in the sky,
I see them bear him through the darkening hall
And lay him down, upon a couch—to die.

I hung to his side, he welcomes not.
The face that once he loved so much to see,
But with the words, "Twas wine that brought me here,
You offered it;" he turns away from me.

And now come demons of a thousand forms,
While fiery serpents round him writhe and hiss,
The wine it was,—the glowing, gleaming wine,
That brought my noble lover down to this.

They buried him, and now, his grave is green,
But still the scene will rise before my mind,
And chief among the thousand horrid shapes
That haunt my dreams appears the Demon, wine.

Beware! beware! for ruin waits for all,
Who touch, or taste, or look upon, the wine,
Turn from the Demon, shun his very glance,
Lest he blight your life, as he has blighted mine!

EVELYN GREY.

I AM NOT ASHAMED.

BY J. FRANK McDOWELL.

CHAP. I.



UR title is the language of a noted man of the primitive christian church. He was born in Tarsus, a city of Cilicia.

"Tarsus, a city of Asia Minor. Permanent population estimated at 7,000. The modern town, partly surrounded by a wall, covers only a portion of the ancient site. The houses are low, mostly of stone, terrace-roofed, and built of the materials of ancient structures. Principal edifices, a castle, several mosques, caravanserais, public baths, and an ancient church. Various remains of antiquity exist in and around the city. The Cydnus is now navigable only for small boats. (Tarsus is on

the west side of the river Cydnus.) Large vessels anchor in the roadstead of Mersin, eight miles west of its mouth. Its vicinity is highly productive in corn and cotton, which articles, with wool, copper, gall-nuts, wax, goats'-hair, skins, hides, and hairsacks, form the chief exports of Tarsus; the principal imports being rice, sugar, coffee, and hardwares from Arabia, and the Mediterranean."

According to some ancient authors, this city was founded by the Assyrian king, Sardana-palus. It was taken by both Cyrus and Alexander, and was subsequently famous in Roman history. It was the birth-place and residence of St. Paul; besides whom, the stoic Antipater, and the philosopher Athenodorus, were among its natives.

Paul said he was "a citizen of no mean city." Paul received his education, chiefly, in Jerusalem. He says: "Yet brought up in this city at the feet of Gamaliel, and taught according to the perfect manner of the law [of Moses] of the fathers."—Act 22: 3.

This man's "position in society" had been one of considerable influence, a man noted for his zeal, and fervent devotion in his service toward God.

He was a man of oratory, earnestness, eloquence; a man of profound thought!

His conversion to the christian religion was truly wonderful. It would seem that a man of his disposition and peculiar traits of character, and the career he was leading relative to the christian system, would need some wonderful or extraordinary manifestation of supernatural power to turn him, thoroughly, from such a course of procedure, to "the right way of the Lord."

We are conversant with the manner of his conversion. After he became identified with Christ's church, he was despised by many who had previously, very highly respected him. His change in religious matters, resulted in an entire change of life and action.

That which he had persecuted, he advocated. Those whom he had despised, he learned to love. "The way" he had shunned he walked therein. The righteousness he sought to subdue, he endeavored to establish with all energy and power of his being. The Christ, whom in ignorance, he had hated he learned to revere, adore, praise, serve, honor, and extol him in every plausible manner. He exclaimed: "How to perform that which is good I find not, only in Christ." What a change!

It became his meat and drink to labor unceasingly for the good of humanity—thus laboring for Christ.

He surveyed the whole ground upon which he had entered. His surroundings became materially changed. His station was not what it had been; it was not lower but higher; more honorable than ever before.

His former friends did not think so. They looked upon him as having taken a step downward; because he lost what influence he had held among the prominent Jewish people; they despising the gospel, and Christ, would naturally despise an individual who had embraced said system of religion. Their enmity and vile hatred against the gospel and the

church was founded upon gross ignorance and blindness, wilful and otherwise.

They knew not what they were fighting. To investigate, would necessitate a cessation of persecution, and perhaps, an embracing of the gospel. Paul knew what he had done—what he had obeyed—what he was teaching. Knowing all this—he could justly remark: “I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ.” How confident,—how trustful.

The more experiences he passed through, the more he learned to love the precious word of saving truth.

It was the individuality of the work that caused him to become “rooted and established in the present truth.” The personal application of the gospel power and spirit is what he gloried in. For Jesus had previously taught: “If any man will do his [God’s] will, he shall know of the [divinity of the] doctrine.”

He was perfectly willing to abide the issue, remain where he was, having an assurance of the truthfulness of the work in which he was engaged. This enabled him to declare it fearlessly, boldly, “before all men,” of whatever nationality or sect.

He became a strong defender of the faith.

A SENSIBLE GIRL.—No. 8.

WHAT night, after separating from George, Preston sat on the piazza of the Hotel for a long time thinking. The events of the few days that he had been in the village visiting had affected him strangely. He had come with no definite intention to stay long; but rather to idle away a few days, and then to go elsewhere; but he found his stay pleasant, and had put off any thought as to when, or where he should go. He felt no inclination to go away; in fact, he was strongly inclined to stay. At last he went to bed, still thinking and undecided. The events of the next day aided him in his dilemma. Mr. Granger received news that his sister was ill; and as his brother-in-law was his wife’s brother, he decided to take wife and daughter with him, leaving Miss Bodie to care for the house while they were gone, as it was uncertain when they should return. This would leave the young lady at liberty to visit at Mr. Chapel’s; and Mrs. Britton’s, her own home, which she would be likely to improve. This was event number one.

A gentleman arrived at the hotel that day, who had been entrusted with collections by a business firm further east, to a considerable amount; and who had been instructed to close out the accounts if possible, taking all kinds of property where money could not be had. When he had secured his rooms at the hotel, he enquired for a lawyer; but learned that there was none then practicing in the village. He was somewhat disconcerted at this, for he had supposed that so large a village would be sure to have an attorney or two in it. What could he do? That was the question that he asked the landlord after dinner. The landlord replied that one of his boarders, a Mr. Preston Clark, from the city

of—, was an educated lawyer, but not then in practice; perhaps he would undertake to help him with legal advice when needed. Would the landlord introduce him to Mr. Clark? Certainly. So when the young man came down to make his afternoon call at Mr. Chapel’s, made the two acquainted, Mr. Graves, Mr. Clark.

Mr. Graves stated his business, and asked if Mr. Clark was willing to assist him; and was answered that he would. The task was not difficult; as the accounts and notes were all plain and simple; what Mr. Graves wanted mostly was that some one should be with him who was acquainted with the country, and the value of the various kinds of property that might be offered in payment instead of money. This was event number two.

Preston was glad of an excuse to stay. The employment was congenial to his mind, and while he had no strong desire for the pay, he knew that it would be expected that he should receive pay for his services, and so felt no delicacy in stating his charges, which were considered by Mr. Graves to be quite fair.

Preston knew that so sensible a girl as Miss Bodie undoubtedly was, would not consent to receive callers at Mr. Granger’s in the absence of the family; and as he had resolved to secure the good graces of the lady if he could, he found his only way was to go to George and tell him of his resolution, and secure an ally if possible. So, after arranging with Mr. Graves to be at his service next morning if needed, he went round to the shop, and fortunately, found George putting on his coat to go to a distant part of the village, on an errand connected with his work.

After they were fairly started, Preston said: “George, after leaving you last evening I had a long spell of thinking, the result of which is, I have decided to try and get this friend of yours, Miss Stratton, to be my wife—if indeed, you have given up effort in that direction. I thought I would come to you first, and if you still propose a trial, I would not offer any attention. What say you?”

“I say this, Preston. I have no hope; and much as I should desire that she should change in regard to me, I am sure that she will not; and so I assure you that I prefer that she should be your wife, if you can win her, than that she should marry anybody that I know. But it is fair that I should tell you that Mr. James, one of the owners of the shops here, a widower, with one child, and quite a fortune, has made her an offer of marriage; to decide upon which she has asked for a month’s time.”

“Possible, George. How do you know this? Surely she would not tell of such a thing.”

“No, Preston; but Mr. James knew that I had thoughts of regard for Miss Bodie, and came to me like an honorable man, and stated his desire and intention; and he also told me that she had asked for time to decide.”

“Well, George, I have decided to stop here awhile, and have been retained as counsel for an eastern firm, whose agent is here making collections. Mr. Granger leaves the village to-night for Isham, where his sister resides

with his family, for a stay of indefinite length, leaving Miss Stratton in care of his house. Of course I can not visit Mr. Granger’s in the absence of the family. How do you suppose that I can get an opportunity to become better acquainted with Miss Stratton?”

To this George replied: “I will talk the matter over with mother. She will help you, I am sure.”

“But, George, I don’t want Miss Stratton to know that I am laying plans to get acquainted with her. Nor do I want everybody to know what I am doing.”

“Never fear about that. My mother will manage it without betraying you. Not even Mary, my sister, shall know a thing about it. You will of course keep making your visits at our house, as you have done; and I guess it will be all right.”

With this understanding they parted at the door of the shop at their return from their errand.

A MERCHANT’S CAREER.

WE clip the following extract, showing the way in which some of our merchants have risen from an humble, non-remunerative position to that of wealth and prominence.

A few years ago a large drug firm advertised for a boy. The next day the store was thronged with applicants, among them a queer-looking little fellow, accompanied by a woman, who proved to be his aunt, in lieu of fatherless parents, by whom he had been abandoned. Looking at this little waif, the merchant in the store said, “Can’t take him; places all full; besides, he is too small.”

“I know he is small,” said the woman, “but he is willing and faithful.”

There was a twinkle in the boy’s eyes which made the merchant think again. A partner in the firm remark that “he did not see that they wanted such a boy—he wasn’t bigger than a pint of cider.” But after consultation the boy was set to work. A few days later a call was made on the boys in the store for some one to stay all night. The prompt response of the little fellow contrasted well with the reluctance of others. In the middle of the night the merchant looked in to see if all was right in the store, and presently discovered his youthful protege busy scissoring labels. “What are you doing?” said he. “I did not tell you to work nights.” “I know you did not tell me so, but I thought I might as will be doing something.” In the morning the cashier got orders to “double that boy’s wages, for he is willing.” Only a few weeks elapsed before a show of wild beasts passed through the streets, and, very naturally, all hands in the store rush to witness the spectacle. A thief saw his opportunity, and entered the rear door to seize something, but in a twinkling found himself firmly clutched by the diminutive clerk aforesaid, and, after a struggle, was captured. Not only a robbery was prevented, but valuable articles taken from other stores were recovered. When asked by the merchant why he stayed behind to watch when

all others quit their work, he replied: "You told me never to leave the store when others were absent, and I thought I'd stay." Orders were immediately given once more—"Double that boy's wages; he is willing and faithful." To-day that boy is getting \$2,500, and next January he will become a member of the firm.

THE LITTLE EGYPTIAN GIRL.

LITTLE Susy knew her letters and could spell a few words, but she could not make much headway when it came to reading. How she wished she could read, when her pretty papers came, so full of pretty pictures and stories.

"Do please, sister, just read me this," she said one day, as she was studying over a picture; "I should like to know about that little girl sitting there with such a big basket of oranges, I guess they are, beside her."

But Miss Stella was a young lady with a great deal of frilling and puffing and flouncing to do for herself, so she had very little time to give to her little brother and sister.

"Run away now, Susy, I am too busy to be troubled with you," she replied.

Kind Cousin Mary noticed the disappointed look on the child's face, and called the child to her side.

"That's a young Egyptian girl sitting beside her basket of fruit and sweet young sugar canes, to sell them to passers-by. She has a pleasant, cheerful face, but if you could see the poverty of her wretched home, you would never feel like complaining again in your home of plenty. We have poor people here, but nothing to compare with the lot of the great majority of people in Egypt. Their homes are miserable huts of mud, with only one pretty feature about them, the roof is covered with dove-cots and filled with twittering birds. This is almost universal. The people must have a great love for them, to take so much pains to provide them shelter when they are so poorly off themselves.

"I hope this little girl will sell out all her stock, don't you, Susy, so she can have some money to take home to her poor parents at night. Did you ever think to be thankful for a good home, where all your wants were supplied, with no thought or care upon your part?"

I think there are many children who take all these good things out of the Heavenly father's hand without much thought or thankfulness. If they were taken away for a time, they would learn to prize them more.

Letters from the Hopes.

PLAINVILLE, Mass.,
August 1st, 1881.

Dear Hopes: It is a long time since I have written, but I love to read the letters from the Hopes. I have been a subscriber for the *Hope* a year, and only wish it came oftener. I paid for my paper last year picking and selling berries; I have also done the same this year. I am a member of the Plainville Branch, in the Massachusetts District. We have meetings twice a week, Sunday and Thursday nights, and the first Sunday in every month two services, one in the afternoon and in the evening.

We have about fifty members; but they are scattered so that we are not able to meet with them all very often. The meetings are generally held at the Elder's house. I never miss a meeting, if it is possible for me to get there. Conference meets in Providence the 20th of August. It is about twelve miles from Plainville to Providence. I want to go. I hope I can. My father, mother, brother, and aunt are all members of this Church. I hope we may all live true and faithful, that we may be an unbroken band in the world to come. I would like to ask the Hopes how many times Herod is mentioned in the New Testament Scriptures. I hope to see this answered soon.

Your sister in Christ,

ORA V. HOLMES.

PLATTSBURG, Clinton Co., Mo.,

August 2d, 1881.

Dear Readers of the *Hope*: It has been quite a while since I contributed anything to the columns of our dear good paper, the *Hope*, but it is not because you or it are forgotten by me; far from this, for I do not desire to forget so kind a friend as the *Hope* has been to me. I do not think I could do without it. And you dear Hopes, many of you I have not seen, and perhaps I may never see in this life, which is naught but trials and disappointments, pain and death, but if we are prepared to meet our Savior, death would be a sweet release from this mortal clay to a home with our kind Savior.

Dear Hopes, I sometimes wonder if I shall meet with all those, and many others whose names I've seen published in the *Hope*. My desire and faith is that I may live the life of a true child of God, although I find many rough and rugged paths to pass, which is continually besetting the young. I find that we young in years have very many things to fight against, which older members have not; but if we always trust to our Father in heaven, he will ever guide us right.

Dear readers; we have moved to a new home, where the gospel has been taught but very little. Father has preached several times, and the people seem somewhat interested. We sincerely hope that some good will be done here; we certainly believe there are some honest hearts among our neighbors.

Pray for us.

From your sister in the gospel,

SARAH A. SUMMERFIELD.

Dow City, Iowa,

August, 1881.

Dear Hopes: I am trying to hold fast to this work of God, which I know to be the truth. We have meetings every Sunday forenoon and afternoon. We have no Sunday School here, but I hope we may sometimes. I was baptized when I was ten years old. Our dear mother died November 28th, 1880. How hard it is to part with one's mother. Still we have hopes if we are good, that we will see her again when Christ comes. We have a kind step-mother, and we love her. We call her ma, and we think it is right. I think step-mothers would get along a great deal better if people were not all the time watching them, to see how much fault they can find with what they do or say. I think if those who are in the habit of watching others, would watch themselves a little more, and remember that Paul says: "Charity thinketh no evil," it would be better for all.

Your sister in Christ,

MARY E. BUTTERWORTH.

LAMONI, Decatur Co., Iowa,

August 11th, 1881.

Dear Hopes:—It has been a long time since I have written a letter to you, I think I was six years old then, now I am thirteen; I was baptized when I was eight, and I am still glad I did so. I mean to strive to live the best I can, as long as I live. I have good evidence that this work is true. I have been healed a number of times, and have seen others healed, and I know that God will hear and answer prayer. I like

to live in Lamoni, where we have lived seven years—our home is across the road from the old Lamoni Church. We go a mile to school, and papa teaches in our district. We have a singing school here for the children and young folks; it has continued nearly a year,—I enjoy it very much; but I am sorry to say that we have no Sabbath School; there is a Union Sabbath School at the New Church in town, but it is held at the same hour as our morning services at this Church, which prevents us from going.

I remain your sister in Christ,

EULA M. THOMAS.

LIMERICK, Ohio, July 28th, 1881.

Dear Hopes:—This is my first attempt to write to you. I love to read letters in the *HOPE*. I wish more would write than do. Pa and ma belong to the Church. I am fourteen years old, and was baptized the 6th of last April, by Bro. L. R. Devore. There are but few Saints here to meet together; but if we are faithful the Lord will bless us. Meetings are at the Saints' houses. We are scattered, but we meet every Sunday. Pray for me, dear Hopes, that I may be faithful to the end, and meet you all in Zion.

From your sister,

MARY E. BEATTY.

Dow City, Iowa,

August 10th, 1881.

Dear Hopes: I have not been baptized yet, but hope to be soon. I love to read the letters in the *Hope*. I have two sisters and two brothers. I love my papa and mamma.

Your little friend,

ISABEL BUTTERWORTH.

VALLEY, Silver Bow Co., Montana,

August 8th, 1881.

Dear Hopes: I love to read your letters in the *Hope*. We have no Sunday School now, nor meetings. I would like for some of the Elders to come out here to preach the gospel.

I remain your sister,

RACHAEL A. HARRIS.

DEER LODGE VALLEY, Mont.,

August 3d, 1881.

Dear Hopes: I thought I would write to you, for the first time. I do not belong to the Church, though I have heard Bro. Brand preach here, and I like his preaching real well.

Your sister in Christ,

MARGARET H. HARRIS.

Dow City, Crawford Co., Iowa,

August 13th, 1881.

Dear Hopes: I am nearly seven years old. I like to read the *Hope*. I go to school and read in Appleton's Second Reader. Last Wednesday pa came home from his mission. I was glad to see him.

RICHIE I. LAMBERT.

SUNDAY SCHOOL REPORT.

Report of Wheeler's Grove Sabbath School, for the quarter ending July 24, 1881. Number of sessions, 12; total attendance, 336; average, 28. Number of verses committed to memory during quarter 295.

FRED NEEDHAM, Superintendent,

SAMUEL WOOD, Secretary.

1 Sept 81.

A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue.

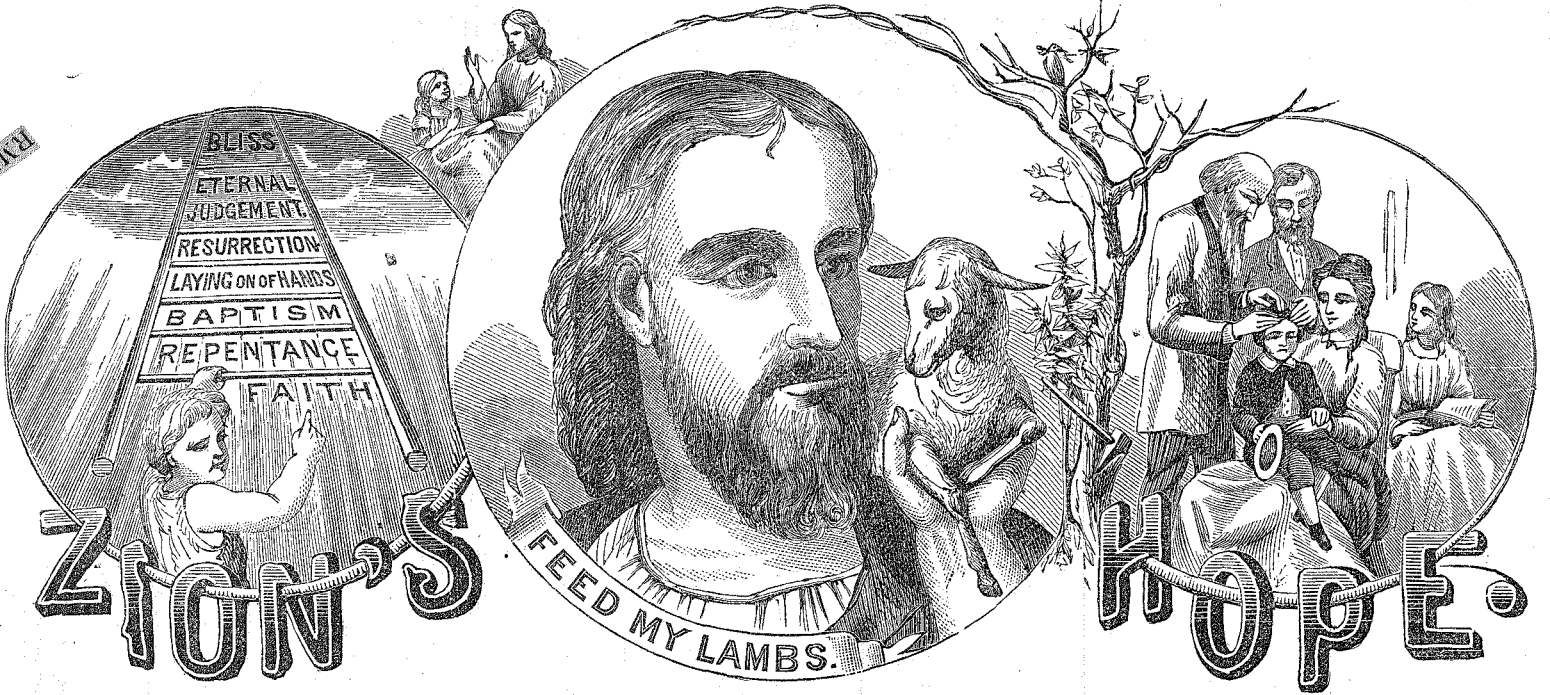
THE SAINTS' HERALD.

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.

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, 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, or by Registered 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.

CHILD'S EVENING THOUGHTS.

MOTHER I've watched the closing day,
Till in the west it died away;
And when I could not see the sun,
The stars came peeping one by one,
To shed their gentle twinkling light,
To guide poor travellers on by night.
The cows are milked and gone to rest
Upon the meadow's verdant breast;
And all around is calm and still
Except the little rippling rill,
Mother, before I go to sleep
I must ask God my soul to keep:
Pardon my sins for Jesus' sake
And guard my body till I wake.
Dearest mother, then of you,
I must ask forgiveness too,
For every naughty word to-day
You've heard your little darling say:
Forgive, dear mother, and believe,
I'll try no more your love to grieve.

ON SABBATH SCHOOLS.

WOULD not assume to become dictatorial to Superintendents and Teachers of Sabbath Schools, but have thought the practice of giving grand prizes to scholars who commit to memory the greatest amount of verses, as all are not alike capacitated to learn, might discourage those who are equally zealous, with those who excell.

Would not the more excellent way be to strive and induce the scholars to be attenders at the schools, diligent, and zealous in learning, &c., the benefit thus accruing to them being the reward, and the money that would be spent in prizes go to purchase *Hopes* for those whose parents can not purchase for them, or distributed among non-members of the school, that peradventure the school may thus increase. Five dollars spent in purchasing a single prize benefits but one, while that much invested in *Hopes* might benefit many, and surely some.

My advocacy, or plea for the *Hope* and Sabbath School, is not made through a consciousness of extraordinary ability to benefit either; but there seems a consistency in every member of the body thinking himself or herself a committee of one to do what is possible for the prosperity to the cause. And so every

teacher and scholar of the Sabbath Schools should think their presence and influence is needed on each Sabbath. By this course they may know what good they are doing, while negligence to do good, when opportunity offers, may not only bring compunctions of conscience, but may blur the record of one's life.

There is no room for doubt, that with a reasonable amount of labor and zeal, the Sabbath School might be revived, and the subscription of the *Hope* so increased as to evidence that the Latter Day Saints are sufficiently interested to keep themselves alive and to sustain their own papers, that as the aged fathers pass away, the younger ones may be found ready to prosecute the work. So may it be.

JAMES CAFFALL.

GOD'S HOLY LAW.

"THE sixth commandment is to-day's lesson; who can repeat it?" asked the teacher.

"Thou shalt not kill," repeated the boys.

"Killing is murder," explained Frank.

"And they hang you for it; isn't it awful!" said Henry.

"Sometimes," said the teacher; "and sometimes the punishment is confinement in prison for life. Murder is an offense against the law of the land which must be treated with severity."

"The law doesn't punish us for breaking the other commandments," said Frank.

"None of those we have talked about thus far. The civil law is designed only for the protection of the lives, the property, and the rights of the people. It does not attempt to regulate the hearts of men. But God's law reaches to the heart, and is so strict that every one of us will be found guilty of breaking every one of these ten commandments."

"Oh, not this one," said a little boy.

"Yes, even this one," replied the teacher; "for the Bible says, 'He that hateth his brother is a murderer;' and in another place, 'Who-

soever is angry with his brother without a cause.' Now is there a boy here who has not at some time felt angry, or hated a companion?" The boys looked at one another and were silent.

"There is another way in which we may be guilty of murder: by tempting or helping people to kill themselves. If a rum-seller tempts a young man to drink, and keeps on tempting him till he dies a drunkard, what is his crime in God's sight but murder? The Bible says, 'Woe unto him that putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips.'

"And a third way of breaking this commandment is in murdering one's self. Self-murder is called suicide, and suicide is a double sin; for if we kill some one else we perhaps only murder the body; but if we kill our own selves, we destroy body and soul too. All people do this who yield themselves up to the appetite for strong drink. The drunkard murders himself, body and soul.

"And you must avoid every unkind and cruel act, as these lead on to the greater sin. The boy who delights in killing flies, torturing cats, stoning toads or robbing birds' nests, will almost surely come to a bad end."

A SENSIBLE GIRL.—No. 9.

DRESTON was quite busy next day assisting Mr. Graves in arranging and classifying his accounts, and notes; and in the afternoon calling upon some of the debtors nearest to the village, so that it was after four when he went round to Mr. Chapell's. He found the household astir, and learned from Mrs. Chapell that Miss Bodie had accepted an invitation from Mary to pass her spare time, including evenings and nights with her; and Mary was in high glee about it; as beside being great friends, Miss Bodie had volunteered to help Mary with some sewing that she had been hindered about for a long time.

Mrs. Chapell gave all this information to

Mr. Preston Clark, much as she would have alluded to any passing event of a pleasant character, to a member of her family; and did not in any way by word, or look, convey any idea to the young man's mind that her son, or any body else had any interest in the fact of such arrangement having been made. But Mr. Preston Clark was not very dull of comprehension; and he knew that whatever the ideas of Miss Stratton might be, in reference to the offer she was considering, there would be a month's time for him to see and chat with her as mutual guests at a friend's house. He was pressed to stay to tea, and consented, was shown into the parlor, where he amused himself reading till the supper hour came; while waiting however, about five o'clock, he heard some one walk with rapid step up to the front door, and heard Mary laugh as she opened the door and welcomed somebody; but who he could not tell, as replies were low, not loud enough to recognize. But at the supper table he met Miss Bodie, who greeted him quite cordially. The meal was, like all that he had eaten at Mr. Chapell's, a very pleasant one. The conversation was of a general character, of course; but turned upon some new machinery which George was engaged in perfecting. In this, of course, only Mr. Chapell, George, and Preston, took any part, except to listen; but the latter noticed that Miss Bodie was thoroughly interested, and turned from one speaker to the other with equal attention. It was evident that she understood the talk about gearing, belts, &c, but what was more apparent was her positive, self-identification with the laboring world. She felt for the workers, the producers in society, and was not afraid to be identified with them. From what he had learned of her history he supposed that she would be to some extent bitter and harsh in spirit, because of her changed condition and prospects; but if she ever felt so, it was not discoverable, as she listened to the work-a-day talk. At length, Preston said to her, "You seem to be much interested in the work going on around you, Miss Stratton."

"Yes" replied she, "I am. I feel that mankind were intended for workers, not idlers; and this makes me interested in all that pertains to work. Besides one of my favorite studies, when at school, was philosophy; and mechanics is a part of the study."

"Have you ever visited the works in the village here?"

"O, yes. Mr. George, there, will tell you how much I used to bother him, in my visiting the shops. He had a great fear that I should some time get caught in the machinery, and stop the men from their work; or spoil the machinery, by being torn in pieces and scattered about over it."

"Yes, Miss Bodie," broke in George, "But you must not forget to tell how you did one day get caught; and but for your quick-witted action in slipping the knot of your apron string, you might have been hurt."

"But, all things that turn out well may be pardoned, George, I was quite foolishly bent on seeing how that little machine worked, and

leaning over, let my apron fall on the shaft. Of course I knew that it might hurt me, and so loosed the apron and let it wind. I did not see anything peculiarly dangerous about it. The men were all excited about it, and I stayed away afterward, for I saw that I was likely to make the workmen uneasy when I was around, fearful that I might get hurt."

The evening came to an end, and Preston returned to the hotel. For the next month Preston was busy every day with Mr. Graves; but every evening nearly was spent at Mr. Chapell's. He there met Miss Stratton, and the two seemed to get on famously together. About the end of the month, Mr. James, as he met George at the door of the office, quietly handed him a note, received from Miss Stratton, requesting him to read it. This George did, finding it a respectful declining of the offer made her. Mr. James requested George to say nothing further about the matter, which the latter consented to. Mr. Clark had waited the whole month contentedly visiting at the house of his friend in the evening, and working with Mr. Graves; but at the expiration of the month, finding that Mr. Granger was still away, and no apparent change in Miss Stratton's condition, or prospects so far as he could see, he asked Miss Stratton the privilege of formally paying his addresses. This request she granted him, stipulating, however, that his visits must be at Mr. Chapell's till Mr. Granger and family returned. Another month passed rapidly away, Mr. Granger and family came back, bringing his sister with them, recovered but not fully restored from her sickness. This return interrupted the regular evening visits, as Miss Stratton was quite occupied with her household duties; but on Sunday they met at George's home, as before. By this time, Preston had fully satisfied himself that she would not accept Mr. James' offer; and was painfully fearful that she would not his. However, he went with her to the village church, where they had occasionally been during the summer months, and when he parted with her at Mr. Granger's gate, he told her that he was going to visit his home for a while, as his mother wished to see him, and had written anxiously for his return; they bade each other good by with a warm clasp of the hand, and he wandered slowly back to the hotel. The next morning he bade Mr. Chapell's folks all good by, and was off.

THE CROWN OF GOLD.



GREAT king said to his people, "Walk in the way I have marked out for you, and I will give you a crown of Gold."

Frederick was a poor youth, and had no equipments for so long a journey. But he resolved to try and win the crown. So he began his journey. Under his arm he carried a book containing the king's promises, and in his hand a simple staff. There were enemies on his path who shot at him with arrows; and wild beasts, that seemed ready to devour him. But he pressed boldly forward, over steep and

rugged mountains, through winds and storms and deep waters. But at last his toilsome journey was ended, and the king, true to his promise, gave him the crown of gold. Then his heart was glad. This Great King is Jesus. The path is the Christian's path. Jesus says to all his followers, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." It will be a glad day to those who are faithful when they shall receive that crown of life.

I CAN'T HELP IT.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

That was the end of the story; but, as I have said, it set Harry Day thinking, and when "I can't help it" was rising to his lips he was ashamed to utter it. So he set himself to the work of mastering his temper, his idleness, and all that conscience told him was amiss. Though this is a work that is not

done in an hour or a day, a month, or even a year, it will be effected at last (perhaps after, many failures) by prayer and by perseverance; nay it *must* be done unless we wish to become the servants and the slaves of sin.

TRUST IN GOD.

How gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.

HOW beautiful are the words in these few lines. How gentle God's commands! Should we not then obey them, by doing what he teaches us to do, by loving and obeying our parents, being kind and good to all, doing all and whatever we can to make others happy. How kind his precepts are; can we not see his kindness, and goodness, to us all every day, in everything. He takes care of us through the night, and guides us through the day. Health, strength, indeed all things we enjoy, comes from his bountiful hand. Is he not kind, good, and merciful; how thankful we should be to him—the bountiful giver of all. Then cast your burdens on the Lord, and trust his constant care. Do all you can with your might, mind and strength; and leave the rest to the Lord; he will do all things aright, if we only put our trust in him; and we can surely trust our Savior even, though we doubt all others.

Trust thee ever! O my Savior—
I will put my trust in thee.
And, I know that thou wilt guide me,
Safely into rest, with thee.

MARY STRUTHERS.

SUMMITVILLE, Iowa.

A CUNNING DOG.

BOB, our mastiff, was always on friendly terms with the cats and kittens of the house, and nothing pleased them better than to crouch up to his warm, curly coat and have a snooze. He always received these attentions from his frisky friends with great kindness and condescension on his part, but I am sorry to say he was guilty of a good deal of hypocrisy toward them and their mother. He would never drive them from a dish, or a dripping-pan, or anything else. Oh, no! but when he happened to see them eating out of either, he quietly, but quickly, walked up to the coal heap, and picking up as large a lump as he could well hold between his teeth, he would walk gently up to where his friends were feasting, and drop the lump of coal into either basin, dish, or dripping-pan, looking quite innocent all the time. Pussies immediately licked their mouths, and walked away, while their amiable friend finished their meal for them. One of Bob's duties was to accompany wagoners on their journeys in taking out goods. This he did not at all approve of, and in order to shirk his duty he at first absconded as soon as he saw any signs of packing and loading of the wagons, and would not be found till after he knew that wagons and wagoners were gone and at a safe distance. This he must have learned by watching them off. He then returned to society, looking as amiable and as affable as ever. But, being

of a social disposition, he got tired of secreting himself in solitude, so, in order to escape the toil of travel and to enjoy the pleasures of society he adopted another expedient, for which, I think he merits the title of being "a very knowing dog." It was this: His inquiring eyes were always on the watch, and after he had given up absconding, whenever he saw packing and preparation for a journey going on, he became distressingly lame, first with one leg, then with another, but with one or the other constantly, frequently lying down as if too lame to stand, much less to walk. But as soon as the wagons were well away, Bob's lameness vanished, and he could walk and run as well as ever.

THE SABBATH DAY.

HOW should we spend the Sabbath day,
That we may please our Maker best;
That we may have that holy sway
Of God, that gives to all calm rest.

How must those holy hours be spent,
So we ne'er transgress God's pure law,
So we may walk with pure intent,
And by kind actions others draw,

To turn from evils of the world,
And seek to walk the narrow way;
Live by that law now wide unfurled,
To guide us to eternal day.

Now, servile work we must not do,
Nor carelessly the time pass by,
For those we read will be but few
Who never will their colors fly.

In careful thought and quiet prayer,
Or reading of salvation's plan,
The morning hours, though dark or fair,
Should thus be spent by every man.

And every soul that does profess
To worship him who gave them life;
If they would have their God to bless,
Their onward way through toil and strife,

We must each moment spend aright,
Then will we feel a conscience free;
And darkening clouds will become bright,
If we live by commands that be,

Transmitted to us for our good,
By him who placed us here on earth,
And blesses us with daily food,
And all the joys of youthful mirth.

And when time comes to go to church,
There we should go with prayerful hearts,
Resolved God's holy word to search,
And learn that which he there imparts.

And when the shades of evening fall,
And shuts from sight the golden day,
We should upon our maker call,
To keep us in the narrow way.

LUSTER J. ADAMS.

I AM NOT ASHAMED.

BY J. FRANK McDOWELL.

CHAP. II.

IT depends upon the nature or character of any thing as to whether we are ashamed of it. Our title has special reference to the gospel of Christ. Thomas Paine said: "Any system of religion that has about it anything that shocks the mind of a child, can not be true." We are willing to have the gospel tested by this language. If the gospel has anything about it of which intelligent people would be ashamed, we ought to know it. We understand that the gospel is comprised of six principles—called "the first principles." Faith, Repentance, Baptism, Laying on of Hands, Resurrection, Eternal Judgment.

We are required to "believe that God is,

[exists], and that he is a rewarder of all them who believe on him." We are asked to believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God. Also, to believe in the Holy Spirit. A full and complete belief in these, is to fully accept the moral and doctrinal precepts taught of Christ by authority, or permission, of God. We accept Christ only as the true, genuine representation of God to humanity. God represented to us in any other light diverse from that manifested through Christ, we are not under any obligations to receive such as true. To believe in God, is not to believe in tyranny, nor oppression. It is not to believe that God is some hideous monster, calculated to affright. It is not to believe that if you sit upon the doorstep of your house, or take a walk upon the "Sabbath day," that God is angry with you, and were it not for a loving Savior, God would thrust us into a burning hell! No, no, dear children; never think of God as such a terrible Being. Think of him in the language of Jesus: "Our Father who art in heaven." And in his language to parents; "If ye then being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more will your Father in heaven give good things unto them that ask him." He is called, "our father;" we view him as such, and can only love and serve him in the light of him being an everlasting friend to us. God is kind, just and merciful. He bears with our weaknesses every day. He has an anxious care over all his creatures. We must ever remember that "the Lord Jehovah is our Everlasting Friend."

A friend, is not an enemy; he does not hate any of his creation. He hates sin, and every false way; but only pities any who fall into the evil snare—and is ever willing to help them out. God is love, life, and light.

God is love. He loves His creatures all;
His love is in every call.
His love is seen in the fair daylight,
It is seen in the shades of night,

I see His love in the bright sunshine;
His love is thine—and it is mine.
I see His love in the twinkling star,
His love is near—and not afar.

His love is seen in the blooming flower,
'Tis seen in every golden hour.
His love is seen in the bright blue sky—
'Tis seen in every laughing eye.

I hear His love in the thunder's crash,
I see it, in the lightnings' flash;
I hear His love in the falling rain,
I hear it in sweet music's strain.

I hear His love in the song of birds,
And in the lowing of the herds;
I hear His love on Calvary's brow,
I hear it in that darkened hour.

I hear His love in the joyful song,
I hear it in the sainted throng;
I hear His love in the murmuring streams,
I hear it everywhere—it seems.

God's love is good; ever great and grand;
'Tis sung by all the heavenly band:
All the choirs above, and all beneath,
His love to sing—sha' I never cease

Should any of us be ashamed of such a blessed Father? He, who in the greatness of his wisdom formed the plan of salvation for all his creatures.

Paul said it was "the power of God unto salvation." Moreover, in it was "the righteousness of God revealed." If then in the gospel his righteousness is revealed, we ought to know what that righteousness consists in. It is right—just, true—not wrong. It is left with us to determine, at least to some extent, as to the justness of the plan revealed. There is nothing about the gospel that is repulsive to our better nature; but that which is invit-

ing, and pure, and gentle, and good. Paul understood this, and was aware of its great saving, redeeming power, when he exclaimed: "If any man be in Christ Jesus, he is a new creature, all old things are done away, and all things become new." That is, all things become new in a spiritual sense. An individual is changed. If he has been of an angry, hateful temper, he must become mild, so he can sing:

I am a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb.

Any person to sing such words, must not be different from a lamb-like temperament every day. A person is to lay aside all ideas not in harmony with God's word of salvation. The gospel does not ask any one to lay aside any truth they may have possessed, but to accept more, and free themselves from the vain traditions and doctrines of men. The gospel is "glad tidings of great joy, which is unto all people." What joyful language! Words that fill our hearts with love, and cause them to swell with gratitude toward God. "Little children, keep yourselves from idols." Every word is a breath of love! Idols—any sinful thing too much thought of—followed after—cherished. "Eschew evil, and cleave unto that which is good."

EFFECT OF SYMPATHY.

JOHN B. GOUGH tells many affecting stories of his experience in rescuing men and women from drunkenness. He addressed a temperance meeting in a town in England, and a man and a woman came forward together to sign the pledge. Their appearance was wretched in the extreme. The man was bowed down, his hands twitched nervously, and he had a silly look, as if the drink had scorched up his intellect. The woman was fierce-looking, dirty and slovenly; the ragged remains of her garments were tied round her waist by a bit of rope, and above these nothing but an old shawl twisted and brought over one shoulder and under the other. Certificates printed in colors were given to members; the price of them was sixpence each. The man looked wistfully at them, and after a few moments remarked to his wife:

"I would like to join and get a 'stiffkit."

"There's sixpence to pay for them things, now you come 'long o' me," repeated the woman, pulling him away.

"Well, good people," kindly said a gentleman, "I hope you will sign the pledge."

"We have signed the pledge, me and my missus. We want to get a 'stiffkit and join the society."

"Well, why do you not?"

"There's sixpence to pay for 'em."

"That need make no difference," said the gentleman cheerily. "Here, Mr. Secretary, make these good people out a couple of certificates, and here is the shilling for them."

The man and the wife were very differently affected by this act of kindness. The former stood erect, with a more manly air, but the woman put on almost a savage look, as if representing the first approach to kindness, but

finally, she lifted her hand to dash away a tear! Then another—and another came—they would come; so, covering her face with her hands, she let them come. The tears ran over her hands. The word of kindness had recalled the womanly nature in her. She gave her name; the certificate was handed to her; and the two poor creatures looked bewildered, and almost lovingly, at each other.

The gentleman who had paid the shilling laid his hand on the man's shoulders and said:

"Now remember, you are one of us. You have signed the temperance pledge, you belong to the society, and you must always remember you are one of us."

"Did ye hear that, old woman?" cried out the man. "Did you hear that? He says we're 'one of us.'" And they went out of the hall.

Three years and more had passed from the time when the above scene occurred, when at the close of an address in a town at some distance, a person told Mr. Gough that a man wished to see him.

"Who is it?" he asked.

"He is a mechanic; he has been living here sometime, and is an active member of our society. He says if I tell you 'it's one of us,' you'll know."

"Show him up."

It was the same man, but now clean, tidy and healthy. Mr. Gough told him how glad he was to meet him; and that he should not have known him; and then asked:

"Have you ever seen the gentleman who said, 'you're one of us?'"

"No, sir," replied the man; but I'll never forget him, if I never meet him till I meet him in heaven. Then I'll tell him how his good kind words helped me when I needed help. My wife is a changed woman now, and she remembers him, and when she teaches the children to say their prayers, she weaves in requests that God would bless him."

LITTLE ALLAN'S SELF-JUDGMENT.

"Allan? Where is Allan?"

A moment ago he was playing with his little cart in the yard, hauling dirt to the current bushes. I can not tell how many cartfuls he carried. He was as busy as a little man. But Allan was gone; there is his cart.

"Allan! Allan!"

"I'se here," at last said a small voice from the back parlor.

"What are you there for?" asked his mother, opening the door and looking in.

Allan did not answer at first. He was standing in the corner with a very sober look on his face.

"Come out to your little cart," said his mother, "it is waiting for another run."

"I'se not been here long 'nuff," said the little boy.

"What are you here for at all?" asked his mother.

"I punishing my ownself. I picked some green currants, and they went into my mouth," said Allan.

"Oh, when mother told you not to! Green

currants will make my little boy sick," said his mother in a sorry tone.

"You needn't punish me," said Allan, "I punish my ownself."

His mother often put him in the back parlor alone when he had been a naughty boy, and, you see, he took the same way himself.

"Are you not sorry for disobeying mother?" she asked Allan.

"I sorry, but sorry is not 'nuff. I punish me. I stay here a good while and thinks."

Is not Allan right? Sorry, if it is only sorry, is not enough. How often children say they are sorry, and yet go and do the same thing again. That is a very short, shallow sorrow. Allan felt this, so he was for making serious work of it.

Letters from the Hopes.

MOUNT VERNON, O.,

August 15th, 1881.

Bro. Joseph:—Please send the Songs of Zion; our children like the *Hope* very much, and look forward to the time when they may have a Sabbath School of our own people to attend. They like to go to Sabbath School; but the teachings are so different from our own, that I do not like to have them go; yet they are ridiculed because they do not go to any school. There was a gentleman here yesterday to get them to go to Congregational Sabbath School. I told him what we believed and taught, and that I did not like to have our children taught different. He said that they would not teach them anything but what they found in the Bible, as far as they understood it. Please answer me in some way through the *Herald and Hope*, if I am doing right to let them attend these schools. I wish to do what is right. We wish to get those songs, so that we can have good times by ourselves. It is no trial for me to give up the world's people, for I live above those weak things of earth, and live by faith on the Son of God and his promises.

Your sister in the gospel bonds,

AMANDA S. YOHE.

Yes! let them attend the school till such a time as a school can be established.

ANOTHER LITTLE LAMB IS SHIELDED IN THE SAVIOR'S BOSOM.

Evvie, daughter of John and Huldah Desmuke, was born June 30th, 1874, died June the 9th, 1881. Death caused by falling in a well.

Little Evvie was a bright and beautiful child, the light and life of her home. She was much loved by all her school mates for her kind and loving disposition, as was shown by the deep grief they manifested at her funeral. How sadly do we all miss her in the family circle; but dear Brother and Sister, let us remember that your darling little Evvie has escaped all the sorrows and trials of this life, and has only been taken from you for a little while, to await in the Paradise of God the Resurrection morn, when she will appear more beautiful than while on earth. She is now a bright and shining star, to guide you onward and upward to the mansions of Glory, where she will hail your coming with joy, and you again will fold her to your bosoms, never more to be separated. Oh! may our Father, who is full of compassion, comfort your drooping hearts in this time of deep grief.

M. D. KUYKENDALL.

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, June 19th, 1881.

15 Sept 81

A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue.

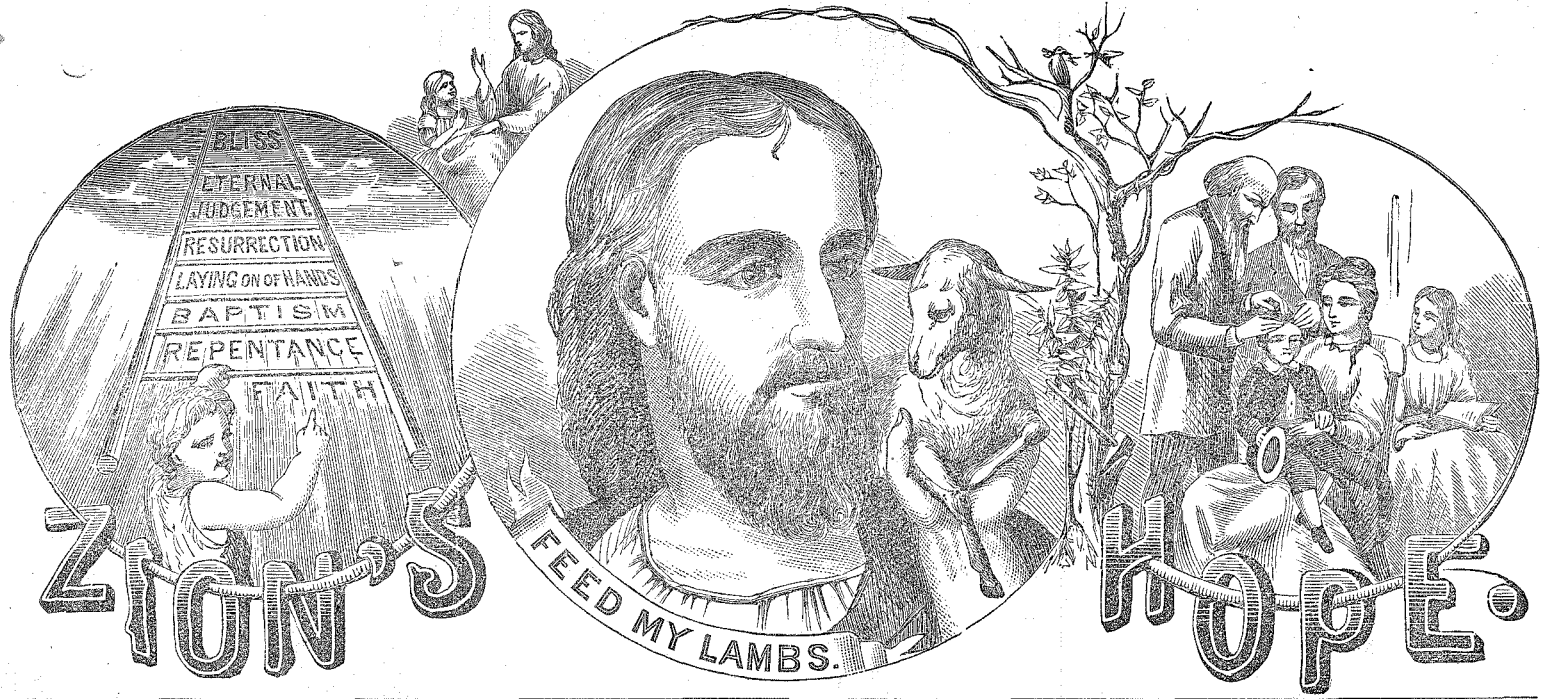
THE SAINTS' HERALD.

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.

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

1881



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

Vol. XIII.

PLANO, ILLINOIS, OCTOBER 1, 1881.

No. 7.

UPWARD AND ONWARD.

UPWARD—onward! never weary
 In the path thou shouldst pursue;
 Though the sky be cloudy, dreary,
 Sunny smiles will soon break through.
 If thou art but persevering,
 Thou wilt conquer all at last;
 Then look upward, never fearing,
 Onward! though the storm falls fast.

Sometimes comes a day of sorrow,
 Sometimes comes a night of pain,
 Never mind, perhaps to-morrow
 Life will be all bright again.
 And in vain is harsh repining,
 Or a tear, or groan, or sigh;
 Though the sun hath ceased its shining,
 Hope yet should illumine the sky.

What though troubles you encounter?
 Care is known by every one;
 Upward, onward! nerve thee stouter,
 And the storm will soon be done.
 Frowns will not make burdens lighter,
 Neither make thy heart more gay;
 Think the sun may shine the brighter,
 When the storm has passed away.

Upward—onward! let this ever
 Be thy watchword here below,
 And whatever fate betide thee,
 Thou wilt conquer all, I know.
 For the heart that's persevering
 Never yet was known to fail;
 Then, though adverse winds assail thee,
 Do not sit thee down to wail.

But be hopeful, and remember
 That the darkest hour of night
 Is the last before the morning
 Comes with soft and dewy light.
 Upward—onward! Perseverance
 Will be master in the end;
 And though enemies assail thee,
 He will make them all to bend!

WHAT A CHILD DID.

GO away we won't play with you;
 your father gets drunk."

A group of children had gathered by the road side to play. The speaker was a girl about twelve years. The one addressed was a girl of about the same age. Her eyes filled with tears, and her cheeks flushed with shame and wounded pride at the cruel words.

"I know my father drinks, but I ain't to blame for that," she said.

"Well, we won't play with you anyway—will we?" said the first speaker.

"No," answered the others in chorus.

"There! you heard that, didn't you?" she said to the child of the drunkard. "I hope it satisfies you that we mean to have nothing to do with you. My mother says it is a disgrace to have such children in school."

The girl covered her face with her hands and began to cry. Somewhat ashamed of what they had done, the girls stole away and left her. When she found she was alone she turned and went slowly back to the miserable house she called home.

"What's the matter with my little girl?" her mother asked, noticing her tears.

"I went out to play with the girls and they wouldn't let me 'cause father drinks," she answered, burying her face in her mother's lap and sobbing as if her heart would break.

"Poor child," was what her mother said, She had no word of comfort to give and she had learned from a long and hard experience that tears were of little avail.

"Mother, do you suppose that father will ever stop drinking?" Mary asked by and by.

"I don't know," her mother answered, with a sigh: "I hope so. I have prayed he might, but if God heard my prayer he did not answer it. We only hope and pray, and leave it all to him."

"I can't go to school, and the children won't play with me, 'cause father drinks, and we can't do anything like other folks," Mary said with such a sigh as is always most sorrowful when coming from a child.

"My poor little girl," Mrs. Deane said sorrowfully, with her hand on the child's head. "It is very hard to see your life darkened in this way. Oh, if your father would only leave off that terrible habit!"

The words had the pathos and sublimity of a prayer.

"What makes Mr. Strong sell liquor?" asked Mary.

"Because he can make money by doing so, I suppose," her mother answered.

"I wonder if anybody ever asked him to give up such a wicked business?" Mary asked. "May be he does't think how much

sorrow he causes! Do you think he would stop if we asked him?"

"I am afraid not," her mother replied. Then she got up and went about her work. Mary sat and thought for some time. Then she made up her mind as to the course she should pursue, and without saying anything to her mother she started down the road.

When she got out of sight of her home she turned off the road, and knelt down among some bushes and prayed. It was a simple prayer, but there was something touching in it for all that.

"Dear Jesus," said she, "please help me. I am a going to try and save father. I don't want to be a drunkard's child. I want to go to school, and mother wants to go to meeting, and we can't if father keeps on drinking. Please, Jesus, help me, and make Mr. Strong stop selling liquor. Amen."

Then she got up and went on.

The first person she met, when she reached the village, was a merchant of whom they had often bought things.

"Are you going to the store?" he asked.

"No, sir," answered Mary.

"All right, then," said he; "I did'nt know but you came after something. I thought I'd tell you that you couldn't have any more until your father pays what he owes us. He drinks up in a week enough to pay his debt to us.

She went on until she came to the place where in great gilt letters she read:

SALOON.

This, then was what people called "Strong's Hell." Here was where death and ruin to the soul were sold over the bar at five and ten cents a glass.

She went in. A man was standing behind the bar.

"Are you Mr. Strong?" she asked, half frightened at what she had attempted.

"Yes, that's my name," he answered, pleasantly. "Did you want anything of me?"

"You don't look like a man bad enough to

sell liquor," she said, somewhat beginning to lose her fear of him.

"Ought a liquor dealer to look like a very bad man?" he asked.

"Yes, I think they ought," she answered. "Oh, Mr. Strong!"—clasping her hands pleadingly, and lifting a face full of beseeching to his—"I came down here to-day to ask you to give up selling liquor. You don't know what awful work you are doing, I guess, or you'd stop. Have you ever thought of it? I can't go to school, for I don't have clothes like other children. I could if my father didn't drink; but you sell him liquor, and he can't stop when it is sold right here in the place. Mother can't go to meeting. She used to before there was a saloon here, and she wants to now, so much!—as much as I want to go to school, I guess. And the children don't play with me 'cause I am a drunkard's child. You don't know how much trouble comes from this place. Father ain't a bit like he used to be before he got to drinking. And we ain't the only ones who suffer so. It's all through the neighborhood mother says. Ever so many men drink who didn't before you came here. Did any one ever tell you? Oh, I don't want to be a drunkard's child, Mr. Strong. It's the worst thing in the world, I guess. Does your mother know what you are doing?"

She asked the question abruptly.

It startled him, for he turned pale.

"If she knew, I am sure she'd feel bad about it," Mary went on. "Please don't sell any more. Let us have father back a sober man. Won't you?"

There were tears in the man's eyes. Her words had struck home, and the heart of the liquor seller, which was not all bad, smote him keenly. That question—What would your mother say?—touched its tenderest place. His mother had been dead many years, but memory was green. If she had lived he might have been a different man. Since her death he had been drifting hither and thither, and the good impulses of his nature had been choked in tares and brambles.

"Child," he said, and there was a quiver in his voice, "you are giving me the best temperance sermon I ever heard, and you have converted me." And then he went out, before she fully realized the truth, and took down the large sign that had hung over the door so long.

"There," said he, "you see by that I mean what I say. I won't stand between your father and his chance of being a sober man."

"I wish you'd let me kiss you," she said: "I love you, and always like to kiss folks I love."

He bent down and she threw her arms about his neck and kissed him. As she did so some warm tears fell upon her face. They were promises of a better life.

This all happened years ago. Yesterday I saw Mary in her pleasant home, with her child at her knee, and she was telling her the story I have told you, and the little eager listener was learning a temperance lesson which I wish could be put before every boy and girl in the land to-day.

A SENSIBLE GIRL.—No. 10.

ABOUT the middle of September, one evening, as George was walking home late from his work some one slapped him on the shoulder, and turning he discovered Preston Clark, looking hale and hearty. He had come into the village, driving his own team, had just put them away at the stable, and was going round to see how they all were.

"Come on, then," said George, "Mother and the rest will be glad to see you again. But why did you not send us word that you were coming?"

"Well, I had no idea of being here now; a few days ago; but mother was anxious for me to attend a big party that was to come off on the 25th of this month; and as I was in no mood to promise, I invented some business to take me away from the city, and here I am. I had plenty of time, and the roads and weather were so fine, I just drove across with my own rig."

"Business indeed," said George, "I should like to know what business you are at, to bring you here by team!"

"Come in, come in," was the hearty reception at Mr. Chapell's. But after tea, away went Preston, and calling at Mr. Granger's, was met at the door by Miss Bodie, the family being temporarily absent at a neighbors. When she saw who it was that rang the door bell, a faint blush suffused her cheek, and the color in her eyes darkened a little; but she extended her hand cordially and said, "I am glad to see you." She bade him come in; but told him with a little laugh; that unless he chose to go into the kitchen where she was at work, he must wait in the parlor till the folks returned. He smilingly assured her that he came to see her, and would prefer that she did not stop her work; he would follow her into the kitchen. They were soon chatting merrily, she busy at her work, and he standing by watching her. He did not think it best to stay long, and so he took an advantage of a pause in her work and said; "Miss Bodie, I am here on business; perhaps the most important business of my life. I have decided to follow my profession of the law in the city where my family reside; but I want a business partner—will you be my wife?"

For the first time since he became acquainted with her this well-poised, self-contained, sensible girl seemed disconcerted. He had put his question so unexpectedly and in such plain business fashion, that she was taken by surprise. She stood looking at him for a full minute; and then, in quick but steady tones, though her cheek grew pale with effort and emotion. She spoke to him; "Are you sure of yourself Mr. Clark; that in asking a woman without a home, save as she earns it in the house of another; a working woman—almost friendless and without prospects other than her own toil can make them, you are not hasty and over-persuaded by some excitement that distorts your better judgment, and making a sacrifice of worldly prosperity and prospects that you will afterward regret."

"Miss Bodie; let me assure you that I have carefully studied over every phase of the matter, so far as I am concerned, and am prepared for all that my question implies. I beg pardon for the abrupt manner of asking it; but really, Bodie, I dared not trust myself to put it into fine phrases."

"You will give me a little while to think it over, will you?" she pleaded.

"Yes; I will call here to-morrow evening at six o'clock, with my team. If your reply is in my favor, I will expect you to ride with me round to Mr. Chapell's. If your reply is against me I shall bid you good by in the parlor, for I shall go at once to my home on the day after."

"Their parting was a grave one, he doubtful and sick at heart with apprehension; she pale and agitated. That night neither slept soundly; for he was kept awake by his fears, and she by reason of her thoughts. We will not attempt to rehearse the thoughts for or against accepting him that charged each other back and forth through her mind; but when the morning had nearly come, she fell into profound sleep, from which she woke fresh and decided. Nor shall we attempt to tell how restless, and distraught Preston was all through the day. Suffice it, that when evening came, and the young man struck the bell at Mr. Granger's door, Bodie Stratton met him dressed for a ride, except hat and gloves. He extended his hand, saying, "Will you ride with me?"

"I will" was her reply, as she took his offered hand. He drew her toward him as the hall door closed, and gently kissed her. "I love you dearly, Bodie; but I feared that you would refuse me,"

"I am very happy, Preston," was her quiet reply. She put on her hat and gloves; ran in to Mrs. Granger's room to tell her where and with whom she was going, and joined Preston at the front door step, to which he had had driven his carriage. The evening was a splendid one, the air mild and hazy, almost like the glorious Indian Summer; they were happy, and the world looked rosy indeed.

Preston drove rapidly over to Mr. Chapell's, where the folks were sitting on the porch, but would not allow Bodie to alight. "No," said he, "We are going for a ride."

"Now, Bodie," said he, after they had ridden some mile or two, and were turning to return to town, I am anxious to know when this partnership shall begin. My mother is anxious that I shall be at home on the 25th, to attend a grand party that is to be given there; and I would like to gratify her; but I do not want to go home alone. Will you consent to go home with me?"

Bodie, understood him, but wanted the marriage deferred; suggesting that he had better return to his home, and come for her some other time. To this he would not hear, and finally won her consent that the marriage should take place on Tuesday the 17th, giving her only a day for preparation; for he must leave on Wednesday the 18th, if he reached home in time for the party, and as she had consented to go with him, he saw no reason

for delay. Of course Mrs. Chapell and Mary, when Preston told the story, as they called on their ride back to Mr. Granger's, were determined on a grand wedding and delay; but to this Preston would not hear at all. "No," said he, "I told mother I had business away; and this is the business I came on; and while I would gladly give Bodie time, if she demanded it, I think a quiet marriage ceremony among you folks, is the best, and would suit me much better. I dislike much parade. So it was settled that at six o'clock the next day but one, the marriage should take place at Mr. Chapell's."

A SAD SIGHT.

ONCE listened to the recital of a tale of a father and mother congratulating themselves as they viewed their daughter whirling through the dance. Her jewelry with which her body was adorned, shed a greater luster, her garments were more flowing, her figure more graceful, and she was more bewitching, than any other, in their estimation.

A strange sight indeed, at which to congratulate, when it is remembered that the first hop, or mingling with the gay, has been a step, the culmination of which has been a forfeiture of honor and virtue.

A due regard for anticipating and supplying the wants of their children is incumbent on parents, which all tends to enhance their comfort and well-being, while to feed their vanity, if disposed to be vain, would lead them into forbidden paths.

JAMES CAFFALL.

I AM NOT ASHAMED.

BY J. FRANK McDOWELL.
CHAP. III.

WE are to believe in Christ. Believe him to be our Savior. From what does he promise to save us? From an angry God? No! That would make him God's superior. From wrath? No. What wrath? Jesus Christ did not die to appease the wrath of any God. We do not read: God so hated the world. But, "God so loved the world, that he sent his Only Begotten Son," &c. We must remember, that to believe in Jesus, implies a belief in his teachings.

He taught: He that believeth and is baptized, shall be saved. He that believeth not shall be condemned. Now this language does not mean that one party shall go to some heaven, there to eternally remain, nor that some one shall eternally be tortured in a burning hell. No, no. Jesus had no such blasphemous thought in his loving heart. Condemn, does not mean to burn a person nor thing; it simply means unfit for certain position, or place, or use. Herein is God's love manifested: That any person who would repent of their sins, by ceasing to commit them, after having believed the truth, and would be baptized, God would free them from the responsibility of suffering imprisonment in his great prison, because Jesus suffered death and went to the prison, so God's love is thus man-

ifested in the forgiveness of sin upon said conditions, as well as Jesus' love, in offering himself a voluntary sacrifice for all who enter the covenant. Moreover, God promised to help such persons by giving them divine assistance, that they might be enabled to lead a righteous life. No wonder Paul said: "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ." Who could be ashamed of such a great and blessed way?

If the gospel was like unto some of the creeds of the day, that have bound men in bundles, for the last three or four hundred years, I would be ashamed of it. But I thank God such is not the case. Just think of it, dear Hopes, of creeds teaching for the doctrine of Christ, that—

"There is a never ending hell,
Of never dying pains;
Where children must with demons dwell,
In darkness, fire and chains."

I am ashamed of such blasphemy! We do know it is false. For our blessed Savior said: "Suffer the little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." O, what a difference! I tell you, dear Hopes, you have a friend in Jesus, and a great and good friend in his Father—who is our Father. It matters not when you meet them you will find in them all that characterizes a divine Godhead. It seems strange that so many people are blind concerning the precious truth of Jesus. But we are under no obligation to receive as truth, that which stands in contradiction to the way of life. Paul taught no blasphemous creed; therefore, he was not ashamed; he said: "For I certify unto you, brethren, that the gospel which was preached of me is not after (the teachings of) man; For I neither received it of man, neither was I taught it; but by revelation of Jesus Christ." He knew, full well, that Jesus would teach no man any doctrine nor precept of which they would be ashamed. Inasmuch as we discover nothing in all the writings and sermons of Paul, of which we have any record, debasing, mean, ridiculous, inconsistent, nor anything that would "shock the mind of a child," we must, therefore, conclude that it is a system of purity and truth.

Jesus was "the Son of Man, and the Son of God." To some people, this is mysterious.

His body was called—Jesus, it was a Son of Mary. The body being created by the power of God—caused it, also, to be a Son of God. His body was in the form or shape of man. He was of the lineage of David. Jesus is "our elder brother," in having being born of woman as are we. Jesus brings us near unto God. The gospel teaches us that we are to receive the Holy Spirit by obedience to the commands. The Holy Spirit is a divine influence, or power, that God sends in various ways to teach His people in holiness. It came upon Jesus in the form of a dove. It came upon the ministry on pentecost, in the form of "cloven tongues of fire," and "as a mighty rushing wind." It comes in a peaceful, quiet way. It makes "our hearts to burn within us," or feel an unusual warmth, with a "feeling of happiness—we can not express. The Holy Spirit causes us to see angels from the

glory world. It gives us good and holy dreams, and also visions; causing us to see things that may be for our good, to make us happy in the Lord. It causes some of God's children to prophesy—tell about something that is to happen or take place in the future, of which we would not have known, had not the kind Father so informed us. The Holy Spirit will not lead us into error, or any thing that is false, or would be to our injury. It will cause people to sing some beautiful psalm. It heals the sick, when people have sufficient confidence in God, and pray for the blessing, if they are not sick unto death. Not every one is so healed who may belong to the church, for Paul left a brother lying sick, in a town called Miletus. Should we be ashamed of any of these glorious things that the gospel brings to us? I think not. The Holy Spirit confirms the truthfulness of the gospel unto all who righteously obey it. This is the beauty of the divine system. It gives us evidence that we are in the light. We can hold intercourse with our Father through the agency of the Spirit. Jesus said it should guide his people into all truth. It comforts us oftentimes. It is to give us aid in the performance of our duties. It helps the faithful Elders to preach the gospel in power, so as to lead honest souls to Christ. Sometimes when we are negligent toward God, and become cold or careless, we have to sing a little prayer.

"Come Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love,
In these cold hearts of ours."

The Holy Spirit was bestowed of the Lord, as the rule governing it, by "laying on of hands" of those who were privileged of God; by revelation, so to do. You will read an instance of this in Acts 19 ch. It was called by the Apostle, a "principle of the doctrine of Christ." Hebrews 6 ch. 1, 2, ver.

Many of the various ministers of to-day try to make their congregations believe that the "laying on of hands" for the bestowing of the Holy Spirit was not practiced after the apostles died; but this is not correct, for it was practiced for that very thing until nearly four hundred years after Christ—or until "in the fourth century." Many people believe what their ministers say, thinking them well educated, they "ought to know." They do know better, because in the colleges where they are "educated for the gospel ministry," they have church histories that tell all about the church, from Christ until the present time; and they tell people many things to blind them, because they (the preachers) have no authority for the work, and do not want the people to find it out. All the Hopes know what the "Laying on of hands" means, for those of you who have been baptized have received the ordinance, the others have seen it performed. Read: Acts 8:17. 9:17. 1 Timothy 4:14.

SUNDAY SCHOOL WORK.—Dr. Farrar, not long ago gave this testimony: "Of all the little good that I have been able to do my fellowmen, there is nothing which gives me a satisfaction so pure and unalloyed as the weekly

hours I have spent among the little ones in the Sunday School." Christ set a lesson for all time when he set a child in the midst of his disciples.

MANUFACTURE OF ISINGLASS.

ONE of the most notable industries of Russia depends upon the sturgeon, the swimming bladder of which is manufactured into isinglass. The bladder is first placed in water and left there for some days, when frequent changes of the water and removal of all fatty and bloody particles—the warmer the water the more rapid the accomplishment of the operation. The bladders, on being finally removed, are cut longitudinally into sheets, which are exposed to the sun and air, being laid out to dry, with the outer face turned down, upon boards of linden or bass wood. The inner face is pure isinglass, which, when well dried, can with care be removed from the external lamellæ. The finer sheets thus obtained are placed between cloths to keep them from flies, and are then subjected to a heavy pressure, so as to flatten them out and render them uniform, and after this they are assorted and tied up in packets. The packets are composed of the isinglass of the large sturgeon usually contain from ten to fifteen sheets, and weigh a pound and a quarter, and those of others contain twenty-five sheets, weighing a pound. Eighty of these packages are usually sewed up in a cloth bag, or enclosed in sheet lead.

A WAYSIDE COURTESY.

A minister says: "I once walked a short distance behind a well-dressed young lady, and thought as I looked at her becoming apparel, 'I wonder if she takes as much pains with her heart as she does with her body.' An old man was coming up the walk with a loaded wheelbarrow, and before he reached us he made two attempts to go into the yard of a small house; but the gate was heavy, and would swing back before he could get through. 'Wait,' said the young girl, springing lightly forward, 'I'll hold the gate open.' And she held the gate open until he passed in, and received his thanks with a pleasant smile as she went on. 'She deserves to have graceful attire,' I thought, 'for a beautiful disposition dwells in her breast.'"

MAKE THE BEST OF YOURSELF.

ARE you making the best of yourself? Are you using to the best advantage the natural powers of the body and mind given you by your Creator? Or are you droning through life in half efforts, and steadily drifting behind men of less ability than your own—men, who, with even fewer talents than you possess, are making the best of themselves? Think of this. Put the question to yourselves, as we put it to you, and do it honestly. Look the matter right in the face. Are you making the best of yourselves? If not, begin a new life at once. Do your best in everything—in

your thinking and in your doing. Be a man in self-compulsion. Rise out of indolence, and self-indulgence, and not only will the world be better for your having lived in it, but you will be better for having lived in the world.

AN AMERICAN'S OPINION OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

A CORRESPONDENT of a New York daily says that Queen Victoria, being about to have a photograph taken for circulation among her subjects, presented herself in a plain black silk dress, without a particle of ornament. The photographer suggested that she should send for some jewels. With characteristic good sense she declined, saying, "This photograph is to go among my people, and I wish to do all in my power to discourage extravagance;" a reply that did her great honor, showing that she appreciated the influence of her example, and wished always to exercise it in favor of prudence and virtue.

Letters from the Hopes.

LLANELLY, Wales, September 3d, 1881.

Dear Hopes: I again seek the pleasure of writing to our Sunday School paper. We have three classes, numbering about twenty scholars. I am glad to see so many interesting pieces in the *Hope*, concerning temperance. I love to read the *Hope* and I think it is double worth its price, for the information it contains.

Dear Hopes, when we sing "We are gathering to Zion," I then wish that the time was come to gather there! And O, how happy we shall be when all the Saints shall meet on Mount Zion, and dwell there in the presence of our Savior for the space of a thousand years. Then let us be watchful and prayerful, that we may be worthy to stand with the redeemed on Mount Zion in the last days. We in Llanelly have started the Zion's Hope Fund; we all pay one penny per week, and send our money quarterly to the Bishop's Agent, and instruct him to send the same to you. I have sent one letter before, to tell you, but I suppose it was delayed.

The Bible, Book of Mormon, Doctrine and Covenants, are three witnesses against the use of intoxicating drink, which all Saints say they believe in. Lot and Noah got drunk and they sinned in so doing. Some people have told me, even Saints, that they see no harm in a glass of wine, or a glass of brandy, and that they could not live without it; but the Doctrine and Covenants says that wine and strong drink are not good for the belly; then why do Saints say they are good? How can they dare alter God's word? Then, dear Hopes, let us never offer strong drinks to any one, and never use it ourselves; because it has done more sin than anything on the face of the whole earth. Then let us do as Paul says, touch not, taste not, handle not; then we shall surely be right. Let us not only read the Book of Mormon and Doctrine and Covenants, but do according to that which is written therein, and if we do so, we shall surely abstain from the use of strong drinks. Then let us abstain from the use of those drinks, which have brought so many souls to destruction. I ask you to pray for me, that I may stand firm and steadfast in the work which I have begun. I ask you to pray for all us young Saints at Llanelly, that we may continue to the end, and gain the crown. But above all, shun the door of a saloon.

From your brother in the gospel,

LOT BISHOP.

SUMMER HILL, Douglas Co., Neb.,

September 15th, 1881.

Dear Hopes: It has been a long time since I have written to you; but I am still in the faith, and hope that I may remain so. I know that this is the Church of Christ. We have taken the *Hope* ever since we belonged

to the Church, and think it is the best paper I ever saw. I will try to answer the question in the *Hope*, which asks how many times Herod is mentioned in the New Testament. It is mentioned forty-one times. I will ask one question for the Hopes to answer. How many times is eternity found in the Bible. I hope this will be answered soon.

Your sister in Christ,

FLORA CURTIS.

OLIVE CURTIS says: I have written but once before. I am a little girl of six years old. I am a bad girl sometimes, but I try to be good.

KATY CURTIS says: I am a little girl only three years old; I love my papa and mamma, and brothers and sisters, and my little baby brother. I have a little kittie, its name is Tort. I try to be a good girl.

OMAHA, Nebraska, September 16th, 1881.

Dear Hopes: Before I leave Omaha to go to Cheyenne, I felt like sending my early thoughts in my childhood days, when my mother told me about God, that he lived in heaven. I felt to love him. I felt I could die for him. My mother told me that wicked men would take all the good Saints, and if they would not turn from God, they would burn them to death, and put them to death in many cruel ways; but my feeling was I would rather die than to speak against my heavenly Father. I felt to love him so much. I was pleased when my mother would read about Joseph being sold, and how his poor father, Jacob, mourned for him. My mother was brought to love and serve the Lord when I was three years old, and she became a member of the Campbellite Church, and they were such a loving people; they often came to see my mother and talk about the Lord. What love there was with that people, and their minister was a poor old man, seventy years old; but their church seemed like heaven to me. What love there was forty-seven years ago with the Christians. We can not find it with them now. My father took me for a walk, and on the way he lifted me up to look in the bush, and there was a pretty bird's nest; it had four blue eggs in it, and was a hedge sparrow. I am not able to tell you my feelings. I was so pleased when my father gave them to me; no one can tell what love I had for birds and bird's nest, and to walk and see the beautiful birds, and hear them sing, and hear the cuckoo, and the nightingale, the sky lark, the black bird, thrush; the lark would fly straight up toward heaven, and sing so sweet, and go almost out of sight. To see the violets, bluebells, and cowslips, and hear the birds singing, was like the garden of Eden and the paradise of God to me. I felt pleased I was on the earth. I remember so well of my mother taking me to a little chapel one Sunday night, and as we went along, my mother talked to me to be a good boy. I thought I would try and be a good boy, and never do anything wrong. We went into the chapel, and the minister took these words: "Behold I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and sup with him and he with me." The minister said: My friends, Jesus Christ is knocking at your hearts now, open your hearts and let him in. I sat there and tried all I could to get the Lord in my heart, and I stretched myself, and tried all I could to make myself bigger, so I could receive the Savior; I asked my mother if she felt Jesus Christ touch her heart. I told her he did not touch mine, and she said it did not mean that way, and I could not understand any other way.

I remain your brother,

JOHN EAMES.

1 Oct. 81.

A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue.

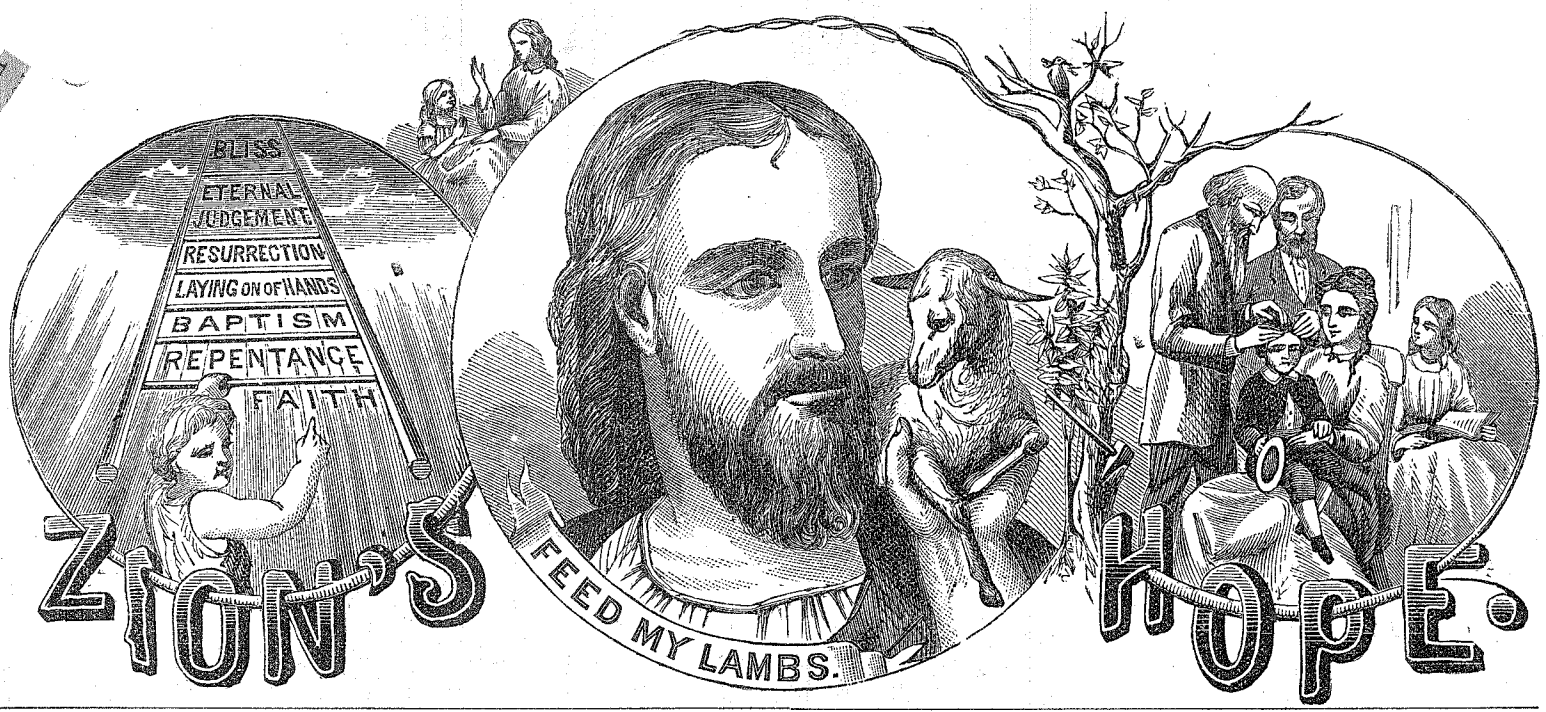
THE SAINTS' HERALD.

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.

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

CASEY'S



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

LOVE EACH OTHER.

CHILDREN, do you love each other?
 Are you always kind and true?
 Do you always do to others
 As you'd have them do to you?

Are you gentle to each other?
 Are you careful, day by day,
 Not to give offense by actions,
 Or by anything you say?

Little children, love each other—
 Never give another pain;
 If your brother speak in anger,
 Answer not in wrath again.

Be not selfish to each other—
 Never mar another's rest;
 Strive to make each other happy,
 And you will yourself be blest.

WHO WAS THE BAD BOY?

LITTLE Annie was prettily dressed and standing in front of the house waiting for her mother to go out and ride. A tidy boy dressed in coarse clothes was passing, when the little girl said:

"Come here, boy, and s'ake hands with me. I dot a boy dus like you named Bobby."

The boy laughed, shook hands with her, and said, "I've a little girl just like you, only she hasn't got any cloak with pussy fur on it."

Here a lady came out of the door and said, "Annie, you must not talk with bad boys on the street. I hope you haven't taken anything from her? Go away, and never stop here again, boy!"

That evening the lady was called down to speak to a boy in the hall. He was very neatly dressed, and stood with his cap in his hand. It was the enemy of the morning.

"I came to tell you that I'm not a bad boy," he said, "I go to Sunday-school, and help my mother all I can. I never tell lies, nor quarrel, nor say bad words, and I don't like a lady to call me names, and ask me if I've stolen her little girl's clothes from her!"

"I'm very glad you are so good," said the lady, laughing at the boy's earnestness. "Here's a quarter of a dollar for you."

"I don't want that," said Bob, holding his head very high. "My father works in the

foundry, and has lots of money. You've got a bigger boy than me, haven't you.

"Yes. Why?"

"Does he know the commandments?"

"I'm afraid not very well."

"Can he say the sermon on the mount and the twenty-third Psalm and the golden rule?"

"I am very much afraid he can not," said the young lady laughing at the boy's bravery.

"Does he not ride his pony on Sunday instead of going to church?"

"I'm afraid he does, but he ought not," said the lady, blushing a little.

"Mother don't know I came here," said the bright little rogue; "but I thought I would just come round to see what kind of folks you were, and I guess mother would rather your boy would not come round our doors, because she don't want little Mamie to talk to bad boys the street. Good evening!" and the boy was gone.

DANGER FROM FIRE.

FIRE is a terrible thing, even when all that skill can devise and wealth procure for arresting its ravages is at hand. How much more fearful is it when these things are wanting and where population is so sparse that the rudest methods can not be effectually tried. Every year California grain fields, resplendent with profuse harvests, are devastated by fires that defy the efforts to subdue them of the few men that can be rallied. Not less destructive or unmanageable, or more correctly—far more destructive and unmanageable are those fires which sweep for scores or even hundreds of miles through the forests of the west. At this season of the year the grain is gathered, and the fall rains protect at least partially the forests, but there is no security for the prairies where farmers gather their winter hay. Late telegraph reports mention that these prairies have been fearfully desolated. In one instance a thousand tons of hay were

burned within a radius of twenty miles. In another a fire swept over twenty-one miles of prairie in ninety minutes, and these are only two out of many similar cases.

OUR TENT.

YOU shall see a picture of our tent; and if you will come to Hazelwood, where we live, you shall come in, and sit there as long as you please.

I have one little brother; his name is Philip, and we have a dog whose name is Roy. Playmates are scarce: for there is not a house within half a mile of ours. But Philip, Roy and I manage to have pretty good times.

In summer we pick strawberries and raspberries. Roy takes our basket between his teeth, and off we start, and pick berries enough for the tea-table.

"Why, where did you get all these nice berries?" asks papa.

And mamma replies, "Ellen, Philip and Roy—they did all the work."

"Ellen, Philip and Roy shall each have a good mark," says papa, laughing, and eating his berries with a relish. Then I heap more on his plate till he cries, "Enough, enough my little girl."

In my tent we read and tell stories; and sometimes I take my two dolls, and put them to sleep there. And then Roy will lie down by them as if to watch.

GAUGHT AT LAST.

ALITTLE while ago, it is said, a farmer in Pennsylvania set a trap with a tempting bait to catch a fox which was making unwelcome and expensive visits to his hen-roost.

When the farmer went to see his trap it had been sprung, or "touched off." The bait was gone, and, instead of a live captured fox, there was only a quiet stick of wood fast in the jaws of the trap. This happened for

fourteen nights. The farmer could see no tracks but his own and those of the fox. It perhaps seemed discouraging work to furnish baits only to have them stolen; but the man persevered. He did not give up, and think, "Well, it's no use." No; he baited once more; and on the fifteenth night he found a fine old fox with his nose fast in the strong jaws of the trap, and in his mouth was a stick of wood. Once too often he had tried his sharp game of springing the trap and stealing the bait. He was caught at last.

This little story shows that some kinds of smartness are dangerous. The fox was cunning; but his cute tricks cost him dear.


Sometimes human beings, as well as foxes, try to gain something by sharp tricks. They may many times escape catching; but they generally get safely "nabbed" at last.

Lying, cheating, pilfering, disobeying and other naughty doings may seem to be profitable for a while; but by and by the trap snaps in an unexpected way, and the evil doer is caught and punished, or found out and put to shame. The safest and best way is to do right.

I AM NOT ASHAMED.

BY J. FRANK McDOWELL.

CHAP. IV.

S for me, I will behold thy face in righteousness; I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness."—Ps. 17: 15.

The resurrection is a great work that God is to perform. It is taught as a principle of truth, one of the blessed and joyful principles of the gospel of Christ. It is one of the things connected with the gospel, of which Paul was *not* ashamed. It is the great central thought, around which all our hopes and desires for the obtainance of future good, and future triumph, cluster. It stands as a great sun in the firmament of our faith; we will see it with joy in the morn of Christ's grandest victory! It is something that gives light in the hour of death, and when we feel that we are to cross what has been called "the river of death," we will discover that instead of darkness, it will be a scene of dazzling glory—sparkling beauty! It is not a "valley and shadow of death." I would withdraw the dark mantle, and call it the valley of the glory of everlasting life. It is but the entering upon new scenes, new surroundings, new station—and a grand ushering in upon a spirit life—that when we are resurrected, we will more highly appreciate the dwelling of the spirit in the body than ever before. And more especially, when we consider the fact, that our bodies will never be subject to sickness, disease, pain, or anything that shall in anywise disturb our physical nature.

The resurrection is a work not impossible to be done; for inasmuch as God's power could organize our present bodies—he can re-organize them from like elements, or properties, in a purified state or condition.

The doctrine of the resurrection is seemingly taught in what we call nature; such as in trees, &c. We notice, that in autumn, when

the foliage has fallen, the trees looked nude, and as though they were dead, that is not so full of life appearance. Then are buds issue from the branches; but these remain almost unnoticable until Spring, then they swell and unfold, and the leaf is developed. The leaf looks just like the kind that clad the tree the previous year; but it is not the same, yet is like unto it; composed of like properties, of of same form, appearance and beauty. How much we appreciate the verdure of Spring after having passed through the coldness of winter.

Some have taught that the Bible does not teach the doctrine of the resurrection; but we will quote one verse from Isaiah 26: "Thy dead men shall live, together with my *dead body shall they arise*" "Awake and sing, ye that dwell in the dust: for thy dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast out her dead," How plainly this teaches that most wonderful principle of Bible truth! Jesus confirmed the doctrine as being true. "Marvel not at this: for the hour is coming, in the which *all* that are *in the graves* shall hear his voice." "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." Blessed, blessed hope! "What a friend we have in Jesus."

Paul defended this doctrine in a masterly manner, hear him: "So also is the resurrection of the dead"—body. It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption: it is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory: it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power; it is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body. * * * For this corruptible shall put on incorruption, and this mortal shall put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. O Death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." What a flow of inspired eloquence! Words of beauty and of life. Cheering hope. Where these words are, and dwell, firmly fixed in the mind, engraved upon our hearts, not any shadow of gloom can have a place, for the light of truth will banish darkness from our souls.

Paul not only taught this glorious doctrine, but "that disciple whom Jesus loved," saw the dead raised, he saw it in vision as a grand reality. He said: "And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God." O, what a scene! Words of solemn grandeur. What a sight it must have been. What feelings of solemnity must have rested upon the "beloved disciple." The greatness, the power, the omnipotence of the Master whom he served, was seen in one of the most marvelous scenes that shall take place in the history of this world. I question whether he realized the vastness of what he beheld. If it were not for the hope we have, we should be most miserable. It is not a pleasing thought, to think we must leave this body and never enjoy its habitation again. But it is pleasant to entertain the hope of re-inhabiting it again, when God shall make it much better for us, by making it "like unto Christ's most glorious

body." The resurrected state in a glorified, celestialized condition, is "the crown of life" we are to wear. I do not presume we are to wear crowns, actual crowns, but salvation in God's immediate presence will be the crown. To be "fully saved," is to be resurrected, and dwell with Christ on earth during a thousand years, and afterward with God and Christ, when the earth will be more fully redeemed, and will look "like unto a sea of glass mingled with fire." The earth will then, I think, be celestialized. The religious world teach that when we *die* we are saved; thus they have to *die* to be *saved*, and we teach that we must be resurrected before we are saved. So *we live* to be saved, while *they die*. Our way, Jesus' way is the *better way*. Let us ever cherish this thought as very cheering and comforting to us; it is an anchor to the soul, sure and steadfast, that reacheth within the veil. We can place our utmost confidence in it. It can not be destroyed by unbelief, skepticism of any kind. Whether men believe in the gospel or not, all its shining truths live all the same. This "principle" is one other of which Paul could exultingly exclaim: "I am not ashamed." Neither are we ashamed of it. It is—


"The theme most transporting to seraphs above,
The triumph of sorrow, the triumph of love."

It is of the precious plan which Peter said: "Of which salvation the prophets have inquired and searched diligently, who prophesied of the grace that should come unto you; * * * which things the angels desire to look into." If angels desire to "look into" this great work, it must be very glorious to behold, and blessed to contemplate. How glad we ought to be, and very thankful unto God for the precious promises he hath given unto us by Christ, who is the mediator of this covenant. We feel assured that,

"The morn of redemption,
All blooming and fair,
Is fast onward fleeting,
And soon will appear."
"The graves will be opened,
The saints will arise,
And with their Redeemer
Will meet in the skies."

We are of those—"Who by Jesus do believe in God, that raised him from the dead, and gave him glory; that our faith and hope might be in God."

MORAL COURAGE.

AVE the courage to face a difficulty, lest it kick you harder than you bargained for. Difficulties, like thieves, often disappear at a glance. Have the courage to leave a convivial party at the proper hour for doing so, however great the sacrifice; and to stay away from one upon the slightest grounds for objection, however great the temptation to go. Have the courage to do without that which you do not need, however much you may admire it. Have the courage to speak your mind when it is necessary that you should do so, and hold your tongue when it is better you should be silent. Have the courage to speak to a poor friend in a seedy coat, even in the street, and when a rich one is nigh. The effort is less than many people

take it to be, and the act is worthy of a king. Have the courage to admit that you have been in the wrong, and you will remove the fact in the mind of others, putting a desirable impression in the place of an unfavorable one. Have the courage to adhere to the first resolution when you can not change it for a better, and to abandon it at the eleventh hour upon conviction.

FEED MY LAMBS.



OW, dear children, is not here a lesson, and a great lesson, that it might be well for those who have the watchcare of the fold of Christ to remember and contemplate? I mean the command of our ever blessed Savior to Peter; "Feed my lambs." Many of the Elders we have thought, were anxious, very anxious to feed his sheep, to dispense to the Saints the words of life, of truth, and salvation, for which we always did rejoice; but I fear that sometimes they overlook the dear lambs of the fold.

Now in every large sheep-fold there are lambs as well as sheep; but where would the sheep be in a few years if all the lambs were allowed to stray away, to starve or perish? True; Jesus told Peter twice to "Feed my sheep." But he first charged him to take good care of the lambs of the fold. "Feed my lambs." He knew that it was from them that the sheep must come; that it was the children of those Saints, (his followers), whom he instructed, when here in the flesh, that would have to take the charge of and carry on the cause of Christ, after the demise of their parents; the same as it must be the Hopes of Zion who must roll on his great and glorious gospel in the next generation.

Just see the interest that the loving Jesus manifested for the precious Hopes of Zion; the dear lambs of his fold, when here in the flesh. "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Again, "And he took them up into his arms and blessed them." Wonder if he did not fortell some of them what they should do in his great and glorious cause, as I have seen done by some of the Elders in latter-day Israel.

O how we should love this loving Jesus of ours. And how, my dear young Hopes of Zion, shall we love Jesus? How shall we begin? We are told in his ever blessed word, that if we love not our brother, whom we have seen, that we can not love him or his Father, whom we have not seen; and yet how often we have heard children singing; "O how I love Jesus," when their every day life shows that they do not love their little brothers and sisters.

The writer has seen children begin to quarrel; yes, and fight, when the words of that song were hardly cold in their mouth. O how sorry I am to tell it; I have known those who were not children, who claimed to be Saints of the most high God, backbiting, tattling, scolding, and lying about one another, and at the same time they would go to

meeting and sing the sweet songs of Zion. O may God forgive them, and let his Spirit strive with them and teach them better.

Again: "If ye love me, ye will keep my commandments." Then let us see to it that we try to love one another; and also strive to walk in all the commandments of Christ, before we begin to sing too loudly:

"O how I love Jesus," or "Jesus lover of my soul," for though he may truly love you, or your souls, he can not love your actions and your doings, save you try to bring those actions and doings into harmony and conformity with his law, his commandments, and his pleasure, and then you can truly sing, "Jesus lover of my soul."

Jesus, thou lover of my soul,
O purge me from all dross within;
Help me to walk in duty's path,
O, make me pure and white within:
O, then I'll sing how I love thee,
When from my sins I am set free.

Help me my parents to obey,
When 'neath their care I do abide;
That others my daily wa'k may see,
May know I do in thee confide;
O, then I'll sing how I love thee,
When from my sins I am set free.

O, may my tongue no evil speak,
Of those whom Jesus died to save;
O may my life be one of love,
For naught but sin help me to grieve;
O then I'll sing how I love thee,
When from my sins I am set free.

Then when my labors here are o'er,
When "Jesus lover of my soul"
Shall say to me, dear child come home,
You now are safe within my fold;
O then I'll shout Jesus loved me,
For he from sin has set me free.

UNCLE W. R.

A SINGING MOUSE.



WE have in our house a *rara avis*, unfeathered and quadruped—a veritable singing mouse. It sings its little songs with all the musical trills and as many of the "variations" as a mocking bird. Early in the winter a mouse began to frequent one of our bird cages. He climbed up the window curtain and gained access easily. He became so tame and impertinent that he was finally considered a pet instead of a pest. So he made his home with the bird and got a new song in his mouth. We could hardly believe it at first, but when in the long winter evenings, while the bird cage was covered with paper to exclude the light, we heard the canary song in low soft tones floating out from the cage like the "faint, exquisite music of a dream," or as if the ghost of some departed canary had come back to interview its mate, we were led to a solution of the mystery, one we least expected. One evening we carefully lifted one corner of the paper from the bird cage and there sat our pet mouse singing as never mouse sang before. Since then he is our household fairy, lingering every evening and at intervals through the day, gaily as the cricket on the hearth. Since the warm weather his favorite cage has been removed to another room, and it is pitiful to see him hunting for his feathered teacher. Climbing up the curtain to the place where the cage hung, he will look around a moment and then return to the

window and, perched upon the cross-rail of the sash, pour out his little soul in a song as mournful as that of a dying swan. Then he steps down, and in a little while he is heard again in his favorite niche near the clock.

A SENSIBLE GIRL.—NO 11.



MUST tell Mrs. Granger" said Bodie, in alighting from the buggy at the door.

"No;" said Preston. "I will tell her." So in he marched with her into Mrs. Granger's presence, when he in a few words told that lady that wanting a wife he had taken the liberty to ask for Miss Bodie, and that young woman had consented to share his fortunes. Would Mrs. Granger forgive him?

Of course Mrs. Granger would, if Mr. Clark would promise to treat her well.

Several changes took place in the next two days. Mrs. Britton consented to take Bodie's place at Mrs. Granger's for a month, at the end of which time Preston would send, or come for her, as she was to make her home with Bodie. Bodie was busy as a bride expectant could be, and what with her good taste and Mary's help she looked well, when at six she stood up in the presence of Mr. Chappell's family and gave her hand in marriage to Preston Clark. Rev. Clerkwell preformed the ceremony; but George insisted on giving the bride away, which he did with grace and feeling.

The young married people stopped at the hotel, which was a quiet place; and in the morning, bade the good folks good by at their homes, and with satchels packed were away for a ride across the country. Preston's team was an excellent one; but he drove carefully, as it was a long trip for four days, but could be done easily in five, if horses were not over much hurried. It was a good thing for these young people to thus spend the long day in the open air side by side, enjoying the scenery through which they passed, and drinking in health of body and mind with every breath. They conversed freely and pleasantly of their acquaintance; but what was a little singular to Preston at the time, but understood afterward, his wife made no allusion to her family in any way. He told her much of his own family; but found that Mr. and Mrs. Chappell, George and Mary, had pretty well informed his wife about his family and standing.

At nearly the close of the fourth day a slight shower came up, and they took shelter in a village hotel; the horses were stabled, and the young people were sitting looking out of the parlor windows at the falling rain, when Bodie turned to her husband, and with her brown eyes dark with the love she felt toward him, and against the expression of which she no longer guarded herself, "Preston; how will your mother receive me? Perhaps, I ought to have thought of this before; but I did not. Having been accustomed to think and act for myself, I did not think what she might have thought about you and the wife you might choose. I loved you, and when I was sure you were in earnest in ask-

ing me to marry you, I forgot in my happiness, that she might have formed other plans, and that she might not accept readily one whom she had never seen, or heard of; and especially one who worked for a living, a hired girl not ashamed of her vocation. What do you think, my husband?"

"I can tell you better after awhile, my wife; for I am a little in doubt myself. My mother knows nothing about my stay at your village, except that I found it pleasant and choose to stay. She has been trying for some months to bring about a marriage between me and a young lady, the daughter of a widow, a neighbor, but not a very near one. For some time I thought it possible, as I had no special liking for any one more than another; put a discovery that I made, put me very much against it. Then I saw you, and my dislike to such consummation to her wishes was increased, and you know the result. I am under no sort of obligation in the matter, either to my mother, or the young lady herself. One of the objects my mother has in insisting that I shall be at the party, is that I may have an opportunity to become impressed with her choice. I preferred if I went to the party to go compromised, and with a safe conduct, my wife; and if you had refused me, I should not have gone to the party at all."

"I shall dislike very much to be the cause of any unpleasantness between you and your excellent mother; nor will I be, if it can be avoided. It shall be no fault of mine, that will make your mother think that her boy has thrown himself away; but, Preston, you must stand by me, if things go a little unpleasant, and I get out of temper, as I am not an angel, as you will discover; and if I am to be your business partner, I must have the moral support of the whole firm."

Preston looked his young wife in the eyes, and seeing there the strange light he had found it so difficult to describe, he leaned over and kissed her, with a smile, saying: "Do not fear me, Bodie; my wife shall be my wife;" and he emphasized the words the last time he said them.

MOTHER.

DON'T call your mother "old woman." Let her always be "mother." "Old lady," is bad enough, but the "old woman" applied to her who gave you life and nursed your infancy, is rude and unkind. A writer has these reflections upon it:

Once it was, "Mother, I'm very hungry;" "Mother, mend my jacket!" "Mother, put up my dinner;" and then "Mother" with her loving hands would spread the bread with butter and stow away the luncheon, and sew on the great patch, her heart brimming with affection for the impetuous, curly little pate that made her so many steps, and nearly distracted her with his boisterous mirth.

Now she is the "old woman" but she did not think it would ever come to that. She looked on through the future years, and saw her boy to manhood grown, and he stood transfixed in the light of her own beautiful

love. Never was there a more noble son than he, honored of the world, and the staff of her declining years.

Ay, he was her support even then, but she did not know it. She never realized that it was her little boy that gave her strength for daily toil, that his slender form was all that upheld her over the brink of a dark despair.

She only knew that she loved the child, and felt that amid the mist of old age his love would bear her gently through its infirmities to the dark hall leading to life beyond.

But the son has forgot the tender ministrations now. Adrift from the tender moorings of home, he is cold, selfish, heartless. "Mother" has no sacred meaning to the prodigal. She is the "old woman," wrinkled and gray, lame and blind. Pity her, O grave, and dry those tears that roll down her furrowed cheek! Have compassion on her sensitive heart, and offer it thy quiet rest, that it may forget how much it longed to be "dear mother" to the boy it nourished through a careless childhood, who in return for all this wealth of tenderness has only given back reproach. Reader, are you guilty of like ingratitude?

BE IN TIME.

BE in time for every call;
If you can, be first of all;
Be in time.

If your teachers only find
You are never once behind,
But are, like the dial, true,
They will always trust to you;
Be in time.

Never linger ere you start;
Set out with a willing heart;
Be in time.

In the morning up and on,
First to work, and soonest done;
This is how the goal's attained;
This is how the prize is gained;
Be in time.

Those who aim at something great
Never yet were found too late;
Be in time.

Life with all is but a school:
We must work by plan and rule,
Ever steady, earnest, true,
Whatever you may do:
Be in time.

Listen, then, to wisdom's call—
Knowledge now is free to all;
Be in time.

Youth must daily toil and strive,
Treasure for the future hive;
For the work they have to do,
Keep this motto still in view—
Be in time.

DID NOT REMEMBER.

A FATHER and daughter at Wellesley, Mass., were mutually recalling incidents in the latter's childhood. "I shall never forget," said the young lady, "how you took me out of church one Sabbath, when I was about three years old, and punished me for playing in meeting. I can remember the tinging of that peach-tree switch to this day." "Very strange, very strange," said the father; "I don't recollect the circumstance at all." "Ah, well, papa, you were at the other end of the switch."

There is a Bible in the library of the University of Gottingen, written on two thousand four hundred and seventy-six palm leaves.

THE MIRROR.

THE Bible is represented under different figures, and one of them is that of a mirror, or a looking-glass. As we look into a glass that we may behold ourselves, so we can look into the Bible, and there see a faithful likeness presented. And what is indeed strange, we are there seen, not only as we are, but as we ought to be, and as we ought not to be. Now, take this mirror, and see if you can trace your own likeness.

"I have found out what made you the man you are," said a gentleman one morning to President Adams. "I have been reading your mother's letters to her son."

Letters from the Hopes.

EMSWORTH Pa., September 22nd, 1881.

Dear Hopes: Many times when I read the good and interesting pieces and letters in our *Zion's Hope*, I feel to thank my heavenly Father that there are those who try to cultivate the talent that God has given them, by trying to bring others into the fold of the Good Shepherd. While sickness and death surround us, we ought to live very near unto the Lord, for we know not what a day may bring forth. To-day the whole nation mourns over the death of our beloved President, one who had risen to honor, nobility, and usefulness. But, alas! his spirit has passed beyond the veil. I would that the young Hopes of Zion, one and all, would consider the importance of living prepared for death; for we can live so that if we were to be called upon to go home that death would be a release from pain and suffering; but, O! what would be the feeling of those who have spent a life of folly and sin. Meditate upon those duties we owe to the great God and ourselves, that we may have peace and joy in this life, and finally a home in heaven, with the redeemed angelic host, is the prayer of your humble sister,

SARAH RICHARDSON.

IONE, Amador Co., Cal.

September 22nd, 1881.

Dear Hopes: It has been fifty eight years since the Angel first appeared to Joseph. Read "the Visions of Joseph" and live to meet him in the Gathering, when we stand before God's throne. Be faithful, obedient and mindful to the Holy Spirit's teachings, and when "Around the throne of God in heaven
Ten thousand children stand."

You will be there too. Won't that be nice. I am trying to be a good boy,
In Christ,

E. T. DAWSON.

Editorial Chat.

After the receipt of this HOPE, all letters and communications must be addressed: Joseph Smith, Lamoni, Decatur county, Iowa, instead of Plano, as heretofore, as we are now packing up the printing presses, type, &c., preparatory to moving the office, as soon as this HOPE is mailed.

Money can be sent in Registered Letter to Lamoni; or by Post Office Money Order, drawn on Leon, Iowa; or by Bank Draft on Chicago.

Send us all the new subscribers you can.

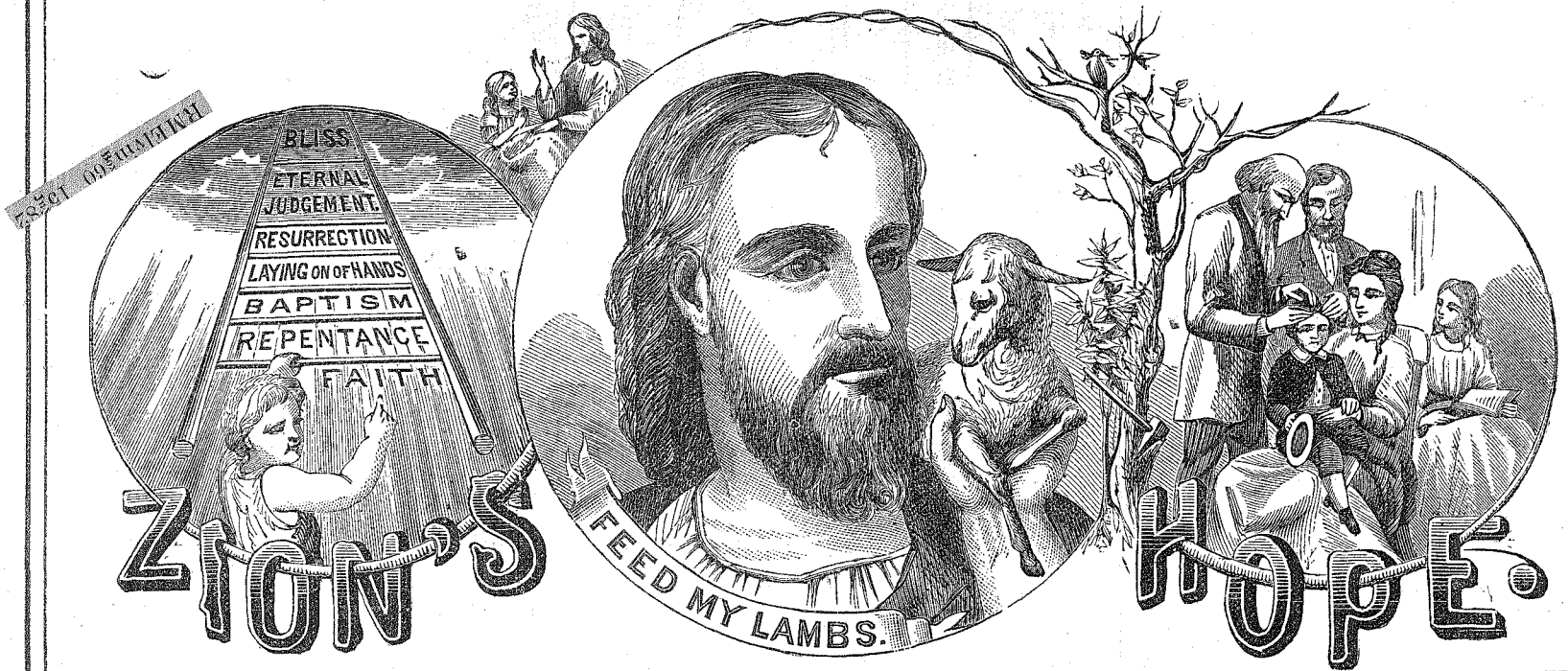
15 Oct 81.

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.

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, 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, or by Registered 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 BRIGHTEST OF ALL.

WHAT shines the brightest in all the world?
 "A star," said little May;
 "The sea," said Will, "the sparkling sea
 On a sunny summer day."

The great round sun up in the sky;
 "No, no, a diamond's light;"
 "A firefly," said our prattling Maud,
 "When shining in the night."

"The moon," said one. "Perhaps a smile,"
 Said thoughtful sister Ruth;
 But grandma said, "The brightest thing
 And best of all is TRUTH."

I AM NOT ASHAMED.

BY J. FRANK McDOWELL.

CHAP. V.

WHEN shall the trees of the wood
 sing out at the presence of the
 Lord, because he cometh to
 judge the earth. Who will ren-
 der to every man according to his deeds."—
 I Chron. 16:33; Rom. 2:6.

ETERNAL JUDGMENT. ETERNAL SEN-
 TENCE.

We read that the final judgment is to take place at the time of the second resurrection, or immediately following. The judgment is to take place upon the earth. It will consist in the passing of God's opinion upon each person as to what kind of reward or punishment the parties are to receive.

Some people believe and teach that as soon as the spirit leaves the body it either goes to a place called "heaven" or to a place called "hell." And in either of these places is to eternally remain without change of condition. This can not be correct, from the simple fact that it has been declared: "Because he [God] hath appointed a day, [time] in which he will judge the world in righteousness, by that man whom he hath ordained; whereof he hath given assurance unto all men, in that he hath raised him [Christ] from the dead."—Acts 17:31. It would be unwise for God to commence punishing a person as soon as they left this world and release therefrom, and then begin again. We are not decided in our

mind upon this point; but we are inclined to think, however, that some will receive a sentence to be imprisoned for a time. We do read: "Then will he reward every man according to their deeds." Reward, means to repay, to recompense.

I do not believe that the Saints who came forth in the first resurrection will be judged, for they, evidently are of the class of whom it is written: "Some men's sins go before them to judgment." When baptized, our past sins are remitted, forgiven, will not suffer punishment for them. Then, after sins, will be forgiven upon terms of confession to God, and promise overcome, through the agreement of God by Christ, who is called "our Advocate."

Persons who are to be judged at "the judgment day," are of those whose "sins follow after them to judgment," upon whom the sentence of Divine Justice will be pronounced.

It has been and is taught that all people who come forth in the second resurrection will be sent to a place of great torment, called "Hell." (There are those who come into the Church of Christ from other religious bodies, and bring with them some erroneous ideas, and they try, as Jesus said, to "put a piece of cloth to the rent garment, and the rent is made worse." It is impossible to blend error and truth. It is not true that such shall be done.

For Jesus said: "In my father's house are many mansions, if it were not so, I would have told you." Why then do people teach that there are only two places, "heaven and hell," when Jesus, God's greatest and best messenger of truth, said there were "many mansions," and were it not so, he would have told them.

Do you perceive, dear Hopes, that to "reward every man according to their works" could not be done by casting millions upon millions of people in a "burning hell," there to forever remain? At the same time knowing that our blessed Master said: "Whosoever giveth unto the least of these my disci-

ples a cup of cold water, shall in no wise lose his reward." Inasmuch as God has declared that every person shall be rewarded, then every person, nor one hundredth part can be eternally tortured!

To so teach is an insult upon God, a slander upon his mercy and revealed truth.

We must believe what Jesus taught. It may be asked: Did not Jesus say, "And these shall go away into everlasting torment?" Yes. But he did not say: And these shall be everlastingly tormented, or that they should everlastingly remain in torment. In those days it was customary to give broadness to expression. For instance: "And there are also many other things which Jesus did, the which if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written!" What a supposition! Isn't it large? No person could, in three years' time, do so many things, that if all written about, would fill the world and more! It is simply expressive of the immensity of the work performed. So, relative to the other text, it is to impress upon the mind of man the great fact that wrong doing if not forgiven according to gospel terms, must be punished; those who will be punished will not have been forgiven, for forgiveness does away with the suffering of punishment.

Now, as regards the nature of the punishment. Will it be corporeal? That is, will any body suffer pain or hurt of body? We answer, no.

Hell is God's great prison. You all know what a prison is, I presume. We have jails, work-houses, penitentiaries. In these various prisons, people who do wrong by transgression of the laws of the land, such as to steal, to plunder, to set fire to somebody's house, to kill, are placed for so long a time. They can not see their father, mother, brothers, sisters, husband, wife, children, &c. They can not go to the store, take a walk on the streets, ride in a buggy, visit friends, etc. Now by being put in these prisons, prevents them from

enjoying all these things, that we call liberties of acts of freedom; hence their confinement becomes and is a punishment to them.

Now all who could have obeyed the gospel and did not, will be put in God's great prison, and when he thinks they have been there long enough, then he will let them out and give them a home in some one of the "mansions," or worlds of glory for their reward, which God's great mercy and justice will confer, for all the good they had done while here. To steal, lie, swear, rob, cheat, and kill, these are not only violations of the "laws of the land," but also of God's law. "Sin, is the transgression of the law." To do what a command says not to do, is transgression. The punishment for said transgressions, will be a denial to all of enjoying the society of God, Christ, holy angels, beautiful music, scenes of great pleasure.

The reward in the terrestrial glory-world, will be the presence of Jesus and holy angels. The beauty and grandeur can not be understood by us, but it will have beautiful things of every description. The teletial glory-world, will have the visits of holy angels paid it, but the inhabitants will never see God and Christ, as teletial beings. I think, however, that inasmuch as God sends his Holy Spirit and angels here, and it is to fit us for the reception of higher things by and by, that the rule of spiritual progression will work as effectually in the "hereafter" as it does here. Those who do not obey the gospel here can not, as such persons, receive what those can who do obey it. Hence, as teletial beings they can not see God; it may be they will be greatly benefitted by angel visits from higher glory, and be privileged to enter into another glory. Why not? Have we any desire to eternally debar anyone and everyone, but "blessed self" from the celestial glory-world? O, narrow-mindedness, away with you! Bigots, flee! Little children, love God and keep his commandments. May his blessings fall upon you like sparkling dew.

APPLES OF GOLD.

YOU can not tell when you are offering the prayer which will be graciously and gloriously answered. You can not tell when you are exerting an influence which will be felt for or against the cause of religion, for or against Christ, for ages to come, and on the existing or coming communities. You can not tell when you are speaking the word which, like apples of gold in baskets of silver, will prove unspeakably precious, and be the means of comforting the dejected or saving a ruined soul. Father, mother, you can not tell when you are striking the key-note of your child's life; when, by a word or a look, a smile or a frown, a glance of approval and admiration, or of scorn, you are giving the infant plant a twist or a slope, a rectitude or an obliquity, which will grow up into the gnarled trunk of character forever. Pastor, you can not tell when, by some simple petition, by some apt illustra-

tion, or by some tender tone of voice, you are lifting up a dejected soul, or saving a fallen one. Sabbath-school teacher, you can not tell when, by your demeanor, your dress, your manner of meeting your scholars, on the Sabbath or on a week-day, by your dignity and distance on the one hand, or your sweetness on the other, you may bind them to yourself and to Christ, to holy men and to religious things, or else alienate them forever. Christian, you can not tell when, by a word fitly spoken, you may lead a sinner to the cross, or, by the neglect to speak, you may fix him in the opinion that religion is a nullity. It is sublime, and yet it is fearful, to live in a world of such possibilities and of such responsibilities. But it is blessed to know that, through the subtle power of influence, any day, we know not what one, may be the great day of our lives, when we shall build a monument for immortality.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

OF course you do not let your Sabbath-school keep you from the church services, children; but you dearly love to be in your place in the class. You enjoy the singing and the responsive readings; and the black-board illustrations. You love your kind teacher, who takes so much interest in you, and you are glad when your pastor comes into the school and perhaps sits down for a little while with your class. Altogether, the Sunday-school hour is a delightful part of the holy day.

But now let me tell you two or three things that will help to make the hour more pleasant and more profitable.

Study your lesson during the week. Do not wait till Sunday morning. It is a good plan to begin on Sunday evening to study the lesson for next Sabbath. Find out all you can about it during the week. Memorize as much of it as you can. It is a most excellent thing to have the very words of Scripture in your memory. They will be a delight and joy to you by-and-bye—perhaps sometime upon a bed of sickness, or when shut away, for some reason, from all books, and left to your own thoughts. If you have some questions to ask your teacher, that will be so much the better. The more you study the lesson, the more you will want to know about it, and the better able you will be to appreciate the general explanations and the black-board exercise, if you have that in your school.

Then be punctual. It disturbs all those who are present to have even one scholar come in late. It is usually just as easy to be in time as to be tardy. Form the habit of punctuality. Take your place quietly in your class, and if you have any time to wait for the opening of the school, you can refresh your memory of the lesson.

I hardly need say to the readers of the HOPE, I only "stir up your minds by way of remembrance," that you are to remember the place and the day—God's house, God's day. You need not wear long faces, to be solemn

and sad. But you should be serious and reverent. You will not play or trifle. Part of the Sabbath-school exercises are worship; part are a study of God's Word. You will, I am sure, remember all this, and be very careful of your conduct. And yet you can be happy and glad. Indeed, you will enjoy the school the most when your conduct is most suitable to its occupations.

I wish the happy children who read the HOPE much joy in their Sunday-school homes. Remember that very much of both the pleasure and profit of your school depends upon yourself.

Child's Paper.

WOMEN'S NAMES.



VERY few persons, it may be supposed, know the meaning of their names, and just as few, it may also be supposed, ever took the trouble of trying to find out. Shakespeare's inquiry, "What's in a name?" would take considerable time to answer, if the person questioned should undertake to go over all the ground it covers. A writer who has been looking into this subject of names has gathered and published the following interesting facts about them:—

On a certain occasion, two French ambassadors were sent to the Spanish Court to negotiate a marriage between one of the Castilian princesses and Louis VIII. The names of the royal women were Urraca and Blanche, the first of whom was the elder and more beautiful, and was intended by the court for the French king, but the ambassadors resolutely persisted in their preference for Blanche, on account of her name, saying that Urraca would never do. They were sensible men. So Blanche was made queen because she had a fair name; and Blanche was always fair, if not beautiful. Is there not something in a name?

Mary, albeit some etymologists translate it marah (bitter), is one of the sweetest as well as commonest ever given to woman. I prefer to consider it as signifying exalted; or, as another authority has it, star of the sea. Maria and Marie (the latter being French) are merely other forms of the same name, and, of course, have the same meaning.

Martha means bitterness, which, alas! is too often significant of the lot of women; but our Marthas may be very sweet girls, in spite of the etymologists.

Anna, Annie, Hannah, and probably Nina and Nancy, are all from the same root and signify gracious, or kind, of which fact the fair owners of these cognomens will please to take notice, and govern themselves accordingly. Jane, now generally familiarized into Jenny, though differently derived, has the same meaning as the foregoing.

Ellen was originally Helen (Latin, Helene; French, Helene). According to some etymologists, it has the meaning of alluring, while others define it as one who pities. Many a Helen, since she of Troy, has proved alluring, and some have shown that pity is akin to love. —Ella is only a variation of Ellen.

For Sarah (Hebrew, Sara, or Saria; and Arabic, Zara) we find two definitions—a princess, and the morning star.

Lucy signifies like light, and the name was anciently given to girls born at day-break. Aurora, Aureolia, and Aurore (golden, the dawn, or morning redness); Bertha (bright); and Clara (clear), may be grouped with it.

Louisa (French, Louise) is the feminine of Louis, and has the meaning of protector, or one who furnishes a place of refuge or of rest.

Fanny, or more formally, Frances, is frank or free; Elizabeth (better as Lizzie), Isabel, and Eliza, true; and Sophia, wisdom.

Catharine, or Katherine, derived from the Greek, Kathare (pure or chaste), is one of the best of all our female names. It is pretty in its Irish modification, Kathleen, and most attractive as Kate.

Caroline, Charlotte, and Carlotta, are all feminine forms of Charles (Spanish, Carlos; German, Karl), which comes from the Sclavonic Krol, a king; and the fair owners of these fine names should, therefore, be queens—queens of hearts.

Julia, of which Julietta and Juliet are simply diminutives, signifies soft-haired; Harriet, mistress of the house; and Alice, a princess.

Emma should be tender, affectionate, motherly. The name is said to signify, literally, one who nurses, cares for, or watches over another; but another authority translates it industrious.

Susan signifies a lily, and is a fitting name for a tall, slender, flower-like girl, of fair complexion, and native grace. As companions for this, Lillian (lily-like) and Stanlina (white lily-bud) may be mentioned. The last is of Indian derivation; but might very appropriately grace the fairest of Anglo Saxon maidens.

Margaret comes to us from the Latin Margarita, a pearl. But another, and, if possible, a still more beautiful signification, has curiously enough attached itself to the name. The German words *magete* and *mayhet*, which words were easily confused with Madge, and thus with Margaret. Daisies were also called *mayhets*, maids or margarets, whence we have the French *marguerites*, daisies.

Among the beautiful names less frequently met with, are: Agnes, chaste; Agatha, kind; Amelia and Amy (from the French verb *aimer*, to love), beloved; Adeline, of noble birth; Eleanor, all fruitful; Gertrude, all truth; Grace, favor; Matilda, a brave maid; Laura, a laurel; Phebe, radiant, or light of life, and Edith, rich.

Beatrice (one who blesses) is a sweetly significant name. It is a favorite one in Italy, and is not entirely unknown here. It should be more common; and the same may be said of Letitia, joy; Irene, peace; Lois, good; Blanche, fair; Miranda, admirable—see Shakespeare, in the "Tempest;" Eve, and Eva, life giving, or faithful; Ruth, satisfied; Salome, peaceful. Almah is of Oriental origin, and signifies a virgin. Alma (without the *h*) is Latin, and means benign, genial, or one who nurtures or cherishes. Cora is a

maiden; Junia, youthful (ever young she should be); and Barbara, strange or foreign.

The promise of great beauty may be acknowledged by such a name as Mabel (*mabelle*), my fair one; Amanda, lovely; Rebecca, of enchanting beauty; or, best of all, Calista, most beautiful; Anabel (from Annah, or Hannah, and bella) signifies kind and beautiful.

I have mentioned several floral names. There are others which one might wear as she would a crown of fragrant blossoms. For instance: Rose and Rhoda, a rose; Viola, a violet; Florence, blooming; Flora, the goddess of flowers; Olive, the olive-tree (or, symbolically, peace); Althea, marsh mallow (Greek, *althaia*, *altharino*, I heal); hence, also, very beautifully, as well as appropriately, the healer; and Thalia, flowery joy.

I have room for only a few more out of the many that might be offered, but must mention Minna, love; Stella and Estelle, a star, Nora (Honora), honor; Evadne, well-pleasing; Millicent (prettier as Milly), honey-like; Madeline, magnificent; Theodora, gift of God; Pauline, little one; Amoret, little love; Winnifred (Winnie), winning peace; Silvia, born in the woods; and Una, only one.

A LITTLE GHILD SHALL LEAD THEM.

LITTLE Mary was sitting with her Uncle George one afternoon. Uncle George had told her to keep quiet, as he had some accounts to look over; so Mary busied herself with a picture book. For an hour all was still; then Mary heard her uncle say: "There; I have quite a nice little sum laid up against a time of need."

"What are you talking about, Uncle George?" asked Mary.

"About my treasures, little girl, that I have laid up."

"Up in heaven?" asked Mary, who had heard her father that morning read about laying-up treasures in heaven.

"O, no, Mary; my treasures are all on earth—some in banks, and some in other places," answered Uncle George.

"But ain't you got any in heaven, too?" asked Mary.

"Well, I don't believe I have," said Uncle George, thoughtfully; "but run away to mother now, for I am going out."

Uncle George went out, and was gone a good while; but all the time he was thinking that perhaps he wasn't so well off, if he had no treasure laid up in heaven, to be ready for him when he left this world and his money behind him. He was so impressed with the thought, that he wisely determined to commence at once to lay up treasures in heaven. He did so, and many a shilling which he laid by was used to help in laying up better and more enduring treasures. Little Mary never knew, until years after, when she also, with a clearer understanding of what it meant, began to lay up for herself treasures in heaven, that it was her childish question that started Uncle George on a generous, active Christian life.

RUINED BY ONE GLASS.

IN passing through a prison, I accosted an elderly looking convict. He held down his head as though ashamed to look me in the face. On my handing him a tract, he said: "I knew your voice as soon as I heard it, sir; I have heard you before to-day, sir."

I found that at one time we were members of the same congregation, and sat under the same faithful ministry. I anxiously inquired how it was that he had fallen so low as to become an inmate of a prison.

"A glass of ale was my ruin."

"How could that be?" I asked.

"I was at one period of my life, sir, very intemperate, but was happily led to give up drink entirely. I became a regular attendant at the place of worship, and went on very happily for some years, until one evening I was returning from Blank, when I met with some friends from the city. They prevailed upon me to go to the public house and have 'but one glass.' Conscience reproved me, but having entered upon the enchanted ground I was readily induced to take more liquor, until I became overcome by it. The next morning I was ashamed to show myself, and left the town. My old appetite for drink had been rekindled; I became reckless, and joined a set of counterfeits. We were discovered, convicted, and now I am to be transported. Oh, that I had never taken that ONE GLASS!"

"Stay, mortal stay, nor heedless thus
Thy sure destruction seal;
Within that cup there lurks a curse
Which all who drink shall feel."

The Boys' Prayer-Meeting.

JIMMY," said Willie Wisner, "since Johnny Winstead and I had that talk with you, the other day, I've been thinking: Why couldn't we boys have a prayer-meeting, all by ourselves? Seems to me 't would be just the thing to help us do right and feel right. We could talk over our troubles; pray together; and perhaps get some of the other boys to join us and be Christians too. What do you think of it?"

"Think it would be a good thing, Willie. I like the idea very much. Glad you thought of it. I don't know how we would get along with it; but I reckon we can try. If we should be a little awkward, that wouldn't matter, you know."

"Oh, no, of course not," said Willie. "Besides, for awhile, we wouldn't invite anybody, except just a few of our playmates, who like us, are trying to be Christians."

"Well," said Jimmy, "suppose we commence next Friday evening; that's to-morrow you know. There's no regular meeting that evening. I'll speak to mamma. I know she will be very glad to have us meet at our house."

The boys met at the appointed time. Mrs. Langdon, Jimmy's mother, opened to them her pleasant, cozy sitting-room; and in her kind, motherly way, made all the boys feel

quite at their ease. She helped in planning, arranging, and directing, but at the same time took care not to take the conduct of the meeting out of their hands. It was not a very formal affair. At the general request, Jimmy took the lead by reading a few verses of Scripture, which had been his Bible reading for the day. They then heartily sang a familiar Sunday-school hymn; did not make any set speeches; but had a pleasant little talk about their ups and downs in the Christian life; all keeping their seats; just asking questions and answering, regular boy-fashion; then they all knelt, and each offered a short, simple, but earnest prayer. One timid little fellow, with trembling voice, only repeated the Lord's prayer—Our Father, etc. And who shall say that that beautiful prayer, uttered by the lips of a little child, was not as readily heard and freely answered as any? After singing another sweet Sunday-school hymn, they made their next appointment at Willie Wisner's house, and early separated for their several homes.

This small beginning was the commencement of a blessed work. The little boys' meeting rapidly increased in interest and numbers, until the more advanced of the young people caught the spirit, and the result was, a young people's prayer-meeting, established and held in the chapel of the church, which has long proved an excellent training-school for young believers.

BEGINNINGS.



LITTLE children, what critics they are! I think we do not realize how frequently their young minds weigh us in the balance, and render the true verdict—wanting.

My little boy of six comes in to me,

"Mamma, it is wicked to play marbles for keep, is it not, mamma?"

"Why yes, child, you have heard me say a great many times that it is wrong."

"Mamma, does not L——'s father belong to our church?"

"Yes my boy."

"And M——'s father?"

"Yes, he too," I answered.

"Well, answers my boy, "they let their boys play for keep."

I wonder if this can really be so. And just in the midst of my wonder, the father of one of the above mentioned boys passes my window. He stops as he reaches the marble-players, (his own boy and a companion whose parents are both members of a staunch orthodox church,) and as my window is lowered from the top, I overhear his merry greeting:

"Just see the young gamblers?"

He says it smilingly and approvingly, but the sentence causes me to snudder, and still haunts me with pain.

"Young gamblers!"

This is the beginning, who can tell the ending? Well, we ought to know what to expect if we lay an unsafe foundation, we have a command—as old as the hills—"Train up a child in the way he should go."

If a father or a mother smiles constant on beginnings of evil, are their spirits pure?

Two neighbor boys of twelve years of age were playing backgammon one bright winter evening, six years ago. They were playing in a cosy sitting room, near a pretty center-table, over which a bright light gleamed, across which—at her sewing—sat the professed Christian mother of one of them.

"Why, Lin, I declare I'll not play another game with you; you've beaten me six already," complained Burt.

"O, don't despair," laughed Lin, "let us play six more; perhaps the tide will turn. If you beat, I will give you this new silk handkerchief," holding up as he spoke a beautiful cardinal-bordered one, "and if I beat you'll give me that necktie you've got on."

Burt laughed. "I'll do my very best, for I never had a handkerchief like that in all my life; but if you should be the lucky one you would not gain much, this odd tie is so soiled and worn."

"Never mind," answered Lin, "we're only playing for fun—I've plenty of neckties at home."

So they innocently began the game, for no one said, "Nay."

Why did not the housekeeper cry out? Why did she not speak sweet and earnest words before this terrible beginning had birth? I do not know why she sat there silent and smiling, while the wretched, poisonous seed was sown right in her presence; but I do know that if that corrupting seed had never found lodgment I could not show you to-day the picture I am about to.

Tread softly now. We are entering the same room we did six years ago, the same pretty pictures are on the wall, the center-table and softly-cushioned chairs are all here. But the occupants—were three then, there is only one now. Where are the bright, pretty boys? Where is the widow's only son, blue-eyed Burt, whose hair was like bronzed gold?

This lone occupant of the cosy room, this sad woman whose hair grew white in a single night—might tell you where her fair boy is to-night—could you possibly induce her to stop that ceaseless pacing up and down the room. But even if she should consent to unclasp her white hands and look you in the eyes, she would not notice you—she would only be looking through you, as it were, at another form, at another face, at Burt's frightened, tearless blue eyes—just as he looked when he was arrested for taking a large amount of money from his employer's drawer.

Six years before Burt's mother had smiled when her beautiful boy held up before her a bright silk kerchief, with the laughing remark, "I've won, mother; look at my trophy!"

But she had no smiles when the word was brought to her that her boy, her only boy had taken five hundred dollars to be squandered at a gambler's den. Poor Burt! poor mother.

Another picture, and I am done. A fair, beautiful boy grew up in a Southern home. (I can not trace his history, for it is true, and would fill a volume.) He began playing, as

boys do to-day, just for fun or for the excitement. He grew up a gambler; he kept quiet about it, but he was only a gambler. He married a friend of mine, a beautiful and accomplished girl, but her sweet life was soon blasted. She accompanied him from city to city, over the blue waters and back again, here and there—flitting, ever flitting. Her wardrobe was elegant and costly, her jewels were diamonds and pearls, her laces the finest and rarest, her heart—a broken one. God must have pitied the poor beaten blossom, for he called her home a few years ago. And he, her husband, the gambler—still a young man—pursues his dreadful occupation. What the ending is to be God knows.

Christian Weekly.

DRAGGING.

WE fall far short of what Jesus deserves. We give him little, or give him what we are ashamed not to give him. Often we give him our zeal for a day or two, and then grow cool; we wake up on a sudden, and then sleep the more soundly. We seem to-day as if we would set the world on fire, and to-morrow we scarce keep our lamp trimmed. We vow at one time that we will push the church before us and drag the world after us, and by and by we ourselves are like Pharaoh's chariots with the wheels taken off, and drag along right heavily.

THE STRAIT GATE.

You may expect a struggle in passing through the strait gate; but depend upon it, the narrow way, when you have fairly entered it, is a very pleasant road; and we envy none of those their pleasures, who tread the broad road that leadeth to destruction.

"We all might do good
Where we often do ill;
There is always the way
If there is but the will.
Though it be but a word
Kindly breathed or suppressed,
It may ward off some pain,
Or give peace to some breast.

"We all might do good,
Whether lowly or great,
For the deed is not gauged
By the purse or estate.
If it be but a cup
Of cold water that's given,
Like the widow's two mites,
It is something for heaven."

SUNDAY SCHOOL REPORT.

Report of Zion's Hope Sabbath School, of Nebraska City, for the quarter ending September 30th, 1881. Number of sessions 12, number in attendance 384, amount of collections \$5.59. The school subscribes for twenty copies of *Zion's Hope*; there are 169 books in library, and cash on hand \$4.87.

J. W. WALDSMITH,

Superintendent and Secretary.

1 Nov. 81.

A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue.

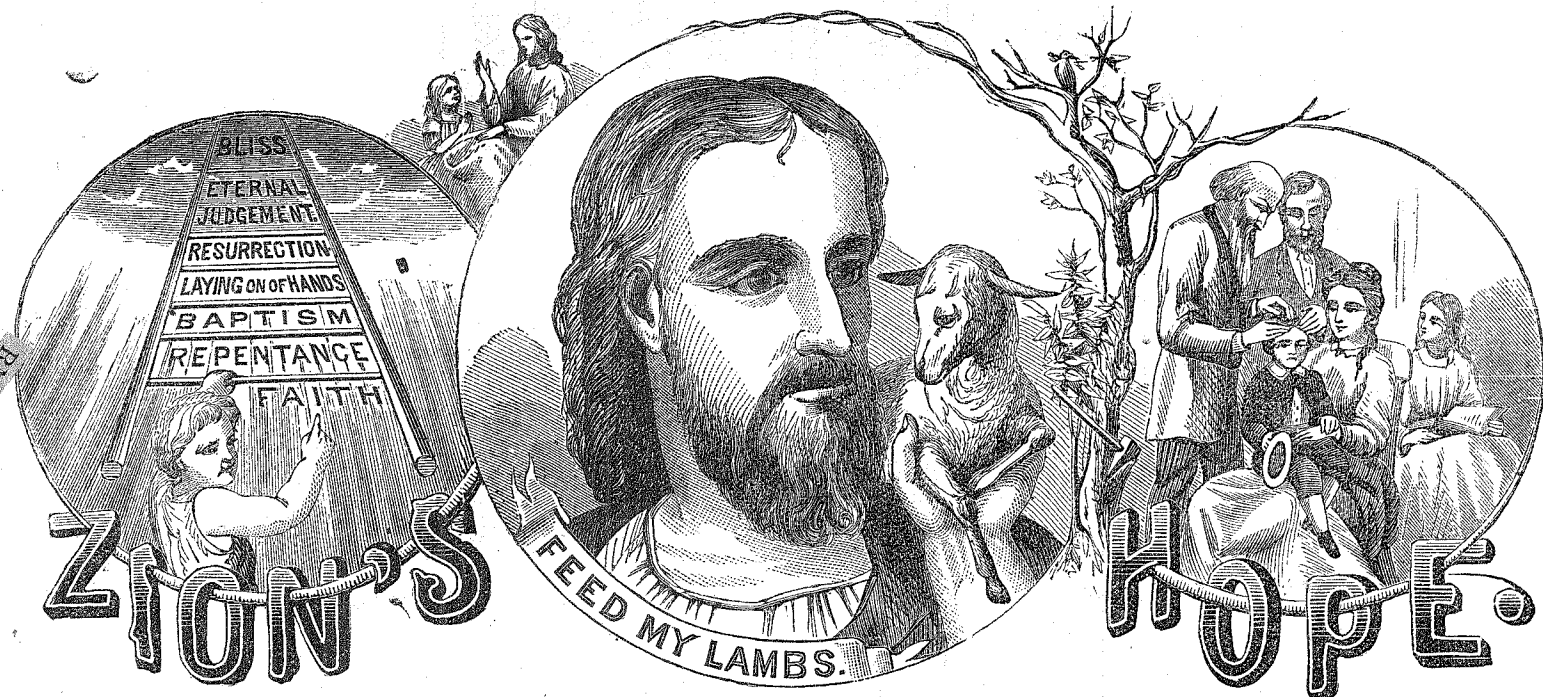
THE SAINTS' HERALD.

The above publication is issued semi-monthly, at Lamoni, Decatur County, Iowa, 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.

Zion's Hope is published semi-monthly by the Board of Publication of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, at Lamoni, Decatur County, Iowa, and is edited by Joseph Smith. 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, Lamoni, Decatur County, Iowa. Money may be sent by Draft on Chicago; Post Office Order on Leon, Iowa; or by Registered Letter to Lamoni, Iowa.

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.

TOWARDS EMMAUS.

A JOUENEYING to Emmaus!
 The grandest man of men with us
 The Christ of God was then with us
 As we went down to Emmaus!
 How burned our hearts along the way,
 At every word we heard him say;
 We never may forget the day
 We journeyed down to Emmaus!
 O blest disciples, favored few,
 How gladly had we walked with you,
 And talked with him who talked with you,
 As you went down to Emmaus!
 Have touched the hand and found it warm,
 That raised the dead and stilled the storm;
 Have worshiped God in human form
 As he walked down to Emmaus!
 But Jesus walks and talks with men
 As perfectly to-day as then,
 And hearts burn now as yours burned when
 You walked with Christ to Emmaus!
 In starless night, or sunless day,
 Whoever walks life's weary way,
 Forgetting not to watch and pray,
 Is journeying toward Emmaus!

A GOOD START IN LIFE.

HOW A YOUNG LAD BECAME SUCCESSFUL.

"WILL you tell me the secret of your success in life?" said a somewhat curious looking customer to a young gas-fitter, who had recently opened a shop in a new neighborhood.

"My secret is very soon told," replied the young man: "honest application to business."

"But I want to know how you have managed to become a master so early in life; because I know your parents were but struggling people, and they could not afford to give you any money."

Gilbert Reynolds, who was only in his twenty-fourth year, said:

"Though my parents were, as you say, poor, they were honest, and gave those lessons in youth which have been to me more than riches. They taught me that time was money, and that whatsoever my hand found to do, to do it with all my might. Ever since I was thirteen years of age, I have earned

my living, and have on no occasion been absent from work, except on holidays.

"I shall never forget the first morning on which I went from home with my father to the shop. He had a large family; I was the eldest of six children, and the youngest was a baby; but my mother never thought us a trouble. She was always up at early morn to get my father's breakfast, and bid him good by at the door, as he journeyed forth.

"On the particular day when I first started out to work, she was ready with *two* breakfasts, instead of one; and she had *two* little basins filled with meat and potatoes for our dinners. I was very anxious to be off, and, shouldering my father's tools, felt myself of great importance, and hoped to show some of my schoolfellows, as I passed along, with my basket at my back, that I had left home and the school-room for the workshop.

"My father and mother, however, did not notice my impatience; but lingered a minute or so on the door-sill to take leave of each other; and as father said 'Good-bye,' he kissed the babe in her arms, with a 'Bless thee darling.' Then mother turned her tender eyes upon me, and said, 'Be a good lad, Gilbert, and do every thing your father tells you;' and turning to father, said, 'Little Edmund is so pleased, and I'm sure you will take care of Gilbert.' It was not the words so much as the tender tone in which they were spoken that made my heart leap for joy, and I thought to myself of the hard work she had to go through, day after day, and how cheerfully she performed it, so that when father returned of an evening, all was clean and tidy, and a nice meal ready to sit down to. So fond was he of us children, that he would have us round him, and tell us little stories, and sometimes play the violin to amuse us, and Sambo, the dog, would dance, and occasionally howl, but indeed more in discord than in harmony with the music. Mine was a happy home!"

"Well," said the customer, "I know all about your home; but I want to hear how

you managed to get on so rapidly. You must have got in luck somehow."

"I don't believe in luck, but there are fortunate incidents in every man's life, and, as the poet has it, 'There is a tide in the affairs of men, which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;' so now, if you wish to know my history, I must cut a long story short by telling you that, under my father's instructions, I soon acquired a knowledge of my business; and though I was laughed at in my early career as an awkward boy, I watched those who were considered very clever, and esteemed by my master, and took them as an example to follow, and in quick time I rubbed off some of the 'home rust,' as the foreman used to call it.

"There was a Mechanics' Institution within a mile of my father's house, and when I was fifteen years old I became a member, and acquired as much knowledge as I possibly could in the limited hours permitted me.

"After remaining seven years with my first employer, I had an engagement in London, receiving thirty-six shillings a week wages, the half of which I saved, sometimes sending my mother a present, but generally putting some amount in the savings bank.

"Gas-fitting, to a man who has thoroughly learned his trade, is a mere mechanical business generally, but sometimes there is an opening for an ingenious mind to overcome a difficulty which may establish his reputation as a more enlightened workman than his fellows; and this happened to me. An immense building had been erected at an enormous outlay, iron tubing had been laid to every story for the gas to pass through; and in some instances, these tubes were curved, and it appeared almost an impossibility to devise any plan by which the pipes could be conveyed without defacing the walls. The contractor was at his wits' end, and he offered a reward of twenty pounds to any one who would accomplish the object.

"For many nights I thought the matter over. All manner of schemes passed through

my mind; but none were practical. At last, I had it. The scheme was so peculiar, that I dared not reveal it until the work was done. I took one of my mates into confidence, and asked the contractor to allow us three hours' trial, and to have the place to ourselves. This was readily granted.

"The scheme was accomplished to the satisfaction of the contractor; the twenty pounds was shared between my mate and myself, and I was at once appointed overseer at a good salary. After remaining two years in this occupation, and having saved a little money, I have become a sub-contractor, aided by the contractor for whom I devised the scheme."

"Bravo, my fine fellow!" said the customer.

"A good father has pleasure in his children, and a good mother reapeth the reward of her labors." I was down at Leighton the other day, and your poor widowed mother, with tears in her eyes, spoke so highly of her son in London, and the handsome allowance he made her, that I determined to see you; and, though I only introduced myself as a customer, I hope to be your friend, and, God be praised! your mother shall never want. I am her brother, and your uncle. I have been out to Canada for more than twenty years, and have just returned with money enough to settle down comfortably in old England. I find your father died twelve months ago. And the expense of bringing up a large family did not enable him to provide for his widow, so I have made arrangements for my sister to come and live in London with me."

This was joyful tidings for Gilbert, and uncle and nephew shook each other heartily by the hand. Calling loudly for Edmund, a boy about twelve years old made his appearance, and Gilbert said, "Uncle, this is the baby father kissed on the morning when I first went to the shop to be apprenticed, and when he has a little more schooling I mean to take him into my shop."

THE CHRISTIAN CHARACTER ILLUSTRATED IN A LOCOMOTIVE.

DID you ever think when you have been to the depot, and bought a ticket to the town, and the iron horse has come up puffing—and snorting, ready to take you away, what a beautiful illustration of perfectness of mechanism and wonderful strength and skill is found in the Locomotive, which will walk away with forty, fifty, or one hundred car loads of coal as easily as you would take and push a baby's carriage. Is it not a pretty picture to look at, as it stands on the track; every joint, bolt, screw and band, in its proper place, and throwing back its rays of the sun, like burnished gold. The engineer's cab is neat and clean. Did I say as it stands safely on the track? Yes. For let it come in contact with another locomotive, or go down an incline, it would be rushing to dreadful destruction.

So it is with us in every day life: so long as we remain on the track, (the narrow way), we are safe; a little child can lead us; but if

we get off the track into forbidden paths, we soon find ourselves going down hill; and if we are not watchful and prayerful, it will take all the brakes our parents, superintendent, and Sunday School Teacher, can put on to stop us in our downward career. Doubtless there has never been a Machine invented by which man has such a wide range of usefulness, when handled with proper skill and care, or is so productive of evil and disastrous results when used ignorantly and improperly, as the locomotive. What a grand illustration of the Christian Character we have here.

WM. STREET.

A SENSIBLE GIRL.—NO 12.



THE rain continued to so late an hour in the evening that the young people could not resume their journey till the following morning, and they remained at the Hotel. Preston had been in high glee all day, and his young wife had attributed it to the near meeting with his family at home; or else by contrast to her own depression of feeling; as she, while not afraid, as one might say, still had a sort of dread as to what might be the reception her husband's folks would give her. But neither of these was the real reason.

After tea, and they had returned to the little parlor, Preston said to his wife, "Bodie; it is only fair that you should be in some soft prepared to meet some of the people that we shall see at the party on the 26th, and at which I have told you my mother is so anxious that I shall be present. Here is one of them;" and he took from his coat pocket a photograph, and handed to her; the same mysterious packet, over which we have already seen him so laughingly excited at his rooms in the village whence he brought his bride.

"Why, Preston, this is the picture of my sister Flora. How came you by it? Have you been prying into my satchel? I will go and see?" And she started to go to their room, but Preston stopped her at the door.

"No, Bodie; that picture was given me by the young lady herself at my request, and she is the very young lady whom my mother is so anxious for me to see and find favor with."

A sudden recollection came to Mrs. Clark. "Why then you must be the"—. She suddenly checked herself. She remembered her mother's letter; the young gentleman prepared for the law, but too rich to practice; his absence from his home, at some watering place, as her mother supposed; her mother's extreme anxiety that Flora should make this "desirable catch." But she would not betray her family, though she came very near it. Preston importuned her to finish the sentence; but she would not. She sat still for a little while, looking at the picture, when she turned to her husband, who sat close to her, dropped her head on his shoulder and wept softly. He did not understand why she should weep, but his kind heart comprehended the need for relief to her feeling; and so he did not speak to her, but took her hand, passed his arm

gently around her, and held her till her emotion had passed. After a little while she looked up at him, smiled, and said: "Pardon me for so foolish an example of feeling, Preston. I am very glad that you showed me this picture. It would have been cruel in you to have let me go among the party guests and meet my mother and sisters there, without warning me. I can not now tell you why, and I may not ever tell you, unless it should become necessary. But now I am prepared."

"I do not know," answered her husband, anything why you should be distressed in meeting your mother and sisters unawares; but I thought it only fair that you should know who the young lady was that my mother is so anxious for me to marry, for this is certainly her desire. It might have been embarrassing to me to introduce my wife to that young lady in my mother's presence, unless you had first been made aware of the conditions; and I assure you, Bodie, my wife, that you need have no fear on my account, as there has nothing passed to compromise your sister, or myself in the matter. While at a reception at Mr. Selkirk's once, I playfully asked for one of your sister's pictures, of which a number lay on the table, and she readily gave me one, as she had already done to one or two others."

"Yes. I remember that was one of Flora's whims. She always had a number of her own and her friends' pictures on the table; and used to give them rather indiscriminately, I thought. Poor Flora."

"What sort of a man is Mr. Selkirk, my brother-in-law?" inquired Bodie, after she had ceased weeping, and had bathed her face and dried her eyes.

"He seems to a pretty clever sort of man; though some think him a little miserly. He certainly is a good lawyer and has considerable wealth."

"Did you ever hear any of the family speak of me," was Bodie's next question,—asked hesitatingly.

"No. I supposed that there were only the three, besides your mother, in the family; Mr. Selkirk's wife and her two sisters. Mother has visited your mother a great deal, and has been quite familiar in the family; but I have no recollection of her ever having named any member as being absent. I was somewhat startled when I learned that your name was Stratton; and would have had some difficulty in connecting you with the family, but for the history which George gave me of you at almost our first meeting, and the fact that there is some resemblance between you and Flora."

"Well. I wonder what my mother and sisters will say to me. I have not seen them since they left our native town, and we have not written to each other very frequently. Poor, dear mother. I shall be glad to see her again." And the love of home and its inmates, so long repressed by strong self-control, began to make busy scenes in the mind of this work-a-day young woman, removed from her family by a spirit of independence and self-reliance. She had bravely maintain-

ed herself; had won a good name in the circle where she had lived; had gained in self-respect and ability by her isolation, and was ready to go with her husband where work was to be done. But, she was sensible that for both her husband and herself, there was to be a revelation of the character of her mother and sisters to him, which she would have been glad to put off; but felt assured that it was best for both that it should be done. She trusted her husband fully; and had not a doubt but what he would treat her family as a good man should. But the humiliation of the discovery that a shallow disregard for labor, and a perverted fancy that he or she who labored as a servant in the family of another was disgraced, was painful to her; for she knew that Preston Clark would never have sought her and offered her marriage, if he had not shared in her royal contempt for idleness, and the false notions of society for those who thus toil. She mused long upon the position she was occupying. She who but a few weeks before was at work in the kitchen of a citizen for her weekly pittance of wages, after a youth and education of idleness and comparative ease; rudely wakened into self-exertion by misfortune and sorrow at the death of her father, whom she had loved with all the fervor of her nature; had found her effort at self-maintenance rewarded by the love of a noble young man of ample means to restore her to the position in society from which she had exiled herself. In company with her husband, who had married her without the approval, or even the knowledge of his family, she was going to meet his mother and brother, and her own mother and sisters, who were also ignorant of her well-being and change of prospect. To them she was "Bridget in the Kitchen," a "disgrace to the family," in a distant town, with a sister's taunt, "I don't want you to put in an appearance and disprove my statement." She sighed sadly as she thus mused.

Nor was Preston Clark's mind idle during the long silence in which these thoughts were forming in the memories of his wife. He was asking himself, What will my mother say to my wife? How will she receive her? He was not altogether satisfied, and half thought that it would have been better to have first informed her. But his was a peculiar temperament. He had dreaded the scenes of argument and entreaty, that he felt assured his mother would have subjected him to if he had asked her consent to marry a girl of all work. He was accustomed to act for himself; and when an emergency occurred, or he thought he had occasion, he acted promptly and independently. His love and reason both approved of the choice of Bodie Stratton as his wife; and as he had resolved to marry her, if she would accept his offer, he preferred to take her with him and fight the battle for approval with her by his side. His mother had sometime before that persuaded him to buy a lot in a new quarter of the city, not far from the business parts; but yet in pleasant nearness to the country side, and to build a residence there. This had been completed

some months before his visit to his friend George Chapell, and during his temporary absence from the village, he had managed to furnish it neatly and well; without exciting the suspicion of his mother. He has secured the services of a steady man and wife to occupy the house till he should need it; and by his own good judgment, aided by the woman's tact, he had the entire house pleasantly arranged. Whether to take Bodie directly to this home, or to his mother's first, was the puzzling question to him.

I AM NOT ASHAMED.

BY J. FRANK McDOWELL.

CHAP. VI.

SOMETHING more of that of which Paul was not ashamed was the true image of God manifested in the blessed person of Christ. Jesus is the great exemplar of the human family. No one following in his footsteps will be led into the commission of a single error. He has asked of no one, to do what he himself has not been willing to do also. Had he sent his ministry into the world, telling them they "must suffer many things for his name's sake," and he had not suffered before them, there might have been room for complaint; but he suffered much—"more than tongue can tell."

Every precept that he taught was exemplified in his life. His life was a grand blending of humility and high-mindedness; meekness and great dignity; noble manhood, and pure godhood; kindness and love for the sinner, and compassionate pity for the erring disciple.

The religion of Christ was higher than the Mosaic religion. The Mosaic said: "An eye for an eye." Jesus said: "Resist not evil; if a man smite thee on one cheek turn to him the other also." Thomas Paine said: "This makes a mere spaniel of a man." I do not think so. I'll tell you why: If it is wrong for a man to strike a man; a boy, another boy; a girl, another girl—is it not equally wrong for you to do the same? If you strike when they strike, is your example better than theirs? Is it not just as demeaning in you as in the other? Or because it may be me—does that make it better? But, says some one, haven't I a right to defend myself? Yes, but your defense in some respects is to do as Jesus said. You will not be able to make a person more easily ashamed of themselves, and their behavior, than by doing just what Jesus said. Never let it be said of you—"That boy was always fighting;" that girl was always quarreling." Maintain dignity of character. Never be guilty of endeavoring to undermine a person's character under the pretense that you don't want the Church injured. Every one that digs a ditch for his neighbor will fall into the same themselves. "For what measure ye mete to others,—shall be meted to you again." Read 2 Cor. 11:26-30. Acts 20:23. 2 Tim. 4:6-8. If called upon to endure all, or any such things—would we be willing? "The things that are

seen are temporal, the things that are not seen are eternal." We must leave all the things of earth and time, and if by good, pure, true and noble deeds and works we have laid nothing in store, what kind of a record shall we meet?

The doctrine of Christ enters into our very souls, our inmost thoughts; our profoundest secrets are thereby disclosed, criticized, and questioned. Paul said: "Love worketh no ill to his neighbor; therefore, love is the fulfilling of the law." Rom. 13 chap. 10 ver. No need of stone tables with the catalogue. No need to say: Thou shalt not kill; if you love your neighbor you will not kill him. No need to say: Thou shalt not lie. Thou shalt not steal. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor. For if we love our fellow-creatures, we'll not lie about them, bear false witness against them; we'll not take what is not our own; none of these things; "therefore, love is the fulfilling of the law."

John said: "He that saith he loveth God, and hateth his brother, is a liar." The reason of this is: "If he hateth his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God, whom he hath not seen?" "He that hateth his brother is a murderer." How? Why he will endeavor to kill his brother, spiritually, morally, religiously, in the estimation of other people. There are more ways of murdering, aside from taking physical life. Any one who endeavors to so kill his brother, virtually commits suicide, morally and religiously. For when it is discovered, that man is dead in the estimate of good minded people—he has committed moral and religious suicide. A man may claim purity of motive—but the thing will make itself manifest. The spirit of the gospel discovers the dross. Our neighbor is not only a person residing in the house next or near to us, but everybody; everyone to whom we can lend a helping hand, as is evinced by the man who fell among robbers, and was cared for by the "Good Samaritan."

Paul was not ashamed of Christ, because of the grandeur and greatness of the living principles of truth taught by Christ. Christ extends from heaven to earth. We may see him crowned with paradisiacal glory, and next, "wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger." We may see him as the Son of God, mid the heaven glory-clad seraphs, and then in earthly robes like unto man. We may see him hanging on the cross, smitten, pierced, and bleeding—by and by, Stephen says; "I see the heavens opened, and the Son of man standing at the right hand of God." What a blessed Savior is ours! He is not afar off, but nigh unto every one of us. How? Were we once babes? He was a babe. Were we once little children? He was a little prattling child. Were we boys? He was a boy. Are we men? He too, was a man. Have we been tried and tempted? So was he. Have we wept? "Jesus wept." Have we mourned on account of sins? He mourned for the worlds' sins. Have we prayed? He prayed. Has Satan tried and tempted us? He did so to Christ. Do we

love Jesus? He loves us. Do we lean upon him by faith? He asks us to do so. Do we plead for mercy? He pleads for us. Have we trodden a thorny path? He trod one of grief. Has our sky been overshadowed by darkest clouds? So was his, heaven's light obscured. Hear him say: "Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly at heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light." Sometimes it seems the reverse, but it may be, because we are trying to bear the burden alone. This we should not do, for Jesus is willing to help us, if we call upon him in prayer. I'll close this chapter with a little song, to the tune: "Waiting and Watching."

WELCOME US HOME.

How blessed and holy the truth of the Lord,
How cheering his promises are;
They comfort and cheer us while traveling on,
Toward those blest mansions so fair.
For Jesus will help us to keep his commands,
And keep us from evil and harm;
For Jesus is waiting with heavenly bands,
With angels to welcome us home.
CHORUS: To welcome, To welcome,
With angels to welcome us home.

O, Savior the blessed of all that we love,
How merciful are thy demands;
Thy precepts we cherish with feeling of love,
Observe all thy holy commands.
And thus, would we walk in the way that is good,
And follow the way of the Lord;
For Jesus is waiting with heavenly bands—
With angels to welcome us home.

O, friends will you go with us to that blest home,
And share in its glories so fair;
And walk on the streets that are paved with gold,
Be saved with the blest over there?
If this you would do—the Lord doth command,
His precepts you all must obey;
Then Jesus will stand at the heavenly gate
With angels, to welcome you there.

Well may we exclaim with Paul: "Of Christ, I am not ashamed."

THE FIRE THAT OLD NICK BUILT.

WE find in an exchange the following capital imitation of the "House that Jack Built," and wish that it might become a household favorite:

Intemperance—This is the fire that old Nick built.

Moderate drinking—This is the fuel that feeds the fire that old Nick built.

Rum selling—This is the ax that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that old Nick built.

Love of money—This is the stone that grinds the ax that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that old Nick built.

Public opinion—This is the sledge with its face of steel that batters the stone that grinds the ax that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that old Nick built.

A temperance meeting—This is one of the blows that we quietly deal to fashion the sledge with its face of steel that batters the stone that grinds the ax that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that old Nick built.

Temperance pledge—This is the smith that works with a will to give force to the blow that we quietly deal to fashion the sledge with its face of steel that batters the stone that grinds the ax that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that old Nick built.

Eternal truth—This is the spirit so gen-

tle and still that nerves the smith to work with a will to give force to the blows that we quietly deal to fashion the sledge with its face of steel that batters the stone that grinds the ax that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that old Nick built.

LIMIT YOUR WANTS.

LORD BOLINGBROKE, in his "Reflection upon Exile," says: "Our natural and real wants are confined to narrow bounds, while those which fancy and custom create are confined to none." Young men who are just entering upon life, and forming the habits which are likely to adhere to them to its close, will do well to treasure up in memory these true and instructive words of one of England's finest writers and most philosophic statesmen: "Our natural and real wants are confined to narrow bounds." It is surprising how little it is that is absolutely essential to man's existence, and, if he will take an intelligent and considerate view of life, to his comfort and happiness. Intellectual enjoyments are comparatively cheap. The cultivation of the mind, which affords the highest and the only enduring satisfaction, can be pursued on an income quite insignificant for the supply of luxuries. Our physical wants are very few, if we preserve our tastes simple, as they are by nature. To eat, to drink, to exercise, to sleep, to keep warm, and to be sheltered: a small sum will supply all necessities. The pleasures which are pure, and which tend to our improvement, are within the reach of almost everyone. But the wants which fancy and custom create, as Lord Bolingbroke well says, are confined to no bounds. It is against these that young men on the threshold of life should sedulously guard. Beware of luxurious and expensive habits. The gratification of them may cost you much of the labor and time which, if given to intellectual cultivation, would be far more conducive to happiness. It is easy to do without that which you have never indulged in. It is hard to leave off habits, however extravagant and absurd. When you are to decide about adopting a mode or style of living, consider well whether it is certain that, without inconvenience, you will be able always to preserve it. The only safe rule is, to keep your wants within narrow bounds.

ANOTHER help "to save the boy:" Give him early the benefit of Sabbath-school instruction, allowing the lessons a large place in your family talks. Then, too, give him to understand somewhat the value you place upon them, by interesting the whole house in their perusal and discussion. Because in searching the Scriptures we find eternal life. Another thought in this connection. Never, never, let him think he is too old, and too far advanced for these auxiliaries of the church.

THE SAINTS' HERALD.

The above publication is issued semi-monthly, at Lamoni, Decatur County, Iowa, 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.

Letters from the Hopes.

DEKALE, Ills., October 2d, 1881.

Dear Hopes: I am a stranger to most of you, but I feel very much interested in your welfare, and like to read your beautiful little paper. I should imagine by reading about you, that your name was legion, and I drop the paper, and think how many papa's and mamma's are happy to-night, with their little band of Hopes clustering around their knee, not one of them missing; how glad I am for their dear sake, that death has not entered their homes, to snatch away a loved one; but has passed them by for a little while.

It is not so with our little band; for our loved one has gone from our earthly sight, and we see him no more. The sweet little voice is hushed, and the little hands that once were so busy all day long, are folded and still, for their work is done. God gave this little Hope to us; but the grave has swallowed him up, and we are desolate. Ah, no; we are not desolate, for now we have a Hope in Heaven; "For of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Dear little children, do you ever think what a mighty band of little children will come again when our Savior comes; what a countless multitude of children, all saved by the blood of Jesus, which was shed for all, that whatsoever believed on him, and do his will, should have everlasting life. Watch and pray, little children, lest ye be overcome. I sign myself
AUNTY W.

CHELLENHAM, St. LOUIS Co., Mo.,
October 1st, 1881.

Bro. Joseph and Hopes: Only seeing one verse in the HOPE and ADVOCATE of the poetry entitled "Perseverance," I forward enclosed the whole, which I hope you will publish; also "Toward Emmaus." During one year I noticed one peice, either selected or original, I had the pleasure of sending to the HOPE. I have read "Sensible Girl" and "I am not ashamed," with interest and prophet. God is remembering us as a branch in Cheltenham. Bro. Reese baptized three this week. We want some more officers. We have a nice Sabbath School. Last Sabbath I counted over twenty-five. Bro. Thomas is superintendent; May Thomas is leader of singing; Sister Davis is organist. I love the "Hopes," and their paper, I am ten years in the work, and without an office in the Church, but not without a testimony, nor without a talent. Pray for me that I may be firm and faithful, and I will help the HERALD and HOPE all that is in my power. God bless its writers.
WILLIAM STREET.

BLOOMING PRAIRIE, Iowa,
November 5th, 1881.

Dear Hopes: We are expecting Bro. Chatburn and Bro. Salisbury to visit us, and preach. The wet weather has damaged lots of hay; it will be hard for the cattle; some of the crops are damaged, also. I am eight years old. I am going to be baptized as soon as some Elder comes. I am not well and hope you will pray for me, that I may get well. We have prayer meeting every Sunday; I love to go to prayer meeting. I hope you all love to go to meeting, and keep the Sabbath day—it is a day to worship God.
Yours with love,
JOSEPH CARLSON.

DEER LODGE VALLEY, Mont,
October 23d, 1881.

Dear Hopes: This being the first time I have ever written to our interesting little paper, I don't know as I will interest you much. I have taken the HOPE nearly a year, and now I don't think I could get a long with out it. I have heard Bro. Brand and Bro. Blair preach, and I liked them ever so much: I and my sister Sarah were baptized September 9th, 1881, by Bro. W. W. Blair, and now we are trying to live as we should, and be good Christians.
Your sister in Christ,
EMMA ELVIRA EVANS.

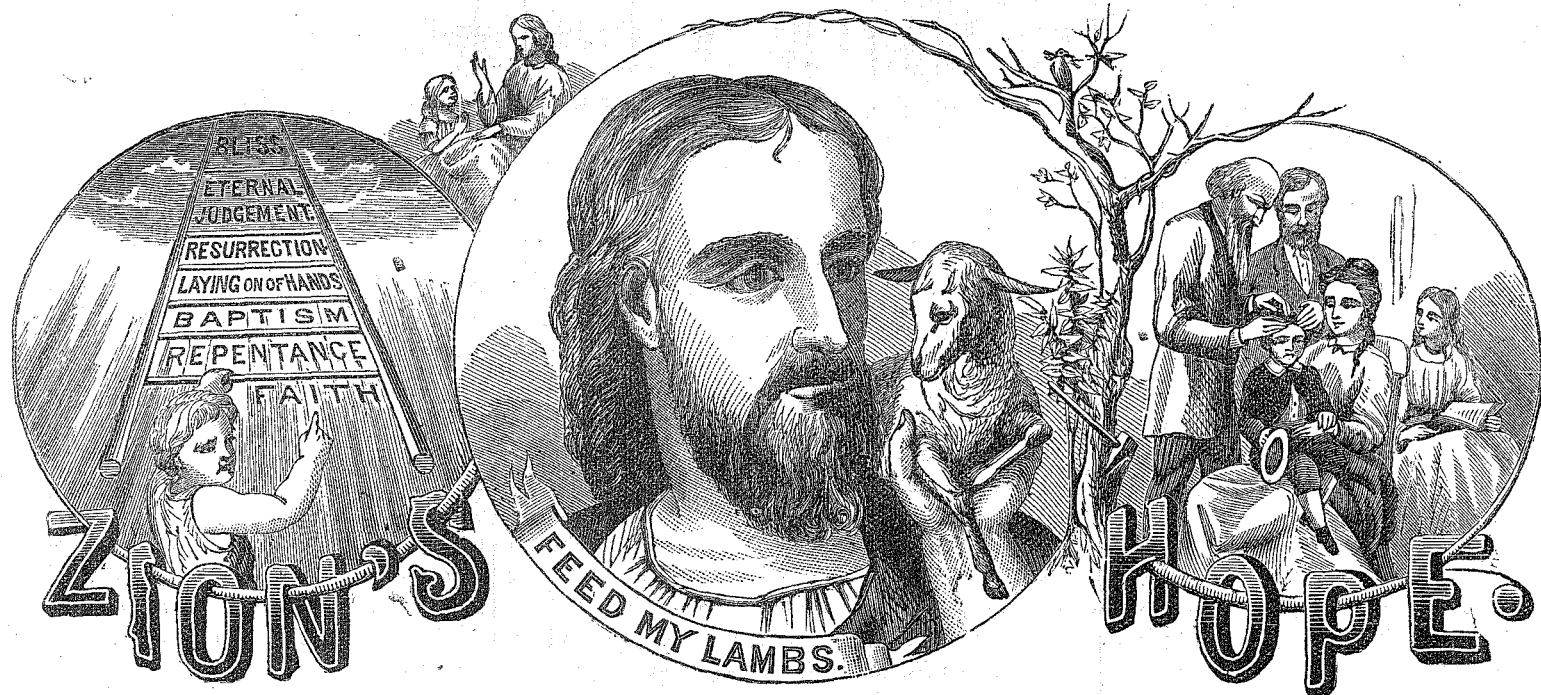
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A blue mark opposite this notice denotes that the time of the subscriber whose paper is thus marked is out with this issue.

ZION'S HOPE is published semi-monthly by the Board of Publication of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, at Lamoni, Decatur County, Iowa, and is edited by Joseph Smith. 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, Lamoni, Decatur County, Iowa. Money may be sent by Draft on Chicago; Post Office Order on Leon, Iowa; or by Registered Letter to Lamoni, Iowa.

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.

UNDER THE SNOW.

IN TWO PARTS.

"**SOME** boys, time to do the chores, four o'clock."

Two boys, Harry and Ted Norton, rose obediently to their father's command, and clothing themselves warmly, took their way to the stables.

"Say Harry," said Ted, the older of the two, "I'm tired of this; nothing but digging in the snow, day in and day out, living in a poky little house, wearing patched clothes, and having no one to play with but ourselves. I say I'm tired of it!"

"Well;" said Harry, poising a fork full of hay in the air; "What are you going to do about it?"

"Do; I'll tell you; let's go to town, hire out to some one till we get enough money, then jump on the train and go as far as we can."

"But," said Harry, doubtfully, "What will father do?"

"Oh, he can do everything there is to do, well enough; and may be we'll turn up some day as clerk in some big store."

"Yes; may be!"

Ted was confident of success, but failed to impress his brother with the same enthusiasm.

"You're not a bit brave, Harry; but I want to be somebody in the world besides a dull farmer, and I intend to go." And Ted shut the stable door with a decided bang.

"Of course I'll go, Ted; but I'm not over anxious about it."

So saying, they buttoned their overcoats closer, and started across the snowy plain, in the direction of the nearest town. Ted built grand castles in the air, as they trudged along, while his more practical brother kept his eyes upon the snow. Presently he grasped Ted's arm, and pointed ominously toward the ground. The wind was raising, and fine dust-like snow was seen sifting along over the prairie. Looking back, these runaways beheld their home—a little black speck in the world of snow.

"Oh, Ted, there's going to be a blizzard, lets go back," pleaded Harry, much alarmed.

"I guess it is a little cold," admitted Ted, as the wind whirled the snow almost in their faces. "Come, then, we started rather late this time; but to-morrow"—

"If we get back home again, I'll never leave father and mother."

Harry had told the truth. The fine sifting snow foretold one of those terrible northern prairie storms, known there as Blizzards.

"We'll get home safe enough, just keep up, Harry," said Ted, trying to speak courageously.

The wind was blowing more fiercely, and the blinding storm was upon them. Higher and fiercer rose the wind, sweeping over the open prairie, hurling the snow in all directions. The boys staggered along, not knowing which way they were going, for it was impossible to see two yards ahead.

"Don't cry, Harry," said Ted, gasping for breath, and trying hard to restrain his own tears; "but take hold of my hand."

"I can't see you; oh, Ted!"

And with a despairing cry, he plunged forward; but Ted caught him, holding him with as firm a hand as possible, for he was becoming numb with cold. Alone on the prairie in a blizzard! Stronger hearts than theirs have quailed at the bare thought of being out in such a storm.

Still these boys, with death staring them in the face, struggled bravely on. Not even the sound of each other's voices could they hear, for the roaring wind. At last, weary and benumbed, with night fast closing around them, and almost overcome with the fatal drowsiness, they fell forward, striking against something hard as they fell.

"A snow-bank, Harry," shouted Ted, at the same time giving him a hearty shake to rouse him, and putting his face close down to his brother's, shouted again at the top of his voice. "A snow-bank! Let's dig!"

Slowly Harry's benumbed sense grasped the meaning. Their hearts began to beat

more hopefully, and they began to work for the merest chance of saving their lives. The wind dashed the snow around them with blinding force; but they struggled bravely, and with their thick mittens on, they made rapid progress after the hard crust was broken. They soon had an excavation made large enough to afford a partial shelter for both.

"At least we can hear each other talk," said Ted; "and I've heard of people being kept alive for sometime in a snow-bank, and perhaps the wind will go down soon."

"Oh, if we only were as safe as our cattle," moaned Harry!

"You are always looking on the dark side; and we are a heap better off for finding this snow-bank."

"Better for both of us if you looked on the dark side mor'n you do," said Harry.

Here the wind hurled the snow fiercely and directly into their retreat.

"We must dig and stop the hole, Harry; and suiting the action to the word, they fell to work again, manfully.

"I wonder where we are," said Harry, resting awhile.

"In a snow-bank," replied Ted, laconically.

"Let's holler, Ted."

"And spend our breath for nothing."

"May be some one will hear, and I feel so awful bad, said Harry, his voice growing fainter.

Ted looked at his brother anxiously, but could scarcely distinguish his features in the darkness. Could it be he would die, after they were in comparative safety! The thought made him shudder. He well knew it was all his fault; and thoughts of his father and mother, of the comfortable home, and how they would all feel, if, when the snow went off, they should find their dead bodies, flitted through his mind; and becoming almost frantic, he placed his head through the almost closed aperture, and shouted at the top of his voice. But the wind only hurled back the sound. Again they both shouted

together, and both imagined they heard the bark of a dog. Again and again they tried it, and each time with the same effect. Was it really the bark of a dog, or was it the treacherous wind? The boys grasped each other by the hand, and gathering courage by the pressure, they shouted again and again.

MYRTLE GREY.

PRIEST, PASTOR, AND PEOPLE.

THE Apostle James says that pure and undefiled religion is to visit the widows and the fatherless in their afflictions, and to keep yourself unspotted from the vices of the world. Jesus chose Twelve Apostles, who should learn his mind,—witness his miracles,—and co-operate with him in his work. To these he promised his Spirit, after his ascension, to qualify them for organizing christian churches, and publishing his gospel in its authoritative truth and in its redeeming mercy. The conditions of apostleship were: (1) A sight of Christ after his resurrection; (2) a special call to it by Christ himself; (3) infallible inspiration; (4) miraculous power to convince men of their authority, which God gave them. Their churches were to be models; but their doctrines standards. They did not assume any dominion over the consciences of men; but the gifts of discerning of spirits guided them in the infliction of judgment on those who willfully violated the Divine appointments, for the churches and its welfare.

The case of Ananias and Sapphira was the first and severest example of their power, and its effect upon the people was good. We see their humility, as also their unity, and priesthood of the whole church in their soliciting the prayers of their converts. Priesthood is ancient, from the earliest church on record: it is Aaronic: it is Levitical: it is Melchisedec. Apostleship is christian: they are both united through Christ. Elders are pastors to their flock: the apostles were to have a wider commission, to reveal the truth, and to enact laws. They left inspired writings in care of the holy people and communities,—communities which they formed. The preparatory teaching of the law and the prophets, with the clearer lessons of Jesus himself, reached their fulness in the sermons and letters of the apostles. They never taught in parables—pictures give place to principles. The atonement had been made; the Spirit of truth, the Comforter had come; therefore all typical teachings had ceased. Patriarchs, Prophets and Apostles, all bend to Christ, which is our duty toward him.

Our Divine Lord said: "I am the way;" I am the Shepherd; I know my sheep,—they know me. So does every pastor know his flock. It is the duty of the pastor to know the poor of his flock; he will find the rich himself. But the work of the pastor lies amongst the poor and the humble. "The poor ye always have with you, is the injunction of the Savior. The brightest hours of a pastor's life is amongst the poor, the humble, the sick room, the out cast, the prison, the

hospital, &c. There is more humility amongst the poor, than amongst the rich. Temptations are greater,—they surround them on every hand; in the shop windows, in the streets, &c. Generally there is more love of God amongst the poor than any other class. The prophet, Joseph Smith, offered his life for his flock, in time of peril; in times of pestilence; in times of danger; in times of famine; he ministered to his flock in spiritual things; he attended to their wants; he went to the sick chamber, and in the name of his beloved Savior, and by the power invested in him, he bid the patient to rise and walk. Every Elder is a minister of Christ—he is the counselor of his flock; he opens and preaches to them the gospel of the kingdom; he carries the priesthood with him, an ambassador for Christ,—one sent to preach, to teach, to exhort, and to instruct in all the things pertaining to their spiritual welfare.

I'll make your great commission known,
And ye shall prove my gospel true,
By all the wonders I have done,
By all the wonders ye shall do.

Teach all the nations my commands.
I'm with you till the world shall stand;
All power is trusted to my hands,
I can destroy, and I defend.

Savior, like a shepherd leads us,
Much we need thy tender care;
In thy happy churches feed us,
And till death; O, keep us there.
Blessed Jesus,
We now give ourselves to thee.

WM. STREET.

THE SAILOR BOY'S FAITH.

STORMS may descend, lightnings may flash, thunders may roar, flames may devour, earthquakes may paralyze, combined elements of wrath may threateningly environ; but he who is enfolded in the everlasting arms, he who pillows his head on the great heart of the universe, he who trusts the unfulfilling promise, *is safe*,—safe from the terror by night, safe from the pestilence by day, safe from the tempest of storm, and the hoarse thunder of the "down coming seas."

A furious tempest struck an English vessel in the midst of the Atlantic ocean. The waters were piled up in huge sea-swells, mountains high. The sails were torn in shreds. Hour by hour the vessel, trembling and groaning in every timber, struggled against the sea and tempest. Huge billows of the sea, white-crested and angry, swept over the vessel's deck. Mad lightnings flashed fast and thick from dark storm-cloud to white billow. Man was powerless, amid the fierce struggles of the giant elements. Every precaution had failed, and no effort of man could save. Hope was at an end in every breast save one. The captain gave this intelligence:

"The ship is on her beam ends! She will never right again! Death is certain!"

"Not at all, sir! Not at all, sir!" exclaimed a little sailor boy. "God will save us yet!"

"Why do you think so?" said the captain.

"Because, sir, at this moment they are praying under the Bethel flag, in the city of Glasgow, for all sailors in distress; and we are among the number; and God will hear their prayers; *see if he don't.*"

Tears ran hot and fast down the captain's bronzed face, as he answered with emotion, "God grant their prayers may be heard in our behalf, my little preacher!"

At that moment a great wave struck the ship and righted her. And who dare say that the power of him who calmed the angry tempest of wind and wave on Judea's lake, Gennesaret, did not direct the course and control the results of that wave? In due time the vessel landed her passengers and cargo in safety in New York harbor.

Human life is a sea voyage. Storms of temptation will rage furiously, and great angry sea-swells of trial will toss our frail bark. But if in the life-storms we have the sailor boy's faith in the sailor boy's God, a great wave of salvation will pick us up, right our stranded bark, and carry us safely into the harbor of the eternal port.

A SENSIBLE GIRL.—No. 13.

THE night closed in dark and blustering; the wind blew fitfully, with now and then a dash of rain; but the young couple went to bed sober with their respective thoughts; and each one busy trying to pluck certainty out of the future. But they were young, and youth worries not at great length over temporary troubles, so sleep brought rest, and the morning sun shone brightly into their chamber windows, when Preston woke. He rose, dressed quietly, and looked out of the window;—not a cloud remained. The morning was fair and clear. As he turned from the window, he saw his wife awake, and looking steadily at him.

"Preston; come here and let me tell you my dream." He came, sat down on the edge of the bed, and taking her offered hand, listened with mock gravity. "Well, Mrs. Clark."

"Call me Bodie, if you please, Preston, when we are by ourselves. Mrs. Clark, is too formal," interrupted she.

"Well, Bodie, let me hear your dream."

"In my dream I saw a neat cottage on the brow of a gentle hill, facing a little river. There seemed to be about four acres, and some of the forest trees were still standing in the grounds. The house was back from the street nearly, but not quite half way from the front. The house was new, or newly painted, and had a circular drive-way graveled, leading from the front double gate to the portico, which ran the whole length of the house, facing south. I don't know how I got into the house, for in dreams, you know, we sometimes note places and changes of places without remembering how the changes are made; but I was in the house. I can not describe all the furniture, nor all the rooms; but it was very tastily furnished; one room, I remember that opened off from the hall to the left; and in it was the chairs, table, reading lamp and work box and basket that I have in my room at home, or some so nearly like them that one could hardly tell the difference. I did not wonder in my dream how they got there, all seemed so natural. Adjoining this room, on

the west was a bed room, into the open door of which I could look and see that it was very nicely furnished; richer than any I was ever in, but as I did not go into it, I could not describe it. In the sitting room I saw two new rocking chairs; one large easy one, and the other smaller, but quite easy. I sat down in this one, and looked all round the room; noted the pictures on the wall, the cozy bureau and the glass upon it, a neat flower stand in the window, and a cage, with a canary bird in it, hanging in another window; and how he did sing—he whistled so sharply that it waked me up."

"Were you happy in your dream?" queried Preston, as he looked with a quizzical expression at his wife, on whose face was a glow of pleasure and health.

"Yes. At least I seemed to be."

"Well, Bodie, it is a pleasant thing to be happy—even in a dream." And laughing softly, he went out to see after his team, leaving his wife to dress and get ready for the breakfast.

The breakfast over, Preston settled his bill, and at a little after seven they were on the way. This was to be their last day's drive, as they would reach the city in mid afternoon. They lunched by the river side, which stream Preston informed his wife was the one running through a part of the city where he lived. The young folks preferred lunching, to a formal dinner at a hotel, and so made the necessary preparation before hand.

Two hours after starting from their lunching place, they were driving rapidly along not far from the river side, when they came to the outskirts of the town; the houses grew thicker, and more tasteful and city like, the country road gave place to the street, with its graded center and pavement, or plank walk. They were just rounding a curve in the road when Bodie, with a pleased voice said, "Preston, there is the house I saw in my dream."

"Sure enough," was her husband's reply. "It looks like it. I have a curiosity to see who lives there," and he stopped the rapid pace of his team, and just opposite the gate drew them to stand still, close to the walk. "Here Bodie, hold the reins a minute. You need not be afraid. The horses will be glad of a moment's rest."

"What are you going to do, Preston? Surely, you are not going to disturb strangers, just because of a silly dream?"

"Who knows but what I may want to buy this very house, when we want to settle down, Bodie. And what harm will it do to find out who owns it, or lives in it." And he sprang out, dropping the reins into her hands, and was through the gate and part way up the walk before she could remonstrate farther. While he was going up the walk, the bewildered young woman was examining the place and its surroundings. The little river ran at the foot of the hill just as she saw it in her dream; the carriage road, the forest trees in the yard, the house located back from the street and facing the south, all looked as if she had seen them before. She had little

time for much thought about it, for Preston returned, and tying his horses, told Bodie that if she would oblige him so far, he wished that she would light, come in and examine the house; that they were in no hurry to get home, as it was only a little way and would take but a few moments. Bodie was inclined to refuse; but he looked so anxious, that she rose, and being helped to alight, went with him up the walk. They were met at the door by a pleasant mannered woman, who greeted them cheerfully, and whom Preston introduced as Mrs. James.

As soon as they were fairly in the house, Bodie's courage nearly deserted her. Here was the front room, the hall and the sitting room; into which Mrs. James showed her; and as she sank trembling into an easy chair she saw the table, work-box and basket, which she supposed that she had left in the distant villiage with Mrs. Britton. Mrs. James bowed and said "Excuse me a moment, Mrs. Clark," and left the young people alone.

"What does this mean, Preston? Am I still dreaming? or what have you been at to cheat me so?"

"Forgive me, Bodie. I wanted to surprise you. This is our home. I had Mrs. Britton to send your chairs, table, work box and basket; and in the bed room there you will find your trunk. I will go and put the horses away." He left her sitting there, her hands resting on her lap, on her lips a smile, but in her eyes a tear; the color coming and going, as she wavered between laughter and tears. She was glad to be left alone; she had so much to think about now.

THREE GOOD LESSONS.

WHEN I was eleven years old (said Mr. S., an eminent American merchant), my grandfather had a fine flock of sheep, which were carefully tended during the war of those times. I was the shepherd boy, and my business was to watch the sheep in the fields. A boy who was more fond of his book than the sheep was sent with me, but left the work to me, while he lay under the trees and read. I did not like that, and finally went to my grandfather and complained of it. I shall never forget the kind smile of the old gentleman as he said:

"Never mind, Jonathan, my boy, if you watch the sheep you will have the sheep."

"What does grandfather mean by that?" I said to myself. "I don't expect to have sheep." My desires were moderate. I could not exactly make out in my mind what it was, but he had been to Congress in Washington's time; so I concluded it was all right, and I went back contentedly to the sheep.

After I got into the field I could not keep his words out of my head. Then I thought of Sunday's lesson: "Thou hast been faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things." I began to see through it. "Never you mind who neglects his duty, be you faithful and you will have your reward."

I received a second lesson soon after I came

to New York as a clerk to the late Mr. R. A merchant from Ohio, who knew me, came to buy goods, and said: "Make yourself so useful that they can not do without you." I took his meaning quicker than I did that of my grandfather. Well, I worked upon these two ideas until Mr. R. offered me a partnership in the business. The first morning after the partnership was made known, Mr. G., the old tea merchant, called to congratulate me, and he said: "You are all right now. I have only one word of advice to give you. Be careful whom you walk the streets with." That was lesson number three.

And what valuable lessons they are! Fidelity in all things: do your best for your employers; carefulness about your associates. Let every boy take these lessons home and study them well. They are the foundation stones of character and honorable success.

GRANDFATHER'S TALK ABOUT WAR.

GRANDFATHER," said Benny, a thoughtful lad of twelve, just dismissed from a class conducted by a live teacher in a First-day school, "tell me this, is war ever right, or is it always wrong?"

"Well, my child, men differ about that."

"Yes, I know they do, but what does thee think? Give me one of thy evening talks on this subject, and then I shall know better how to answer my teacher."

Grandfather laid down his book, lifted up his spectacles, and began:

"When I see brothers and sisters quarreling and endeavoring to settle their disputes by scratching out each other's eyes, I always regard the scene disgraceful, and the family in which it occurs ill-bred, and I am not able to see such conduct less shameful in a large family than a small one. Now we all belong to the great family of man, the children of one Father, God. If the dispositions which lead to war are unchristian and unholy, they are not different whether animating the minds of ten thousand armed warriors or the heart of an angry boy on the playground. Men have misnamed things; they have garnished this wickedness with glittering trappings by which the unthinking are diverted from the discovery of the real nature of war. The great American statesman, Charles Sumner, said, 'In our age there can be no peace that is not honorable, and no war that is not dishonorable.' Mark his words: 'In our age.' A thousand years ago it might have been otherwise, but now we are an enlightened people, and professedly a Christian nation. It seems to me the very business of Christianity to forbid those dispositions by which wars alone can come. In their very natures war and Christianity are antipodes. The one is hatred, the other love; the one is selfishness, the other benevolence; the one is licentiousness, the other restraint. In short, whatever war is, Christianity is not.

The early Christians understood it so. For two hundred years after the advent of our Savior there was no such thing known as a Christian warrior. A fighting Christian

would have been considered a contradiction of terms. When warriors became Christians they abandoned their carnal weapons. Marcellus, a Roman general, threw down his belt at the head of his army, declaring that he had become a Christian and could serve no longer. For this he was put to death. Cassian, who was notary in the same army, gave up his office. He held the same views as Marcellus, and, like him, was consigned to the executioner. Martin was bred to the profession of arms, which, on his acceptance of Christianity, he abandoned. When Julian was on trial for apostasy, the only cause he gave for his conduct was 'I am a Christian, and, therefore, I can not fight.' Lactantius, an early Christian, wrote, 'It can never be lawful for a righteous man to go to war.' So Benny, I think if Christianity is right, war is wrong."

Benny looked earnest and said, "Always?"


"Yes, always."

"Why, grandfather, we had to fight the rebels."

"If we had spent half the treasure in money, brain, and heart, for peace and truth, that we did for war, we would have had a grander victory still, and thousands of homes might be happy that are now desolate."

"That will do, grandfather, I can write my answer now."

SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

HE original object of Sunday Schools was to furnish instruction to children who had no other opportunity of obtaining it. The course included, first, some knowledge of the elements of secular education, and afterwards instruction in scriptural truths. At present Sunday Schools have widened their sphere, embracing children of all classes, who in some instances derive their entire religious education through this channel.

There is no danger that the Sunday School will do too much for children, but there is a serious danger that parents will do too little. The commandment of God to his ancient people was:—"Hear, O Israel; the Lord our God is one Lord: and thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might. And these words which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart: and *thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children*, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up."—Deut. vi. 4-7.

In this way the Jewish people perpetuated among their descendants the knowledge of the true God. They were not allowed to delegate this duty to others. Parents were commanded to keep the words of God in their own hearts, and then they were diligently to teach them to their children. This was not to be the employment of a single hour in the week, but it was to be day after day, and from year to year; rising up and sitting down, they were to rehearse and impress these words upon the tender minds of their offspring.

Doing this, they first of all kept God's words in their own minds, and then conveyed them to the minds of their children.

It was under such instruction as this, that Timothy from a child knew the Holy Scriptures; it was this instruction that made the Word of God familiar to Israel of old throughout their generation.

No stranger can well accomplish such a service as this. No minister, no teacher can take a parent's place. They lack the opportunity and they lack the authority which God has bestowed upon the parent. What right have parents to neglect this department of their appointed work, and instead of studying, and teaching their own children the Word of God, depend on sending them away once a week to be taught for half an hour by some inexperienced and often unconverted Sunday School teacher, the things which they ought to learn from a father's lips or beside a mother's knee?

It may be said that parents do not and will not teach their children, and so the work must be done in Sunday School; and this may be true. Let it then also be said that their neglect is a sin, and deserves earnest reproof from every servant of God.

We would undervalue no education that accomplishes good for humanity; but if it be found that an hour of instruction once a week in the Sunday School, too often from an incompetent teacher, is to be substituted for the teaching of a godly father or the tender utterances of a loving mother's voice; both children and parents will lose largely by the exchange.

Parents should comprehend their responsibility to their offspring, and while children of irreligious parents may well be taught so far as practicable in the Sunday School; and while other children may be greatly benefitted thereby; yet the daily teaching of the Word of God, beneath a loving father and mother's care, can not with safety be laid aside for any other method which men, among their many inventions, have sought out.

Letters from the Hopes.

DENVER, Colo., 20th Nov., 1881.

Dear Hopes: As it is too cold and snowy to go to Church, I thought I would write a few lines to the HOPE. I have been to Sunday School this afternoon, I mean the Methodist, as we have no school of our own, nor yet any church at present. Two brothers, Henry and James Kemp, were here to see us and they stayed all night with us; we also had a sister Talbot come to see us from Brighton, Colorado. We had quite a nice time. Dear Hopes, I would like to see all your faces in the flesh. I hope you will pray for me, and I will for you

Yours in gospel bonds,

ELIZA J. STREET.

SUMMER HILL, Neb., 22d Nov., 1881.

Dear Hopes: It is with joy I write to you. We have just been to meeting, and we had a splendid one, it was a testimony meeting. O how I wish the time to come when we shall go home to Zion. I wish there were more letters in our little paper. I am so glad when the HOPE comes. I have not seen anything in the HOPE or HERALD about Bro. George Hat's death; he died the 29th day of July, 1881. I remain as ever,

Your sister in Christ,

FLORA J. CURTIS.

SUMMER HILL, Douglass Co., Neb.,

Dear Hopes: I am a little girl, nine years old. I go to school when I can. I have had a sore foot now for a week, and I could not go. I have not been baptized yet, but hope to be soon. Pray for me that I may be one of your number soon.

Your little friend,

CHRISTIANA CURTIS.

I am not old enough to be baptized yet; but when I am I will be. I was going to school, but it has been storming so I stayed home.

OLIVE CURTIS.

Editorial Chat.

The Officers of the Latter Day Saints' Sabbath School at Crescent City, Iowa, for the ensuing six months, are as follows: H. N. Hansen, superintendent; S. V. Pratt, assistant; S. Harding, secretary; Leoria Pratt, treasurer; John Adams, librarian; James Lapworth, janitor. They have on hand \$11, and have subscribed for fifteen copies of the HOPE.

A historical prize enigma will appear in the HOPE of 15th December.

The first prize is one year's subscription to the *Herald*, or the History of Joseph the Prophet. It is the gift of Alice Adelaide Armstrong.

The second prize is a large chromo,—a scene in Hyde Park, Illinois,—General Grant and staff in a barouche. It is the gift of Schomberger's Wagon Co., St. Louis Fair.

The third prize is one year subscription to the *Zion's Hope*, the gift of Bro. Street.

The fourth prize is a steel engraving of the Three Graces, Faith, Hope and Charity.

The fifth prize is a portrait of James A. Garfield and wife.

Six weeks will be given for the solution of the enigma, and the rules that governed the other prizes will be the same in this.

SUNDAY SCHOOL REPORT.

Quarterly report of the Buffalo Prairie Sunday School for the three months ending September 25th, 1881: Number of scholars enrolled at beginning of quarter 35; number of scholars enrolled now 20; number of sessions held, 12; total attendance, 306; average attendance, 25; number of verses recited, 648; number of teachers' meetings held, 6. J. F. Adams, secretary.

Amount of collections \$1.47; donation \$1.38; total \$2.85; paid for *Hopes*, .75; for gospel hymns, \$1.85; for class books, .25; total \$2.85. E. C. Crittenden, treasurer.

Begin every day with prayer. It is the golden key that unlocks heaven to pour down blessings on you. End every day with prayer. It is the same golden key that locks you up under heaven's protection.

FOR RECITATION.

LITTLE THINGS.

Little masteries achieved,
Little wants with care relieved,
Little words in love expressed,
Little wrongs at once confessed,
Little graces meekly worn,
Little sighs with patience borne;
These are treasures that shall rise
Far above the shining skies.

FOR A LITTLE GIRL.

Kind friend, don't think that I'm too small
To stand up here before you all,
And fill a place like this;
But bear in mind that I will grow
To be a woman large, and so—
I'll throw you all a kiss.

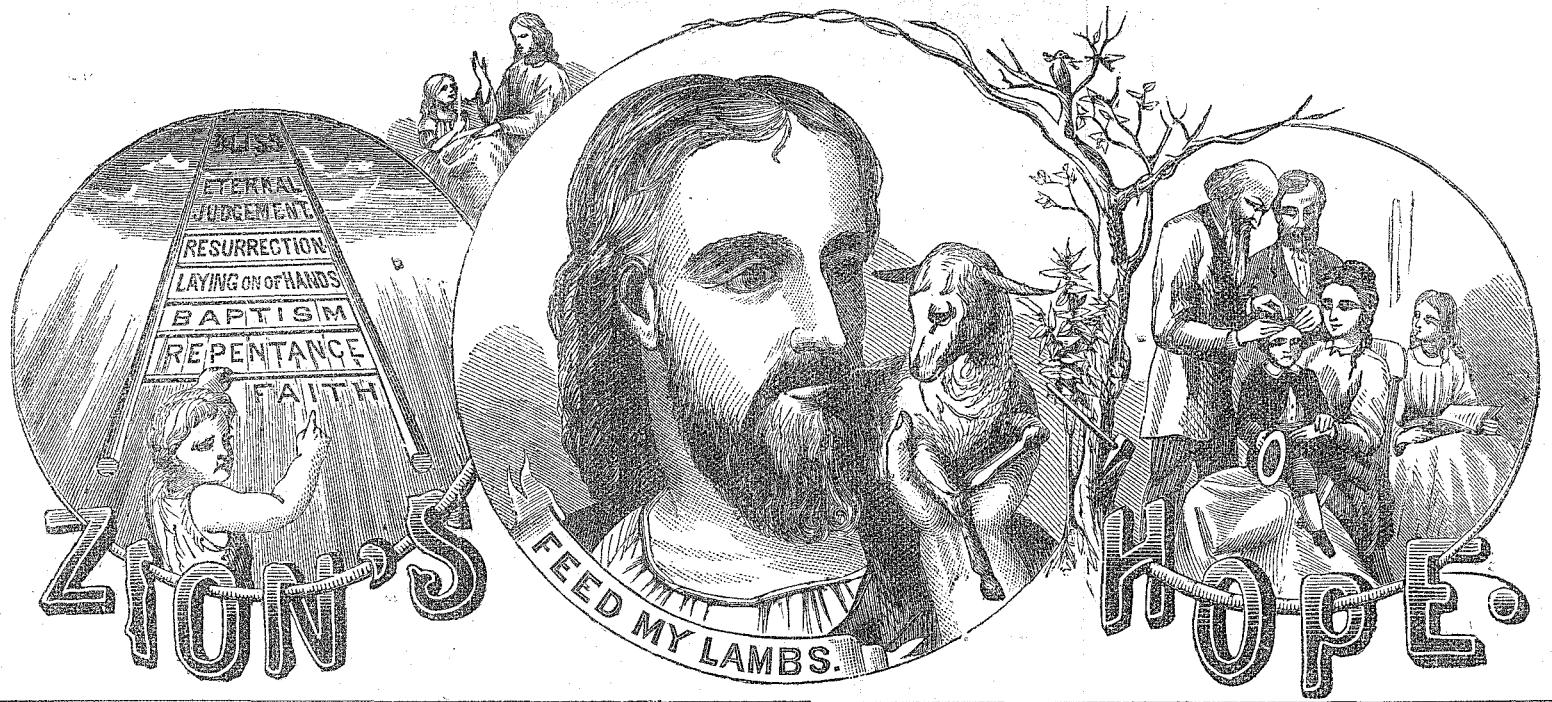
THE SAINTS' HERALD.

The above publication is issued semi-monthly, at Lamoni, Decatur County, Iowa, 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.

Zion's Hope is published semi-monthly by the Board of Publication of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, at Lamoni, Decatur County, Iowa, and is edited by Joseph Smith. 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, Lamoni, Decatur County, Iowa. Money may be sent by Draft on Chicago; Post Office Order on Leon, Iowa; or by Registered Letter to Lamoni, Iowa.

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.

OUR CHRISTMAS GREETING.

Fair was the night; the heavenly host
To Judah's fields descended—
Where shepherds, faithful at their posts,
Their sleeping flocks defended—
And brought the joyful news to earth,
Love's strangest, sweetest story,
How he had stooped to mortal birth,
The Lord of life and glory.

"Glory to God," their song began,
No wonder thus they and it,
"Peace, peace on earth, good-will to man,"
Can mercy e'er transcend it?
So good the news, so great the joy,
The angels had to bring it;
Then let us heart and voice employ,
This Christmas-day to sing it.

The shepherds to the city sped
To seek the heavenly stranger;
They found him by the lustre shed
Around the lowly manger.
They worshipped him and went their way,
The wondrous tale repeating,
The very same we tell to-day,
In this our Christmas greeting.

Morning Light.

MAPLEWOOD MANOR.

BY PERLA WILD.

PROLOGUE *



MAPLEWOOD Manor was a grand old place. Natural beauty and grandeur combined with cultivated design and artistic taste rendered the home of the Russell's all its title might imply—good enough for a King, and in reality the country seat of an English gentleman of culture and refinement, situate in one of the western states bordering on the Mississippi. A park of forest maples, a lawn with rows of silver leaf trees, orchard, meadow and acre added to acre of grain field; comprising highland, and lowland, hill and dale; and a spacious dwelling, half castle, half cottage, with gables, terraces, and arabesques,—porticos, bay windows and oriels,—doric column, pilaster and architrave.

John Russell,—“Lord John Russell, of Maplewood Manor,” as his wife when a bride had declared,—was a staid, genuine English-

* What is the meaning of the term?

man; while she was a thorough American. The union was a happy one, however, and now after nearly thirty years, the place was still known far and near as Maplewood Manor, though the master and mistress were growing old and silver-haired with the toils and trials of earth life.

There had been a son—the first born—the hope and pride of his fond father, till he was twenty-one. His first act on coming of age, was to disgrace himself, and then after being cast off by his stern father he drifted away, sailed for Europe, the vessel was lost, and John Russell bowed his head in anguish such as only strong men can endure in silence.

The mother grieved as only mothers can, and essayed to solace her aching heart in the society of her fair daughters. There were three: Victoria, Louisa, and Addie. And chance brought them another boy—a foundling—whom they adopted as their own;—a wayward, rollicking boy, such as one can see on any fine day in this age of fast boys and ‘smart’ girls. He was a trial, and yet a noisy inspiring joy and comfort. A particular source of annoyance to John Russell with his precision and strict ideas of propriety. Yet one could but love the sunny-faced, blue-eyed little lad, with his winning ways and tender heart, albeit he was a trial to ones patience and nerves.

CHAPTER I.

A dark, dismal snowy day. Howling blast and whirling snow made all without disagreeable in the extreme. There were life and sunshine and clamor within doors at the Manor, however. A little, bustling, healthy, five year old boy kept the house in lively commotion. The storm—or rather parental suasion—had kept the little gentleman under shelter all day, and the consequence can easily be imagined by those who have boys at home.

Three cats and six wee kittens; a big Newfoundland and a cunning little woolly poodle: Noah's Ark, ball, top, whip, and whistle,—each and all came into use and were tired of,

and then the big sisters, and even papa and mamma were brought into use to amuse the pet of the household.

And now three chairs were piled onto the sofa, a cushion on the topmost, where sat Master Burt, with papa's cane, furiously driving some imaginary horses, and making such an uproar that Papa Russell awoke suddenly from napping over his afternoon paper, mamma frowned and dropped her ball of yarn, while the girls covered their ears in dismay.

“O what a terror!” exclaimed Mr. Russell. “Burt, get down this minute, and stop such confusion.” Mamma sighed, and began to search for her ball, which—true to nature—had twined itself about every chair and table leg in its meandering flight across the room.

“I declare, mother, I shall be obliged to take that boy in hand if you can't keep him more orderly and civil.” And John Russell adjusted his glasses, and took up his paper; and pretended to read, though the sheet was upside down, and then the din and noise the boy made in replacing the chairs was only a change, not a cessation of racket!

“Cut, cut, cut, cutcadacket!”

I can make a jacket!” repeated the young rascal, as he whacked the last chair against the wall, and then turned a double somerset, catching up mamma's ball as he sprang to his feet—she had failed to capture it—he gave it to her sighing, “I'se an awful boy, isn't I, mamma? But you and papa's good, any way, and I just loves you ever so much.” And the little arms were round her neck a moment, and a very audible kiss was pressed on her still fair cheek, as the boy whisked away exclaiming, “I'll go down and see if Betty will drive me out of the kitchen again.”

Doubtless she did; for a short time after, as Addie stood by the window, childlike tracing various figures in the frostwork on the pane, she suddenly cried: “O mamma, mamma! What will ever become of that boy. Come here, do.” Pointing to a clear place in the glass, which wondering mamma peered through and turned away with such a shock-

ed, despairing look and exclamation, and called the rest of the family to the window at once.

The sight that there presented itself disturbed even the sturdy gravity of Papa Russell, for her haha'd right heartily, as he bade Addie 'bring his boots and he'd capture the runaway.'

Bare headed, seated on his little sled, was Burt, flying over the snow as fast as a great frightened turkey gobbler could convey him, laughing and shouting: "Gee up Dobbin! g'lang there!" as happy and unconcerned as a boy can be in mischief.

Mr. Russell gave chase, calling loudly to Burt to stop. But Burt didn't stop. How could he? The turkey's speed increased at this, and he spread his broad wings to carry him over the orchard fence, and as the sled flew up with a jerk, the boy come down with a 'swish' backwards into a great soft snow drift, and boubled up like a jack knife, while the poor bird hung dangling on one side of the fence and the sled on the other.

"Now, young man, let's know what you were doing, and how you managed to harness a turkey to a hand sled," demanded papa, when the boy had been duly chastised, and was seated demurely on mamma's footstool.

"Why, you see, Betty driv'd me out of the kitchen, and I went to the barn, and I thought I'd feed the turkey in the pen there. Then I guessed may be he was tired being shut up, 'cause I was. So I said him and I'd have some fun. I had my string 'at I play horse with, so I just pushed him close in the corner, and some how I got the string all round his neck; an' it comed off, and I wound it tight round his wings. He bobbed round a lot when I was hitching him to my sled, and I couldn't hardly get it in the pen, neither. But I did, and opened the gate and got on, and he didn't balk any, or act up at all after that. He just runned along awful fast, like a real horse. O, it was fun, I tell you."

Make Some One Happy To-Day.

Mabel was starting for school grandma said, "Good-bye, dear, make some one happy to-day," and, leaving a kiss on the rosy cheek, she went back to her knitting.

The wood fire crackled away and blazed, while it sung out, "Good-bye, Mabel; make some one happy to-day."

"Good-bye, grandma; good-bye old fire," and Mabel threw another kiss to each and bounded off to school, dragging her sled after her.

Just ahead of her was her dear friend, Maud Eastlake. Mabel ran faster than ever to overtake her.

But around the corner, between her and her friend, came Philip Saunders and his little sister Dora. A good mile they had come this cold morning, and Dora was crying because she was cold and tired.

Mabel ran by and left them; but some echo voice said, "Make some one happy." She

looked on at her friend, sighed a little sigh, then turned straight around and ran back to Philip and Dora.

"This horse is too gay," she said to Philip; "put Dora on, then take hold, and we'll be a span."

"You're real good, Mabel. Dora is real tired. I've helped her all I can." And Philip lifted his little sister on.

"Don't cry, Dora; we'll have you there in five minutes," he said as they started.

But the tears had already been driven back by the prospects of a ride.

And when at last Philip and Mabel drew up in grand style, it was a pretty happy girl they lifted from the sled. Philip, too, had been made happy.

"Thank you," said Philip again as they stopped; "you've made us both happy."

"Ah!" said Mabel, "that's what I did it for." Then she told what her grandmother had said to her at starting.

"Well," said Philip, "you can count two you have made happy already. It's a good rule. I believe I'll try it too."

"And grandma," said Mabel as she told of this and same other things at night, "we ought to count it three, for it made me happy too."

UNDER THE SNOW.

CONCLUDED.



WONDER what's keeping those boys so long." And farmer Norton, laying down his paper looked uneasily out of the window.

"Perhaps you had better go and see, David. They have been out some time. I suppose they are playing around some place," replied Mrs. Norton, who was engaged in getting supper.

It was a low, roomy, farm-house, and though not handsomely, was comfortably furnished, and many could tell of the bright, pleasant evenings spent there with the hospitable owner. Farmer Norton's well tilled acres, stretching far on either side, now looked like a sea of snow. Hay-stacks, barns, stables—all looked like huge snow-drifts. The farmer rose, looked out of the door, and perceiving the rising wind and sifting snow, put on his cap and started out to search for the boys, whom he had no doubt were around somewhere. He, however, soon returned.

"Can't find them any place; been all around, and called for them, but not a thing could I see or hear of them." "And" he added, "it's getting 'dusty.'"

Mrs. Norton turned pale. "Perhaps they've gone over to Charley Brown's. Poor boys! They have had but little companionship this winter; all the other boys are gone off to work, its no wonder they're lonely."

"Perhaps they will be back by the time supper is ready," said Farmer Norton, hopefully. After a while supper was on the table, daylight almost gone, and no boys.

"Well, this is strange," and Mr. Norton turned again to the window. The wind was now blowing a gale, and nothing could be seen except the snow as it was dashed against

the window. Pale, and trembling, Mrs. Norton glanced at her husband, but could find no encouragement in his anxious face.

"There's but one thing to do now," he said; and calling to a large dog which was laying in the store-room, he said, "Here, Ned;" and opening the door, he thrust him out into the storm, saying: "Ted and Harry."

The dog ran out a short distance, and coming back, crouched down at the door, whining pitiously. Some time had passed. The supper table stood untouched, not a sound was heard but the roaring of the wind and the dashing snow. Mr. and Mrs. Norton sat silently, with pitiable sorrow depicted on their hopeless countenances. Suddenly Ned began scratching on the door, and barking violently. Mr. Norton opened the door, as Ned rushed out away into the storm, then back again, barking constantly.

"What's the matter, Ned?"

And as if he understood his master's words, he stood listening, then barking loudly, he pulled at Mr. Norton's clothes, as if he would take him out some place. Turning, he went back into the house.

"Ned evidently hears or sees something, and may be the boys are at the barn and can't get to the house."

And taking down his great coat, he buckled it around him with a wide belt, fastened on his cap tightly, and taking a long rope he tied one end to the belt, and the other he fastened around the dog's neck. Then with a hatchet in his hand, he started out into the storm. Mrs. Norton watched these preparations in silence. At any other time she would have protested against it; but now her boys' lives were in peril, and perhaps they were already—. But no, she resolutely shut out such thoughts, and stood breathlessly awaiting the result of the search. Meanwhile Mr. Norton, as soon as the door closed behind him, dropped to his knees, and crept slowly along, cutting deeply into the snow as he went. Stopping now and then he would place his face close to the ground, and "Hallo" with all his strength; but no sound could he hear save the barking of the dog, as it rose faintly above the roar of the wind. A little farther on he stopped, and shouted again. The dog sprang to one side barking furiously, and pulling frantically at the rope. The farmer followed, and could distinctly hear the sound of human voices, which to his surprise seemed to proceed from the snow at his elbow. In another moment Ted and Harry were beside him. They had taken refuge in a drift, midway between the house and barn! Untying the rope from the neck of faithful Ned, Mr. Norton drew it through the belt around Harry's waist, fastening it securely to Ted's. This strange party started for the house, by the aid of the nicks made by the hatchet, and which were now nearly filled with snow. Still creeping on their hands and knees, with Ned bringing up the rear, they found their way to the door, which Mr. Norton opened, drawing the half frozen boys after him. Mrs. Norton sprang forward, then sank fainting into a chair. This sudden transition from des-

pair to joy on seeing the safety of husband and sons, was too much for even her powers of endurance.

"Come, come," said Mr. Norton cheerfully, as he freed himself from the snow, "you've been so brave all along—and now that the danger's over, you give right up; but that's the way with women, never knew one but what'd do the same thing."

Mrs. Norton quickly recovered herself and tried to smile.

"The best place for you is in bed, bad to thaw out suddenly." And so saying, the farmer undressed the boys as deftly as if he had been accustomed to such work all his lifetime, and helped them into a bed which stood in a corner of the room.

"Hand up another hay-twist, wife, and we'll soon have something warm down them, and as soon as they're comfortable, they can tell us all about it.

Ted, as the boys say, made a clean breast of the whole affair, not sparing himself an atom.

It is needless to say he obtained forgiveness from his parents.

"Say, Harry," whispered Ted, from beneath the warm bedclothes, "homes a jolly good place after all!"

"Yes," answered his brother, as his eyes surveyed the well-filled table, "and I intend to be a farmer the rest of my days."

"Take a partner won't you?"

"But I thought you—"

"S—h" interrupted Ted.

"That nonsense was all frozen out of me, out there in the blizzard. My! but that was a narrow escape, wasn't it?"

And a terrible night never closed in on a more contented household than that in the little farm-house on the prairie.

February 27th, 1851.

MYRTLE GREY.

ATTENTION.

If I were a boy again I would school myself into a habit of attention oftener, I would let nothing come between me and the subject in hand. I would remember that an expert on the ice never tries to skate in two directions at once. One of our great mistakes, while we are young, is that we do not attend strictly to what we are about just then, at that particular moment; we do not bend our energies close enough to what we are doing or learning; we wander into a half-interest only, and so never acquire fully what is needful for us to become master of. The practice of being habitually attentive is one easily obtained if we begin early enough. We often hear grown-up people say, "I couldn't fix my attention on the sermon, or book, although I wished to do so," and the reason is a habit of attention was never formed in youth. Let me tell you a sad instance of a neglected power of concentration. A friend asked me once to lend him an interesting book, something that would enchain his attention, for he said he was losing the power to read. After a few days he brought back the volume, saying it was no doubt a work of great value and beauty, but that the will to enjoy it had gone from him forever,

for other matters would intrude themselves on the page he was trying to understand and enjoy, and rows of figures constantly marshaled themselves on the margin, adding themselves up on the bottom of the leaf!

EFFIE'S KITTEN.

It was a pretty kitten, a very pretty one, pure white, except one black spot on the end of its tail. It was a playful little thing, too, and Effie took it out on the grass every afternoon, where it could roll about and play.

It was playing with a soft rubber ball one afternoon, and Effie was laughing heartily as it jumped first one way and then another, when she happened to look up and saw something that stopped her suddenly. Leaning over the fence, watching the kitten, was a little girl not quite as large as she, but down her cheeks rolled big tears.

"Did you get hurt?" asked Effie.

The little girl looked frightened when she was spoken to, and did not answer. Effie then opened the gate and asked her to come in. She did so, but said nothing till Effie picked up the kitten and holding it out, said,

"Feel how soft it is."

"Who gave it to you?" asked the little stranger.

"Mamma brought it from Uncle Jack's. Isn't it lovely? Have you got one?"

"No."

"Wouldn't you like one?"

"Yes; let me take it in my hands."

Effie gave it to her, and watched her as she hugged it up and smoothed back its soft, glossy coat, and then she said,

"Why don't you ask your mother to get you one? I expect she could."

"I haven't got any mother, and I haven't any Uncle Jack either."

Effie looked pityingly at her and her own eyes filled as she said,

"Perhaps your father might get you one."

"I haven't any father," said the child sadly.

"Haven't you anybody?" asked Effie wonderingly.

"Nobody but Miss Foster."

"Mother," said Effie that night when she was talking about it, "it seemed as though I had everything and she had nothing, and I couldn't help asking her to take the kitten. She looked frightened at first, and did not seem to understand, but when she did, the sun came out all over her face, and she looked so happy. You don't mind, mother dear, do you? She was so sad and lonely. I loved my Kitty, but then I had so much else to love, and she hadn't anything. She was afraid Miss Foster would not like her to have it, so I told her she could bring it back and I would take care of it for her, and she could come and see it as often as she liked, and I'd never call it mine. I took the ribbon off of my hair and put it round kitty's neck, for she lost her other. Mother," she added with tears in her eyes, "you don't mind my giving it away, do you?"

"No, little one," said her mother kindly;

"God has put many lonely ones, like that little girl, on this earth of ours, and it should be our pleasure, as well as duty, to do all we can to lighten their sadness and brighten their lives."

"Mamma, I never knew before how good God has been to me; and I don't feel as though I could ever thank him enough."

AN UNKNOWN LORD.

In 1774, Dr. Webster was a popular preacher of the kirk of Scotland in Edinburgh. Business brought him to London, and one day when passing the House of Lords, his curiosity induced him to make an effort to stop and see them. None were admitted without an order, except noblemen's servants. Webster, being ignorant of the rule, requested admittance.

"What Lord do you belong to?" asked the doorkeeper.

"To the Lord Jehovah," replied Webster.

"To the Lord Jehovah?" queried the doorkeeper. "I have kept here seven years, but have not heard of such a Lord. Jack," said he to his fellow-keeper on the front steps, "here is a chap who says he belongs to the Lord Jehovah; do you know such a Lord?"

"Never heard of him," said Jack.

"But," said the Doctor, there is such a Lord."

"Pass'im in," said Jack, "I suppose it is some poor Scotch Lord."

This occurred at a time when there was not one in twenty of all the manufacturing and rural districts in England who could read the Bible or write his own name.

UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

MABEL was full of the holiday glee. She had caught the spirit of the time from her sisters who were adorning the walls with Christmas greens, and chatting merrily about the pretty customs pertaining to the season. They had hung up a beautiful bough of mistletoe over the door leading from the hall to the drawing-room, and were wondering who should have the first kiss and the first lucky berry, and who should get the bough with most fruit when they should try lots by the crackling of leaves and berries in the fire.

"What a pretty thing it is," said Mary, holding the green leaves aside, and admiring the glistening white clusters. "Do you know, Minnie, what a singular plant it is? that it lives on the sap of trees, and can not be raised in the ground? It may be made to grow by rubbing the ripe berries on trees between February and April; apple and pear trees are best, but it likes the maple, ash, and pine."

Minnie looked at the white berries grouped three on a stem.

"The Druids, the ancient British priests, had great veneration for the number three," continued Mary, "and this was one reason why they held this plant sacred. The priest used to go, dressed in a white robe, to cut it with a golden sickle, and he received it in a


white cloth. It is rare to find it growing on the oak-tree, and when they did, they considered it the holiest object in nature. They thought it would cure everything. It is a pretty plant. It has such bright green leaves, and shining white berries."

Mabel stood listening to what her sister said, especially about the kissing business, and the lucky bough. They had dropped a pretty branch which she took possession of, and with their permission carried to her little room. She had a plan of her own, and was as wise and quiet as a mouse until Christmas morning came. Then as her grandpa sat reading in his arm chair, she stole softly behind him, and climbing up, held the mistletoe bough above his head, and claimed her lucky kiss and berry.

"Ah, you rogue," said grandpa with a merry twinkle in his eyes, and his whole face aglow with love for the dear child, "you're a true little woman to catch me so with your sweet graces."

Morning Light.

CHRISTMAS.

 **AND** there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men."—Luke 2:8-14.

POWER OF THE IMAGINATION.

THE *Utica Herald* tells the following story of an old lady in Philadelphia, Jefferson Co., who acquired the habit of using morphia:

"After using it for relief from the pains of a tumor, no persuasion could induce her to give up the poison. Her family finally united in a deception, substituting carefully-prepared potato starch in morphia bottles. At first she thought the supposed drug an inferior article, but her physician, who was in the secret, assured her that it was all right, and she was satisfied. She continued to use the article for fifteen years, and to the day of her death, and could not do without it, never having learned the deception. At one time when she was ill the physician gave her Dover's powders, but she could not rest after taking them until she took her starch morphia."

How careful, little children, you should be about you companions. You should not make friends with those who use impure language. Bad words are very catching, and lead to wicked conduct. If one of your schoolmates had scarlet fever your mother would not let you go to the house, lest you should take it. But impure words and ways are just as catching, and will do you more harm. You might take scarlet fever and die, and go to heaven; but if your soul is corrupted with sin it will be lost for ever.

THE CHRISTIAN CHARACTER ILLUSTRATED BY AN ICICLE.

HAVE you ever noticed an icicle, how it is formed? Drop by drop, until it is as thick as your wrist, and as long as your arm, or more. And how it has sparkled in the sun, like a diamond showing forth all its luster. But O, how different, should the water be a little muddy; how foul the icicle looks. Just so it is with our character. The companions of swearers, thieves, liars, gamblers, &c., drop by drop, will make it look foul, or bright according to the company we keep.

WM. STREET.

HAPPY ARITHMETIC.—Sidney Smith cut the following from a newspaper and preserved it for himself: When you rise in the morning form the resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow creature. It is easily done; a left off garment to the man who needs it; a kind word to the sorrowful; an encouraging expression to the striving—trifles in themselves as light as air—will do at least for the twenty-four hours. If you are young, depend upon it it will tell for you when you are old; and if you are old, rest assured it will send you gently and happily down the stream of time to eternity. By the most simple arithmetical sum look at the result. If you send one person away happily through the day, that is three hundred and sixty-five in the course of a year. And suppose you live forty years only after you commence that course of medicine you have made 14,600 persons happy—at all events for a time.

Letters from the Hopes.

TORVINA D. BASS, writing from Kinmundy, Ills., says: As this is my first attempt to write to the HOPE, I don't know as I can write a very long letter. I am ten years old. My mamma and papa belong to the Church. I hope I will soon. I have two brothers and one sister, who belong to the Church. We have preaching by Elder Morris and I. M. Smith, and G. H. Hilliard, and J. Henson. I love to go to meeting. We have prayer and testimony meeting every Sabbath at three o'clock and every Wednesday evening. I love to read the HOPE. There is meeting at Elder Brown's to-day.

Sister "L. L." writes from Stewartsville, DeKalb Co., Mo., as follows: It is a long time since I wrote to you, but I have not forgotten you I think of you very often, and how I would like to see you all; but the day will come when we will see face to face and eye to eye. We have pretty good meetings here now. We have preaching at eleven o'clock and prayer meeting at one o'clock, on Sunday, and we have prayer meeting in town on Thursday evening. We have no Sunday School here now, but hope we will have soon. The weather is very bad here, and is very wet and muddy.

CLARA HARRINGTON, writing from Tabor, Iowa, says: I take pleasure to write to the HOPE. We have nine months school. I read in the fourth reader and study Geography and arithmetic. I go to meeting on Sunday mornings. I am eleven years of age. Bro. George Kemp preached to us last Sunday; we have good meetings here. My father takes the Hope, which I love to read.

EMMA HARRINGTON writes from Tabor Iowa: I am nine years old. My father and mother belong to the Church. I read in the third reader and study arithmetic and spelling. I have't been baptized yet. This makes the second time I have written to you.

Daniel Lewis writes: I thought I would write and tell you how I am getting along. I go to school every day.

I have three brothers and two sisters. I want to do right.

ALMA GAYLORD writes from Tabor, Iowa: I go to school and read in the third reader and study arithmetic and spelling. I am eleven years of age. My father takes the HOPE. I go to meeting, and I like to read the HOPE. I am not baptized yet. Pray for me.

LOOK UPWARD.—A young man once picked up a gold coin that was lying in the road. Always afterwards, as he walked along, he kept his eyes on the ground, hoping to find another. And in the course of a long life he did pick up, at different times, a goodly number of coins, both gold and silver. But all these years that he was looking for them he saw not that the heavens were bright above him. He never let his eyes turn away from the filth and mud in which he sought his treasure; and when he died—a rich old man—he only knew this fair earth as a dirty road in which to pick up money.

HISTORICAL PRIZE ENIGMA.

What ship did the Pilgrim Fathers come in?
What ship "during the war," did the most damage?
What City is built on seven hills?
What river runs through London?
Who was called the Great Pacificator?
What Territory lies betwixt New Mexico and California?
What State is high in the center and round at both ends?
Where is the City of Constantinople?
Who discovered the Hudson river?
What English statesman frightened Parliament?
Who succeeded Queen Elizabeth of England?
What President of the United States was impeached?
Who is the father of English Poetry?
Who discovered the United States of America?
Who beheaded Lady Jane Gray and Anne Boleyn?
Who was the child of Anne Boleyn?
Which is the largest city in the world?
What constituted the United States Flag in 1777?
What constitutes the United Kingdom of Great Britain?
Who was President of the Continental Congress in 1786?
Who was President of the Continental Congress in 1774?
Who was President of the Continental Congress in 1787?
Who was the sister of Henry the Eighth?
What French Nobleman helped George Washington?
Who was the Secretary of the Treasury in 1795?

The initials of the names to the answers will give the name and address of an elderly lady who has given upwards of one thousand dollars to the Church.

All answers to the above Historical Prize Enigma must be sent to Bro. William Street, Chester City, Delaware Co., Penn., who will award the Prizes to the successful competitors. The following rules governing the case must be observed:—

1. That all competitors should be members of the Church, or subscribers to the *Hope*, or in Sunday Schools where the *Hope*, is given gratis.
2. That allowance will be given for time; distance, &c.
3. That all answers should be written plainly, neatly, and on clean paper and without any assistance from any one, except from historical books.

Yours respectfully,
WILLIAM STREET.

CONUNDRUMS FOR CHRISTMAS.

When are secrets like the sails of a ship? When they get wind.

When is a captain in his heaviest attire? When he wears his ship.

Who is most likely to divulge the secrets of a bank? The teller.

When is an artist like a cook? When he's drawing a little duck.

When a lady faints, what figure does she need? You must bring her 2.

When are children like fishermen? When they are wailing (whaling).

THE SAINTS' HERALD.

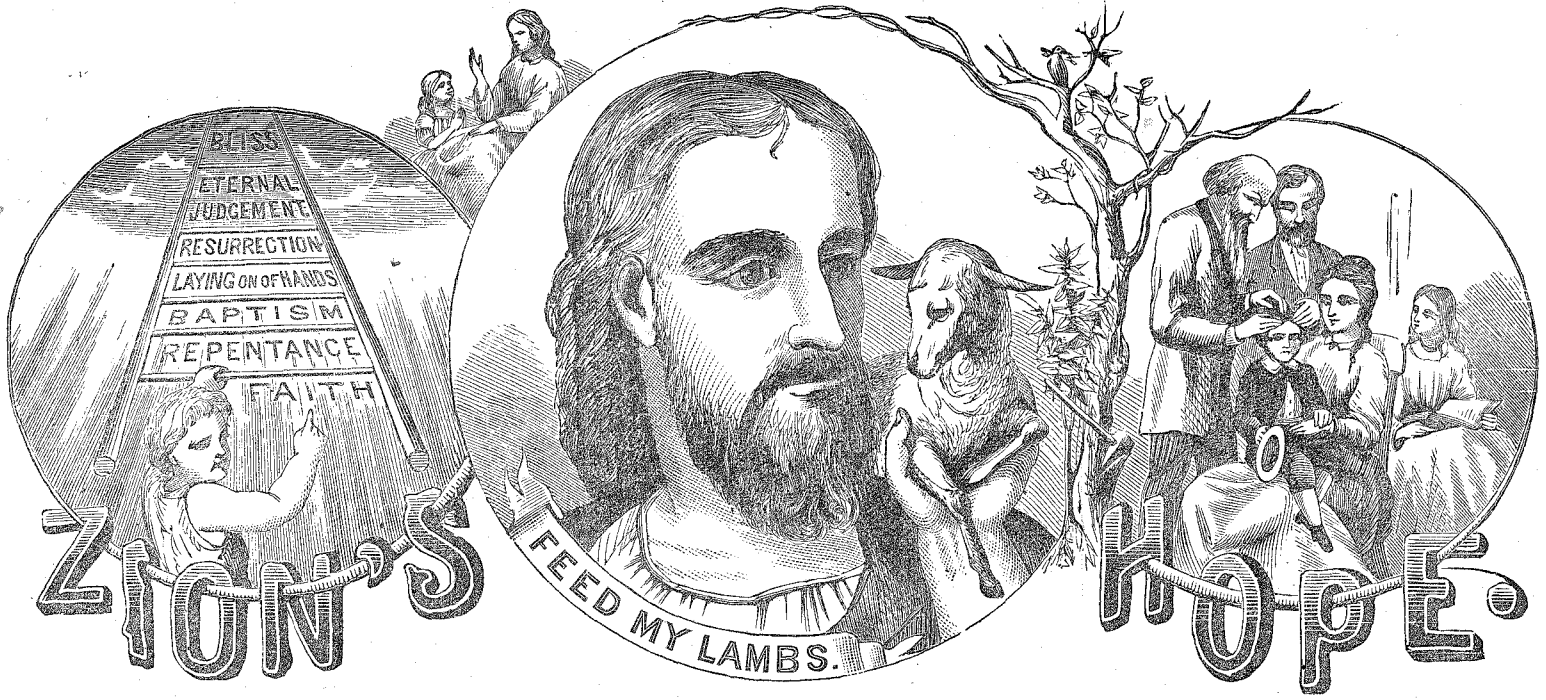
The above publication is issued semi-monthly, at Lamoni, Decatur County, Iowa, by the Board of Publication of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, \$2.15 per year free of postage. Edited by Joseph Smith.

Zion's Hope is published semi-monthly by the Board of Publication of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, at Lamoni, Decatur County, Iowa, and is edited by Joseph Smith. 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, Lamoni, Decatur County, Iowa. Money may be sent by Draft on Chicago; Post Office Order on Leon, Iowa; or by Registered Letter to Lamoni, Iowa.

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

1882-1883



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

VOL. XIII.

LAMONI, IOWA, JANUARY 1, 1882.

No. 13.

WHO SHALL BE THERE?

WHO shall walk the golden pavements
Of that city built on high,
View with rapture Eden's glories,
Never seen by mortal eye?
Who shall wear the crown of glory,
Wave on high the victor's palm?
Who shall see the King in Beauty,
And unite in life's sweet psalm?

Who shall walk by life's cool river?
Who shall meet the loved again,
And, united, part, no, never—
Never feel one throb of pain?
Who shall be where sin and sorrow
Are forever passed away,
Where shall dawn no sad to-morrow,
But shall reign an endless day?

Tell me, shall the proud and haughty,
Shall the rich and vain be there?
Can none without gold to offer,
In that city have a share?
Can no poor one, sad and weary,
Who in anguish sighs for rest,
Ever hope to reign immortal
In that land so fair and blest?

Lo! the answer cometh to me,
"Blessed are the pure in heart;"
All good things the meek inherit,
In Christ's Kingdom have a part.
Poor and lowly, though the owner
And despised by rich and great,
They can claim far greater riches
Than the proudest man's estate.

SPECIAL PROVIDENCE.
A CHRISTMAS STORY.

IT was a sharply-cold Christmas-Eve. The sun had gone down in a glory of crimson and gold. It was a warm, tender sky to look at from the windows of comfortable, fire-lighted rooms; but, to those hurrying up and down the streets, it was a cold, hard sky—a sky bitterly, pitilessly bright, like some radiant blue eye out of which looks a cruel and unloving spirit.

Little Johnny and Katy Morris, hurrying home from gathering their baskets of chips and sticks out of the streets and alleys, did not admire the sky at all. They thought only of their cold noses and their colder ears, their aching toes and the great holes in their mittens, and of what they were going to have for supper when they should reach the poor,

shabby little house which they called home.

"Baked potatoes would be so good!" said Johnny.

"Beefsteak, and—and—some butter on the bread, would be good, too!" said Katy, smacking her blue lips.

"I'm awful tired of bread and 'lasses, ain't you?" asked Johnny.

"Yes, and I'm awful tired of everything. Look up there through those windows! See how the fire blazes! And there's part of a Christmas-tree in sight. And look at that girl in her white dress and blue sash! O, dear! Come along!"

"We never had a Christmas-tree, did we?" asked Johnny.

"I should think not! It's as much as mother can do to buy our bread and keep us from freezing. Let's hurry up, or we'll freeze anyhow!"

The shabby little house was almost opposite the large, pleasant windows at which they had stopped to look, and so they were soon within their own gate and at home. But such a cheerless home!—just a little warmer than the air of the street, that was all. The mother, a pale, sickly woman, sat sewing by the almost empty stove. She looked at their baskets of fuel eagerly. "You've got precious little this time," she said.

"Well, we've nearly frozed getting even this much, said Katy, blowing her red fingers.

"There's a real chunk of oak, or hickory, or something in *my* basket," said Johnny, proudly. "I found it in the middle of the street." You would have thought he had brought home a bag of gold or some equally great prize.

"So there is! It will boil the mush for you, Johnny, and you can have a whole cup of milk—both of you. It's Christmas-Eve, you know."

"And then we can sit up half an hour *can't* we, mother?" said Katy, coaxingly.

"No, no. You will be warmer in bed, and I can't have the wood wasted."

The mother spoke very patiently. She was

used to this pinching and scrimping. She thanked Heaven she was no poorer—that she was still able to keep the shabby roof over their heads and starvation away from the door. She herself was cold and tired and hungry; but she could not speak of her own suffering. She kindled the fire. The merry blaze crackled and roared, as if it were the right fire in the right place; and the two children held their cold hands out to it, and chuckled softly and contentedly, as if nothing could be pleasanter.

By-and-by the little round table, with its three bowls and spoons, the small pitcher of milk and the plate of smoking "hasty-pudding," stood ready.

"Oh! and a candle, too!" exclaimed Johnny, as his mother took a candle from the shelf and lighted at the fire.

It seemed like too much happiness—having a cup of milk, and a light to drink it by.

"Yes—because it is Christmas-Eve," said his mother, with a sad smile. She was thinking of other Christmas-Eves.

"Oh, it's too jolly," said Johnny.

But all pleasures pass away; and by and by the mush-and-milk was eaten, and Katy and Johnny were tucked away in bed. It wasn't a nice bed, white counterpane and ruffled pillows. It was rather hard, and the blankets were patched. But it was a clean bed, and the hearts of the children who slept there were clean. If you had seen them gathering sticks out of gutters and alleys, you might not have noticed Johnny's frank blue eyes, or Katy's serious, intelligent face; but the frank blue eyes and intelligent face were there, nevertheless, and the two children were better children than you *sometimes* find in the most splendid homes.

And there they were, put in bed to save wood, just as some of the people in Paris stayed in bed, during the great siege, for the same reason; and still it was only six o'clock—the time when you are just gathering about your comfortable dinner-tables. Only six o'clock, and they were very, very wide awake.

"That Christmas-tree—wasn't it splendid, though?" said Katy, thinking of what they had seen in the neighbor's window.

"Yes! Oranges and candies, and—and—little gold stars hung all over it, wasn't there?"

"I will take the shirts home now," said the mother, after she had carefully covered the fire and extinguished the candle. She drew the window-curtains aside so that the light from the street lamps over the way might come dancing in like a gleeful playmate to keep the children company, and put on her little thin shall. "I'll be back in a very few minutes," she said.

After she was gone the Christmas-tree came up again.

"If we could only have one!" said Johnny, in a trembling voice, as if afraid of the terrible happiness that suggested itself.

"I'd go gathering sticks in the snow a whole year," said Katy, impressively, if we could only have one Real Tree."

"Will it be any use to hang up stockings, you think?" asked Johnny, "we could do that much, you know."

We hung 'em up last year, and the year before that; and all we got was a little pin-cushion and some pop-corn, and you got your mittens—and it only made mother cry. I don't want to hang up any stockings."

"Do you suppose God cares the least bit about us?" asked Johnny, after a few minutes' silence.

"Oh! I guess so. Mother says he does."

"Then I'll just ask him with all my might, to put something in our stockings to-night!" exclaimed Johnny, sitting up in bed.

"Oh! what a boy you are!" cried Katy.

"Yes, I will do it! If he does not put anything in, it won't kill anybody, you know, and—I'll just ask him, anyway."

But Johnny hung the stockings, all ragged and darned as they were, on some nails by the mantel-shelf and bundled down beside Katy again. Katy was crying.

"What's the matter?" asked Johnny.

"You'll be so disappointed in the morning," sobbed Katy.

"Oh! I can stand it. You won't catch me crying! God will do it—if he can! You see!"

When the mother returned and was lighting the candle, her eyes fell upon the poor little stockings hanging there limp and empty.

"Oh! it is too bad—too bad!" she thought, as the tears started into her eyes. "I might slip in a lump of sugar and two or three crackers, if there are any left; but that would be such a mean thing for Santa Claus to do!"

It was still early in the evening, and, keeping her shawl about her, she sat down to do a little more of the endless sewing. She was thankful it was endless, though it sometimes made her side ache and her eyes dim.

Yes, it was early in the evening, and the rich man across the way had just risen from dinner and retired to his library—such a fine room, with tinted ceiling, a world of books, lovely pictures and warm, rosy firelight. He sat down before the hearth and put his slippered feet on the fender. He had hardly

thought of Christmas—the great festival that was lighting up the whole city with mirth and joy. In the parlors they were making ready for an evening with Santa Claus himself, who was to appear punctually at nine o'clock. Thoughts of his counting-room were clinging to his brain. It had been a busy, eventful day in the world of money, and he was not quite ready to give himself up to Christmas and its frolicsome joys.

Outside, the keen north wind was moaning and shrieking; and presently a blast, wild and strong, penetrated even the warmth of this pleasant room, and the man shrugged his shoulders shiveringly, and remarked, "God help the poor!"

He said it rather thoughtlessly and mechanically, but somehow the words echoed through the room and kept coming back to him. Thoughts of the innocent, suffering lives that the city held, came to his brain like white-breasted singing birds, and asked admittance. But a burly doorkeeper, whose name was "Business," stood before the Brain, and he brushed the white thoughts aside, and the man went on thinking of the interesting affairs of Wall street.

But, by-and-by, white, compassionate thoughts came back again. And this time they got in. He got thinking outright, at last, about the poor. How was God to "help the poor?" Stuff and nonsense. If rich men didn't help them, who would? It was Christmas-Eve, too. Oh! how the white thoughts fluttered into his brain. He began thinking of the poor people whom he actually knew. And among them was that poor widow, with two children, just over the way. What sort of a Christmas was she going to have? he wondered.

He would like to tear her old house down and build one that wouldn't be an eyesore to him every day of his life. But that wouldn't do, of course. Property would soon go the dickens if he was to give after that fashion. However, since it was Christmas, he might bestow a little something. Miserable brats of rag pickers, without doubt; but, then, they had stomachs very much like those of his own children, and probably knew what a good fire was—when they had it. And, then, the fun of surprising the little, shabby, old house! Yes, he would do it, and do it at once. He rang the bell, and asked the servant who answered it to send the cook to him.

"Now, Cook, I suppose there's plenty of everything in the pantry, eh?"

"O—ceans, sir!"

"Very well. Find a good-sized basket—the biggest in the house—and fill it with—let me see—some chickens, ham, jelly, oranges, grapes and—and—"

"Maybe some butter, and salad, and a loaf of the fruit-cake, sir," suggested the cook.

"Certainly, and some of your good bread, and some potatoes, and apples, and meal, and—"

"I beg pardon, sir, but the potatoes and meal had best be put in some sacks by themselves," Cook again suggested.

"Of course! and then—it's not far—just the

old shanty over the way—you and Dick may carry them with my compliments—and a bushel of coal, also."

"Yes, sir," said Cook.

"Well, that is all, except some candies and nuts—and, oh! to be sure, a parcel of tea. Now pack the basket, and I'll carry it myself."

"You, sir?" said cook.

"Of course! It is Christmas-Eve, you know."

"Yes, sir," said Cook.

Half an hour afterward, while the poor woman across the way was still wearily sewing and shivering by the dead fire, and the stockings were still hanging forlorn and empty under the mantel-shelf, there came stealthy steps at the door, a rap, and then swiftly-departing steps.

"Those miserable, rude boys!" said Mrs. Morris to herself.

"I have brought you a Merry Christmas," said a kind, gentlemanly voice through the key-hole.

"O mother, it's God!" cried little Johnny, starting up half-awake.

Mrs. Morris opened the door with trembling hands. Her rich neighbor bowed a pleasant "Good evening," and added, "I will set these inside the door for you. The baskets can be returned to-morrow."

Mrs. Morris tried to speak, but the words were fast in her throat.

Johnny's tongue was easier managed. He watched the baskets and bags. He caught sight of the oranges. He saw the yellow legs of the chickens poking out of their neat white wrapping. He seized Katy by the shoulder and shouted:

"Katy! Katy! wake up! God has done it! I TOLD you he would!"

"Is your child—ill?" asked the rich man, glancing compassionately at Johnny's flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes. He fancied his words to be the delirium of a fever.

"No, he is not ill, sir, and I don't know what he means—unless he means just what he says!" cried Mrs. Morris, almost delirious herself over such sudden comfort and plenty.

"Very well, then, thank God; and good night?" and the rich man went home, sweeter in heart and nobler in soul for this one generous impersonation of Special Providence.

It doesn't seem right to leave you thinking of these poor people with only a week's comfort before them, and the old, pinched, frozen life going to set in again the same as ever—as it naturally would if Providence never helped them any more. The rich family began to take an interest in the poor family. They gave Mrs. Morris their plain sewing, for which she got better pay than the coarse shirts brought her. They helped Johnny to respectable clothes and a place in a good school; and, after a while Katy became their nursery-girl, and took care of the sweetest, best-natured and best-dressed little baby in the world.

Right and Justice are always on the winning side. This is as sure as the truth of God.

TRUTH.



LET us talk a while Dear HOPES. Though we are far apart, yet through our little paper we can talk with our pen. I think the idea of our Sister is very good, that is, writing on principles; even as she says, when written in weakness, we know not the good they may do; then why keep silent because one has no great talent; and why should not each one of us use the small talent we have, and not lay it away in a napkin. What little light has been given, let us impart it to one another, through this our precious paper. More precious would it be if every piece was written by the aid of the Spirit, that our Master gives unto his children. Our paper could be filled with pure, virtuous teachings, at all times, if that great gift of prayer were used by all who strive to throw in their mites.

We will talk this time a little on the principle of truth, it is a precious principle; without which we can not be a true child of God, and therefore we can not be a true man, or woman. If we are truthful, all around will respect us; indeed; they will say "I can always trust them, for they are truthful." I wonder if any of the HOPES ever think what a serious thing it is to tell a lie. I believe that none of you would swear; but it is almost as bad to tell an untruth. There are two commandments written in the Bible, one says, "Thou shalt not take the name of thy God in vain;" the other says, "Thou shalt not lie." Now is it not as bad to break one commandment as the other? I think you will say it is. Truth will make you happy; it will save us from many a sorrow and heart-ache; and above all we will receive the approving smile of our Father which is in heaven. Jesus said, on one occasion, "Truth will make you free." It will help to make us men and women.

Dear Hopes, let us strive to live so that our word will be as good as gold. Seek strength of God, Little Hopes, and always tell the truth; and if you do not gain favor through it in this life, it will be gems in your Crown in the life to come; where we all hope to meet.

From your sister RUTH.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS AGAIN.



IF I do not know so much of the primary object of Sunday Schools; from some experience and with a little careful thought, I can know something of the good effects of them. I heartily concede to the arguments relative to both the necessity and the good that have and may be effected by parental care of children at home; but I think that I can see also a necessity for more than home culture.

I would ask what do the greater and larger ones meet and commingle together for? I wonder what effect it would have on a person, or family, to place them quietly away on a lone island where they would be deprived of going to church? Look at the lone oak on the prairie, which is generally small, and then look into the forest at the same tree and

you will find them large. Why do men plant tress in nurseries? Please answer these questions, and then see if there is any good reason for parents keeping their children from Sunday School. Would it not be better to let them go to Sunday School than to let them play around all day, instead of going hand in hand with the little ones and teaching them by words, in song, and otherwise, sentiments that will make principles for eternity. The good instructions that have fallen from the lips of many in the past, being stimulated by their commingling together, have proven like the gentle dews that have fallen upon the tender blades of grass. The channel that is too narrow is not useful, neither is the oak that is too scrubby. Patterns after these things are not good, Pa says, and I am sure that if the light of Jesus sheds more beautiful rays from others, than ma and pa, I want to be benefitted by them. Go to Sunday School wide awake; learn all you can; don't be afraid of being duped; and if there are a few rays of light in us, some one will find it out; and perhaps it will prove beneficial to them. Respectfully, after reading article in *Hope* of December 1st, on same subject.

With good wishes to all the Hopes,
ETTA S.

A SENSIBLE GIRL.—No. 14.



BODIE was overcome. Instead of going straight to Mrs. Clark, Preston's mother's, as she expected, and there making an effort to win favor and a place in her husband's family, she was at home in her own house, familiar things all around her. At length she looked up from her reverie, and rising walked up to Preston, who stood thoughtfully regarding her, put both her hands in his and said: "It was very kind and considerate in you. I am much surprised and much pleased, and thank you more than I dare to say. When shall we go to your mother's?"

"Of that," said he "this is my notion, if you can trust me, I will go to mother to-morrow, as if I had returned alone; and in the evening in time for the party, I will come for you. I want to see how these people will receive me."

"Are you sure of your mother?" queried Bodie.

"O, yes; unless she has changed since I left home. I do not refer to her particularly. I mean others, more than I do her."

"Will you tell her of your marriage?"

"I would rather not until I introduce you to her, which of course I will have to do; and then it will be as my wife. What say you?"

Bodie, who had began to recover from her surprise, looked up quickly, "I am willing. I begin to enjoy the idea of suprising them. Won't mother and Flora be astonished to think that the rebellions daughter comes home in good company. That will be pleasure,—for me, anyway."

It was so arranged.

"But, Preston, what am I to do with that noisy bird. He does just whistle at a great rate. Where did you get it?"

"O; I thought you would want a pet, and company when I am away at the office; and so bought him for you. Do you think you can manage to live here? Ha, Ha!" And the young fellow laughed heartily.

"Yes, if you will discharge Mrs. James."

"Well; they have a home not far away; and will be glad to be relieved of any care of the house further. But you will find her an excellent neighbor. Mrs. Britton will come, soon."

The next day, Mrs. James went to her own house near by; and Bodie was alone from ten till four, Preston having driven over to his mother's. The time was spent by her in busily ranging over the house, which she found not only pleasantly located, but very well, and comfortably arranged and furnished; showing that Preston had had a good, practical housewife's aid; or had been very observant of his mother's kitchen and store-rooms. One thing further, she found tucked away in her work-basket, in which she looked for her scissors, a packet addressed to herself in her maiden name, Miss. Boadicea Stratton, which she had never seen; and as it was not sealed she opened it and discovered that it was a deed of an undivided one half of the house and lot she was in, (as she supposed, for it described a piece of land in the town and of about the size. This fresh proof of Preston's kindness and love; caused her a few minutes tears, of joy of course. She put it away in the bureau, and occupied her mind and hands in getting things put to their places according to her liking.

When Preston returned he found his young wife ready at the door to greet him. She led him into the sitting room, and there, across the chair he had bought for himself lay a nice dressing gown; at the foot a neat foot rest, and on it a pair of slippers; all from "Bodie to Preston." She would not be satisfied till he had pulled off coat and boots, and put on gown and slippers and sat down opposite to her at the sitting table.

"Now you look comfortable."

"Well, I don't feel comfortable, Bodie. I have had no dinner."

"I am glad of that, for I too, have not dined. Just be patient a few minutes, and you shall have a lunch." So saying she made him a pleasant bow and went out. It seemed but a moment to Preston; when he heard the tinkle of a little bell, and passing into the dining room, he found a small table neatly spread for two. It was their first meal together by themselves, and how they did enjoy it. Bodie had found an excellent store of food; carefully selected by Mrs. James; from these she had prepared the midday meal, hoping that her husband might be too busy to think of his dinner till he got back home, or that he might not happen to be at his mother's when dinner would be ready.

"How happens it that you have such a dinner as this and call it a lunch, Bodie? And why had you not had your dinner?"

"I was so busy, Preston, looking over the house and arranging things, that it was nearly half-past two before I thought about dinner;

and then I seemed to think that you would not get yours, and we could eat together; so I just went to work as if you would be here,—and I am so glad you did come.”

“I was at mother’s at noon; but she had ordered dinner at half-past one; to accommodate a lady friend, who was to arrive on the one train. I had agreed to meet a gentleman client of mine at one, so I could not stop, though she asked me, urgently to stay. She scolded me for putting her in such fear that I would not get here for the party; but I told her that I was on time, and fully prepared for the party. I excused myself from escorting her to the party; on plea of having to attend an interview with my partner, on business. She interrupted me with an inquiry as to when I had gone into partnership; and I told her that the particulars had not all been decided yet; but when fully decided I would bring my partner over and give an introduction. I promised to meet mother at the party at eight; so we have plenty of time.”

“By the way, Bodie, I met Mr. Selkirk this after-noon, and he was looking annoyed. I am sure that he was not feeling just right. The party, I find, has been arranged by your mother, Mrs. Selkirk, and my mother; and I fancy your brother-in-law is not over much pleased about it anyway. We shall see however.”

They were interrupted by a rap at the front door: and Preston rose saying, “I expect my trunk has come.” This was the case, a dray with trunk was standing at the gate, the drayman looking at a card he held in his hand and then at the number over the door, as if puzzled.

“It is all right, Swank, I am boarding here this month, or so,” was Preston’s greeting to the puzzled man.

“Sure I was, Mr. Preston, that I had gotten the wrong card. But as it is yurese’lf what answers the bell, it must be right.”

“Yes; bring the trunk into the hall.”

The sturdy Irishman did as he was directed to do; and departed with a chuckle at the double fee Mr. Clark gave him at the gate.

A BEAUTIFUL VISION.

THE following vision beheld by Nellie Ames of San Bernardino, has been in my possession since April 9th, 1879. She was then a girl of about fourteen years old, not a member of the Church, but has recently been baptized, and resides with her parents at the above place. She related it to me herself, and I intended to have sent it for publication long ago, but it has been filed away among other papers until now, as I wrote it down in my scrap book. She told me as follows.

I had been to the children’s prayer meeting, and had come home and gone to bed, but was not asleep, when I saw a woman lying on a bed, dressed in pure white, and the Savior standing by her side, with his hands crossed upon her fore-head, and a bright star just above and back of his head. And there were gathered around him an innumerable con-

course of people, all standing and holding on to each other lest they should fall. They all seemed to be very old, as their hair was very white. They also were dressed in white. Above them, in the air, were myriads of Angels. The Savior’s hair and beard were light and wavy. I could not recognize where I was until I placed my hand to my forehead, and found myself in bed. I then went to sleep, and dreamed that I was standing near the front door, which seemed to be opened toward the north. Mr. Garner was sitting in a chair, immediately in front of me; when I looked up into the sky, and beheld a very singular, or strange sight. There was a very black cloud appeared at first all scalloped around the edges, but presently there was a bright light appeared from behind the cloud, which lighted the whole surface of the cloud. Then there appeared writing upon each one of the scallops of the main cloud, which could be easily traced, as the lines were a shade darker than the rest of the scene. There seemed to be a verse of poetry upon each of the scallops; but I could not read it. I then said to Mr. Garner, Oh! look there; and asked him to read the writing; but as he could not, I then said, let us call Mrs. Garner, as she is a good reader. She came and read the words for me, which were in rhyme, and very beautiful, but I can not remember them now; but as soon as she had done reading a word or line, it would disappear. And thus the scene closed.

I ought to have mentioned before, that the above described vision was beheld, while she was stopping with her uncle, John H. Garner, at Newport Branch, near Santa Ana, Los Angeles County, California, and penned very nearly in her own language, or words.

R. R. DANA.

“BE YE ALSO READY.”

DEAR reader of the Hope. Once more I take the pleasure of writing you a few lines. I do not expect to say anything very interesting, but I will try and do my best. To-day, while I was standing on Main Street, Ogden, I saw a funeral procession pass me; the hearse was drawn by six beautiful black horses. Slowly and steadily it moved along, till the last carriage was lost to my view, when I enquired who can this be that they are paying such respect to, and all feel so sad over, when I found it was a young man in the prime of life. Yesterday he was alive and in good health, gay and happy; to-day he is borne to his last resting place on earth—the cold silent grave. He was accidently killed by the train at the depot in Ogden, Utah, where he worked. He bore a good character, and was respected by all who knew him. Oh! to think that yesterday he was here in this bright sunlight of heaven, and to-day he will be lying in his lonely tomb. As I stood gazing, I pulled my veil down over my face, that the passers by might not see how the sad scene had affected me. Although a stranger to me, I felt he was my brother; for is not God the father of us all; and tears

rose in my eyes, and prayer on my lips for him who was called away so soon; yes, little hopes, I prayed that his soul might be saved with the just in God’s Kingdom.

Dear Hopes, how we should try and be prepared to go whenever the Lord God calls us. We know not how soon it may be before we are called home, to give an account of all we have done here on earth. Then let us be prepared at any moment. Youth is the time to serve the Lord,—the time to secure the great reward. Let us as youths in Zion be up and doing, and work while it is day, for the night cometh when no man can work.

I will now bring these few scattered words to a close, praying our Heavenly Father to enable us so to live that we may be always prepared for death, come in what shape it may, that we may be found worthy of Eternal Life in the presence of God, is my prayer. From your ever-loving and affectionate sister in the new and everlasting covenant.

LYDIA F. KEMP.

NORTH OGDEN, Utah, Dec. 3d, 1881.

Letters from the Hopes.

BLENHHEIM, Ontario,

December 7th, 1881.

Dear Hopes:—Believing that the readers of our little paper feel a lively interest in this glorious work, I thought I would write a few lines to you. We have a very good branch here, numbering about sixty. We have had Bro. J. H. Lake and G. E. Deuel here, and like them very much. Bro. Lake baptized two, Bro. Deuel is now gone to Baddertown, where he was directed by the Spirit. We were told by the gift of prophecy that we were to uphold Bro. Deuel with our hands as well as with our prayers, which I hope the Saints in this place will endeavor to do. We expect him back again. I hope he will come, as it is what we need very much is preaching in this place.

Dear Hopes: I am but young. It is the first time I have ever written to our little paper; but I hope it will not be the last. I like to read the paper very much, though small as it is. I would like for it to be twice the size. I hope I will see more letters in the paper after this. I hope each and every one of us will live faithful, so all can see eye to eye, where there will be parting no more, and there will be no more sorrow there. Yours in Christ,

S. J. BUCK.

NUTS TO CRACK ON WINTER EVENINGS.

Why is a man who can’t learn by experience like a laurel? Because he is an evergreen.

When is a little girls arm like an animal? When it is a little bear (bare).

Why is house-painting like high jumping? Because it’s done in the spring.

Why are circus-horses such slow-goers? Because they are taught-orseres (tortoises).

What is the difference between the earth and sea? One is dirty, the other tidy.

When do men’s heads resemble their dwellings? When they are covered with tiles.

Why is a dishonest bankrupt like an honest poor man? Because both fail to get rich.

What workman must always have his glass before he can do a day’s work? A glazier.

Why are ripe potatoes in the ground like thieves? Because they ought to be taken up.

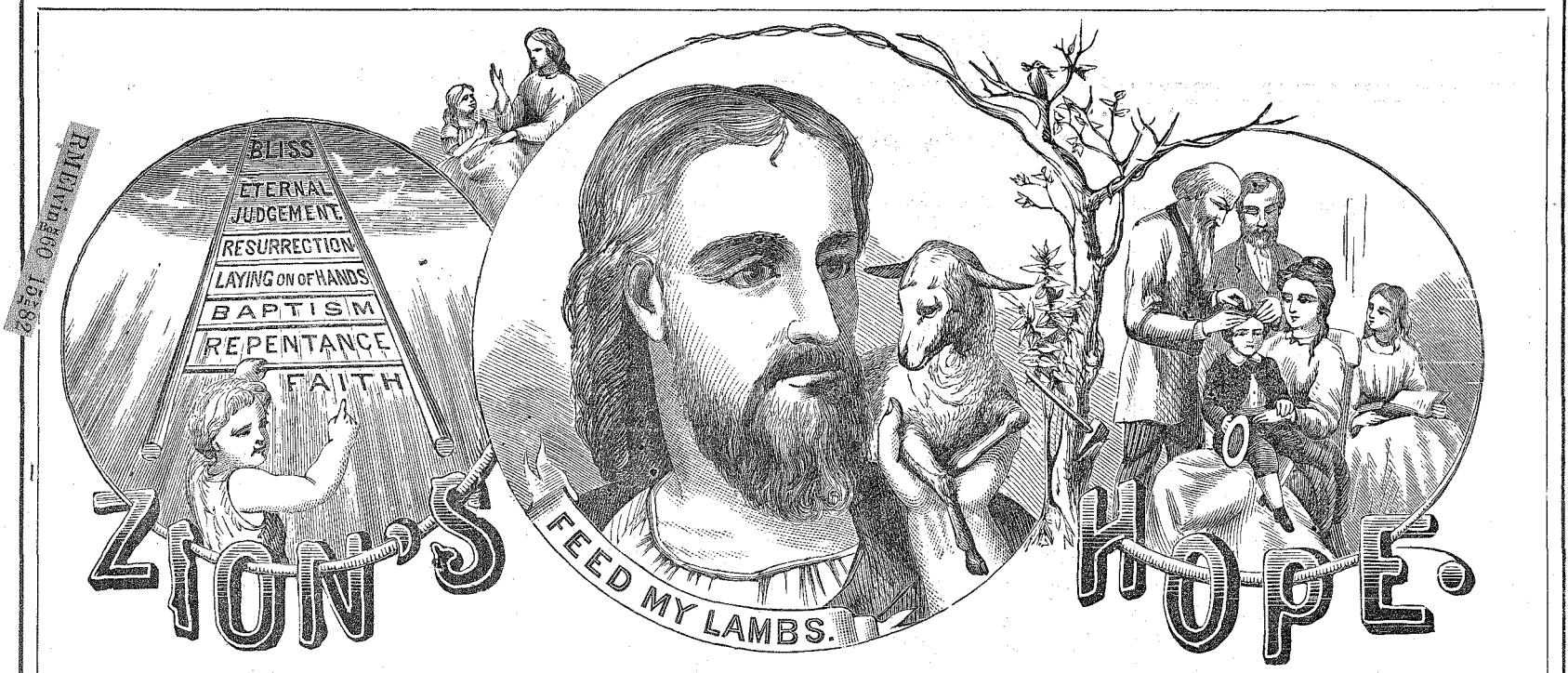
THE SAINTS’ HERALD.

The above publication is issued semi-monthly, at Lamoni, Decatur County, Iowa, 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.

Zion’s Hope is published semi-monthly by the Board of Publication of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, at Lamoni, Decatur County, Iowa, and is edited by Joseph Smith. 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, Lamoni, Decatur County, Iowa. Money may be sent by Draft on Chicago; Post Office Order on Leon, Iowa; or by Registered Letter to Lamoni, Iowa.

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 GOSPEL SHIP.

The gospel ship is sailing
To a home across the sea,
Were aboard the ship of safety,
Were aboard a ship that's free.

Were out upon the waters,
But quail not to meet the tide;
But battle with the tempest,
To reach the other side.

We've a light for those behind us,
That they may find the way;
But their path seems dark and dreary,
Because they're out the way.

Were working for those behind us,
We've a message for them all;
Tell them the ship is waiting,
Don't they hear the Savior's call?

CONSISTENCY.



DEAR Hopes:—I have not forgotten you all, if I have not written to our little paper for a long time; I have been reading the good instructions in it, given by more able writers than myself. Some of the contributors are very zealous in giving good instructions; may there good work continue. I am happy our little paper has so good and able a band of contributors. As you seemed pleased with the stories I sent you once: "Maggie and the Mice," and "How Maggie helped her Father." I may send you another one when there is room for it. I have several true incidents I may write, for I think little Hopes like to read something true.

Dear Hopes, do you ever think how blessed you are, and favored above all other children. Although some others may have all that wealth can do for them, while some of you may be scarcely able to take our little paper, I wish all children could have it; all who read it are given truth and good instruction, such as is good for all; and by those who are watching over them, for their eternal welfare, and love them as their own, and feel it a duty to labor to aid them on the strait road which leads to celestial glory. While the people of the world, who have not the true light, will not let their children read our

little paper, yet they will let them, even lead them in the broad road to destruction; I will give you an instance I saw while visiting at the house of a Methodist lady; the lady had two bright little boys eight and six years of age: they dared not read our little hope; yet went to Sabbath School at the church on their pa's large farm every Sabbath day, unless prevented for some cause or other. Little six year old Willie was very strict that no falsehood should be told; when dressed in his black velvet suit, ready for Sabbath School, he was beautiful to look upon; beautiful features, very fair, large black eyes, which when he looked upward looked saintly. One day their Minister called on the family, (as is their custom,) the gentleman of the house was absent. The little boys were in the room with the lady and I, while the Minister stayed. The Minister laid his hand on Willie's head and said, "Little man, why were you not at Sabbath School on last Sunday?"

"O, I stayed home to hunt eggs for ma."

"Ah," said the Minister, "I will drive out from the city (which was only a mile distant from Willie's home) with my wife and little girl, and take dinner some day, will you cook eggs for us?"

"Yes, ma will cook lots of 'em for you, won't you ma."

After the Minister left, the lady said, "Willie; why did you tell the Minister you stayed home to hunt eggs on Sunday. Why did you not tell him you were sick?"

Little Willie raised his saintly eyes, looked her in the face a moment, "Why, ma; that would have been a lie. God would knowed it."

I think that rebuke ought to have been sufficient. So, Dear Hopes, are you not favored above others; your instructors and parents admonish you in a different way, even the way to eternal life; all children are God's little Hopes, and I think he will not hold those guiltless who lead them astray; but will reward those who lead them to righteousness. I may sometime tell you of Willie's brother.

Dear Hopes, obey all good instruction, live up to all the light you have received, and your light will increase. Pray for each other that all the lambs may be brought to Christ's fold.

Your sister in hope,

SARAH A. ROSE.

GRAYSVILLE, Ohio.

A RIGHT WAY TO DO EVERYTHING.

DENDER the above caption I shall undertake to relate a circumstance that I think strongly illustrates that there is a right way to accomplish all our undertakings successfully and agreeably. Some months ago there was a religious gathering appointed some distance from the town near which the writer resides. There were four men that wanted to be present at said gathering, but hardly knew how to accomplish the journey, as the roads at that time were very bad, made so by a heavy fall of snow during the winter months, which had lain on the ground until late in April; it being in May that the circumstance I am relating took place. Concluding to take a heavy carriage and a pair of good, strong horses, they started on their journey, progressing very nicely, until about two-thirds of the journey had been accomplished, when they were rather at a loss to know what direction to take, the road straightforward being closed by one of those persons (of which there is a few in the world), who feel disagreeable themselves, and try to make all the trouble for others they can; and to turn to the right or left, would make the distance considerable farther. Being informed by a man at work in a field near by, that if they could go through the field, they would find better roads and not so far, they thought they would risk the case, and started straightforward. Arriving at the gate, they were confronted by brush and barbed wire, and the gate nailed fast to the post, and two men at work in the field, who evidently from their demeanor intended to object to their entering, or passing through the field.

Here was a dilemma; all four men alighted from the carriage to examine the situation, and to decide what to do next. They were all men of rather mature years, and the older ones of the party said: "Pull down the fence and proceed at all hazards." But the younger of the party, said: "No; I will go and see the man, and perhaps I can persuade them to let us pass through without trouble." This course was agreed to; and the younger man started on his rather doubtful errand. The usual salutation over, the errand was made known; the speaker was saluted with a volley of oaths and other bad language; but after some moments spent in relating the circumstances of the case, such as the lateness of the hour of the day, the condition of the roads, tired horses, &c., and asking the men to place themselves in the same condition, he was instructed how to take down the fence and was permitted to pass quietly along; while no doubt the proposition to proceed at once to tear down the fence would have occasioned trouble, as the man that owned the farm had threatened to prosecute the next man that undertook to pass through the field. They then proceeded on their way very well for some time, until they came to a place where there was a creek, over which a bridge had been placed; but the high water had nearly washed the approach all away on one side, leaving only a narrow passage about five or six feet wide; the parties alighted once more, to examine the place and decide as to the best way to get over. The younger said: "I think I can drive over that without unhitching the horses from the carriage;" the older ones said that they were "afraid he could not, but as he knew the team to try." Accordingly, the team was started forward, but on arriving at the narrow place, refused to step off on the treacherous looking track, and neither persuasion nor other means could induce them to do so. The horses were unhitched and taken across one at a time, and the carriage drawn across by hand; then the party, after hitching them to the carriage again, proceeded safely along without farther trouble, and arrived at their journey's end; had a good time at the gathering and returned safely home by another route. There are good lessons in many circumstances of life; note them as they pass.

A BEAUTIFUL ANSWER.

ALITTLE brother and sister were talking about home and their love for it. "I wouldn't swap my home for any other in the world," said the sister. "Oh, I don't feel so," was the boy's response. "I think that Willy A——'s home is as pretty as ours. It's bigger; and it's got more things in it. I think I'd like to swap ours for that." "But would you like to give up your father and mother for his?" asked his sister. "And would you rather have his sister than yours?" "No, I wouldn't want that," said the boy. "Well, to swap home means that," said the sensible sister; "for a home itself isn't a home. A home is your

father and mother, and brothers and sisters, and everything you have in the house." Wasn't that well said? Isn't there a truth in those words which is hid from many of the wise and prudent and revealed unto babes? A well-furnished house is not a home. A home is the life and love which the family in the house represents. Who would swap his home for a rich neighbor's?

MAPLEWOOD MANOR.

BY PERLA WILD.

CHAPTER II.

66

PLEASE, papa, tell me a story. It's been just as good as pie, all day. Ad, you needn't look at me so. Mamma Russell said so, didn't you, mamma? And then, papa, we didn't have nothing nice for Christmas, you know. And it's so still and lonesome, it makes me want something."

Papa stroked the brown curls of the fair boy on his knee. "A story? What shall it be?"

"O about Christmas, 'cause it's Christmas now. But it don't seem so, for we didn't have a real dinner, like we always used to do."

"Humph!" sniffed Addie. "Much you know about such things. You can't hardly think of anything we didn't have for dinner to-day."

"Yes I can, too. We didn't have no ripe water-melon. But 'taint that. It's"—lowering his voice,— "it's turkey."

"Yes, yes. Burt," said papa. "True enough, we didn't have any turkey; but little Burt knows why. He remembers his sleigh ride, doesn't he? And the turkey with the broken wing that we were obliged to kill? And how we had our Christmas roast two weeks before time?"

"Spect I do. Most likely I can 'member two or three weeks. And I 'spose I done it all. But I couldn't help it. Guess a little boy must do something. And I didn't know the foolish turkey would act that way. Any how, it saved him being just shut right up tight a long time, didn't it? We might had another one. Guess 'at wasn't all 'e turkey in the world. But I'd like a story,—any way."

"Well, one night,"—began papa, "a dark gloomy night—some people were sitting around their cheerful fire, happy and contented save one—the youngest of the family—a little rosy-cheeked, dark-eyed girl. It was Christmas Eve, and this little lassie wasn't satisfied. She wanted something—like you. Wished something would happen. And sure enough something did happen. They heard a loud rap at the door, and lo! there was a basket on the step, and no one to be seen, only a boot track in the snow."

"I know what was in it. I know what was in it," cried Burt, clapping his hands. "'Twas a baby, and that was me! O didn't I cry awful, shut up in a basket. I did. I most know, I did. Such a little baby as it

must have been, to be in that basket. I've seen it up in mamma's closet, and the little, cute, great long baby dress I had on. Wasn't it funny. I wish I could see it all."

"I rather think you did," replied papa. "You stared around till Addie said you were all eyes. She was a little dot then, not much larger than you are."

"Well, I don't 'member it, any way. Do you 'spose 'at was my papa, my very own papa, who run'd away so fast. And don't you 'spose my own first mamma felt awful sorrow 'bout it? Woman's always like babies, don't they?"

"I don't know, Burt," said Mr. Russell in reply. "We never could learn anything of your father and mother. So we kept you for our own little boy."

"I'm glad you did, 'cause you and mamma are ever so good, and they weren't, else they wouldn't took me off in a basket. Would they? Little babies don't be very bad and naughty, do they?" queried the boy.

"No, Burt."

"Well, course'en I know they wasn't good as you, 'cause you and mamma don't carry me off nowhere, when I'se getting so big and so naughty." With a sigh. "Oh dear, I s'pect I can't help it. May be I'se like my papa."

"I know not," returned papa, echoing the sigh; "but I do know you look enough like our son to be his child."

"Where is he? May be he is my own papa. O, I wish—"

"Hush, hush, child; you know not what you say. Our son died years ago." Then a silence fell over the little circle, and a quiet tear-drop on the open page of the Bible mamma was reading, told that she had not forgotten.

There was a quick rap at the front door, plainly heard in the present stillness of the cosy sitting room.

"O! maybe some one's bringing another baby. Let's go and see," and down sprang the little boy; but a gesture from Mrs. Russell detained him. A bright flush on Louisa's cheek, and a nervous tremor of the white fingers, busy over her bright worsted work, was noticeable even to little Burt.

"What's 'e matter, mamma Russell; and whatever makes you so shaky, Lou? You 'spect Old Santa's coming to-night? It's too late. Last night was his time." By this time Betty had thrown open the door, and a frank, honest-faced young man entered with a sweeping salutation, and came up to the fire and sat down in the chair placed for him by Mrs. Russell. Mr. Russell spoke coldly, but civilly, Victoria's greeting was much the same. Louisa gave him one timid glance, which seemed to answer for words. Only the mother's reception was openly cordial.

"Humph! I thought something was going to happen," and a look of disappointment passed over Burt's bright face, as he sat down on mamma's footstool and laid his curly head against her knee.

Half an hour passed and silence had reigned most of the time. Burt was gazing dream-

ily into the glowing fire. Mr. Russell was speaking to their visitor now, and Burt whispered the burden of his thoughts to mamma; but so plainly that all present could hear him. "Say; what makes Archie Kent come here so often, and what makes you all be so still and strange when he is here?"

"I will tell you, my little man," said the visitor, turning toward the child, "I come because I have no parents, brothers, or sisters, and it is pleasant to be in the home of my school-mates. But to-night I have come to beg a great favor—to ask for one of these fair girls as a Christmas present." He looked from the father to the mother, then glanced toward the bowed head of Louisa.

No response; and Archie Kent continued: "I have little save an honorable name, an honest heart and willing hands, to offer. But my uncle in Minnesota proposes leasing me his wheat farm for three years if——"

"By Saint George!" cried John Russell, springing to his feet and growing pale with rage, "If this isn't the most impudent piece of business I ever saw. You propose to marry one of my daughters! Scandalous! Unheard of! Preposterous! You, a poor farm-servant, aspire to the hand of John Russell's child! You're surely mad, young man, and the sooner you emigrate to this uncle of yours in Halifax, or wherever he may be, the better for us all." And he walked to the door and opened it. "Go, Archie Kent, and never enter these premises again. Louisa, stop; don't follow him. You can't pass me. Say your adieus standing there."

"Poor Lou turned away sobbing, as the outer door closed. Her father shut this one, and ordered the girls to retire. He was so angry he trembled.

"John," began his wife.

But he interrupted her sharply. "Don't try to plead the cause of those two young idiots. Your foolish whims have brought this about. I'd have forbidden him the house long ago, but I thought Louisa had a spark of the Russell pride in her composition. Your Yankee ideas of equality upset all old established laws of propriety and reason."

He came up to the fire, gave the cat a tiff with his slipper toe, and sat down. Mrs. Russell was too much surprised to speak. Never before had she seen her husband give way to his feelings so completely.

"Say now, papa, you oughtn't do that. It's Andrew Jatson you kickeded, and he's the bestest cat I've got. And why don't you let Lou get married. We'd have a wedding and lots o' nice goodies, wouldn't we? Something better'n turkey. O, do let us; 'twould be so much fun. I'd help lots, I'd pick the raisin stems all off."

No heed was paid to the child's words. Mr. Russell was leaning against the inlaid mantel, with set lips and a hard, despairing look in his eye. Mrs. Russell came up and laid her hand on his arm. "Hadn't you better reason with the child, John?"

"What child?" he asked curtly.

"Why, Louisa, of course. Possibly our poor boy had been alive if you hadn't been so

harsh with him. You wouldn't even listen to him, nor see the girl he had chosen."

"Elizabeth Russell," he began, very sternly; but as he turned, the searching, uplifted gaze of the little boy met his own, and he faltered, then paused entirely as his eye rested on the sweet, anxious face of his wife. "Perhaps I'm too hasty in such matters. We'll talk to her in the morning.—But my girls shall never marry a poor man. Victoria is too proud to do so. Lou always was a trifle wayward and headstrong. But I had no idea matters had gone so far, or I had stopped his coming here long ago. Come, it's bed time for old folks and little boys."

Next morning John Russell and his wife were awakened by a very shrill voice issuing from a curtained recess in the corner.

"Cook a doodle doo!
Who can't crow like you?"

Wish I was a chicken. Chickens have the bestest time. Don't never be washed and combed, and their hair don't curl,—and"—

"You'd best go sleep again, little chanticleer, till day-light," says papa.

Just then a rap at the door startled them all. Little Burt sprang up, dragging his brodered wool night-robe after him as he hastened to admit Addie, who came in pale and shivering.

"O papa, mamma; Lou's gone. Here's a note left on the table,—dated last night at eleven," approaching the night lamp and turning up the light.

"I bid you all adieu. Forgive my disobedience. I am twenty, and think I know my own mind. Don't try to find me, for I shall never return
LOUISA."

John Russell turned to the wall and groaned. "Another child gone to destruction."

"I 'spect she's gone to get married," chimed in little Burt. "It must be awful to get married, 'cause papa Russell takes on so. Wonder why. Glad I ain't big enough, else I 'spect I'd have to. Wouldn't I Addie?"

"O hush, you little dunce. How stupid a boy can be," she replied.

Continued.

CHRISTMAS IN PLANO.



It has been some time since I have had any thing to say to the Hopes, and thinking you would all like to hear how we are getting along at Plano, I know of no better time than now to write and tell you of our Christmas entertainment last evening. Well, in the first place, you know there are not nearly so many "Little Hopes" (or big ones either) as there were before the Herald Office and hands left us. And we were fearful at first of not having any meetings, or "good times;" but think we will not worry any more about that at present.

Now for the Concert. We decorated the Meeting House with evergreens and bright flowers, festooning the evergreens along the walls, looping from there to the arch in front of the platform. The arch looked from the door like the front of a huge arbor or sum-

mer house; back of that, on the wall, was the motto "In God we trust," made of evergreens, and underneath that was placed a large white banner with the motto "Watch and Pray." Now do you not think our Meeting House must have looked beautiful?

In speaking and singing, all did their part well, and the entertainment was pronounced a success. Then we had a real old Santa Claus, who came forth with frosted beard and snowy coat (only the snow was white cotton batting.) Little eyes grew bright, as he came out carrying a large basket filled with packages of pop corn, candy, and apples, for each little Hope. After which the prize books were given, and each Sunday School Scholar received just what he or she had earned.

And then the tree was stripped of its curious fruit; and oh what fun Santa Claus did make by his odd remarks. There were over three hundred presents given out, and we think not one in the house was forgotten.

But my letter is growing too long, and I fear you will think I am bragging too much over our success; so I will close by asking each little Hope not to forget the Plano Branch; for remember we are few in number now; but we do not despair, and mean to "hold the fort" if possible.

"Happy New Year" to each dear little Hope.
SISTER LENA.

BELLS AND ANGELS.

WISH to write a few more of my early thoughts. I was born in a village called Aldenham, three miles from a town called Watford, fifteen miles from the city of London, England. I was born close to Aldenham church, only the main road separated the house from the graveyard and the old church; and in this old church was placed eight very large bells, which were hung very high up, and long ropes were attached to ring them with. When I came to at knowledge of hearing these bells ringing, I am not able to express my feelings; it caused the tears to run down my little cheeks; it was a joy I can not tell you; it seemed as though I had lived in sweet music somewhere, for it seemed to touch the very tender feelings of my heart; it seemed to overcome me. I felt pleased I was on the earth; all seemed glorious. And when I was able to walk, my mother took me to this church, and what did my little eyes see, angels made out of marble and wood, placed on the sides of the walls, and hanging on the ceilings inside of this old church. What was my tender feelings. I would like to be an angel, and with the angels sing, I thought what a glorious place heaven must be, and I seemed to long to go there. At the end of the church was an image in the form of a young lady kneeling to pray, with her hands placed together, looking up towards heaven, that seemed to impress itself so much on my mind in the week time, I would go alone to the church and look through the widow at this image,

then I would kneel down behind a gravestone, and look up to heaven, and try to pray; then I would get up and go and look through the window again, then come back and kneel down and bow before the Lord in the same manner; and the joy that was in my heart I can not tell you now.

Dear Hopes, let me ask you to kneel down three times a day: morning, noon, and night. Pray to your Heavenly Father. Only think of poor Daniel, how he prayed three times a day, and how the Lord saved him from the lions.

Since I got back to Cheyenne I have preached fifteen times, prayed with two very sick men several times. I have had three debates with two men who do not believe the Bible.

One debate was on the street in a wagon. I do want to do good. I feel very happy in the work of the Lord. I shall write a letter to the Herald as soon as I can.

Dear Hopes, only think, Brother Eames is here all alone, not a brother or sister, nor branch. I think there is a brother in Denver City.

Pray for me that I may be the means in the hands of the Lord to raise a branch in Cheyenne.

JOHN EAMES.

CHRISTMAS AT BEVIER.

AS Christmas is over, I thought that I would let you know how we enjoyed our selves in Bevier Branch on Christmas Eve. We had a Christmas Tree well laden with fine presents for both old and young. Bro. John J. Morgan got up a concert, which was a credit to the Saints in Bevier. The Sunday School children also had some twenty or thirty pieces and dialogues to recite, which in all took some two hours to get through, and then commenced the distribution of presents, which took till half-past ten o'clock. There were four girls picked to collect five cent votes, and the one who got the most was to have the first prize, a splendid gold necklace, which was won by Omah Davis, who collected \$41; the second prize was a splendid pair of gold plated ristles, which was won by Betsey Roberts, who collected \$18; the third prize was a gold ring, which was won by Maggie Thomas, who collected \$12; the fourth prize was a splendid breast pin, which was won by Emma Reese, who collected \$2.60. There were also three other prizes to be given for the best piece and the best spoken, but the judges have not given their decision on it yet. It is hard to tell how it will go, for all were good pieces and pretty well spoken. Thus many hearts have been made glad, by the looks of their bright and happy faces, which I think we as Saints could often do if we would only strive to throw off our minds the spirit of selfishness, and strive to help others that are ready and willing to go to a little trouble to get up something of this kind. Wherever there is a will there is a way; so let us as Saints of God strive to encourage the hopes of Zion in this or some other way, that they

may grow to be useful men and women in this great and glorious cause. Ever praying for the welfare of Zion, I remain as ever yours in the gospel bonds.

J. W.

CHRISTMAS IN WESTERN IOWA.

THE Saints of "Keystone Branch" had twine Christmas Trees, at the Schick School-House, the 23d inst. The great variety of the fruit upon these trees forbids a minute description; enough to say, the gifts were "rich, rare and racy," and all present enjoyed themselves, especially at the Oyster supper at the house of Bro. William Schick. On December 24th, the Shenandoah Sabbath School, held their Christmas Tree, in the Saints' neat little church. Things both funny and useful were taken from the boughs, making glad the hearts of both old and young. Instrumental Music was furnished by Sister Cordia Badham, prayer by Elder S. S. Wilcox, and a short talk to the children by Elder Robert M. Elvin. The school sang "Let the lower lights be burning," "What shall the harvest be," "Song in the sunshine," and "Ninety and nine." Recitations by Misses Eva Redfield and C. M. Badham, two by Miss Bina DeForest. Songs by Sisters Emma Steel and Zella Moore, "Away, away the track is white," "Gathering up the shells on the sea shore," "This is my commandment," closed with the good old song "Good night," may these works for good have many returns of these social gatherings.

ONE PRESENT.

Letters from the Hopes.

CALDWELL, Kan., Dec. 29th, 1881.

Dear Hopes:—I have started out this beautiful day making New Year calls: have made no less than a dozen of these temporary visits to-day, will you allow me to step into your Sanctum Sanctorum also a moment, and wish you all a Happy New Year. I see I'm a little late for Christmas, but hope you all enjoyed God's blessings and Holy Spirit on that day. I know some of you can tell very interesting narratives of your Christmas Trees and jollifications; would like to hear from you. I expect there are a great many who have never written to our little paper, and can write something quite instructive; come now, don't be bashful; but here I am talking to you when I'd ought to be more diligent myself, but it seems it can not be helped, for there are other things that take up my time. Now suppose the rest of the Saints would have this excuse, what would become of our little paper. We would not know there were such beautiful writers as Myrtle Gray and Perla Wild; to be sure I can not write, but I will give in my testimony and try to encourage those who can. Our life here is but a fleeting shadow, slipping away from us quicker than we have any idea of, at least I realize it. Let us try and make good use of every moment. In this place, of late, there has been much excitement, caused mostly by the bank breaking; after this was somewhat quieted, a rowdy set of cow-boys from Texas rode in town and drank to excess, then commenced firing in all directions, thereby terminating in the death of two men,—one a very useful man in this community, formerly Mayor of the city. They made their escape; but it is likely they will be found and punished. How much mischief this intoxication does: it makes men murderers and thieves, and breaks the hearts of many. In poverty and shame destroys soul and body. I know you would like to hear what we had for Christmas. Well, we had glad hearts, for our dear mother who has been sick, is now feeling much better; we are very thankful that she is in part restored by the faith and prayers of good people. There is not one be-

longing to the Church in this place. I wish there was a branch. Should an Elder find his way out here to this border town, I think he will find some good hearted souls. There are but two Churches in this place, Presbyterian and Methodist, and even though there are it seems to take hard scraping to keep them, although it is a place of one thousand one hundred inhabitants, and cattle business is lively. It can not or will not support another church at present. There are but a very few church members here. Have very good society; a fine brick school-house is being built. In conclusion, may we all feel like singing this verse I have selected for the New Year.

Wake, ye children, lift your voices!
Praise the Lord who loved you so;
Give this whole glad year to Jesus;
All his gracious will to know.

Your friend and sister, REGINA ROHRER.

MILLERSBURG, Mercer Co., Ills.,
December 27th, 1881.

Dear Hope Readers:—Though I have not written before to the *Hope*, yet I have enjoyed the letters and other good reading in our dear little paper for five years. I very much enjoy reading the *Hope* and *Herald*. I do not intend to do without them; I think they are the best papers published, because they tell of the true gospel, as I believe it to be. I was baptized September 1st, 1878, by Bro. D. S. Holmes. I have not repented of that yet, and do not expect to; there is joy and peace in the gospel that none out of it know. We have meeting every Sunday, but no Sunday School. I hope the time is soon when there will be, for it is a pleasure to me, and is good for all. Roads very wet and muddy. Love to all the Hopes

HULDAH BLACKLEACH.

STEWARTSVILLE, DeKalb Co., Mo.,
December 24th, 1881.

Dear HOPE:—It has been a long time since I wrote to you. I have been baptized since I wrote before. I love the *Hope*; I love the gospel as well as anything I know of. I have a great many temptations. I wish you would all pray for me; I have one sister that has not seen the light of the gospel yet; pray for her, that she may.

I remain as a sister of Christ, E. S.

GLEN EASTON, Marshall Co., W. Va.,
December 22d, 1881.

Dear Hopes:—My oldest sister takes the *Hope*, and I love to read the letters, and all the good stories. I have not been baptized yet; but hope to be some time. Mamma belongs to the Church, and goes to meeting twice a week, when the weather will permit. I go with her when it is so I can. I go to school. Pray for me that I may be a good girl and be saved.

MARY ELIZA WAYT.

PLUM HOLLOW, Iowa, Dec. 24th, 1881.

Dear Hopes:—I take the pleasure of writing to you, I do not know as I will interest you much. I have taken the *Hope* nearly a year, and love to read it. I am nine years old, and do not belong to the Church; but my mamma does. I have no brother or sister. We go to meeting when we can.

STELLA BENNER.

SUNDAY SCHOOL REPORT.

Report of secretary of Latter Day Saints Sunday School, Sandwich, Illinois, for six months, ending December 26th, 1881. School organized June 19th, by electing the following officers: Pres., F. G. Pitt; Vice Pres.: I. L. Rogers; Secretary, Encie Ewing; Treas.: Irene Beecher; Librarian; Fanny Berry; Teachers: Encie Ewing, Mrs. Pitt, W. A. Pease. Number of sessions 26, total attendance 1,043; collection \$25.23, average attendance 40, average collection 97c., amount in the treasury \$2.92 W. A. PEASE, Sec'y.

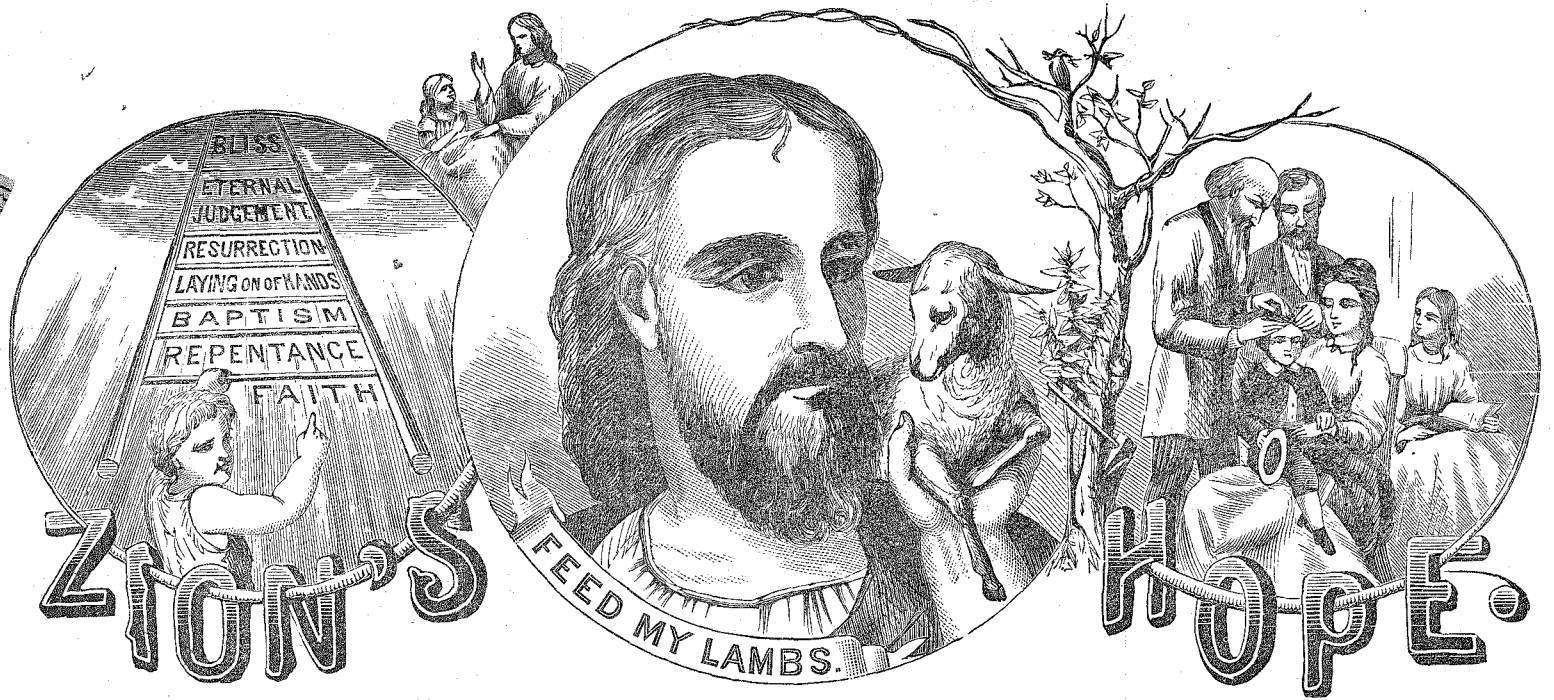
THE SAINTS' HERALD.

The above publication is issued semi-monthly, at Lamon, Decatur County, Iowa, 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.

Zion's HOPE is published semi-monthly by the Board of Publication of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, at Lamon, Decatur County, Iowa, and is edited by Joseph Smith. 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, Lamon, Decatur County, Iowa. Money may be sent by Draft on Chicago; Post Office Order on Leon, Iowa; or by Registered Letter to Lamon, Iowa.

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. XIII.

LAMONI, IOWA, FEBRUARY 1, 1882.

No. 15.

JESSICA'S FIRST PRAYER.

CHAP. I.

IN a screened and secluded corner of one of the many railway bridges which span the streets of London, there could be seen a few years ago, from five o'clock every morning until half-past eight, a tidily set out coffee stand, consisting of a tressel and board, upon which stood two large tin cans with a small fire of charcoal burning under each, so as to keep the coffee boiling during the early hours of the morning, when the work people were thronging into the city on their way to their daily toil; this particular coffee stand was a favorite one; for besides being under shelter, which was of great consequence upon rainy mornings; it was also in so private a niche, that the customers in taking their out-of-door breakfast were not so much exposed to notice; and, moreover, the coffee stand keeper was a quiet man, who cared only to serve busy workmen, not hindering them by any gossip. He was a tall, spare, elderly man, with a singularly solemn face, and a manner which was grave and secrete. Nobody knew either his name or dwelling place, unless it might be the police-man who strode past the coffee stand every half hour, and nodded familiarly to the solemn man behind it. There was very few who cared to make any enquiry about him; but those who did, could only discover that he kept the furniture of his stall at a neighboring coffee stall, whither he wheeled his tressel and board and crockery every day, not later than half past-eight in the morning; after which he was wont to glide away with soft footstep, and a mysterious and fugitive air, with many backward and side-long glances, as if he dreaded observation, until he was lost among the crowd which thronged the streets. No one had ever had persevering curiosity to track him all the way to his house, or to find out his other means of gaining a livily-hood; but in general his stall was sur-

rounded by customers, whom he served with silent seriousness, and who did not grudge to pay him his charge, for the refreshing coffee he supplied to them.

For several years a crowd of work people had paused by the coffee stall under the railway arch, when one morning during a partial lull of his business, the owner became suddenly aware of a pair of very bright dark eyes being fastened upon him, and the slice of bread and butter on his board, with a gaze as hungry as that of a mouse which has been driven by famine into a trap. A thin and meager face belonging to the eyes, which was half hidden by a mass of matted hair hanging over the forehead down the neck, the only covering which the head or neck had; a tattered frock, scarcely fastened together with broken strings, was slipping down over the shivering shoulders of the little girl. Stooping down to a basket behind his stall, he caught sight of two bare little feet curling up from the damp pavement, as the child lifted up first one and then the other, and laid them one over another to gain a momentary feeling of warmth. Who ever the wretched child was, she did not speak; only at every steaming cupful which he poured out of his can, her dark eyes gleamed hungrily, and he could hear her smack her thin lips, as if in fancy she was tasting the warm and fragrant coffee.

"O come now," he said at last, when only one boy was left taking his breakfast leisurely, and he leaned over his stall to speak in a low and quiet tone, "why don't you go away, little girl? Come, come; you're staying too long, you know."

"I'm just going, sir," she answered, shrugging her small shoulders, to draw her frock up higher about her neck; "only it's raining cats and dogs outside; and mother's been away all night, and she took the key with her; and it's so nice to smell the coffee; and the police has left off worriting me while I've been here. He thinks I'm a customer taking my breakfast." And the child laughed a

shrill little laugh at herself and the policeman.

"You've had no breakfast, I suppose," said the coffee stall keeper, in the same low and confidential voice, and leaned over his stall till his face nearly touched the thin, sharp features of the child.

"No," she replied, coolly; "and I shall want my dinner, dreadful bad afore I get it, I know. You don't often feel dreadful hungry, do you, sir? I am not griped yet, you know; but afore I taste my dinner, I'll be pretty bad, I tell you. Ah! very bad indeed!" She turned away with a knowing nod, as much as to say, she had one experience in life, to which he was quite a stranger. But before she had gone half a dozen steps, she heard the quiet voice calling to her in rather louder tones; and in an instant she was back at the stall.

"Slip in here," said the owner, in a cautious whisper; "here's a little coffee left and a few crusts. There; you must never come again, you know. I never give to beggars; and if you'd begged, I'd have called the police. There; put your poor feet toward the fire. Now, aren't you comfortable?"

The child looked up with a face of intense satisfaction. She was seated upon an empty box, with her feet near the pan of charcoal, and a cup of steaming coffee on her lap; but her mouth was too full for her to reply, except by a very deep nod, which expressed unbounded delight. The man was busy for a while packing up his crockery; but every now and then he stopped to look down upon her, and to shake his head gravely.

"What's your name?" he asked, at length. "But there; never mind! I don't care what it is. What's your name to do with me, I wonder?"

"It's Jessica," said the girl; "but mother and everybody calls me Jess. You'd be tired of being called Jess, if you was me. It's Jess here, and Jess there; and everybody wants me to go errands. And they think nothing of giving me smacks and kicks and pinches. Look here!"

Whether her arms were black and blue from the cold or ill usage, he could not tell; but he shook his head again seriously, and the child felt encouraged to go on.

"I wish I could stay here forever and ever, just as I am," she cried. But you're going away, I know; and I'm never to come again, or you'll set the police on me."

"Yes," said the coffee stall keeper very softly, and looking round to see if there were any other ragged children within sight, "if you'll promise not to come again for a whole week, and not to tell anybody else, you may come once more. I'll give you one other treat. But you must be off now."

"I'm off, sir," she said sharply: "but if you've an errand I could go on I'd do it right, I would. Let me carry some of your things."

"No, no," cried the man. "You run away, like a good girl; and mind I'm not to see you again for a whole week."

"All right!" answered Jess; setting off down the rainy street at a quick run, as if to show her willing agreement to the bargain; while the coffee stall keeper removed his stock-in-trade to the coffee house near at hand, and was seen no more for the rest of the day in the neighborhood of the railway-bridge.

To be continued.

THE SABBATH-BREAKER RECLAIMED. OR A PLEASING HISTORY OF THOMAS BROWN.

On a fine Sabbath morn in the sweet month of May,
When the hawthorn in blossom was seen,
When perfumes fill'd the air, and all nature looked gay,
And the fields wore a livery of green.

Thomas said to his wife, "The morning is fine,
Then let us walk out at our leisure;
I have work'd all the week, recreation we'll seek,
And the fields will afford us much pleasure."

Said his wife, "All our clothes are both dirty and torn,
Which will set decent people a talking:
I shall feel much asham'd, and we both shall be blam'd,
By those we may meet as we're walking."

"The birds and the cattle," says Thomas, "you know,
Dress all days alike, void of care;
Let us follow their plan, be as blithe as we can,
And not make things worse than they are."

"They can't well be worse for at home or abroad
We've nothing for dinner to-day;
Our money's all gone, and credit we've none,
So e'en let us do as you say."

They lock'd up their house, and their children they took,
Unhappy at home or abroad;
And away they all went—'twas a Sabbath misspent—
For the chance of the fields or the road.
Not long they had walk'd, when a neighbor they met,
And they tried his attention to shun;
But he saw them so plain, to escape him was vain,
And thus to discourse he begun.

"Where have you been wand'ring about, Thomas Brown?
In your jacket so out of repair?"

"A rambling I've been o'er the meadow so green,
And I work in the jacket I wear."

"But do you not hear the church bell, Thomas Brown?
Oh! why not the Sabbath regard?"

"We a living must seek, and we work all the week,
If we can't enjoy Sunday, 'tis hard!"

"But what could your work do for you, Thomas Brown,
Were you not by your Maker befriended?"

"Why that I don't know; if to church we should go,
Perhaps matters would not be much mended."

"What I say I intend for you good, Thomas Brown,
And your friend am desirous to be!"

"Why that I suppose, or your time you'd not lose
To discourse with a poor man like me."

"This world is fast hast'ning away, Thomas Brown,
And short are the pleasures of man:"

"Then there's no time to spare, let us drive away care,
And merrily live while we can."

"But what, when this world you shall leave, Thomas Brown,
If your soul in dread torments shall lie?"

"Why that, to be sure, would be hard to endure,
But I can not well help it, not I."

"Yet the wretch under sentence of death, Thomas Brown,
Would be glad for a pardon to run!"

"Why, yes, so would I, if condemned to die;
But I know not what harm I have done."

"The Bible will tell you your sin, Thomas Brown,
And a Savior will bring to your view:"

"The learn'd there may look, but I can't read the book;
It may, or it may not be true."

"Hie away to the church on the hill, Thomas Brown,
For if you can't read, you can hear."

"The man with the band I shall not understand;
The rich and the wise may go there."

"The Gospel is preach'd to the poor, Thomas Brown,
And would lighten your cares, do not doubt it."

"You speak like a friend, but I do not intend
To trouble myself much about it."

"Could I tell you where treasure is hid, Thomas Brown,
You would spare neither labor nor pains."

"In that you are right; I would dig day and night,
And merrily live on my gains."

"But what, should you gain the whole world, Thomas Brown,
And lose your own soul at the last?"

"Why, my courage would cool; I should then prove a fool,
And sorely repent of the past."

"Seek in time for the kingdom of God, Thomas Brown,
And your pleasures will never decay."

"I feel half inclin'd to become of your mind,
And I hope I shall do as you say."

"May the God of all peace give you grace, Thomas Brown,
In his fear and his favor to dwell."

"Your wish is most kind, I shall bear it in mind;
And so for the present farewell."

SECOND DIALOGUE. SUNDAY MORNING.

"Whither go you, so clean and well clad, Thomas Brown,
For your jacket's a new one, I see."

"Sir, I go, with good will, to the church on the hill,
To thank God for his goodness to me."

"To hear this, it does my heart good, Thomas Brown,
And I hope you'll continue to go."

"This, sir, I intend; and as you are my friend,
You'll be pleas'd something further to know.
When, after our converse, I first went to church,
I remember'd the days of my folly;
When I heard them at prayer, I thought God must be there,
And the place appear'd solemn and holy.

The prayers being over, then sweetly they sung:
I felt glad that I had gone in;

The sermon came next, and this was the text,
That 'death is the wages of sin.'

The minister told us, that all wicked men,
Who the paths of iniquity trod,
Would be turn'd into hell, in darkness to dwell,
And all people forgetting their God.

I listened awhile, and felt struck with fear,
A cloud seem'd to hang o'er my head;

A tear stood in my eye, and I could not tell why,
But my heart was as heavy as lead.

On the morrow I spoke of what I had heard,
While my shopmates were laughing and lazy,

And I should have said more, but they set up a roar,
And cried out, 'Tom Brown has gone crazy!'

Then I laugh'd and I sang with the best of them all,
And tried to forget what had pass'd;

But I thought in my mind, shall I good in this find,
If I lose my own soul at the last!

So again the next Sunday I went to the church,
Though my shopmates all joined to upbraid;

For I thought, why should I fear a man that will die
More than Him by whom all things were made?

The minister spoke so loud and so plain,
That the poorest might well understand;

'Repent ye,' said he, and seem'd pointing at me,
'For the kingdom of God is at hand.'

I felt myself vile, as he told me my sins;
That he knew them, I could not well doubt it;

For it came in my head what to you I had said,
And I thought you had told all about it.

When I heard what my Savior had suffer'd, I wept;
How he groan'd and he died on the tree;

But O, the blest hour! for the word came with power,
And I knew that he suffer'd for me.

Thus God has dwelt with me, and thus has been pleas'd
His great goodness and grace to impart;

It was terror and dread that first bow'd down my head,
But 'twas mercy that melted my heart.

Every week from my wages a sixpence I spare,
A Bible to buy, for I need it;

And when time I can spare, to a friend I repair,
Who has promis'd to teach me to read it.

And you, sir, have been a most kind friend to me,
This I own, though I can not repay;

But yet there is one who this kindness will own
At the last and the great judgment day.

For myself, as becomes a poor, weak, sinful man,
I will pray for support from on high,

To walk in God's way, my Savior to praise,
And to trust in his grace till I die.

And though poor, and unwise in the ways of the world,
I believe in the truth of God's word,

That true riches are they which will not pass away,
And true wisdom, the fear of the Lord."

A CHILD'S FAITH.

I WILL relate a little incident which occurred in the Summer of 1880; I think it would interest the readers of the *Hope*. On Sunday evening, my husband gave me his wages of the previous week, amounting to fifteen dollars. I put it in my purse, and on the following morning, I sent my oldest boy, Charlie, to the grocery near by, and gave him the purse as it was; he paid for the goods he purchased, using only a small portion of the money, putting the rest again in his pocket, as he supposed; he then went out to the next store, on an errand, and to his astonishment found the purse gone; he looked carefully for it, and went back to the grocery to enquire for it, but no trace of it could be found.

When he came home and told me, I felt bad, and said, "Oh! Charlie, what shall we do, for it's all we had to live on through the week, and we never like to get trusted since we came into the Church."

Directly the store keeper came in with the goods, and knowing our trouble, kindly offered to trust us through the week, and said he would assist us all he could in finding it.

As soon as he left, Charlie closed the door and said, "Mother; you have always said we must take everything to God in prayer; then why not take this, for he knows all about it, and surely it is not his will that we should lose it, and so have to go in debt. I have faith to believe that the Lord will bring it back, if we will ask him."

We then knelt in prayer, and while I was praying, these words were given me by the Spirit: "Lord, cause the one who picked up the purse, to be troubled in mind, and not rest until he will bring it to the store nearest to the place where he found it." We then left it with the Lord, believing he would hear and answer prayer. Charlie cheerfully kissed me, saying, "Don't be troubled, mother, it will come back all right before night, I feel it."

He went on to school, and I went about my work, feeling no anxiety whatever. Between four and five in the afternoon, when Charlie came home, he said, "Mother; has the purse come yet?"

I answered, "No! not yet; and perhaps he had better go and get a little for supper at the store on credit, as the gentleman was willing." But he was so sure the money would come, he wanted me to wait ten minutes longer. While we were waiting, Mr. Q., the store keeper came in with a gentleman, saying, "Mrs. H., this man picked up a

purse this morning; but I will let him tell his own story."

The gentleman then said, "I picked up a purse on the street this morning, and as so many people were passing and repassing, I thought it would be impossible to find the owner, and so I put it in my pocket; but I could not rest or get it out of my mind, and these words troubled me all day. Take it back to the store nearest to the place where you found it. And as I came up to-night, I found it was the nearest to Mr. Q's store, so you need not stop to identify it any farther, for I feel sure it is yours, and you will find it all right."

I thanked him heartily, and found it to be all right, every cent was there. As soon as they were gone, Charlie said, with tears of rejoicing, "Mother; let us return thanks to God, for truly he has heard and answered our prayer." And many times since then, has the promise been verified unto us, both in times of sickness and in trouble.—"While they are yet asking, I will answer, saith the Lord." I am your sister in the Church of Christ.

ADDIE HOXIE.

EVIL COMPANIONS CORRUPT GOOD MANNERS.

NOT many years ago, a prisoner in one of our penitentiaries who was condemned to be hung, had written upon the wall of his cell five steps leading to the gallows. On the first,—disobedience to parents; on the second, Sabbath breaking; third, thieving and gambling; fourth, drunkenness; and fifth, murder.

"Honor thy father and thy mother," is the first and only commandment with a promise, "that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God shall give thee." Those who keep that command the Lord will bless.—

The second step is a violation of that commandment which says "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." It is said that one third of the prisoners in England and America trace their steps in the wrong direction from leaving the Sabbath School. What must be the pain and anxiety of fathers and mothers whose sons and daughters leave the narrow way (wisdom's way) to a life of shame and disgrace. Truly it has been said that Sabbath Schools are England's glory. If so! they are America's glory too; and happy is he or she who walks therein. The third step is also dangerous; for we are told; "It is a sin to steal a pin; much more to steal a greater thing."

Covetousness leads to stealing: does God warn us against this sin or crime? (Read Exodus 20:7; Joshua 7:21; 2 Kings 5:20-27.)

The fourth step is too well known to need much comment from me. The habit of intemperance has ruined myriads for both worlds. (Read 1 Samuel 25:36; Proverbs 23:21; 1 Corinthians 6:10-18.)

John Bradford, the old Lancashire minister and martyr, was right when seeing evil doers on the way to the execution, he exclaimed:

"But for the grace of God there goes John Bradford, and many more may say the same, Amen.

If Cain was not drunk when he committed the first murder, he had evil in his heart, through disobedience; the fruits of which are:

BAD.	GOOD.
Anger.	Gentleness.
Envy.	Meekness.
Pride.	Kindness.
Slander.	Humbleness.
Profanity.	Politeness.
Lying.	Truthfulness.
Stealing.	Honesty.
Cruelty.	Patience.
Selfishness.	Prudence.
Covetousness.	Decision.
Intemperance.	Temperance.
Evil Speaking.	Obedience.
Gambling.	Forgiveness.
Infidelity.	Courtesy.

On the whole, there is two little respect paid to the aged, too little regard for their sayings, and too little reverence for their persons. This is a great evil, and leads to a great many results. No people can excel the American class of people in affectionate regard for their young; perhaps this is carried on too much to an indulgent excess. The bud that opens before its time, the flower that blooms before its season, however beautiful and precious, is in danger of being blighted by an early frost, or blasted by a piercing east wind.

WILLIAM STREET.

MAPLEWOOD MANOR.

BY PERLA WILD.

CHAPTER III.

JANUARY came in cold and snowy. And there was more storm and shadow than sky and sun all through the month. Consequently people—especially little people—kept pretty close within doors. And of course little Burt was almost desperate at times.

"I wish, I wish,—I wish I was a big green frog, I do," pouted Burt one morning after a two day's storm had kept him in the house, till he thought he couldn't endure it.

"Why, Burt?" queried Victoria.

"O just 'cause I'm tired of being a boy. Frogs can just crawl into a hole and freeze up and never know nothing till Spring. Then they have lots of fun wading and jumping in the water, and nobody scolds if they get their panties all wet."

Victoria smiled, but said nothing. Burt sighed and walked wearily to the window. "O goody, somebody's comin'. A little boy, too. O I'se so glad. It'll be just jolly. You coax'em to stay Queen Vic, won't you, p'ease."

"It is Mrs. Bell, you see, I presume. She promised to come this morning and help us with our sewing. She has a little girl nearly as large as you. A nice playmate for you. And you must remember not to tease her. For she is a very good child, I guess."

"Humph!" sniffed Burt. "I'se not going to have noffin to do with her, so I isn't. I just don't play with girls, so I don't. They ain't half so good as boys. I just shan't do it."

So he perched himself on an ottoman in the corner, and sat as demure as his favorite

cat on the rug;—only his eyes were very round and observant. Mrs. Bell went duly to work, and her little daughter sat on a stool beside her,—pretty, silent and sober. Her dimpled hands lay quietly on her little checked apron; but her bright brown eyes saw everything. Presently she asked sweetly, "Mamma; may I p'ay wiz 'at pussy? It's a very pretty pussy. It won't bite, will it?"

"I think not, dear. Ask the little boy yonder."

But the wee maiden blushed and drooped her head. A silence ensued. It became unbearable to the active little Burt, presently, however.

"And'ew Jatson; come here! Kitty, I say. And'ew Jatson, come here!"

Andrew Jackson yawned lazily, stretched himself slowly as if loath to leave the soft, warm rug, and crept languidly over to his little master. Burt began to play rather roughly. Andrew Jackson resented, with a little tiff of his velvety paw. Burt cuffed his ears soundly, anxious to show his authority to strangers. Kitty dealt another blow, but the velvety paw left a long scarlet line on the little boys hand this time,—and then he sprang to the floor, and away with an angry "yeow!"

Burt followed, but came to a sudden stop, as the little girl gathered the offending cat into her arms, cuddled him down, and then cast a defiant glance at the boy. He turned around with a "Humph," sat down in his former seat, murmuring as if to himself: "'Ats' all a girls know, any way. Glad I'm not a girl."

Every one heard him in the silence of the room. Victoria was shocked, but knew not what to say. Mrs. Bell thought him a very rude little boy. And the little girl was thoroughly indignant. She found her speech at once, forgetting all her bashful timidity in her wrath.

"Humph! I dess I'm glad you ain't a dirl, too. You is badder'n any dirl. Don't 'buse nice pussies, so dey don't. I'd fink you'd be ashamed, ittle boy."

Burt stared at her, but deigned no reply. So she went on. "You tan jest *yook*, who tares, I wonder. Boys aren't dood for anyfing, only dest to tease somefing. I wouldn't be a boy for dollars an' dollars, so I wouldn't." And she turned away.

"Come, come, Elsie, that will do. I'm sorry you are so rude," chided the little girl's mother.

"Let her defend the girl's cause," said Victoria. "I admire her spirit. It's just what Burt needs. He has had his own way, and petted his own ideas, until he is a sort of Robinson Crusoe on a small scale."

"I ain't a Robiso Crusen, no such a thing, Miss Vic," interposed Burt resentfully. "S'pose you think your'e awful smart, 'cause you'se a girl. But I don't."

"Be careful not to be saucy and impertinent, little brother," she replied. "It isn't necessary for you to speak when no one addresses you."

"Dresses me? What's 'at?" pouted Burt.

"It means you shouldn't answer when one doesn't speak to you," she explained.

"Humph," was all the response he gave.

Andrew Jackson lay very contentedly in the little girl's arms, purring his sweetest and dreamily but worshipfully looking into her face. Burt was uncommonly quiet. He was not at rest in spirit, however. He moved uneasily about, turned around, cast a disdainful glance at his favorite cat several times, and finally sprang up and left the room, muttering something about having that old foolish cat hanged or sent to a 'sylum, if he didn't know any more than *that*. But he didn't stay long. He came in again very slowly and wearily. Sighed and sat down by the window.

"Oh dear," sighing again in real little boy sorrow, "I wish mamma wasn't gone to see a sick Dutch baby. An' I do wish Ad hadn't wented to school. Betty wont let a body have any thing to play with, nor make a noise, nor have any fun at all. I don't like hired girls, I don't. Nor any girls, nor nobody at all." And he bent his head on his hands, and sat very still and silent. He felt very sad and lonely. "I'm nobody's boy," he thought. "I haven't got no papa, nor mamma, nor nobody." And a little stifled sob was heard from the window seat. This was enough to touch the tender heart of the little maiden. True to the womanly instincts of her nature, another's sorrow moved her to pity.

A timid little voice aroused him. "Here's your pussy, little boy. And I'se des as sorry as any fing 'cause you feels so bad. Let's us play somefing. I can play, if I is a dirl."

"Humph!" was all the reply Burt gave. A little fluttering sigh rippled up from the wee girlish heart as she gently placed the kitty on the window ledge and turned away.

Victoria had been out of the room a short time, and now returned with a silver tray of tempting rosy apples. "And here are some crackers, too, for the little ones to take tea with," she said, placing a china nappy on a little round table which she rolled out from a corner, and leaving two of the nicest, rosiest, apples there, returned to her former seat.

"Come, Mrs Bell, lay aside your sewing, and let's eat apples awhile."

Burt looked at the little table a moment indifferently. "Humph! wonder how any body can take tea when there aint none. Nor noffin to eat on. 'Sides 'at boys don't get suppers." And he turned away again.

"Maybe little Elsie will set the table for you?" smiled Victoria. "You little folks must do something to pass your time pleasantly." But little Elsie wouldn't go even after mamma nodded permission, until Burt muttered, rather ungraciously, "Spect she might." But all his glumness was forgotten in a few minutes, and he was riding an imaginary horse over a very rough road, with a good deal of noise and bluster, while little Elsie busied herself cutting the apples in bits, and arranging things in general.

"At's butter,—and 'at's pie,—and 'at's—oh, say 'ittle boy, if you goes to town, des get

some sugar, and some toffee for b'eakfast."

After this there was no need to coax the children to play. Burt forgot that he didn't like girls, and all went merry as a marriage bell.

By and by Victoria missed a pair of scissors. She searched every possible place, but in vain. Even went up to her room, though she was sure she hadn't taken them out of their regular place in her work-box. She couldn't find them, and sat down to work without, though she had great need of them, to cut the button holes in a new suit for little Burt.

"Rickety, rackety, rocket;
Guess what I'se got in my pocket,"

Sang the little boy half an hour after, looking up at Victoria with a quizzing smile, "Somefing of yours. Guess, and I'll give it to you."

"You haven't got my button hole scissors, have you?"

He held them up over his head. Victoria was surprised.

"Why Burt; I'm shocked that you are so naughty and mischievous. You shouldn't meddle and,"—

"I didn't take 'em out of your box. Addie had 'em this morning, and left 'em on the window. I jest wanted to cut some plates out of paper to play with. But that kind won't work. You can have 'em, they ain't good for noffing."

"But why didn't you tell me you had them," asked Victoria. "You knew I was looking and inquiring for them."

"'Cause you told me a while ago not to speak 'less some one asked me somefing. You didn't ask me. So, course I didn't say noffing 'bout it."

Victoria looked reprovingly at him, as she took the scissors. "Do you think you're a good boy, Burt, and ought to have this nice suit we are making for you?"

Burt looked thoughtful, and ashamed. "I s'pect not."

But the gloomy spirit of remorse brooded not long o'er the heart of the restless boy. Papa Russell came in presently, with the little poodle at his heels.

"Here Bunch; here Bunch. We'll run the engine," cries Burt, leading the way to the sewing machine. Victoria was busy with Mrs. Bell in the finishing process of her work, and did not notice. So Burt and the tiny dog took full possession of her machine, chanting gayly,

Hurly, burly, link and curly,
Turn the wheel and get up early;
Work hard, eat kroust,
Whirl the spindle with a shout.

Whoopee!" and the last grand flourish landed boy, dog, and machine prone on the floor. Bunch crept off under the sofa, unhurt, but sorely frightened. And our unlucky little hero was *hors de combat** for the next half hour.

Continued.

SPEAK THE TRUTH.

Speak the truth?
Speak it boldly, never fear;
Speak it so that all may hear;
In the end it shall appear
Truth is best in age or youth.
Always, always speak the truth!

*Unfit for battle.

Letters from the Hopes.

KEOKUCK, Iowa, January 8th, 1882.

Dear Hopes:—I often think of you all, and think how pleasant it would be to meet you; but we know this will never be our privilege in this life. We have a promise that if we are faithful we shall meet one day, where all will be joy and peace. Won't that be a glorious day? How earnestly we should strive to serve our Heavenly Father, when He has given us such promises; and we know his promises are sure, if we do our part.

I hope you all had a Merry Christmas; surely it is a day when all should feel glad, as Christ our Savior was born upon this day. He came to earth to suffer and die, that we through Him might be saved. O! the wondrous love of God, to offer His only Son as a sacrifice for the sins of the world.

Our Sabbath School had a real nice Christmas Tree; quite a number of nice presents on it for the children and older folks. Some good pieces were spoken by the children. We have had a re-election of officers for the school for the ensuing year, and I trust we will meet with success; if we all do our part, I think we need not fear. We can not expect to accomplish any thing unless we put forth an effort.

Now, dear Hopes, I wish you all a happy New Year. Let us all strive to do all the good we can this year. Work for the Lord, and we will receive our reward, you know.

We must not hope to be mowers
And gather the ripe golden ears,
Unless we first have been sowers
And watered the furrows with tears.

With best wishes for you all, I remain yours in the gospel covenant,
HATTIE J. WILSON.

XENIA, Ills., December 29th, 1881.

Dear Hopes:—I feel this beautiful morning, at the closing of the old year, that it is my duty to write again to the Hope, thinking perhaps some one may be interested in my experience of the year that is almost gone. I feel thankful that I have been spared through such a trying Summer, and so far uncommon Winter, while many of my acquaintances have been called away. My heart has always been kept tender by seeing, as I pass through the country, some old house or apple tree, showing where some one had spent their days; but at this time, after such a trying Summer you may see, not only old houses, but new ones, standing deserted; their occupants gone to seek shelter from the hard times that press them so sore.

Another Christmas is past! Some spent it in one way, some in another. I spent it in the best way I knew how. On Christmas morning, when the sun rose almost like Summer, I expressed a wish to hear Brother Morris offer thanks, as I had heard him on a similar occasion, and on Christmas Day I went to hear Brother Smith preach to a large and attentive audience, before which Brother Morris offered opening prayer, and I thought my wish had been answered. Times being hard need not make us neglect gratifying each other by letter any way. I would like to hear again from brother Archie Brewer and other correspondents of the *Hope* I will close by wishing all the Hopes a Happy New Year.

Your sister in Christ, C. M. JARVIS.

MONTROSE, Iowa, 8th, 1882.

Dear Hope:—I like to read the little paper. I like to go to Sunday School. We have not got a very large Sunday School. Dear Hope, this is the first time I ever have written a letter to you; but I hope it will not be the last time. I am young. Your friend,

MAGGIE I. BABCOCK.

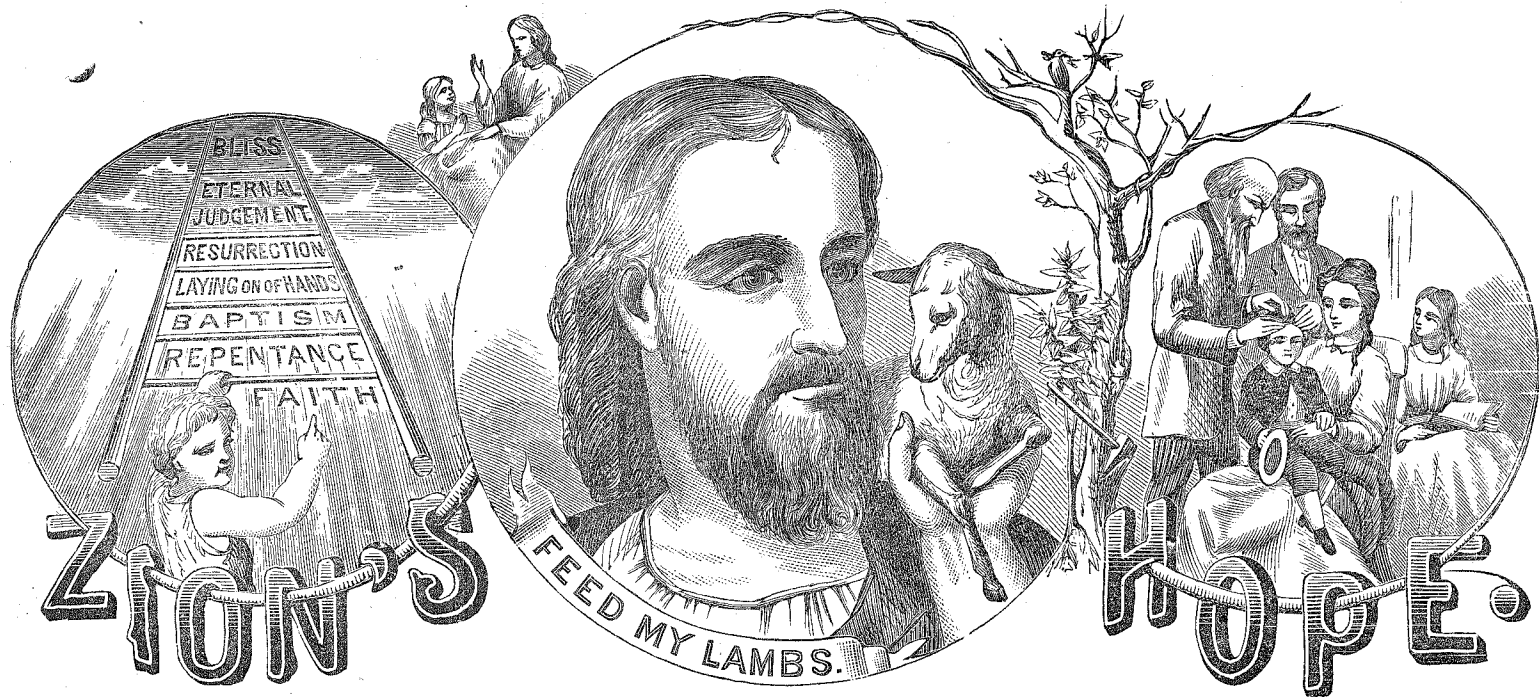
THE SAINTS' HERALD.

The above publication is issued semi-monthly, at Lamoni, Decatur County, Iowa, 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.

ZION'S HOPE is published semi-monthly by the Board of Publication of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, at Lamoni, Decatur County, Iowa, and is edited by Joseph Smith. 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, Lamoni, Decatur County, Iowa. Money may be sent by Draft on Chicago; Post Office Order on Leon, Iowa; or by Registered Letter to Lamoni, Iowa.

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. XIII.

LAMONI, IOWA, FEBRUARY 15, 1882.

No. 16.

CHILD'S HYMN.

MARK 10:15.

Jesus! holy Savior,
Hear me now, I pray,
Look upon thy little child,
And bless me all the day.

Thou hast loved me dearly,
Thou hast died for me,
And very good and loving
Thy little child should be.

Make me very gentle,
Make me good and true,
Teach me how to please thee,
In everything I do.

Forgive me when I'm naughty,
Take all my sins away,
Help me to love thee better,
Dear Savior, every day.

ONLY A FLOWER



LOVE your enemies; do good to them that hate you."

This was Bennie's verse for the day; over and over he read it, then he closed the little red book papa had given him, and an odd smile lit up his face.

"That's the hardest one I've had yet," he said. "I haven't got but one enemy, but I'm quite sure I couldn't love *him*. And as to doing good to him—well, I ought to, of course——"

So thought Bennie as he trudged along, but a sharp whistle ahead suddenly drove verse and all from his mind.

"It's Tom," he cried joyfully. "I wonder what he's got to tell me now. About that new game, I hope. Was there ever, *ever* such a boy as Tom?"

"I want to tell you," he began, as soon as Bennie came in sight, but Bennie interrupted him. Somehow the contrast of Tom's friendly face and the thought of how he loved him suddenly brought the verse to mind; he regarded his hero with a disappointed air.

Tom was not at all the kind of boy Bennie wanted to see at that moment.

"I wish you were my enemy, Tom Hart," he said soberly. "I would give anything if you were Bob Tyler now. I want

to try something, something the Bible says about——"

"About enemies?" broke in Tom. "That's funny enough, Bennie Lee. If you want to try to love your enemy, you've got the best chance in the world just now. Listen, Ben. Who do you think has just gone into your school? Why, Bob Tyler, old straw hat, patches, and all. I was going to tell you, because I know what a time he'll have with some of those mean boys, and I feel *awfully* sorry for Bob. I know he was mean to you; but if you want to try to love your enemy, now's your time; you can do something in your sweet little way——"

But again the bell rang; the last time, now, and Bennie, without time to answer, hurried on to school. Sure enough, there sat Bob Tyler, with his eyes cast down and a very unhappy look on his face; sure enough, there were the mean boys nudging each other and staring at him with mocking smiles.

Despite his broken boat and the stolen walnuts, Bennie's heart began to ache for him. What a hard time he would have, what a dreary time, he thought.

"Do good to them that hate you."

Oh, he wanted to, now, he *so* wanted to, now; but what could he do, one little boy among so many, to make it pleasanter for him! Just now he wanted to do something. If he could only think——

A joyful little cry burst from Bennie's lips; his hand was quickly raised for permission, and then away he trudged down the long room to the new boy's desk. He could speak no word; his heart was too full for that; he only laid in the wee, rough hand the pretty rose mamma had buttoned in his coat that morning, and silently turned away, but not before he saw the surprised look and heard the words,

"You're the last boy I thought would ever like me, Bennie Lee, but you won't be sorry for it, see if you are."

What a happy boy was Bennie as he went back to his desk!

"Love your enemies; do good to them that hate you."

He had tried it; he had done the one little kindness that moment in his power. And he found the joy that all find who obey the words of the Holy Book.

Only a flower; but the gift gained him a friend he came to love almost as much as Tom, a friend he kept all through life.

ROSA GRAHAM.

A SENSIBLE GIRL.—No. 15.



HE scene into which Preston and his wife Bodie pressed at eight o'clock that evening was a gay one.

They had driven to the house in their own carriage; and Preston had given his team in charge of the drayman Swank, who happened to be passing on his way home, with directions to leave them at Jones' Livery stable, and ordered them to be at the gate again at 12, midnight. The young couple then walked quietly up to the door, and without waiting to use the bell, passed into the hall in which the lamps shone brightly. Once in the house, they found it brilliantly lighted, and fairly crowded with guests. They followed the stream into the reception rooms, divested themselves of their outer wrappings, for the air was chill, when for the first time, Preston noticed how Bodie was dressed, he having been so absorbed by the excitements of the day as to have given no thought to her appearance, or his own for that matter. Her hair was combed smoothly over her forehead, and fastened with a comb, and ribbon at the back of her head; a sprig of geranium in flower, on one side; and a jeweled pin at the other; a pair of sparkling brilliants shone in her ears, and the mate to them lay on her breast, held by a slender gold chain round her neck, lying over a simple lace collar of pretty pattern; her dress was a velvet skirt, with a black silk overskirt, trimmed in colors, suiting the complexion and color of the hair, and arranged in great

taste to avoid show—altogether the impression made upon the young husband was, that he had never seen Bodie look so well, and that he had not yet become acquainted with Mrs. Preston Clark. She looked up at him as she took his arm to pass into the drawing room with that peculiar look in her eyes that he had seen and noticed, now chastened by a feeling he did not exactly understand, but felt satisfied with. He paused before entering where her sister, Mrs. Selkirk, assisted by his mother, Mrs. Clark, were receiving their guests, and said: "Bodie, do you wish to go on and meet your folks and mine here now, or shall we go quietly away and call on them together, and away from this crowd. If you feel any hesitancy, I will cheerfully wait your time and the course of events."

"I prefer to go forward, Preston. I shall never be better prepared to meet my folks than I am now; and with you, I do not fear to meet your mother."

They walked slowly into the wide drawing room, at the further end of which stood Mrs. Selkirk, splendidly arrayed, and radiant with excitement, leaning slightly upon the piano, on the stool of which sat Flora, Bodie's sister; at Mrs. Selkirk's right, in an easy chair, sat Mrs. Clark, elegantly but plainly dressed, a heavy chain attached to a watch thrust under a broad black belt, the only display; at her right and just back of her chair stood Preston's brother; and scattered all over the room, sitting and standing were grouped the guests already received, while the new comers were passing in, making their bows to the two ladies presiding, and then dispersing through the rooms adjoining, or joining the groups already formed, as their fancy dictated.

When Mrs. Clark observed Preston coming toward the place of reception, she rose, her face paled a little, but with excellent command of herself she rallied and stilled the nervous flutter of her pulse. For the first time she mistrusted her son; but how, she could not tell. Who was this brown haired, brown eyed beauty leaning on Preston's arm? Where was she from? How had her son become acquainted with her? These and a dozen other similar questions flashed through her mind during the brief time it took the young people to walk from the center of the room to where she stood.

But what thought Mrs. Selkirk and Flora Stratton. This we shall leave for after relation; for the story waits.

Preston and his wife paused directly in front of the group we have described, when he dropping her hand from his arm presented her to Mrs. Selkirk in these words: "Mrs. Selkirk, permit me to introduce to you, Mrs. Boadicea Clark, my wife."

Mrs. Selkirk was too well bred to show any surprise; nor did she show the least sign of recognition. So far as Preston, or any one looking on could have seen, these sisters met as strangers meet in society. They bowed, passed the ordinary commonplaces of such occasions, and that was all.

Stepping to the left, Preston bowed to his

mother, and taking his wife's hand said: "Mother, allow me. This is my business partner,—Mrs. Boadicea Clark, wife of Preston Clark, Esquire."

His mother looked at him a half moment, then in one swift, comprehensive glance looked at the young woman thus introduced to her from the hem of her velvet robe to the geranium in her brown hair; then, with a look straight into the brown eyes, which met her gaze so quietly and resolutely, she extended her hand, "Daughter, I give you welcome. Your name and face are strange to me; but it is enough for me to know, that my son has chosen you from among women to be his wife." And bending forward as Bodie bowed, she drew the face of her son's wife near, and kissed her forehead, as a mother might do.

All this took up time; the stream of guests had paused in their walk, and noisy gossip had ceased, as the feeling that something unusual was going on had spread from group to group. All eyes were turned toward the place where this little scene was taking place; questions were being whispered and answers made, but only those immediately engaged had heard what was said.

Preston and Bodie now turned to greet Flora; but that young lady had joined the passing throng and gone out of the way—in fact she had gone to another room to where Mr. Selkirk and her mother, Mrs. Stratton, were busily engaged in entertaining such of the guests as had been presented, and were making themselves at home, among their fellow guests.

Mrs. Stratton noticed that Flora was much disturbed, as she came through the group at the door, and beckoned to her by a look—"What is it?"—so well understood in society, and at home. The young lady came rapidly forward and in a few words stated to her mother that Preston Clark had come, and that with him was a young woman who looked like Bodie, only older; and that he had introduced her as his wife, and "Ma," she continued, "Mary did not know her, or if she did, she did not show it. And I am all in a flutter. To think that we have all gone to so much pains to catch Preston Clark, and here he comes in, and married. It's outrageous."

"Well, well, Flora; it can not be your sister Boadicea that Preston Clark has married; for she is away in the little town of Brantwood, twenty-five miles from where we used to live, and at work as a servant; and he would not surely marry so far beneath his station in society.

"Why, Mrs. Stratton, do you forget that Bodie is your daughter, whether she is at work, or in society." And Mr. Selkirk emphasized the last word quite significantly. "If Preston Clark is the sensible fellow I hope he is, he will have married some woman sensible enough to be a worker in the human hive. I will go and see what she looks like anyway. Flora can take my place by you, and keep these folk supplied with society small talk." Saying this Mr. Solon Selkirk stalked away in his lawyer-like business way.

He had not reached the drawing room door when he ran against Preston.

"See here young man what is this I hear of you. Sister Flora has just come to her mother with the frightful intelligence that you are here, which I see; and that you are a married man, which I do not see."

"But which is nevertheless true."

"Eh!" and the lawyer lifted his eyebrows with a regular court stare. "Well! well! May I enquire where this Mrs. Clark, junior, is? And, if you please, I should very much like to see her. Flora says she looks like a daughter of my mother-in-law, that had the independence to shift for herself; but Mrs. Stratton thinks it can not be she, because she thinks you too smart to marry so much beneath your station." And the lawyer laughed heartily. "But, see here, Preston; I have a confession to make. I was very uncivil to you when I met you to-day; but the fact is, your mother was entrapped into this party business by Mrs. Stratton, and Mrs. Selkirk, to get rid of Flora, and I, was made a party against my will; and when I met you I was thoroughly mad with myself, and consequently unpleasant toward everybody else. I beg pardon; and I am glad you are married."

To all this raillery, Preston replied. "Well, Mr. Selkirk, I knew that something had displeased and worried you; but did not know, of course what it was; and of course pardon you. Come and see Mrs. Clark." So saying, he turned and went back with Mr. Selkirk to where Mrs. Selkirk and his mother had been, and where he had left Bodie, at his mother's request. But Mrs. Selkirk had beaten a retreat; and so when the two men came up only the elder and younger Mesdames Clark, were left, the younger, chatting quite gaily with Preston's brother.

"Bodie, please, this is Mr. Solon Selkirk; Mr. Selkirk, Mrs. Clark;" and thus introducing them, Preston stood by watching with curious eyes. Bodie rose, and stood before this brother-in-law lawyer; the man of the world, and with whom her mother and sisters had found a home; but to whom she had refused to sell her interest in her father's only legacy—his home. She had often wondered how he would meet her; and whether there would be continued warfare between them; and what he thought about her. She had also thought of how she felt toward him; and had concluded that as she knew nothing about him except that he was wealthy, and said to be eccentric. Now, here he was, waiting to be recognized. She raised her eyes to his; accepted his offered hand in token of the friendship that she perceived he extended to her. She did this all the more readily, because that she saw, what Preston did not, that he recognized her as the sister of Mary, his wife.

"Mrs. Clark; I most heartily congratulate your husband and yourself upon your mutual good fortune." And, touching Preston's arm, Mr. Selkirk bowed to the ladies and turned with that gentleman to greet other guests.

Bodie was not called upon to test her family again during the evening; none of them except Mr. Selkirk paid any further attention to her, absorbed as they were in entertaining others. But Preston's mother stood by her bravely, and Carroll, Preston's brother, just took her into his affections and confidence at once. She gave no signs of weariness, or emotion, only once when some one asked Flora and her sister to sing, and they came up to the instrument near where she sat, and, surrounded by a group of young people, sang a song or two, which she remembered to have sung with them at their own home, before their father died; and this they did without recognizing by a look, the brown-haired sister, who so longed to be taken into their affections. Preston had watched closely all the evening to prevent, if he could, any unnecessary embarrassment coming to his wife, and when he heard the singing, he worked his way unobserved, until he stood by his wife's chair, and placing his hand on her shoulder assured her of his presence.

This was so grateful to her that the tears came welling up to her eyes; but she sheltered them with her hand, and by strong effort restrained them. The girls soon gave place to other singers, and floated away, still without noticing their quiet sister.

"Who is she?" said Langford, who sat at the head of one of the long tables at supper.

"Cawnt tell you," drawled young Bankstock, who sat next to him. "But old greensack Selkirk seemed to know her at the introduction. He took both her hawnds in his; he did 'pon my word."

"Well;" observed Sniffkins, son of the broker, she is not awful handsome; but Clark has made a great mess of it for society, I'll warrant."

"How so?" queried Langford, the first speaker. You seem to speak by the book, Sniffkins.

"O, they say that she is some work girl that Clark came across, in one of his visits during the last year."

"She carries herself extremely well for a work girl. I say, Sniffkins, that story won't wash," sung out Harry Range, a chum of Preston, at college. "Clark is no fool to be caught in such a trap. I'll wager that she is as well-born and brought up as Selkirk's wife, or young Flora Stratton, whom you young fellows all adore so."

"Come, Harry, don't you so fiercely get after us."

STORY OF TWO BOYS.

Many years ago, in New York City, a poor Scotch Irish woman was left a widow, with two little boys. She supported herself and family by making molasses candy, which the boys peddled on the street for a cent a stick. She was industrious and frugal and saved sufficient money to open a small shop. From the small business of peddling candy, arose one of the largest confectionery manufactories in the country. The two boys were R. L. and A. L. Stuart, and their candies

were known for their purity and toothsome-ness. From the candy business, the firm rose into sugar refiners, acquiring both reputation and fortune. The value of their property thus gathered was about ten million dollars, and they became almost as noted for their liberality as for their wealth.

HYMN OF A CHILD.

Loving Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child!
Make me gentle as thou art,
Come and live within my heart.
Take my childish hand in thine,
Guide these little feet of mine.
So shall all my happy days
Sing their pleasant song of praise,
And the world shall always see
Christ, the holy child, in me.

JESSICA'S FIRST PRAYER.

SELECTED BY SISTER "EMMA."

CHAP II.

JESSICA kept her part of the bargain faithfully; and though the solemn and silent man under the dark shadow of the bridge looked out for her every morning as he served his customers, he caught no glimpse of her wan face and thin little frame. But when the appointed time was finished, she presented herself at the stall, with her hungry eyes fastened again on the piles of buns and bread and butter, which were fast disappearing before the demands of the buyers. The business was at its hight, and the famished child stood quietly on one side watching for the throng to melt away. But as soon as the nearest church clock had chimed eight, she drew a little nearer to the stall, and at a signal from its owner, she slipped between the tressels of his stand, and took up her former position on the empty basket. To his eyes she seemed even a little thinner, and certainly more ragged than before; and he laid a whole bun, a stale one, which was left from yesterday's stock, on her lap, as she lifted the cup of coffee to her lips with both of her benumbed hands.

"What's your name?" she asked, looking up to him with her keen eyes.

"Why?" he answered, hesitatingly, as if reluctant to tell so much of himself. "My christian name is Daniel."

"And where do you live Mr. Dan'el?" she enquired.

"Oh, come now!" he exclaimed. "If you're going to be impudent, you'd better march off. What business is it of yours where I live?"

"I don't want to know where you live, I can tell you. I didn't mean no offense," said Jess, humbly; "only I thought I'd like to know where a good man like you lived. You're a very good man, aren't you, Mr. Dan'el?"

"I don't know," he answered uneasily; "I'm afraid I'm not."

"Oh, but you are, you know," continued Jess. "You make good coffee, prime! And buns, too! And I've been watching you

hundreds of times afore you saw me. and the police leaves you alone, and never tells you to move on. Oh, yes, you must be a very good man."

Daniel sighed, and fidgetted about his crockery, with a grave and occupied air, as if he were pondering over the child's notion of goodness. He made good coffee, and the police left him alone! It was true; yet still as he counted up the store of pence which had accumulated in his strong canvass bag, he sighed again still more heavily. He purposely let one of his pennies fall upon the muddy pavement, and went on counting the rest busily, while he furtively watched the little girl sitting at his feet. Without a shade of change on her small face, she covered the penny with her foot, and drew it in carefully towards her, while she continued to chatter fluently to him. For a moment a feeling of pain shot a pang through Daniel's heart, and then he congratulated himself on having entrapped the young thief. It was time to be leaving now; but before he went he would make her move her bare foot, and disclose the penny beneath it, and then he would warn her never to venture near his stall again. This was her gratitude he thought; he had given her two breakfasts, which was more kindness than he had shown to any fellow creature for many a long year; and at the first chance the young jade turned upon him and robbed him! He was brooding over it painfully in his mind, when Jessica's uplifted face changed suddenly, and a dark flush crept over her pale cheeks, and the tears started to her eyes. She stooped down, and picking up the coin from amongst the mud, rubbed it bright and clean on her rags, and laid it upon the stall close to his hand, but without speaking a word. Daniel looked down at her solemnly and searchingly.

"What is this?" he asked.

"Please, Mr. Daniel, it dropped, and you didn't hear it."

"Jess," he said sternly, "tell me all about it."

"Oh, please," she sobbed, "I never had a penny of my very own but once; and it rolled close to my foot, and you didn't see it, and I hid it up sharp; and then I thought how kind you had been, and how good the coffee and the buns are, and how you let me warm myself by the fire; and please, I couldn't keep the penny any longer. You'll never let me come again, I guess."

Daniel turned away for a minute, busying himself putting his cups and saucers into the basket, while Jessica stood by trembling, with the great tears rolling down her cheeks; the snug dark corner, with its warm charcoal fire, and its fragrant smell of coffee, had been a paradise to her for these two brief spans of time; but she had been guilty of the sin that would drive her from it. All beyond the railway-arch the streets stretched away cold and dreary, with no friendly face to meet hers, and no warm cups of coffee to refresh her; yet she was only lingering sorrowfully to hear the words spoken, which would forbid her to return to this pleasant spot.

Mr. Daniel turned round at last, and met her tearful gaze, with a look of strange emotion on his own solemn face. "Jess," he said, "I could never have done it myself; but you may come here every Wednesday morning, as this is Wednesday, and there'll always be a cup of coffee for you."

She thought he meant that he could not have hidden the penny under his foot, and she went away a little saddened and subdued, notwithstanding her great delight in the expectation of such a treat every week.


While Daniel pondered over the struggle that must have passed through the child's mind, went on his way, from time to time shaking his head, and muttering to himself: "I couldn't have done it myself; I never could have done it myself."

Continued.

BE GOOD.

Kind looks and smiles so loving,
And duties promptly done,
Oh! these will make the school-room
As pleasant as the sun.
Then let us all keep trying
To do the best we can,
To make our school-life pleasant,
For 'tis the wisest plan.

PICKING A QUARREL.

 CERTAIN farmer once put a young hen into his farmyard among some little ducks. This young bantam strutted about very proudly, and was as ugly and quarrelsome as she was proud. She would run suddenly among a crowd of the little ducks, flapping her wings, and giving them a sly pick, just to see them tumble over each other in their fright to escape. Of course the ducks all hated this quarrelsome hen, and tried to keep out of her way.

One day she boldly flew over the fence into a neighbor's garden, to steal some red currants, and ready to pick a quarrel with any fowl she met. She tried to call some other hens, over into the garden, but when they saw that she was stealing the fruit, they wisely staid upon the fence.

It happened that a small but courageous grey hen was quietly eating the currants. The foolish bantam at once attacked the stranger, but was so severely beaten, that in a few minutes she was lying upon the ground bleeding and about half dead. Fearing to be caught there in mischief, she slowly crawled back to the farmyard. When the little ducks saw her limping along, they set up a loud quacking, and flying at her finally killed poor bantam.

Some boys or girls who delight to pick a quarrel with those younger or weaker than themselves, will do well to remember this foolish and quarrelsome hen, and consider that some day they may need the friendship of those, whom they now love to tease and provoke by their hateful conduct.

Remember the grave, the judgment seat and the scenes of eternity, and so order your home on earth that you shall have a home in heaven.

PRIDE.—There is a paradox in pride—it makes some men ridiculous, but prevents others from becoming so.

CHRISTMAS AT PLANO.

The entertainment at the stone church was a success in every respect. The church was decorated beautifully with evergreens and flowers. On the wall back of the platform was the very appropriate motto, "In God We Trust." Those who took part in the singing and speaking did excellent. But we must mention more especially little Wesley Horton, (alias Dr. Root) the little doctor deserves praise, for he did well. The tree was well filled; something over three hundred presents were given out. Silver castors and other silverware, beautiful vases and elegant sets of crystal. But the biggest present was a gold watch, to Dr. D. R. Pomeroy; Doc thinks he is willing to have Christmas come once a year.—*Plano News*

The decorating was done by Sr. Lowe, Sr. VanDran, and Mrs. Pomeroy, kindly assisted by Bro. George Horton and others. On the following Sunday, the report of the Christmas expenses made out by Sr. Abbie A. Horton, to whom was entrusted the management of the entertainment, was read and accepted by the Sunday School, and \$2.20 the balance proceeds were by a vote of the School tendered as a gift to Sr. Horton, for which she returned her thanks, and moved a vote of thanks be granted to all who assisted in the entertainment, which was carried.

SUNDAY SCHOOL REPORT.

Report of Buffalo Prairie Sabbath School, for the quarter ending December 28th, 1881: Sessions held 9, total attendance 117, average 13, teachers meetings held 5, verses learned 250. Treasurer's report: Received by donation \$1.00. Paid for Zion's Hopes \$1.00.

J. F. ADAMS, Secretary.

E. C. CRITTENDEN, Treasurer.

Letters from the Hopes.

CHELTEHAM Mo., January 5th, 1882.

Dear Hopes:—It is with pleasure that I write to you, to let you know of our Christmas Tree. We had a very pleasant time this season. Our meeting-house was crowded with both old and young. Every one seemed to enjoy themselves very much. A large number of presents were given to the children, such as candies, nuts, oranges, pop-corn, dolls, wagons, books, trumpets, and various other kinds of toys. Several peices were spoken by the children, and numerous songs were sung. All feel congratulated that it turned out such a brilliant affair. Several pieces were selected from the "Hesperis;" among them was one entitled, "Reflections; or the State of Affairs," which was spoken by a young lady. The meeting was superintended by Bro. Joseph Knowles. I will now close. From your sister in the Gospel.

MARTHA O. THOMAS.

EASTON, Buchanan County, Mo.,

January 17th, 1882.

Dear Hopes:—I feel it a privilege to write something to our little paper. I may not say anything that will be interesting to others; but my testimony may encourage others, as theirs has encouraged me. We should be thankful that we are permitted to live in these latter days, when the glorious news of the gospel is spreading through the land. We should try to keep the commandments of the Lord our God, and to walk in righteousness before him. Although we may have many trials and temptations to overcome, yet if we will trust to our Savior, he will help us. I know that this is God's work, and that he has heard my prayers at many times. Praying that great love may exist among all the Hopes, that we may enjoy all the blessings which we receive through the gospel of Jesus Christ, we should labor with care and anxious hope for the gospel truth. Desiring the progress of Zion, I remain as ever,

Yours in Christ,
JENNET POWELL.

EASTON, Buchanan Co., Mo.,

January 16th, 1882.

Dear Readers of the Hope:—I am trying to do right, and love to read the HOPE; it is an interesting little paper. We should try and make it beautiful to read, and a joy and a comfort on the earth to the people of God. Oh, what a glorious thought it is. I love the work in which we

are engaged, and I trust that I may continue to the end and gain the crown that is waiting for all those who serve him and keep his commandments. So let us do the will of the Lord till he comes with his holy angels in his glory. I know we would be very sorry to think how much wrong we had done upon the earth. If we try we may succeed, as it says if at first you don't succeed, try, try again. So we should try and make ourselves useful. We should cultivate our minds and live right while young. I trust that when Christ comes we may be one.

Yours respectfully in hope,
EMMA J. POWELL.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, Iowa, Dec. 30th, 1881.

Dear Hopes:—I am nine years old. I have two brothers; the oldest is five years old, the other two years old. My oldest brother is in the primer, but he has not went to school yet; he will go to school next Summer if nothing happens; I am in the second reader. I like to read and write. I have not been baptized, but have been to Church, and like to go. Pray for me that I may be one of your number.

MINERVA GANEY CARLSON.

603 Monroe St., BROOKLYN, N. Y.,
January 16th, 1882.

Dear Hopes:—I am glad to have a privilege to write to you, for it is a long time since I wrote. I think I have been progressive in my studies at school. I think I shall begin the New Year better in my studies, and in kindness to the little folks at home. I like to read the Hopes. The weather has been very mild for January. We have not had very much snow here yet.

Yours respectfully,
JOSEPH SQUIRE.

MT. VERNON Ohio, Jan. 22d, 1882.

Dear Hopes:—This is the first time I ever wrote to our dear little paper. We are not connected with any branch yet, but we hope to be soon. I have not been baptized yet, but I hope to soon. Ma and pa, and my sister have all been baptized. We have no Sunday School here of our own, but we go to the Disciple School now; I would rather we could go to one of our own. I have four brothers and three sisters living, and one dead. I am thirteen years old. Pray for me that I may live in the truth.

TINNIE A. YOHE.

I am a little girl of eight years of age. I have not been baptized yet. I go to school, and read in McGuffey's Third Reader. I love to read the Hope. I have been going to the Disciple Sunday School; they had a Christmas Tree. I got a nice present, and can sing in songs of Zion.

SUSIE N. YOHE.

I am a little boy of eleven years. My father and mother belong to the Church, I go to school. We have no Sunday School here. I have not been baptized yet.

JESSE YOHE.

Do not expect too much from others, but remember that all have an evil nature, whose developments we must expect, and which we should forbear and forgive, as we often desire forgiveness and forbearance ourselves.

If our faith stops in Christ's life, and does not fasten upon the blood, it will not be a justifying faith. His miracles, which prepared the world for his doctrines; his holiness, which fitted himself for his sufferings, had been insufficient for us without the addition of the cross.

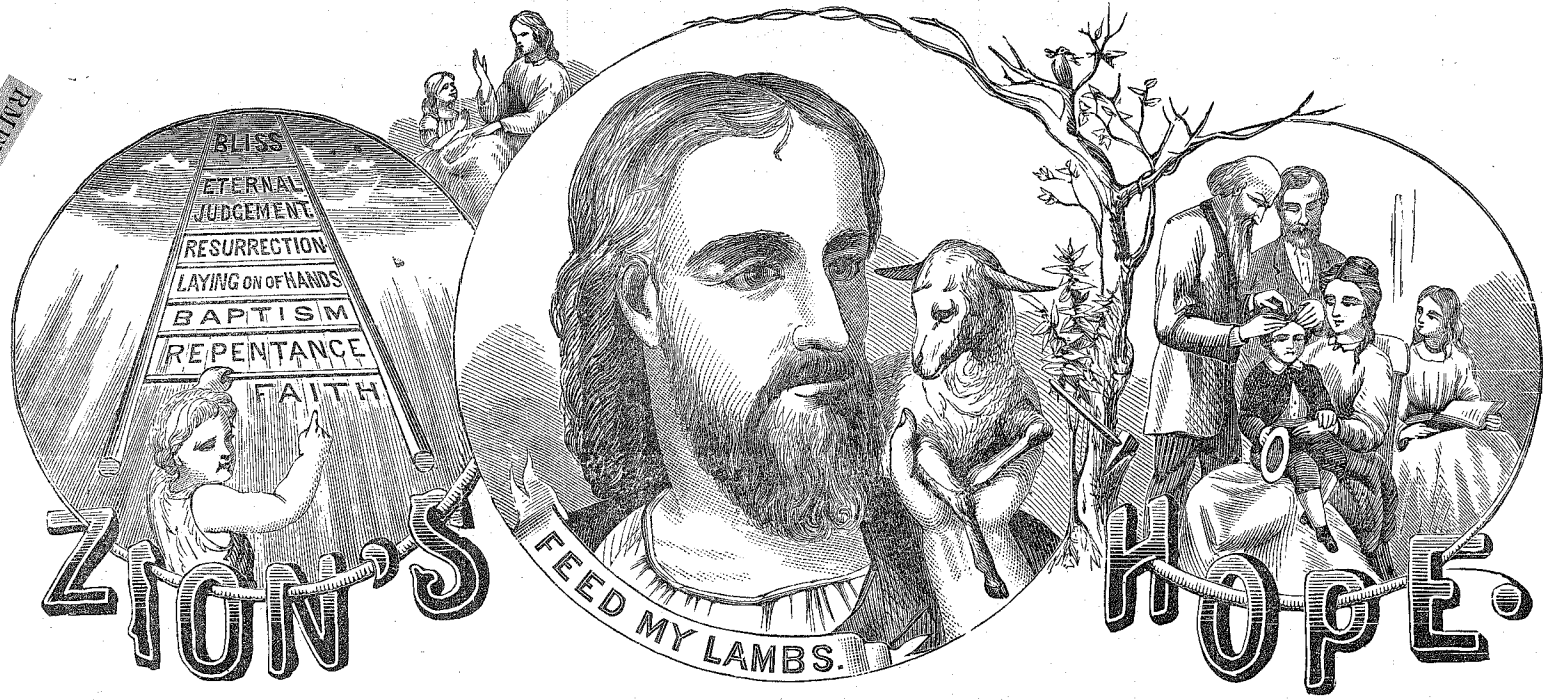
THE SAINTS' HERALD.

The above publication is issued semi-monthly, at Lamoni, Decatur County, Iowa, 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.

Zion's HOPE is published semi-monthly by the Board of Publication of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, at Lamoni, Decatur County, Iowa, and is edited by Joseph Smith. 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, Lamoni, Decatur County, Iowa. Money may be sent by Draft on Chicago; Post Office Order on Leon, Iowa; or by Registered Letter to Lamoni, Iowa. Superintendents and Teachers of Sunday Schools, Book Agents, and the Traveling Ministry, are requested to act as Agents.

PUBLISHED 1882



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

Vol. XIII.

LAMONI, IOWA, MARCH 1, 1882.

No. 17.



THE BEAR AND THE BOTTLE.

ONE of the prevailing traits of the bear, coon, monkey, and some other animal tribes, are that one of imitation and curiosity. They love good eating and drinking. Monkeys are some times caught in the regions where they live by setting cocoanut cups beneath the trees filled with liquor, which the monkeys drink and get drunk; when they are at the height of their drunken frolic, a native will take one by the hand; and others imitating them will join hands, and so a number will be led away captive, getting over their spree, only to find themselves prisoners.

Bears have been known to get tight on the contents of vessels of camps in the woods where strong drink has been kept, and which they have nosed out and drank. One of the Arctic explorers states that their brandy casks were smashed by the Polar, or White Bears, and occasionally a bear would get tipsy on the frozen strong drink.

Our picture represents a jolly bear on a stump, drinking from a bottle; and we expect that he will then make a stump bear speech,

as with animals as with men,—when whisky is in, wit is out.

JESUS THE CHRIST.

CHRISt is merciful and mild—
 He was once a little child;
 He, whom heavenly hosts adore.
 Lived on earth among the poor.
 Thus He laid his glory by,
 When for us he stooped to die;
 How I wonder when I see
 His unbounded love to me!
 He the sick to health restored.
 To the poor he preached the Word:
 Little children had a share
 Of his tender love and care.
 Every bird can build its nest,
 Foxes have their place of rest:
 He, by whom the world was made,
 Had not where to lay his head.
 He, who is the Lord Most High,
 Then was poorer far than I,
 That I might hereafter be
 Rich to all eternity.

JESSICA'S FIRST PRAYER.

SELECTED BY SISTER "EMMA."

CHAPTER III.



NEEX after week, through the three last months of the year, Jessica appeared every Wednesday at the coffee stall, and after waiting patiently till the close of the breakfasting business, received her pittance of charity of her new friend. After a while Daniel allowed her to carry some of his load to the coffee-house, but he never suffered her to follow him further, and he was always particular to watch her out of sight before he started off through the intricate maze of the streets, in the direction of his own home. Neither did he encourage her to ask him any more questions; and often but very few words passed between them during Jessica's breakfast time.

As to Jessica's home, she made no secret of it, and Daniel might have followed her any time he pleased. It was a single room, which had once been a hay loft over the stable of an old inn, now in use for two or three donkeys, the property of costermongers, dwelling in the court above it. The mode of entrance

was a wooden ladder, whose rungs were crazy and broken, and which led up through a trap door into the floor of the loft. The interior of the home was as desolate and comfortless as that of the stable below, with only a little straw for the bedding, and a few bricks and boards for the furniture. Every thing that could be pawned had disappeared long ago, and Jessica's mother often lamented that she could not thus dispose of her child. Yet Jessica was hardly a burden to her. It was a long time since she had taken any care to provide her with food or clothing, and the girl had to earn or beg for herself the meat which kept a scanty life within her. Jess was the drudge, and errand girl of the court; and what with being cuffed and beaten by her mother, and over worked and illused by her numerous employers, her life was a hard one. But now there was always Wednesday morning to look forward to; and by and by a second scene of amazed delight opened upon her. Jessica had wandered far away from home, in the early darkness of a winter's evening, after a violent outbreak of her drunken mother; and she was still sobbing now and then with long drawn sobs of pain and weariness, when she saw, a little way before her the tall well known figure of her friend, Mr. Daniel. He was dressed in a suit of black, with a white neck cloth, and he was pacing with brisk, yet measured steps along the lighted streets. Jessica felt afraid of speaking to him, but she followed at a little distance, until presently he stopped before the iron gate of a large building, and unlocking them, passed on to the arched doorway, and with a heavy key opened the folding doors and entered in. The child stole after him, but paused for a few minutes, trembling upon the threshold, until a gleam of light lit up within tempted her to venture a few steps forward, and to push a little way open the inner door, covered with crimson baize, only so far as to enable her to peep through at the inside. Then growing bolder by degrees, she crept through herself, drawing the

door to noiselessly behind her. The place was in partial gloom, but Mr. Daniel was kindling every gaslight, and each minute lit it up in more striking grandeur. She stood in the carpeted aisle, with high oaken pews on each side, almost as black as ebony. A gallery of the same dark old oak ran round the Chapel, resting upon massive pillars, behind one of which she was partly concealed, gazing with eager eyes at Daniel, as he mounted the pulpit steps and kindled the lights there, disclosing to her curious delight the glittering pipes of an organ behind it. Before long the slow and soft footed Chapel-keeper disappeared for a minute or two into a vestry; and Jessica, availing herself of his short absence, stole silently up under the shelter of the dark pews, until she reached the steps of the organ loft, with its golden show. But at this moment Mr. Daniel appeared again, arrayed in a long gown of black serge, and as she stood spell-bound, gazing at the strange appearance of her patron, his eye fell upon her, and he also was struck speechless for a minute, with an air of amazement and dismay on his face.

"Come, now," he exclaimed harshly, as soon as he could recover his presence of mind, "you must take yourself out of this. This isn't any place for such as you. It's for ladies and gentlemen; so you must run away sharp, before anybody comes. How ever did you find your way here?" He had come very close to her, and bent down to whisper in her ear, looking nervously around the entrance all the time.

Jessica's eager tongue was loosed. "Mother beat me," she said, "and turned me into the streets; and I see you there, so I followed you up. I'll run away this minute, Mr. Daniel; but it's a nice place. What do the ladies and gentlemen do when they come here? Tell me, and I'll be off sharp."

"They come here to pray," whispered Daniel.

"What is pray?" asked Jessica.

"Bless the child!" cried Daniel, in perplexity. "Why they kneel down in these pews, most of them sit though, and the minister up in the pulpit tells God what they want."

Jessica gazed into his face with such an air of bewilderment, that a faint smile crept over the sedate features of the Chapel-keeper.

"What is a minister, and God?" she said, "and do ladies and gentlemen want anything? I thought they had every thing they wanted, Mr. Daniel."

"Oh!" cried Daniel, "you must be off you know; they'll be coming in a minute, and they'd be shocked to see such a ragged little heathen like you. This is the pulpit, where the minister stands and preaches to 'em; and there are the pews, where they sit to listen to him, or to go to sleep, may be; and that's the organ to play music to their singing. There; I've told you everything, and you must never come again."

"Never, Mr. Daniel?" said Jessica. "I don't know nothing about it. Isn't there a dark corner some where, that I could hide in?"

"No, no; interrupted Daniel, impatiently; we couldn't do with such a little heathen with no shoes or bonnet on. Come now, it's only a quarter to the time, and somebody will be here in a minute. Run away, do?"

Jessica retraced her steps slowly to the crimson door, casting many a longing look backwards; but Mr. Daniel stood at the end of the aisle, frowning upon her whenever she glanced behind. She gained the lobby at last, but already some one was approaching the Chapel door, and beneath the lamp at the gate stood one of her natural enemies,—a policeman. Her heart beat fast; but she was quick-witted, and in another instant she spied a place of concealment behind one of the doors, into which she crept for safety, until the path should be clear, and the policeman passed on upon his beat. The congregation began to arrive quickly. She heard the rustling of silk dresses, and she could see the gentlemen and ladies pass by the niche between the door and the post. Once she ventured to stretch out a thin little finger and touch a velvet mantle, as the wearer of it swept by; but no one caught her in the act, or suspected her presence behind the door. Mr. Daniel, she could see, was very busy ushering the people to their seats; but there was a startled look lingering on his face, and every now and then he peered anxiously into the outer gloom and darkness, and even once called to the policeman to ask if he had seen a ragged child hanging about. After a while the organ began to sound, and Jessica, crouching down in her hiding-place, listened entranced to the sweet music. She could not tell what made her cry, but the tears came so rapidly that it was of no use to rub the corners of her eyes with her hard knuckles; so she lay down upon the ground, and buried her face in her hands, and wept without restraint. When the singing was over she could only catch a confused sound of a voice speaking. The lobby was empty now, and the crimsoned doors closed. The policeman also had walked on. This was the moment to escape. She raised herself from the ground with a feeling of weariness and sorrow; and thinking sadly of the light and warmth and music that were within the closed doors, she stepped out into the cold and darkness of the streets, and loitered homeward with a heavy heart. It was not the last time that Jessica concealed herself behind the Chapel door. She could not overcome the urgent desire to enjoy, again and again, the secret and perilous pleasure; and Sunday after Sunday she watched in the dark streets for the moment when she could slip in unseen. She soon learned the exact time when Daniel would be busy lighting up, before the policeman would take his station at the entrance, and again at the very minute when it would be wise and safe to take her departure.

Continued.

The highest exercise of charity is charity towards the uncharitable.

We behold all round about us one vast union in which no man can labor himself, without laboring at the same time for all others.

WAITING FOR CHRIST.

"Waiting for the coming of our Lord."—1 COR. 1:7.

WE wait for Thee, all-glorious One.
We look for thine appearing:

We bear thy name, and on the throne

We see thy presence cheering.

Faith even now

Uplifts its brow,

And sees the Lord descending,

And with him bliss unending.

We wait for thee through days forlorn,

In patient self-denial;

We know that thou our guilt hath borne

Upon thy cross of trial.

And well may we

Submit with thee

To bear the cross and love it,

Until thy hand remove it.

We wait for thee; already thou

Hast all our hearts' submission;

And though the spirit sees thee now,

We long for open vision;

When ours shall be

Sweet rest with thee,

And pure unfading pleasure,

And life in endless measure.

We wait for thee with certain hope

The time will soon be over;

With childish longing we look up,

Thy glory to discover.

O bliss! to share

Thy triumph there,

When home, with joy and singing,

The Lord his saints is bringing.

—From the German of Hiller.

FRANKLIN WHEN A BOY.



IN the year 1716, a boy of about ten years of age might have been seen around the streets of Boston, who was known as Ben Franklin. He was very studious and the brightest scholar in his class. He was well known in Boston, as his father had a large circle of acquaintances. When he was eleven years old his father took him from school, as he was very poor, and required his son's help to assist in supporting the family; and though Ben worked hard, he still found time to go with his school-mates. They were very fond of fishing and spent what time they had on the banks of a pond, catching whatever came up with the tide. In one part it was very muddy, and this was the place where the boys had to stand and hold their poles.

"This is very disagreeable," said Franklin to one of his companions.

"Yes," returned the boys. "I wish we had a better place."

Nothing more would have been thought of it had it not been for Ben; and they were much astonished when he threw down his fishing rod, and exclaimed, "Boys, I have thought of something that will be for our benefit."

His friends were ready to hear what he had to say, for he had contrived several things for them already. "What is your plan, Ben?" they asked eagerly. They were standing near a pile of stones, and mounting one of these, Benjamin delivered his speech.

"You know, boys," said he, "how unpleasant it is to get ourselves muddy, as we always do while fishing; and if we can not find some way to remedy it, we shall have to give up our sport. Now this is what I want you to do. You see these stones? Well, I say that we take those and build a little wharf. It will

be of advantage to others as well as to ourselves, for the boats to stop at, passing up and down. What do you say, shall we build the landing?"

They all agreed, and that night was chosen to begin their work, and when the moon had fairly risen, the figures of the boys might have been seen passing and re-passing, carrying and lifting stones, until the great work was completed. The stones that they used had been brought to the side of the pond for the foundation of a house to be constructed near by. Benjamin did not consider it wrong to take them as he thought it would benefit more persons than if left for the house. I have said before that the work was finished, but not without a good deal of labor; and when the boys turned to go home they felt tired but happy.

The following morning, the workmen were amazed to find no traces of the huge pile of stones that were there before. The master-mason, who was a gruff, surly sort of man, after looking about discovered the foot-prints of the boys, and saw that they led down to the water's edge, where he beheld the little wharf. It was made very nicely—the stones being laid smooth and even; but the master-mason was in bad humor, and did not take it as a joke, but sent for the constable.

The owner of the stones was a friend of Benjamin's father, and was rather amused at the affair, so the boys were let off easier than they otherwise would have been; but most of the boys received a whipping when they got home, which must have impressed it on their minds.

When Franklin grew up, he did many useful things for the benefit of himself and country. This only serves as an illustration of what he did when a boy.

MAPLEWOOD MANOR.

BY PERLA WILD.

66

CHAPTER IV.

MAMMA Russell, I'se jest as glad as anyfing you'se got home, 'cause Addie she's been plaguing me ever since she comed from school; and I want you to get a big stick and whip her awful hard."

Addie laughed, and Burt was indignant.

"You may raff, but you'll find out it won't be so funny, if mamma does. She just whips hard."

"How do you know, I wonder," quizzed Addie.

"I don't have to tell girls everything I know. 'Sides, you'll find out if she whips you ever so hard, as she oughted to. Mamma, won't you? Go way, Bunch; I'se talking to mamma now."

"I don't know, little Burt," replied mamma. "What has she done?"

"O, she said 'at little pud nose Beil girl comed to see me, and lots of fings. And I jest can't stand it, so I can't. 'Cause I don't yike 'at Bell girl one bit. I played with her, course. Wasn't nobody else round. But I shan't any more. 'Cause when I felled and hurted myself she wanted

me to drink some brandy. And I told her I didn't do 'at, I was temp'ance. And she jest opened her big brown eyes yike anyfing, and said, 'what' at?' En I tolded her I didn't get drunk or noffing. And she sniffed and said she didn't neiver, 'at folks drinkeded brandy when they got hurted, 'ats all. And she said she didn't care if I most dieded, she wouldn't try to cure me any more, and runned off to her mamma. So I said 'go it Boots,' and her eyes jest snapped awful; but she didn't say noffing more till her mamma wented home and asked Addie to come to her house. Then 'at girl said 'you needn't bring 'at boy wiz you, 'f you do.—Jest 'cause I'd told her she wasn't as dood as we, 'cause we didn't drink brandy."

"Mamma, don't mind Burt. Please do tell me if that baby is better, I'm so anxious," pleaded Addie.

"Humph! you must yike Dutch babies, awful," sniffed Burt.

"I guess Dutch babies are as good as any," replied Addie. "And I want to know if it is better, so that birthday party will come off."

"Ah," smiled mamma, "you're as much interested in the party as the sick child, are you?—Well, yes; the baby is much better. And the birthday party is to come off as intended, unless little Fritz takes a relapse."

"What's a 'lapse?" queried Burt.

"Gets worse, you little goose," replied Addie. "Oh, I'm so glad."

"I suppose so," said mamma. "And Uncle Fritz said we must surely let you and Burt come."

"Burt?" cried Addie. "He's a big affair to go to a party. I shan't go if a little snip like he has to go, too."

"Very well, my daughter. Just as you choose. I think I shall let him go, however. He doesn't often go out, and it will be as much pleasure for him as for you."

"O doody! doody! doody! I'se goin' to a party. I'se goin' to Kaffie's birfday party. I'se a goin', I is." And Burt capered around, pulled the cat's tail, pinched the poodle's ears, and made such a riot that mamma was obliged to make him sit down and be quiet.

"If you are so noisy and boisterous, I fear I shall not let you go, Burt. And remember, you must not talk so rudely as you did to that little girl of Mrs. Bell's. I'm very sorry my little boy forgets to be kind and polite."

Burt's wayward heart was touched; he bent his head and grew serious.

"I'se sorry, too, I is. But it don't seem to do no dood. I gits sorry and then I gets jest as bad as anyfing, and 'en I don't care. O dear."

Mamma comforted him, and told him he must try to remember, and the Good Father who loved little children would help him do better.

Burt shook his head. "I don't know, mamma. I 'spect he don't care for bad boys yike me."

"Yes he does, Burt. He cares so much for bad people, that a long time ago he felt so sorry for them that he sent his only son to the world to suffer and die instead of the

wicked people. That those who would be sorry for their bad ways, and do as his kind and good son taught them, should not suffer as they deserved, but go to a place of rest and happiness after death."

Burt was thoughtful. "But, mamma, 'twould n't be right to whip me, 'cause Addie was naughty, would it? Wouldn't she be naughtier 'n ever?"

"I think not. If she loved you she would not. She would remember that you had taken her punishment, and try not to cause you more pain."

Burt considered. "Was He the one what liked little children so well? You read in'e Bible 'bout how he holded them. His name was Jesus. Yes, I 'member."

The sitting-room door opened, and John Russell entered, followed by a stranger, a stout, florid-faced man, with iron grey hair and stubby white beard. Mr. Russell turned to his wife. "Elizabeth; this is my old college friend, Ralph Rumsey. My wife, Mr. Rumsey. And this is Miss Addie, our youngest daughter. There's another one,—where is Victoria?"

"She drove Mrs. Bell home, in the cutter. She'll be here presently," replied Addie, turning away from the keen gray eyes of the stranger.

Burt felt that he was slighted. "I fink I'se somebody," leaning his tumbled curls on the sofa cushion. "Don't 'duce me, never; more'n zey do Bunch or Andew Jatson." It was said in a low tone, but papa heard.

"Come here, my boy." Burt came slowly.

"Mr. Rumsey, our hopeful boy, Master Burt. A most important member of the household. Overlooked for once because he was quiet.

Continued.

EARLY REMINISCENCES.

DEAR HOPES—Its with pleasure that I write you a few more of my early thoughts. In the village I was born, almost all the houses belonged to a rich nobleman by the name of William Steward; and in the village there lived about fifteen families; and my dear mother, one sister, my father-in-law lives there yet, in the same house in which I was born; and my dear mother will read this letter, if nothing prevents. The first remembrance of the graveyard, as that was the first place I saw from my mother's door, was that I might see the funeral of some person. It seemed to bring a gloom over my feelings. It was the rule to keep a corpse six days at the least, before burial. The poor had to bury the poor. Poor men would go two or three miles to fetch a corpse to the grave, and carry it on their shoulders. Six to twelve men would carry the dead, according to the distance they had to go, and all the family and friends would walk two by two, dressed in black, with long black crape on their hats and bonnets. The corpse was covered with a very large pall, trimmed with white silk, covering the coffin and men who were carrying it. Our undertaker was a poor old man by the name of Willis Field; he had a carpen-

ter shop, where he made the coffins, and it looked as though it might fall in. It took him nearly a week to make a coffin,—most of them were made of heavy oak and elm. The lids and sides were covered with black flat-headed nails. The poor old undertaker owned an ass and a small two wheeled cart, with which to take the coffins out with, and at all funerals he walked ahead of the dead. He wore knee breeches, low shoes, blue worsted stockings. One hour before the body is brought to the grave, the largest bell is tolled for one hour. As soon as the procession arrives at the graveyard the bell stops tolling. The clergyman would come with an open book in his hand, down the church-yard to the gate. He would then turn himself round, and commence reading from the book, and lead the procession into the church. He there would read and pray, and then lead to the grave, all following. I remember him saying at the grave: "I heard a voice from heaven saying, write, henceforth Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, for they shall rest from the labors;" and I remember him saying, "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

Dear Hopes, let me ask you to give your hearts to the Lord, for the blessed Lord says, "Them that seek me early shall find me." Say with the Psalmist, "Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart always be acceptable to thee."

A SERMON ON MALT.

ONE evening in England, a century ago, a small party of rollicking youths caught a clergyman on his way home from a visit to the sick, and, forcing him into the stump of a hollow tree, refused to let him go until he had preached a sermon from a text they would give him. The reverend gentleman finally consented, and they gave him the word "Malt," upon which he delivered himself as follows:

Beloved, let me crave your attention, for I am a little man, came at a short warning, to preach a brief sermon from a small text, to a thin congregation, in an unworthy pulpit. And, now beloved, my text is *Malt*; which I can not divide into sentences, because there are none; nor into words, there being but one; nor into syllables, because upon the whole it is but a monosyllable. I must, therefore, as necessity enforceth me, divide it into letters, which I find in my text to be these four, viz: M—A—L—T.

M—my beloved, is Moral.

A—is Allegorical.

L—is Literal, and

T—is Theological.

The moral is well set forth to teach you Rusticks good manners; wherefore M—my masters, A—all of you, L—leave off, T—tippling.

The Allegorical is when one thing is spoken of and another is meant; now, the thing spoken of is malt, but the thing meant is strong beer, which you Rusticks make,

M—meat, A—apparel, L—liberty, and T—treasure.

The Literal is, according to the letters, M—much, A—ale, L—little, T—trust. Much ale and little trust.

The Theological is, according to the effects which it works; firstly, in this world; secondly, in the world to come.

And, first its effects are, in some, M—murder, in others, A—adultery, in all, L—looseness of life, and in many, T—treason. Secondly, in the world to come, in some, M—misery, in others, A—anguish, in some, L—laughing, and in others, T—torment.

I shall conclude the subject, first, by way of exhortation; wherefore, M—my masters, A—all of you, L—listen, T—to my text.

Secondly, by way of caution; therefore, M—my masters, A—ail of you, L—look for, T—the truth. And, thirdly, by communicating the truth, which is his:

A drunkard is the annoyance of modesty; the spoil of civility; the destruction of reason; the robbers' agent; the alehouse's benefactor; the constable's trouble; his wife's woe; his children's sorrow; his neighbors' plague; his own shame; a walking swill-tub; the picture of a beast, and the monster of a man!

A TRUE LADY.

WAS once walking behind a very handsomely dressed young girl, and thinking, as I looked at her beautiful clothes, "I wonder if she takes half as much pains with her heart as she does with her body?"

A poor old man was coming up the walk with a loaded wheelbarrow, and just before he reached us, he made two attempts to get into the yard of a small house; but the gate was heavy, and would spring back before he could get through.

"Wait," said the young girl, as she sprang lightly forward, "I'll hold the gate open." And she held the gate until he passed in; and received his thanks with a pleasant smile as she went on.

"She deserves to have beautiful clothes," I thought, "for a beautiful spirit dwells in her breast."

Letters from the Hopes.

KINMUNDAY, Marion Co., Illinois,
January 27th, 1882.

Dear Hopes:—I have seen a great deal of trouble since I last wrote to you. There has been three out of my father's family gone from their places on earth, to live with their Heavenly Father in the Paradise of God. My youngest sister died July 3d, my oldest sister died July 5th, my mother died July 28th, 1881. Although father is still keeping house, my oldest sister is only seven. This branch still meets twice a week, when the weather will permit; hold Sacrament meetings every other Sunday. The most of the Saints here are in tolerable good health at present. Father and I went to Conference at Dry Fork, which was held September 3d, 4th I liked the story headed "Under the Snow" very much, and think there was a very important lesson to be learned from it, and that is to be content with what we have. I desire your prayers, that I may hold out faithful to the end, and meet those who have gone before. Your brother in Christ,
A. L. BREWER.

WINSBOROUGH, Wood county, Texas,
January 29th, 1882.

Dear Hopes:—It has been a long time since I have corresponded with you, but have not forgotten you by any means. I hope you have been better than I have, for I have been a bad boy at times. Sometimes I think I am comparative to the seed sown among thorns, and the cares of this world choked them. Yet I hope I will not be found this way all the time. Pray for me that I may be found faithful when Jesus comes. There is no branch where I now live; no Saints within one hundred and fifty miles of us, except my parents and brother. Pray for me, dear Hopes, I ask again, that I may be worthy to inherit those joys "Over there."

There is one path that leads to God,
'Tis strait and narrow too;
Oh pray for me, that I may tread,
That path, dear Hopes, with you.
The path is short, the distance near,
Our travels soon are o'er;
Oh let us pray, for 'tis by prayer,
We'll land upon that shore.

J. A. CURRIE.

SUMMERHILL, Douglas Co., Neb.,
February 5th, 1882.

Dear Hopes:—I again write to you with good pleasure. I wish Uncle John would write again. I like the story "Maplewood Manor" real well. We went to testimony meeting to-day, and had quite a good one. We did not have any good time here at Christmas or New Year; but then come to think about it we did, for if we have good health we ought to have a good time enjoying it. I desire an interest in your prayers, that I may hold out faithful to the end, and gain a crown in the last day.

Your sister in Christ, FLORA I. CURTIS.

SAN JUAN, Cal., January 31st, 1882.

Dear Hopes:—I now take the pleasant opportunity of writing to you; I do not know as I will interest you very much. This is my first letter that I ever attempted to write to the *Hope*. Father has taken the *Hope* for several years, and I like to read the letters, and all the good stories I do not belong to the Church yet, but my father and mother do. I go to meeting every opportunity I have. There is a branch here, but we have no meetings now.

I remain yours as ever,
ROSIE SMITH.

MARY E. BUTTERWORTH Dow City, Iowa, writes:—We have meetings every Sabbath forenoon and evening I love to go to meeting, and hear my brother's and sister's talk of the goodness of God. I go to school. Pray for me brothers and sisters that I may be found faithful.

EFFIE J. RUDD, Dow City, Iowa:—It has been a long time since I wrote to the *Hope*. I think the story "A Sensible Girl" is a nice story. I love to go meeting. Brother John Rudd is president. I go to school this winter.

JAMES BINNEY, Springfield, Ills:—I love to read the *Hope*, and I think that all the scholars who take it will like it. I was fourteen years old last November, I have one brother older than myself, and he reads the *Hope* too.

MARY CURTIS, Summer Hill, Neb.:—We have meetings every Sunday, but no Sunday School here. I should like to see you all. I like to read our little paper; there is some pretty stories in it.

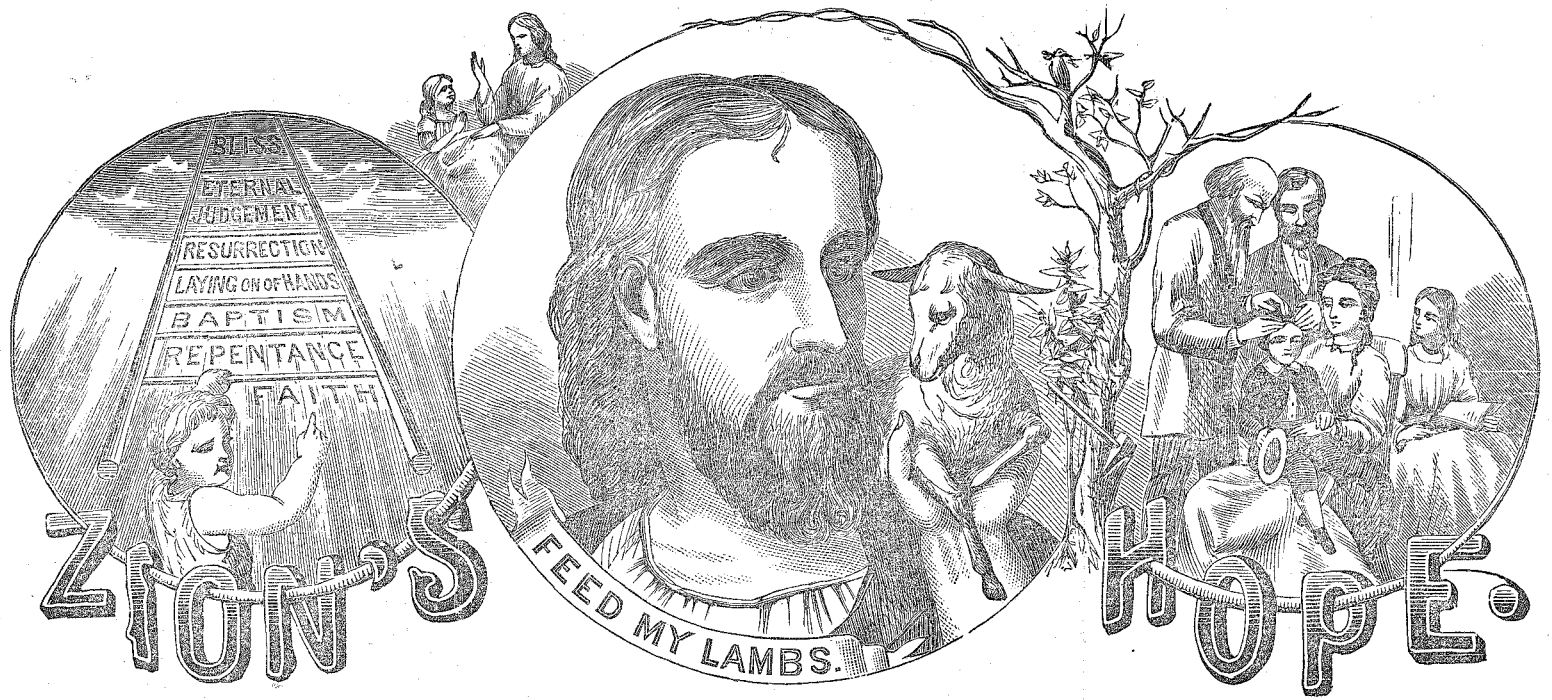
THE SAINTS' HERALD.

The above publication is issued semi-monthly, at Lamoni, Decatur County, Iowa, 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.

ZION'S HOPE is published semi-monthly by the Board of Publication of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, at Lamoni, Decatur County, Iowa, and is edited by Joseph Smith. 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, Lamoni, Decatur County, Iowa*. Money may be sent by Draft on Chicago; Post Office Order on Leon, Iowa; or by Registered Letter to Lamoni, Iowa.

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. XIII.

LAMONI, IOWA, MARCH 15, 1882.

No. 18.

LETTER FROM WALES.

DEAR HOPES.—Though I can not speak to you personally, yet I feel like writing something for the benefit of the young. I trust you, the Junior Hopes, will pass all imperfections you find in my letters by, I am young myself, only seventeen years of age, and only been about two years in the blessed Church of Christ; therefore, you may know that what I write is only what I have learned by the brothers of the Church. Being young, I say as a young lad once said when writing a piece:

"Don't view me with a critics eye,
But pass my imperfections by."

How happy I am, and how thankful I am that I am one of the Saints. Ah! the word "Saint" has a great many meanings. Firstly, it teaches us to fear God and keep his commandments. It also teaches us to refrain from all things which are evil in the sight of God; of which you already know, in fact more than what I can be able to tell you here. When first I joined the Church I made a vow within myself, that I would never sin; but how often has that vow been broken. Temptation after temptation. And I own, as careful as I was, that I have given way to many. I have one great comforting thought, and that is "that no man has yet been altogether free from sin."

Dear Hopes, old and young, pray for me, so that I may have strength to serve God and keep his commandments. It is seldom that I have the privilege of going to meeting; and oh! how I feel the loss. None but those in the same position as myself can imagine the joy I feel when I can go to meeting. Sometime I have been so vexed at this—more so when I have had severe opposition from those that I should have expected different. But my Heavenly Father, thanks be to him, has taken the once unhappy feeling from me altogether. When opposition oppressed me, I felt I could say as the ball did: "The harder you beat me down, the higher I shall rise toward heaven;" so you see afflictions do but

elevate and raise a Saint's affections to heaven and heavenly things. But how great a sinner I feel myself. Miserable,—very miserable; but I brighten up when I remember that our blessed Redeemer died on the cross, that we, however sinful, might live.

Dear Hopes; I find your letters getting less and less as time rools on. Stir up. Write as though your life depended on it. What little trouble for you. What joy for many! If I like to read anything in the HOPE it is the letters of my dear little brothers and sisters. I have seen lately many little but effective tales in the Hope, and I feel a desire to continue such, if they will prove to be of benefit for old or young.

I have seen articles on Honesty, Truth, but I find two little words, which I think we could gain a lot of benefit by. The first consists of four letters, the second of five letters. These two wonderful little words are Mine and Thine. They are the roots of law that regulate property and the principle we call honesty.

Dear reader; kindly have the patience to follow me as your brother, and I will show you how much can be derived from those two little words of four and five letters respectively. It seems a very simple thing to understand: first what belongs to oneself, and then what belongs to others. But it is not so simple as it seems. Neither is it so much studied as it ought to be, by all who desire to keep an honest name and a clear conscience. Sometimes for the want of knowing the meaning of "mine" and "thine," sometimes for not *carving* to know their meaning, men have gotten into great trouble. A case occurred some time ago, of a man who was digging in a field, turning up some heavy, dirty looking metal links. He thought they were brass, and he was very well pleased at finding them. Soon after he found them he showed them to one of his acquaintances, who saw they were not brass; but he did not say so. He at once bought them. Now the man who dug up these links might not know who

they belonged to. But if he had just thought for a moment: "They are not mine;" he would have known he had no right to sell them. He was wrong; but the man who bought them was far more wrong. He took them to a dealer and found, as he thought, that they were massive gold.

He told a lie—sold them for a large sum of money. "Well; but the first man found these things, and so had a right to keep them," I fancy I hear some dear little Hope saying. But please allow me to tell you that this is a very common, but a wrong way of arguing. It is not "mine" the finder should say. As an honest man he should try to find the owner. "Losing's seekings, finding's keepings," is a proverb that has done much harm. If it means, as most likely it does, that those who lose will have to seek in vain, and that those who find will often try to keep dishonestly, it is certainly a truth; but when people quote this saying as a justification of keeping what does not belong to them, it is a thievish, wicked maxim, that often leads to shame and ruin. Everyone respects honesty, particularly in the poor man, because he is more liable to temptation. You see, though a working man does not understand the word "thine"—the law does. Law requires that all men should at least know their own. It does not punish a finder who wants to keep what he finds because he does not know who is the real owner, but it punishes him for neglecting to act on the simple trust that he must know, "It is not mine."

Enough then has been said of these two simple little words. Let us, the young Hopes, wait a little and see if anyone will again write about these two little words. I trust that some one will do this some day, for the benefit of old and young. Would that a brother, answering the name of A. N. B—p, add a few words to the above. I know he can do it if he tries. What does my young brothers think of "The Fire on the Lake?" Will some one please write and let us know what they think of the noble

Pilot? I feel as though I should like to write a few words about him, but I fear I have already taken up too much space in our little paper; therefore I must leave this to some other brother to do. Glancing over the pages of a book, I found a little poetry which I think is well suited to those that are sorely oppressed by afflictions. It runs as follows.

There's discontent from sceptre to swain,
And from the peasant to the king again;
Then whatsoever in thy will afflicts thee,
Give it a welcome, as a wholesome friend
That would instruct thee to a better end,
Since no condition from defect is free;
Think not to find what here can never be.

Undoubtedly many undergo severe afflictions and ridicule from the people of the world in general; but, dear Hopes, believe me we have a place to go to, where we will find great comfort,—in our closet, praying to God. We should go to Him in prayer firstly, and if we pray faithfully, depend upon it we shall be comforted in his own due time.

"Begin thy day with God,
He is thy Sun and day,
He is the radiance of thy dawn,
To him address thy lay.
Thy first transactions be
With God himself above;
He shall thy business prosper well,
And all thy days be love."

What a precious promise. Should we not be happy, that we have a place to go where we may be comforted.

I remember once hearing an interesting tale, entitled, "A Reformed Pilot." A pious captain, when sailing down the Mississippi, had the misfortune to have his vessel so much injured, that there was great danger of the loss of both ship and cargo. Though placed in this perilous position, he manifested a composure which evinced that his mind was stayed on a higher than a human power, while he omitted nothing that could be done to save the property intrusted to his care. While in this situation, a pilot came to his aid, who by his own account neither feared God nor regarded man; and after offering his services he began to storm and swear. After a little time, however, he contrasted his conduct with the captain's, and said to himself, "How is it, that while I have nothing at risk, I am swearing and storming; and the captain, who has property and reputation at stake, seems perfectly calm. It must be his religion; and as I have a Bible, I will immediately commence reading it." He did read, and became convinced that he was a lost sinner. Conviction resulted in conversion, and the once swearing pilot became an example to his fellow sailors."—(Selected).

Dear Hopes; I fear I have stretched your patience; but allow me once again to ask you to regulate your temper. Some persons are very hotly tempered; but I think those people that are so are very foolish. How sorry would I be if I were to see two young Hopes quarreling: Let us take example from the noble Sir Walter Raleigh. I dare say most of you that reads history has heard of this noble Englishman, of known courage and honor. Well, on a certain occasion he was injuriously treated by a hot-headed, rash young man, who even proceeded to challenge him; and on his refusal, spit upon him, and

that in public. The knight, taking out his handkerchief with great calmness, made this reply: "Young man; if I could as easily wipe your blood from my conscience, as I can this injury from my face, I would this moment take away your life." The consequence was that the youth was so struck with a sudden and strong sense of his misbehavior, that he fell upon his knees and begged forgiveness.

What a pure example! The great statesman could have killed him without much effort if he had only been so inclined; but no, he would rather not; rather than have such a blot on his character he would be insulted and called a coward in public. Such an insult as the above was considered to be of great consequence in the time of Elizabeth, Queen of England. Most nobles would have accepted the challenge, that would end in a terrible duel, rather than be ridiculed by the "court." Not so with Sir Walter. We may take an example of this in the following sense. Not to heed the sneers of the world; but continue in the narrow way we have chosen. Cling to the Rod of Iron. To get angry at their sneers would be to stray from the narrow way.

Now I fear I have trespassed too much; but as it is to the HOPE I write, I feel perfectly at ease as regards being thought tiresome. Now I hope all the young Hopes will grant me one favor, to write oftener to the HOPE; and those who have not as yet had *courage* enough to write, to write now. Believe me it is not such an ordeal as many think it to be. I trust all who read this letter will not think it ridiculous, but endeavor to write and teach each other whatever is in our ability to do so. The HOPE is a paper solely intended for the young. Why then do we not claim it. Write, brother and sister, so that your names may not only appear in the HOPE, but written also with our Heavenly Father above. God grant that this may be the case is my prayer and desire. God forbid that any one may think it too much trouble to write. I will desist now, but will write again. I have a pretty little tale to tell you of an Atheist in my next, and will also have an illustration ready, if Brother Joseph will consent to have it published in the HOPE. Hoping all will write, and do their best for the Hope. Please remember me in your prayers.

I remain your brother,
JOSEPH J. HOWELLS.

ALFRED THE GREAT.

THIS king, who died in the year 900, was of a most amiable disposition and of genuine piety. During his retreat at Athelney, in Somersetshire, after his defeat by the Danes, a beggar came to his little castle and requested alms. His queen informed Alfred that they had but one small loaf remaining, which was insufficient for themselves and their friends, who were gone in search of food, though with little hope of success. The king replied, "Give the poor Christian one half of the loaf. He that could feed five thousand

men with five loaves and two fishes, can certainly make the half loaf suffice for more than our necessity." The poor man was accordingly relieved, and Alfred's people shortly after returned with a store of fresh provisions.

A VISION.

THE following vision was shown me in 1879. My husband and myself united with the Church of Jesus Christ April 20th, 1879; baptized by Elder T. W. Smith. About four months later my two children were baptized and confirmed: Charlie was twelve years and Nellie was near eleven. A few weeks after, one rainy afternoon, the children were seeking amusement in doors. The brother who lived up stairs had two boys named Walter and Charlie; they came down and brought with them their Checker Board. I did not approve of the play, and objected; but as it was something new to them, they could not see any harm in a little simple play; and one plea was urged that Walter's father was a Latter Day Saint and he would object if it were wrong. Without saying more, I decided in my mind to take it to the Lord in prayer, knowing and fully believing that he was able, by the power of his Holy Spirit, to reveal to me whether it was a simple amusement and right or not.

I went to my bed-room, and locking the door, felt that I was alone with my Father, who was ever ready to hear my petition. I had bowed but a moment when my Charlie came for admittance, to see if I was feeling bad. I told him my object, and permitted him to bow with me; and while I was earnestly pleading my case in the name of Jesus, the following vision was shown me, that cleared from my mind every shadow of doubt.

In the center of a large room was a square table with four straight legs, one at each corner; under and around it seemed very dark. Four boys were sitting at the table, my Charlie, Walter and Charlie C., and Harry F—, a boy about fourteen years; they were playing Checkers and Dominoes and were in high glee. Looking to see what caused their fun, I saw coming from under the table a large bony hand. It would mix and move the Checkers, and jar the table to make them glisten. The boys would laugh, but did not see the cause.

The scene changed, and the boys were at the table with a game of Cards, and of Dice. There were also four glasses of beer, one for each; before they drank, this ugly hand came up and stirred the beer with his long finger, so it foamed over. And while they drank, he mixed the Cards and caused them to look bright and very attractive. As soon as they began to play, the same hand came slowly up and took a few; then the boys loudly accused one another of cheating, &c. They did not know it was the Devil's work, (though it was shown me that it was the Devil's hand). I prayed earnestly that my boy might be saved from this evil power. Again the scene changed, and at the table

were only three boys, mine was gone. I cried, "Lord; where is he;" for I trembled lest he was lost. Directly a light appeared. I looked up and saw an angel holding one end of a bright silver cord, and the other end was attached to my boy. Then these words were spoken by the Spirit: "I will draw him by the cord of love unto me, fear not." Oh! how my soul did go out in thankfulness to God.

Again I saw the table. The three boys were playing cards, and a glass of bright red wine for each. Their appearance was untidy and rough, and they seemed older. While they mixed the cards, the Devil stirred the Wine. Then I saw in each glass a small serpent, left there to poison it. While they drank, he again took some of the cards away. As they played they grew very angry, and charged each other with cheating and stealing.

As I saw that this hand always came from under the table, I looked to see what was there; and Oh! what a sight; it makes me shudder when I recall it. It was a deep, dark pit. The legs of the table stood on the very edge, and a number of hideous monsters were going up and down. At the bottom was a lake of raging fire. I trembled lest they would all fall in, for the Devil would shake the table, and even touch the boys. I cried out, "Lord save them! save them!"

And as my tears flowed fast, the vision was taken away. Charlie, at my side crying, said: "Mother; what is the matter? Do tell me. Putting my arms around him, I told him all. He kissed me over and over; saying: "Mother; don't fear; I will never touch another Checker or Card; no, never!" We then prayed that the strong cord of love, even the love of Christ, should keep us nearer to Him who hath redeemed us; and I thank God, Charlie is still with me in the fold.

Bro. Joseph; if what I have written will do anyone the good it has me, I shall be glad; I have never told it many times, for it always thrills through and through as I see the danger of playing with the *Devil's ploythings*. May the Lord help all his Saints to shun them, is the prayer of your sister in Christ, A. H.

AN IRISH BOY.

THERE was a lad in Ireland, who was put to work in a linen factory: and while he was at work there, a piece of cloth was ordered to be sent out which was short of the quantity it ought to be; but the master thought it might be made the length by stretching. He thereupon unrolled the cloth, taking hold of one end of it himself, and the boy at the other. He then said, "Pull, Adam, Pull."

"I can not, sir."

"Why?" said the master.

"Because it is wrong, sir," said Adam, and he refused to pull.

Upon this the master said he would not do for a linen manufacturer, and sent him home; that boy became the learned Rev. Dr. Adam Clarke.

JESSICA'S FIRST PRAYER.

SELECTED BY SISTER "EMMA."

CHAPTER IV.

SOMETIMES the child laughed to herself until she shook with suppressed merriment, as she saw Daniel standing unconsciously in the lobby, with his solemn face and grave air, to receive the congregation, much as he faced his customers at the coffee stall. She learned to know the minister by sight,—the tall, thin, pale gentleman, who passed through a side door, with his head bent as if in deep thought, while two little girls about her own age followed him with sedate yet pleasant faces. Jessica took a great interest in the minister's children. The younger one was fair, and the elder was about as tall as herself, and had eyes and hair as dark; but Oh, how cared for, how plainly waited on by tender hands! Sometimes when they were gone by, she would close her eyes, and wonder what they would do in one of the high-backed pews, where there was no place for a ragged, bare-footed girl like her; and now and then her wonderings almost ended in a sob, which she was compelled to stifle.

It was an untold relief to Daniel, that Jessica did not ply him with questions about the Chapel, when she came for breakfast every Wednesday morning; but she was too shrewd and cunning for that. She wished him to forget that she had ever been there, and bye and bye her wish was accomplished, and Daniel was no longer uneasy, when he was lighting up the Chapel, with the dread of seeing the child's wild face start up before him.

But the light evenings were drawing near, and Jessica foresaw with dismay that her Sunday treats would soon be over. The risk of discovery increased every week, for the sun was later and later in setting, and there would be no chance of creeping in and out unseen in the broad day-light. Already it needed both watchfulness and alertness to dart in at the right moment, in the grey twilight; but still she could not give it up, and if it had not been for the fear of offending Mr. Daniel, she would have resolved upon going until she was found out. They could not punish her very much for standing in the lobby of a Chapel.

Jessica was found out; but before the dusky evenings were quite gone. It happened one night that the minister's children, coming early to the Chapel, saw a little tattered figure, bare-headed and bare-footed, dart swiftly up the steps before them, and disappear within the lobby. They paused and looked at each other, and then hand in hand, their hearts beating quickly and the color coming and going on their faces, they followed this strange new member of their father's congregation. The Chapel-keeper was nowhere to be seen; but their quick eyes detected the prints of the wet little feet, which had trodden the clean pavement before them, and in an instant they discovered Jessica crouching behind the door.

"Let us call the Chapel-keeper," said Winnie, the youngest child, clinging to her sister; but she had spoken aloud and Jessica overheard her, and before they could stir a step, she stood before them with an earnest and imploring face.

"Oh don't have me drove away," she cried; "I'm a very poor little girl, and it's all the pleasure I've got. I've seen you lots of times, with that tall gentleman as stoops; and I didn't think you'd have me drove away. I don't do any harm behind the door, and if Mr. Daniel finds me out he won't give me no more coffee."

"Little girl;" said the elder child, in a composed and demure voice, "we don't mean to be unkind to you; but what do you come here for and why do you hide yourself behind the door?"

"I like to hear the music," answered Jessica; "and I went to find out what 'pray' is, and the minister, and God, I know it's only for ladies and gentlemen, and fine children like you; but I'd like to go inside just for once, and see what you do."

"You shall come with us in our pew," cried Winnie, in an eager and impulsive tone.

But Jane laid her hand on her outstretched arm, with a glance at Jessica's ragged clothes and matted hair. It was a question difficult enough to perplex them. The little outcast was plainly too dirty and neglected for them to invite to sit side by side with them in their crimson-lined pew, and no poor people attended the Chapel with whom she could have a seat.

But Winnie, with flushed cheeks and indignant eyes, looked reproachfully at her elder sister. "Jane,"—she said, opening the New Testament, and turning over the leaves hurriedly,—"this was Papa's text a little while ago: 'For if there come unto your assembly a man with a gold ring, and in goodly apparel, and there come in also a poor man in vile rament, and ye have respect unto him that weareth the gay clothing, and say to him sit thou here in a good place; and say to the poor man, stand thou here; or sit here under my foot-stool, are ye not then partial in yourselves, and are become judges of evil thoughts?' If we don't take this little girl into our pew, we have not the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Lord of glory, with respect to persons."

"I don't know what to do," answered Jane, sighing; "the Bible seems plain; but I am sure Papa would not like it. Let us ask the Chapel-keeper."

"Oh; no, no! cried Jessica; don't let Mr. Daniel catch me here. I won't come again, indeed; and I'll promise not to try to find out about God and the minister, if you'll only let me go."

"But, little girl," said Jane, in a sweet but grave manner, "we ought to teach you about God, if you don't know him. Our Papa is the minister, and if you'll come with us we'll ask him what we must do."

"Will Mr. Daniel see me?" asked Jessica. "Nobody but Papa is in the vestry," an-

answered Jane, "and he'll tell us all, you and us, what we ought to do. You'll not be afraid of him, will you?"

"No," said Jessica, cheerfully. Following the minister's children, as they led her along the side of the Chapel towards the vestry. "He is not such a terrible personage," said Winnie, looking round encouragingly, as Jane tapped softly at the door, and they heard a voice saying: "Come in."

Continued.

BE PATIENT.

DEAR HOPES:—I have been thinking for a long time that I would write something for the Hope, that would cheer you on the way; but I could not think of anything to write, until this subject came up in my mind, and I thought it would do some good. It is something that none of us can get along without. In our Christian life, it is by patience we are able to bear persecution, and all the trials that we have to endure for the cause of Christ; for we are assured that if we suffer with him, we shall also reign with him; and what a glorious promise from our Savior. Is it not worth living for, and sacrificing all the vain pomp and show of this world, to gain Everlasting life with Christ in his kingdom. True we have dark days, but not as some think, the Christian life is a gloomy path, wherein no sunshine ever comes, and that Christians do not have pleasure as the world term it; but the world can never know the joys that the faithful Christian experiences in the Master's service. Let us strive so to live that we may be prepared for all tribulation, for tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope, and hope maketh not ashamed; because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost, which is given unto us.

Perhaps some of you are poor in this world's goods, and have poverty to contend with; but be patient with your lot; 'tis the good Father's will. Jesus was rich, yet for our sakes he became poor. Therefore we need not be ashamed of being poor, but seek for that which will make us rich toward God.

Be patient in your homes with you brothers and sisters, and with your parents; for I am a mother, and know what trials a mother has. Sometimes you do not mean to do wrong, but you get out of patience, and say and do many things you would not; but think of the trials parents have, and yet how bravely they go on, and fight the battles of life; and how patiently they will toil for their children, thinking hardships sweeter and toil pleasure, for those they love. Think how much you can do to cheer them through life, by showing them by your patience, love to those around you, that you are striving to be worthy of the Kingdom. And think how patient the great God is with us, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance. He that has given us richly of all things, more than we deserve; but let us all try to live the life of true Saints, and in

in patience press on, our souls bearing all things for Christ's sake, ever praying and looking for his coming to earth to reign with his Saints. May God bless and keep those faithful that have taken upon them the name of Christ, is the prayer of your sister in the everlasting covenant,

AMANDA S. YOHE

Letters from the Hopes.

DEER LODGE VALLEY, MONT.,

February 12th, 1882.

DEAR HOPES: I often think of you all, and think how pleasant it would be to meet you; but we know this will never be our privilege in this life. We have a promise that if we are faithful we shall meet one day, where all will be joy and peace. Won't that be a glorious day? How earnestly we should strive to serve our Heavenly Father, when he has given us such promises; and we know that his promises are true if we do our part. I hope you all had a Merry Christmas; surely it is a day when all should feel glad, as Christ our Savior was born upon this day. He came to earth to suffer and die, that we through him might be saved. O the wondrous love of God, to offer his only Son as a sacrifice for the sins of the world.

Now, dear Hopes, let us all strive to do all the good we can this year. Work for the Lord, and we will receive our reward you know.

We must not hope to be mowers,
And gather the ripe golden ears,
Unless we first have been sowers,
And watered the furrows with tears.

With best wishes for you all, I remain your sister in Christ,

MARGARET H. HARRIS.

I have made up my mind to write to you once more. I would like very much to see some of the Elders come out here to preach the gospel. We have not had any meetings here since Brother W. W. Blair was here. My father, and myself, and two sisters, and a brother, and several others were baptized by Brother Blair. I hope that you will pray for me, so that I can keep the commandments of God, and I will pray for you all. I wish you all good night. I remain your sister in Christ,

RACHEL A. HARRIS.

ELVASTON, ILLS., February 11th, 1882.

DEAR HOPES:—It is with pleasure that I write this rainy day, something to our little Hopes, and it is a great pleasure to read letters from the Hopes. If it was not for our Hope we would feel almost forsaken, for we don't have any meetings of our own. There are three denominations here: Methodist, Presbyterian and United Brethren. We go to the M. E. Sabbath School, although it is not like having one of our own. Let us begin the new year, and see how much good we can accomplish. We should try to keep the commandments of the Lord our God, and walk in righteousness before him, although we have many trials and temptations to overcome. My pa and ma and three of my sisters belong to the Church. Oh what a glorious thought it is. I love the work in which we are engaged, and hope that I may continue to the end. We would be very glad if an Elder would come through here; he would be greatly favored. I will close for fear I am taking up too much space from the rest of the dear little Hopes. From your sister in the gospel of Christ,

JULIA WEIR.

NEWTON, Iowa, February 15th, 1882.

DEAR HOPES:—Though I have not written to you before, yet I enjoy the letters and other good reading in our little paper very much. I very much enjoy the HOPE and HERALD. They are a great source of comfort to me, and I do not intend to do without them. I do not suppose I shall be able to write anything very interesting; but my testimony may encourage you, as yours have encouraged me. How thankful we should be that we are permitted to live in these latter days, and to hear the gospel preached in its purity. I love the work in which we are engaged, because I know it is the work of God, and it causes me to rejoice many times. I trust that I may hold out faithful to the end, and gain the crown that

is waiting for all those that love, serve, and obey Christ. I have a great many temptations and trials, yet by the help of God, I trust that I may overcome them all. Ever praying for the welfare of Zion, I remain your sister in Christ,

DORA MOORMAN.

LAMONI, IOWA, February 21st, 1882.

DEAR HOPE: I will be twelve years of age the fourth of March. I go to school and Sunday School when I am well. I was baptized when I was eight years of age. I have got three sisters, but no brother; my oldest sister, Mary Ann, belongs to the Church, she will be fourteen in March. Our papa died three years ago the 28th of last July. We have got a step papa now, and he is very good to us. My oldest sister lives with grandfather and grandmother in Jones County, Iowa. My mamma and two youngest sisters went to visit them this winter; they had a good time at Christmas; had a Christmas Tree out there, and ma got lots of nice presents. My sister sent me the Bible and other things; I was glad to get them, and thought the Bible was nice. Pray for me that I may be faithful.

I remain yours in the truth,

RAYNES R. HIND.

PLEASANTON, Iowa, March 1st, 1882.

DEAR HOPE: I am twelve years old. I live two miles from Pleasanton. Our school has just closed with some good exercises; Miss Clara Rockwell was our teacher; we had a very good school. I read the HOPE, and like it very much. Uncle Justice Morse gave it to me as a present. I like to read the letters. Your friend,

STEPHENIA I. BEACH.

REESE CREEK, MONTANA,

February 12th, 1882.

DEAR HOPES:—Father Reese is our president, and he is a good man; we love him. All the children here have had the measles, and some have been very sick; but by the prayer of faith they are made well. Thank the Lord for his goodness. Father Reese has been called many times at midnight to administer, and they have been instantly healed.

Your sister in Christ,

SARAH A. PRITCHARD.

PRIZE ENIGMA.

HAVING only received seven answers to the Prize Enigma published in HOPE of 15th December, 1881, besides a few encouraging letters to keep in the good work. I have examined them carefully, and find there were none that were entitled to the first prize. However, I have awarded them in the best manner possible, and will keep Alice Adelaide Armstrong's Prize until another time.

The name and addresses of the competitors and the prizes are as follows: Ralph G. Smith, 9 Hazel Street; Pittsburgh, Pa., and Adell Patterson, Ray, Steuben Co., Indiana, Large Chromos. Dexter F. Coombs, 10 Bank Street, Fall River, Mass., Zion's Hope one year. Emma Abraham, care of E. C. Brand, Plum Hollow, Iowa, and Warren St. Clair, South, Cottonwood, Utah Ter., A. W. Tignor, Independence, Mo., and John A. Lawn, Paicenos, San Benito Co., Cal., engravings.

The following are the answers to the questions:—Mayflower; Alabama; Rome; Thames; Henry Clay; Arizona; Ohio; Turkey; Henry Hudson; Oliver Cromwell; Mary Stuart; Andrew Johnson; Shakespeare; C. Columbus; Henry the Eighth; Elizabeth Queen of England; London, England; Thirteen Stars and Stripes; England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales; Nathaniel Gorham; Henry Middleton; Arthur St. Clair; Margaret of Scotland; Marquis de Lafayette; Oliver Wallcott. Name of the lady: Martha O. Thomas, Cheltenham, Mo.

Yours truly,

WM. STREET.

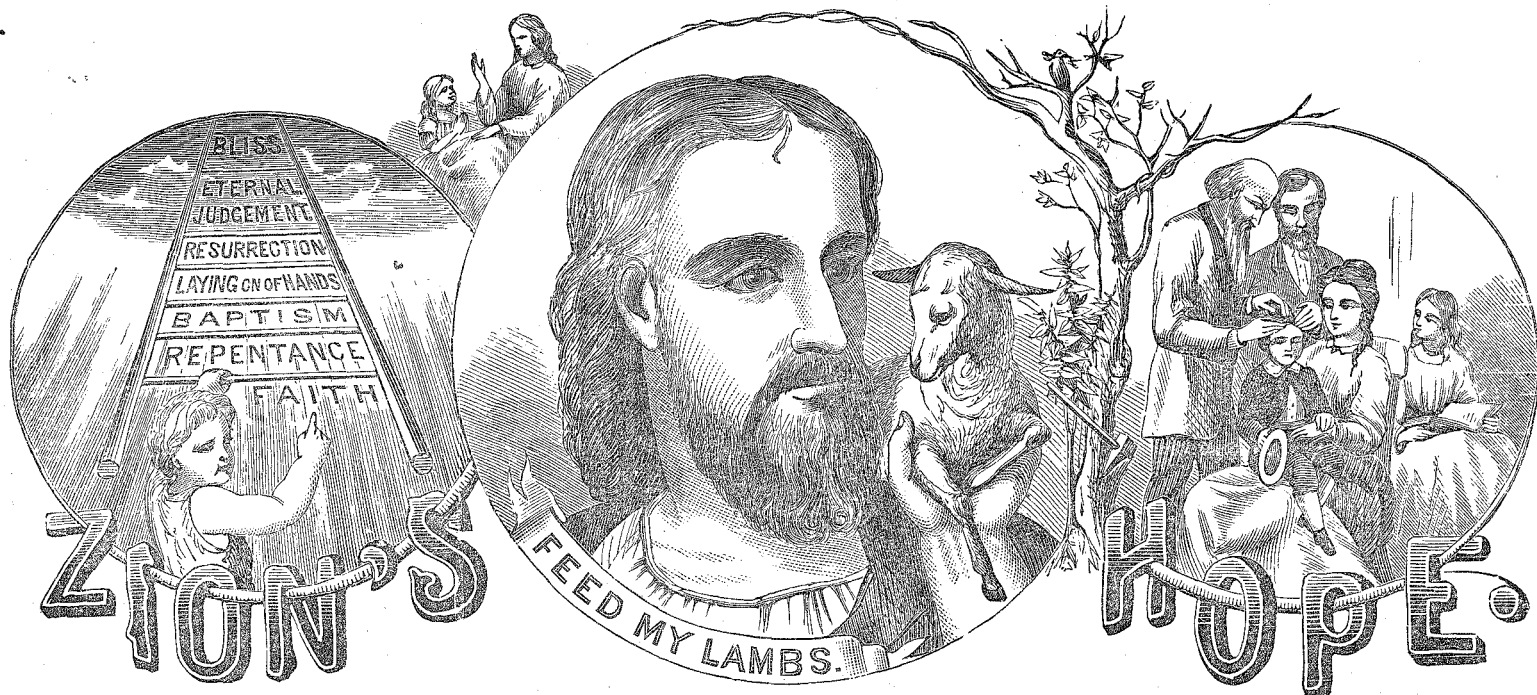
THE SAINTS' HERALD.

The above publication is issued semi-monthly, at Lamoni, Decatur County, Iowa, 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.

Zion's Hope is published semi-monthly by the Board of Publication of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, at Lamoni, Decatur County, Iowa, and is edited by Joseph Smith. 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, Lamoni, Decatur County, Iowa. Money may be sent by Draft on Chicago; Post Office Order on Leon, Iowa; or by Registered Letter to Lamoni, Iowa.

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. XIII.

LAMONI, IOWA, APRIL 1, 1882.

No. 19.

ONLY A STEP.

LET us consider well before we take it. Only a step. Just a small deviation from the truth, a little exaggeration. I never thought so small a matter would make much difference; but now that it has come back to me, I have to invent a dozen falsehoods to prove my first assertion. Why? Because I am too proud to confess my fault; I can not humbly say, I have done wrong; I did not tell the exact truth. I told it a little worse than it was. It was only a step at first; but now I am driven ever so far from the straight and narrow way.

Only a step. I knew it was wrong to speak evil of my neighbor. It wasn't any great crime either, that he had been guilty of, only a very common failing; but I was vexed; I felt myself misused; I could not deny myself the sweet morsel; speaking evil of my neighbors; so I told it to my friends. I must express my opinion of such things; and when I get to talking, I get excited, and say a great many things that in my calmer moments I wouldn't allow myself to think, much less to say. But now what a grief have I made for myself: My neighbor is called away,—he is shrouded for the grave,—he has passed death's portals, no more to return until the resurrection day. Oh! how my cruel words pierce me to the heart. How all of my neighbor's failings sink to oblivion, as my own sins loom up before me. Would that I had stayed my tongue from uttering those spiteful words. God pity our weakness.

Only a step I said to myself, it does n't matter if I do drink a little of the intoxicating beverage. I am not afraid of becoming a drunkard. It can not harm any one but myself, surely. Oh! no; but it all came back to me in after years, when my younger brother was brought home intoxicated, and then we found out that he had been drinking on the sly when ever he could get the chance, and when he became himself, and we expostulated with him for his sin, he said to me:

"Oh! well; it is a good deal your fault, for I followed you when you didn't know it; and I saw you drink more than once, too; and so I thought I could do anything you did. I never should have been found in that fault if I hadn't followed your example."

Oh, well! he is a hopeless drunkard now,—lost to all human persuasion, and I can only say God forgive me for taking that one wrong step. We do not know how much depends upon our daily examples,—nor how far one step may lead us from the path of rectitude.

BY A FRIEND.

SCATTER AND INCREASE; OR THE GIVER'S REWARD.

PEOPLE will not believe it, and yet it is true as the Gospel, that giving leads to thriving. John Bunyan once said, "There was a man, and some did count him mad, the more he give away, the more he had." He had an old saying to back him, one which is as old as the hills, and as good as gold. "Give and spend, and God will send." If a man can not pay his debts, he must not think of giving, for he has nothing of his own, and it is thieving to give away other people's property. Be just before you are generous. Don't give to Peter what is due to Paul. They used to say that "Give is dead, and Restore is buried;" but I do not believe it any more than I do another old saying, "There are only two good men: one is dead, and the other is not born." No, no; there are many honest in heart yet, pure and free as the air we breath; and who are good and true—people who do not say: "Go next door," but who say "Here's a little help, and we wish we could make it ten times as much." God has often a great share in a small house, and many a little man and woman has a large heart. Now you will find that liberal people are a happy people, and get more enjoyment out of what they have than folks of a churlish sort of mind. Misers never rest till they

are put to bed with a shovel: they often get so wretched that they would hang themselves, only they grudge the expense of a rope. Generous souls are made happy by the happiness of others. I once read of a gentleman who made somebody happy every day in the year; and I know of an elderly lady who is trying to do the same; she always has her hand in her pocket to give something. The money she gives to the poor buys her more pleasure than any other she can lay out. I have seen men of means give coppers, and they have been coppers in almost everything. They carried on a coppers business, lived like beggars, and died like dogs. I have seen others give to the poor, and to the cause of God by shovelfuls, and they have had it back by wheel barrow loads. They made good use of their stewardship, and the Lord has trusted them with more; and their hearts have rung out in merry peals when they have thought of widow's who blessed them, and orphan children who have smiled into their faces. Ah me; that there should be creatures in the shape of men, whose souls are of no use except as salt to keep their bodies from rotting! Please let us forget them, for it makes me feel right down sick to think of their nasty ways. Let us see what we can do to scatter joy and gladness all around us; just as the sun throws light on hill and dale. He that gives God his heart, and uses his talents to the best advantage for the gospel of the kingdom, and in gathering together the honest in heart, God won't deny him his money. The Psalmist David says: "The cattle upon a thousand hill are thine.

A person who takes pleasure in giving, does not wish to be seen. Nor will that person want a dollars worth of honor for a quarter. He will look out for worthy subjects. A wise man will go to work in a sensible way, and so give his money to the poor that he will be lending it to the Lord. No security can be better. "He that goeth forth weeping, bearing precious seed, shall

doubtless come again rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

Gentle reader, are you sowing precious seed for Christ? Remember, as you sow, so shall you reap; if you sow sparingly, your harvest will be scanty; if you neglect to put in seed, you can not gather in the sheaves; if the seed be corrupt, so will be the produce. Then be earnest, be diligent, be circumspect. The time is short, the day is far spent, the night is at hand. What you would do for souls, do quickly. The judge is at the door, and his reward is with him, to give every man as his work shall be.

Who gives and hides the giving hand,
Nor counts on favor, fame or praise,
Shall find his smallest gift outweigh
The burden of the sea and land.

Who gives to whom hath naught been given.
His gift in need, though small indeed,
As is the grass blade's wind-blown seed,
Is large as earth and rich as Heaven.

WM. STREET.

BE PUNCTUAL.

A WORD TO THE YOUNG.



CAPTAIN JONES was the owner of a fine sailing boat, and being fond of boys, he arranged one Saturday afternoon to take several of them out on a boating excursion. At the time appointed all of them were there but one, John Gay, a boy who was noted for his want of promptness and punctuality. All the other boys were ready, and anxious at once to enter the boat, but John did not make his appearance. And they urged Captain Jones to go immediately.

"Hadn't you better wait for John Gay," asked the captain, "so he won't be left?"

"How long have we waited already?" said Edwin Ross.

"Nearly half an hour," said another, "and I would not wait any longer."

"No," said Will Leslie, who was a leader of the boys, "I would not wait any longer. There's no use waiting for John; he never was ready in season for anything. He's late at his breakfast, late at dinner, late in going to bed, and late in getting up. All his mother can do never gets him started for school in season. If he is sent anywhere, he never goes in time. He was going to his uncle's last week by the railroad, but was so late in going to the train that he was left behind. He's always late, and I'm not for being bothered for him any more. Come along."

And the boys did come, and the captain with them. And in about fifteen minutes afterwards down came John to the place of meeting, in a great hurry, and was greatly disappointed to find they had all gone. "Dear me!" he said, "it's too bad. I do think it's too bad that no one will ever wait for me."

There are too many people like John Gay. They lose in both pleasures and privileges by not being punctual. Washington once said to his secretary, who was behind time at an appointment, and who said that his watch was not right, "You must get a new watch, or I must get a new secretary." And at a committee meeting, where one of its eight

members was fifteen minutes behind the appointed time, a sensible Quaker said, "Friend, I am sorry thee should have wasted thine own quarter of an hour, but what is worse, thee has wasted the time of every one of us seven—in all two hours; and this thee had no right to do."

Begin early to be punctual in everything, and soon you will form the habit of punctuality, and this will be of benefit to yourself and of comfort to others as long as you live. Be prompt in obeying your parents, in learning your lessons, in going to school and to church and to Sunday School; prompt and punctual in doing whatever you have to do, and it will aid you to success in everything. "How can you accomplish so much as you do?" said a friend to one of the most enterprising and successful business men in a large city. "By having a time and place for everything," was the answer, "and doing everything promptly at its time."

Let every young person learn this lesson and act upon it, and you will be astonished to see how much you can accomplish, and how surely you will gain the confidence of others.—*Child's Paper.*

MAPLEWOOD MANOR.

BY PERLA WILD.

CHAPTER V.

THE birth-day party was a grand success. Kathie Clausen was a merry little ten year old, and she had a brother older and a sister younger. And then there was little Fritz. So all the boys and girls near, from four to fourteen were invited. And the great warm, cosy kitchen was alive with joy and racket and riot. Here in the broad kitchen, warm and tidy and bright, the smaller children held high carnival, romping and running and laughing at pleasure. While in the family sitting room the older ones amused themselves with quieter games, Uncle Fritz and his rosy cheeked frau looking on approvingly. Fritz Clausen was a jolly, good humored German, industrious, honest and contented. Owner of a few acres of arid, rocky, broken land, enterprise and patient toil had caused his little barren desert to blossom and produce a sufficiency for his family needs, and after ten years he was comfortable and independent and happy.

Two hours' play, and then Mrs. Clausen repaired to the kitchen.

"Now, child'ens," said she, "Uncle Fritz says you all comes in dire. He wants you. I gets supper."

There was a general rush for the door. Pell mell, hurry skurry, they went. Little chubby Mena Clausen tumbled down and Elsie Bell fell over her. Burt took a flying leap over both, and landed in the middle of the next room. Addie was shocked, but wisely said nothing. When they were all in the sitting room, Uncle Fritz opened a closet door and brought out a great new grain sack crowded full of something,—a score of little expectant minds wondered—what?

"Now den, leetle poys and girls here's someting for yous. Who guess vault is it, haf de first grab. No, don't coom near; joost tink and guess." And his blue eyes twinkled, and his good natured face beamed with delight.

"It's—it's *candy!*" shouted Burt.

Uncle Fritz shook his head.

"Gum!" cried another little boy.

Fritz was silent.

"I know, I know; roasted peanuts!" chimed in Willie Gray, confidently, and half a dozen other voices piped

"Pea-nuts, pea-nuts." "Oh! goody, good!" But it wasn't right.

"Apples," timidly lisped Elsie Bell, her pink cheeks growing rosy at her assurance.

"No, not dat; can't nopody guess."

"Poptorn balls, I know," cried little Mena Clausen. "Let's have some p'ease. We'se awful hundry."

"Not dat, leetle Mena; you didn't quite guess. You vas ashleep. Vell, who can lift dis, have de first grab."

Burt Russell and Willie Gray stepped up, followed by the other small boys.

"Whoop! I know! It's pop-corn! Jolly!" exclaimed Burt.

But both he and Willie failed to shoulder it, it was so large. A boy was soon found, however, who could; and in ten minutes' time the room was dotted and flecked and littered with white, till it were as if a snow storm had passed over it.

Such a supper. The fluffiest and whitest and lightest of biscuit; the sweetest and best of gilt edged butter; Strawberries that were *almost* as nice as if they were not canned with crystal grained sugar; and the richest and sweetest of cream; quaky, shaky quince jelly; and a cake—oh! you ought to have seen the cake;—a great, round, frosted mountain of sweetness and delicacy; and candies and sugar plums in the richest effusion; and such great, luscious raisins, and liberal bits of citron, as appeared when good motherly Mrs. Clausen severed the crisp, delicious crust, and laid a triangular section before each waiting child.

If the cake *was* a deep, rich brown, not a little nose was elevated, nor even patrician Miss Addie Russell didn't criticise the 'Graham' cake. It was, in fact, German 'fruit bread,' with a little extra finishing. For Mother Clausen understood the laws of health far enough to know that an eight o'clock supper for little tired children should not be too rich and hearty. Dessert consisted of candied grapes;—great, rich, tempting clusters, crusted with sugar. So delicate and refreshing, after cake and jelly.

Supper over, the long table was rolled back to the wall, leaving plenty of room for another season of play.

"Till nine, remember," Mother Clausen said, as she repaired to the other room, followed by the older children, leaving the wee ones in possession of the kitchen again.

Little was said or done for awhile, save sit around the great blazing fire in the old-fashioned fire-place, and yawn and tell one or two fairy stories.

"I'se s'eeepy," sighed little Elsie, presently. "Dess I'll yie down on zis rug," and down she cuddled like a kitten.

"No, you mustn't do 'at," cried Burt. "We all has to go home pitty soon; then what'll you do?"

"Let's play B'ind Man's Bluff," chimed in Mena, anxious to play the hostess and interest her visitors.

"All right!" All yight!" "Oh, do!" "Course we will!" echoed all around the room.

So they played that, till weary, and then some one proposed Mother Carey's Chickens. This was amusing, especially hunting the scattered chickens, all of which were duly captured, save one,—little Burt,—and he was not to be found.

'Jingle, jingle, jingle,' and the children knew their evening's play was ended. Victoria Russell came in first; in fact the great sleigh of John Russell conveyed more than half the company to and from the Clausen's that night. All her passengers were there but Burt. He was nowhere to be seen, until a stifled sound of glee was heard and some one noticed that the clock had stopped. Little Mena pulled open the tall door,—it was an old style Dutch time piece, a wall sweep, which reached from floor to ceiling.

"Te, he, he," laughed Burt from the top of the great pendulum, which he had climbed.

"Hickory, dickory, dock,
A mouse yun up the clock,
The clock st'uck one,
The mouse ran down"—

And down he was, sure enough, with a bang, a thump, and a bruise of course.

"I declare," cried Addie, coming in at the moment, hooded and cloaked for the return drive, "Burt is always into mischief, and always sure to fall and hurt himself. I think such little dot's as he better stay at home."

"Dess he yikes to p'ay dess as well as anybody," cried little Elsie stoutly, as she stood by looking her sympathy for the fallen hero, while Victoria was bathing the wounded temple with Mrs. Clausen's camphor, and restoring peace to the troubled little soul of the boy.

"Did you d'ive, 'Dick' and 'Tilly,' Vic, or did 'at ugly Mr. Brandy come wiz you again," asked Burt, now sufficiently restored to be wrapped for the journey home.

Victoria blushed and looked annoyed. "Mr. Rumsey was kind enough to drive over, if *that* is what you mean, Burt. But you don't speak very respectfully of papa's old friend."

"Hump!" sniffed Burt. "I don't like him one bit, and shan't never, if the rest *do* I s'pect,"—he continued to himself, as they walked down the steps, "I s'pect he wants to get married, 'cause I heard him and papa talkin', and I s'pect he thinks Victoria would"—a quick pressure of Victoria's hand on his wrist put an end to his sentence ere it reached the ears of the man in the sleigh.

To be continued.

Christ is able to help you, and as willing as he is able, prove him in every trial, put him to the test in your present distress.

A BEAUTIFUL DAY TO COME.

Q WHAT a joyous time,
When Jesus comes again,
To reign on this earth,
With those who love his name.

Men and women, old and young,
All who have obey'd the gospel's light,
Will be there when Jesus comes,
All races, both black and white.

A thousand years with his Saints,
He'll reign upon this earth,
For all those who fear his name,
O, what a peaceful birth.

This joyous day so long foretold,
That Jesus should come to earth again,
By the prophets and martyrs of old,
Who now are lying in their silent grave.

This is all we need to look for,
Eternal life is our gain,
To reign with Jesus forever more,
When Jesus comes on earth again.

If we all hold out faithful to the end,
Until the last moment comes,
And have the gospel armor on,
Then Jesus will greet us home.

S. J. BUCK.

ROND EAU, Ont., Feb. 13th, 1882.

JESSICA'S FIRST PRAYER.

SELECTED BY SISTER "EMMA."

CHAPTER V.



HE minister was sitting in an easy chair before a comfortable fire, with a hymn book in his hand, which he closed as the three children appeared in the open doorway. Jessica had seen his pale and thoughtful face many a time from her hiding place, but she had never met the keen, earnest, searching gaze of his eyes, which seemed to pierce through all her wretchedness and misery, and to read at once the whole story of her desolate life. But before her eyelids could droop, or she could drop a reverential courtesy, the minister's face kindled with such a glow of pitying tenderness and compassion, as fastened her eyes upon him, and gave her new heart and courage. His children ran to him, leaving Jessica on the mat at the door, and with eager voices and gestures told him the difficulty they were in.

"Come here, little girl," he said; and Jessica walked across the carpeted floor till she stood right before him, with folded hands and eyes that looked frankly into his.

"What is your name, my child?" he asked.

"Jessica," she answered.

"Jessica," he repeated, with a smile, "that's a strange name."

"Mother used to play 'Jessica' at the theater, sir," she said; "and I used to be a fairy in the pantomime, till I grew too tall and ugly. If I'm pretty when I grow up, mother says I shall play too; but I've a long time to wait. Are you the minister, sir?"

"Yes," he answered, smiling again.

"What is a minister?" she enquired.

"A servant!" he replied; looking away thoughtfully into the red embers of the fire.

"Papa!" cried Jane and Winnie, in tones of astonishment.

But Jessica gazed steadily at the minister, who was now looking back again into her bright eyes. "Please, sir, whose servant are you?" she asked.

"The servant of God and of man," he

answered solemnly. "Jessica, I am your servant."

The child shook her head, and laughed shrilly, as she gazed round the room and at the handsome clothing of the minister's daughters, while she drew her rags closer about her, and shivered a little, as if she felt a sting of the east wind, which was blowing keenly through the streets. The sound of her shrill childish laugh made the minister's heart ache, and the tears burn under his eyelids.

"Who is God?" asked the child. "When mother is in good temper, sometimes she says 'God bless me!' Do you know him, please, minister?"

But before there was time to answer, the door into the Chapel was opened, and Daniel stood upon the threshold. At first he stared blandly forwards, but then his grave face grew ghastly pale, and he laid his hand upon the door to support himself, until he could recover his speech and senses. Jessica also looked about her, scared and irresolute, as if anxious to run away, or to hide herself. The minister was the first to speak.

"Jessica," he said, "there is a place close under my pulpit where you shall sit, and where I can see you all the time. Be a good girl and listen, and you shall hear something about God. Standring; put this little one in front of the pews, by the pulpit steps."

Before she could believe it, for very gladness, Jessica found herself inside the Chapel, facing the glittering organ, from which a sweet strain of music was sounding. Not far from her, Jane and Winnie were peeping over the front of their pew, with friendly smiles and glances. It was evident that the minister's elder daughter was anxious about her behavior, and she made energetic signs to her when to stand up and when to kneel; but Winnie was content to smile at her whenever her head rose above the top of the pew. Jessica was happy, but not in the least abashed. The ladies and gentlemen were not at all unlike those whom she had often seen when she was a Fairy at the theater; and very soon her attention was engrossed by the minister, whose eyes often fell upon her as she gazed eagerly with uplifted face upon him. She could scarcely understand a word that he said; but she liked the tone of his voice, and the tender pity of his face, as he looked down upon her. Daniel hovered about a good deal, with an air of uneasiness and displeasure; but she was unconscious of his presence. Jessica was intent upon finding out what a minister and God were. When the service was ended, the minister descended the pulpit steps, just as Daniel was about to hurry Jessica away, and taking her by the hand, in the face of all the congregation, he led her into the vestry, whither Jane and Winnie quickly followed them. He was fatigued with the service of the day, and his pale face was paler than ever, as he placed Jessica before his chair, into which he threw himself with an air of exhaustion; but bowing his head upon his hands, he said in a low but clear tone: "Lord; these are the lambs

of thy flock. Help me to feed thy lambs!"

"Children," he said, with a smile upon his face, "it is no easy thing to know God; but this one thing we know, that he is our Father—My Father and your Father, Jessica. He loves you and cares for you, more than I do for my little girls here."

He smiled at them and they at him, an expression which Jessica felt and understood, though it made her sad. She trembled a little, and the minister's ear caught the sound of a faint though bitter sob.

"I never had any Father," she said sorrowfully.

"God is your Father," he answered very gently: "he knows all about you, because he is present everywhere. We can not see him; but we have only to speak and he hears us, and we may ask him for what we want."

"Will he let me speak to him as well as these fine children that are clean, and have got nice clothes?" asked Jessica, glancing anxiously at her muddy feet and her soiled and tattered frock.

"Yes," said the minister, smiling, yet sighing at the same time; "you may ask Him this moment for what you want."

Jessica gazed around the room with large wide open eyes, as if she were seeking to see God, but then she shut her eyelids tightly, and bending her head upon her hands, as she had seen the minister do, she said: "Oh God! I want to know about you. And please pay Mr. Dan'el for all the warm coffee he gives me."

Jane and Winnie listened with faces of unutterable amazement; but the tears stood in the minister's eyes, as he added, "Amen" to Jessica's First Prayer.

Continued.

A STUDIOUS BOY.

DILIGENCE and perseverance will accomplish a great deal, as the life of Samuel Carter, the successful merchant, shows. When nine years of age, he was forced to earn his own living by running errands and doing odd jobs in a store. He had every now and then a few moments when his employer did not want him, and these he put to the best possible use. If he was sent on an errand that required him to ride in the ferry-boat or cars, he would take a pencil and slip of paper and work out a sum, or if he chanced to get a newspaper, he studied all the hard words, and thus became proficient in spelling. He kept on with his studies in this way for a number of years, gaining steadily day by day. There happened to be in the office several old school books, and by the aid of these Samuel progressed rapidly. At last his master noticed his office boy's industry, and found on inquiry that he had taught himself reading, spelling, arithmetic, writing and grammar. He was so pleased with him that he offered him the use of his private library, and promoted him, thus increasing his pay. After a time, finding his favors were fully deserved, he continued to help him, by teaching him other lessons, besides the common branches, and when

Samuel Carter was twenty-nine years old, he made him his partner. During all these years he had risen step by step until the poor errand boy became a merchant, in the highest sense of the word. He reached this position by his untiring energy, his love of learning, and faithful study.

A PLUCKY BOY.

SIXTY years ago, a naval officer wishing to cross from Staten Island to Bergen, could find no person willing to undertake the job save a barefooted boy, who, despite the roughness of the sea, bravely rowed him to the place of his destination. The officer was so pleased with his pluck that he got him a situation on a steamer. That boy was Cornelius Vanderbilt.

What we are now wishing to express is a confident belief that a well spent Sunday should be a fit preparation for the happy renewal of the common work of the week. It is not well to be so religious on Sunday as to have none of the right soul of religion left for Monday. What are all our studies, exercises, hymns, prayers on the Lord's Day worth personally to any worshiper if they can not be followed by a betterment of spirit? If we can not derive some help from the sanctuary to enable us to meet and bear hardships, troubles, and cares, it may be taken for granted that we have asked amiss. Monday mornings ought to be as radiant as the face of Moses when he descended from the mount after communing with God.

Letters from the Hopes.

STEWARTSVILLE, Mo.

March 1st, 1882

DEAR HOPES:—It is with pleasure I write you to tell you that I have not forgotten you; but wish I could see you all; it makes me full of joy to read the wishes and desires of my brothers and sisters in the glorious work that we are engaged; it is indeed a great work, and how thankful we ought to be to our Heavenly Father for permitting us to hear the gospel in its fullness, and we can enjoy the same gifts and blessings as in ancient times, although we are scoffed at and scorned by the world what need we care, for we know it is the true way that leads to joy and happiness; and if we continue faithful to the end, the promise is that we shall enjoy a thousand years rest with the Savior. I have been a member of the Church three years; but oft times feel down-cast and downhearted, yet I do not feel to turn back at all in this glorious work. I would like to see all of my brothers and sisters in the Church, but as we can not meet here on earth, we have the promise that if we love the Lord and keep his commandments, we shall meet in heaven around his throne. Oh, how glorious it will be when we all will see each other face to face. We have meeting every Sunday, but am sorry we have no Sabbath School of our own. From your sister in the Church,

ELIZABETH LEWIS.

SIoux RAPIDS, Iowa, March 8th, 1882.

DEAR HOPES:—I am eleven years old today, and will write my first letter to you. There is no branch near us so we have no Sabbath School or meetings. I like to read the Hope. I have a little bay pony, and his name is "Nick." In the Summer I drive cattle to herd with him. Pray for me.

ELBERT A. SMITH.

LAMONI, Iowa, March 13th.

DEAR HOPES:—I thought I would write now and tell you about our new home in Lamoni. We used to live in Plano; but we moved out here when the Herald Office moved. Lamoni is not as large a town as Plano is. There

was a Union Sunday School out here when we first came; but now we have one of our own. Brother Conover is the superintendent; we all like him real well. I was baptized at Plano when I was ten years old. There has been a great many cases of sickness out here with the measles; but they are nearly all better; my two youngest sisters had them. We live half a mile from town, and can not get to meeting when it is muddy. Let us all try and keep the commandments of the Lord.

ETHEL G. SCOTT.

CLEAR Lake, Steuben Co., Ind.,
February 26th, 1882.

DEAR HOPES:—I was ten years old last month. We take the HOPE and HERALD. We have a good Sunday School; there are about fifty scholars on an average. We live about eighty rods from the Church. I have three brothers and two sisters. We learn to sing and read at Sunday School; it is a good place for little girls and boys, and it makes us happy children. We have Sunday School half past nine every Sunday. Pray for me that I may live in the truth.

ELMA A. SMITH.

GUILFORD Mo., March 4th, 1882.

DEAR HOPES:—We have a large branch here, and have meetings every Sunday; but no Sunday School. I hope we will have one this Summer. I would like to see the faces of all; but this I think would be impossible, except it should be in heaven. Let us all endeavor to live so that we can meet there. I ask an interest in your prayers. Yours in Christ,

P. C. NELSON.

BLOOMING PRAIRIE, Iowa.

DEAR HOPES:—The last time I wrote I was sick; I asked your prayers and was made well. I was baptized by pa, the 5th day of December. I love the gospel. We had preaching and sacrament meeting Christmas. I want to be faithful, and be a good boy. Your brother in Christ

JOSEPH CARLSON.

VISALIA, Cal., March 11th, 1882.

BRO. JOSEPH:—There are but a few Saints here, and we have no shepherd to lead us in the way we should go; but my prayer is that we shall live as near right as it lies in our power. One dear sister, Fulton, fell from her steps and broke her leg, and it has been three months since she walked a step. Pray for her, Dear Hopes, that she may get well. Our winter has been very dry and cold for this part of California. I love to read the letters in the Hopes. My prayer is that each and every one of us will live faithful, so all can see eye to eye, and meet where there will be parting no more, and be no more sorrow. Your sister in Christ,

ELLA M. EVANS.

MOSS POINT, Miss.,

February 24th, 1882.

DEAR HOPES:—I love to read letters in the Hope. I am seventeen years old; and was baptized when I was thirteen. We have meetings here twice a week, Thursday and Sunday. I want to live the best I can, as long as I live. I have a good evidence that this work is true.

Your sister,

NANCY M. YOUNG.

OAKLAND, Cal., Feb. 26th, 1882.

DEAR HOPES:—I am eight years old. I go to Sunday School, and my teachers name is Mrs. Anderson. I like her very well. We live on Seventh street, No. 1520. My sisters go to school.

RUTH PHILLIPS.

My mother and father belong to the Church, I have have not been baptized yet, but hope soon to be. I go to school every day, I am ten years old. I have a sister eight years old she is baptized.

KATIE PHILLIPS.

THE SAINTS' HERALD.

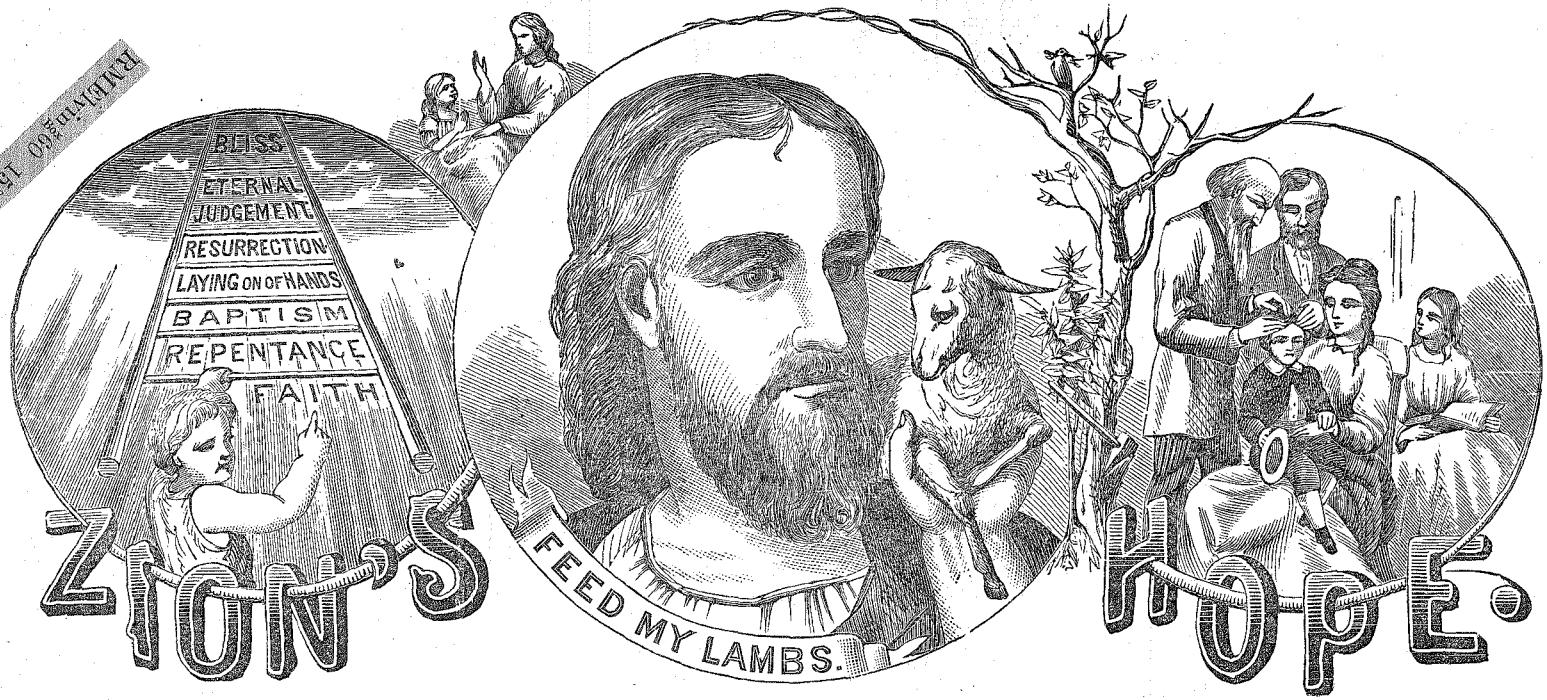
The above publication is issued semi-monthly, at Lamoni, Decatur County, Iowa, by the Board of Publication of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, \$2.15 per year free of postage. Edited by Joseph Smith.

Zion's Hope is published semi-monthly by the Board of Publication of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, at Lamoni, Decatur County, Iowa, and is edited by Joseph Smith. 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, Lamoni, Decatur County, Iowa. Money may be sent by Draft on Chicago; Post Office Order on Leona, Iowa; or by Registered Letter to Lamoni, Iowa.

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

REVISED 1891



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

VOL. XIII.

LAMONI, IOWA, APRIL 15, 1882.

No. 20.

EASTER MORNING.

SONGS of praise our glad lips sing,
Praise to Christ our risen King;
Far and wide the echoes ring
On the Easter morning.

On the cross the Lord was slain,
There he bore our sin and pain;
But we know he rose again
On the Easter morning.

Jesus lives, no more to die!
How the glad "good news" did fly
To his dear ones far and nigh.
On the Easter morning.

"Fear not ye," the angels said;
"Christ is risen from the dead!"
Death itself was captive led
On the Easter morning.

Praise to Christ, our Savior King,
We with joyful hearts will sing.
As the rolling seasons bring
This bright Easter morning.

Morning Light.

THE ORPHAN GOVERNESS.

BY DAVETTA.

IT was one of those soft, sunny afternoons in June, and all nature apparently was in sweet repose. Miss Merton sat by her window, gazing out on the beautiful landscape that stretched on and on till she could see no more. She was engaged as governess in a very pleasant family, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Rogers, and their five interesting and happy children. As she sat there thinking of her past life, and where she was now, the train of thoughts were interrupted by the sweet voice of Carrie, their third child.

"Oh! Miss Merton; let's go for a ramble in the woods this delightful afternoon; I am sure it will do you good, and mamma says we children can all go if you will go with and take care of us. I suppose she thinks if you are not along we will be jumping into the creek, or climbing some high tree, because we are so wild. Ha! ha!" and off she started before Miss Merton could answer; but soon reappeared at the door. "Please Miss Kitty, excuse me; I didn't intend to be so fast; but I was almost sure that you would

say yes; but when I saw mamma, and she asked me what you said, I just remembered that I hadn't given you time to answer."

"Yes, Carrie dear, I will accompany you with pleasure;" and she stooped and kissed her tenderly.

Carrie had been such a comfort to her since she had been there; always bright and happy, and many a comforting word had she spoken to the pale-faced Kitty Merton. "And Carrie had remarked to her sister Stella: "I love Kitty Merton, if she is poor."

Stella had a very different disposition from Carrie. Stella was as bright and beautiful, I might say more so than Carrie; but she rather scorned than pitied her teacher for being poor, and sometimes she would say and do things that would touch the tender heart of Miss Merton, and she appeared to rather enjoy it. But Stella did not understand why her eyes were sad and face so pale, or she would have been more kind, because she was a good girl, only she had that failure of thinking herself just a little above some of her acquaintances. Why shouldn't she;—her father was a wealthy banker, her big brother Harry was his partner, and doing a flourishing business. She thought there was no one quite so nice as brother Harry. He often would tell her that she should try and overcome her feelings towards Miss Merton.

"She would say, "Well brother, I will try;" but when she saw the rest of the family treating her like one that they loved and respected, she would say "I can not do it."

Miss Merton appeared in the sitting room with her sundown on. "Well friends, are you all ready for our ramble?"

"Yes, yes, they chorused; we are ready," and away they went, out through the garden gate, on towards the bubbling spring, where each had a cooling draught; and entering the forest, Johnny, who is always ready for fun and frolic, cried out, "Hurrah for the green shady woods."

"Yes," said Miss Merton, "let us cast all our care to one side, and enjoy these rich

blessings which our Heavenly Father has furnished us with;" and a light of love and goodness shone in her face as she thought of the blessings she daily received.

What a merry crowd they were, finding pebbles, feathery ferns, beautiful green moss as soft as velvet, pretty little innocent flowers, running hither and thither, swinging in the old grape vine swing, trying to catch the little fishes in the clear winding stream; till as Birdie, the three year old tot, said "she was all tide out."

Then Master John proposed that they find a cozy spot and take a rest.

"Here is just the spot," said Miss Merton, and seated herself on a moss-covered rock, and down went the children on the green carpet below.

"Now, Miss Kitty, won't you please tell us a story?" cried Carrie.

Kitty hesitated and looked at Stella, who sat opposite her.

"Yes, Miss Merton, tell us a story—something true—something about yourself and past life."

What was it? Was it a shadow of pain and grief that passed over Kitty's face, making it more pale, and her liquid brown eyes more sad? Oh! we shall see. We know not what is hidden in the deep recesses of the heart, till it is uncovered.

"Well, children, I am ever ready to please those whom I love; and I do try to please all I meet, friend or foe. So listen; and although it is painful for me to relate my past life; yet I will endeavor to give you a brief sketch.

"In the earliest days of my childhood we lived in the State of Indiana, in a very large farm house. Oh! as my mind reflects on the past, how I long to be there again. We had everything there that heart could wish for, and wealth could summon. There were the fountains, arbors, beautiful flowers blooming in great profusion here, there, and everywhere. The vine-covered porches; the grand old trees with their heads towering towards the sky, everything about the place was for the

comfort of the loved ones that resided there. And there dwelt my father, mother, brother, and myself. That house, children, was illuminated with the glorious light of love; no jarring sounds were heard in its halls; through every room was a pleasant feeling of happy contentment. Oh! what happy times brother and I used to have together. All, all, the memories of those happy days are so dear to my heart. But those days are gone;—yes, children,” and her voice was soft and low, almost a whisper, “that dream has past.”

The children gathered closer around her, as if drawn by the cord of love, and listened attentively as they saw she was about to begin again.

“And now comes a shadow over our bright home: father failed in business by some cruel deed of his partner. Poor father went down lower, *lower*,—till our palace of love was gone from us. Then we moved and went a long way from there; we could not stay there and see other people enjoying our old home. I can not complain about my new home, it was a very pleasant little cottage; after we had been there but just a little length of time, a *deep, dark* shadow settled over our little home. My father was taken away from our household band; that was a sad, sad break, in the chain that bound us together. Brother and I, although young, were so sorry for poor mother, many were the sleepless nights she passed; it seemed as though her grief was unconsolable; she could not be comforted, although brother and I tried in our feeble ways to pacify her. She would look at us with such a strange light in her eyes, and say: ‘God help you, darlings, he only can; I can do nothing.’ I do not wish to relate all what happened in the next year or two,” went on Miss Merton, slowly wiping her eyes, “for that was nothing but struggles and trials. We could see daily that mother was failing rapidly, and one bright day, just such a day as this, (and it is as fresh in my memory as if it had happened to-day), she came in the house and said ‘Kitty, I am sick, I am feeling very curious, but I will go and lie down awhile, and I suppose I shall feel better by and by.’ But she never left her bed again; she took a lingering fever, stayed with us two weeks from that time, and then the death-angel called her home. Then father and mother were gone; brother and I were left alone. Then were the bitter tears we shed; then was the time we realized that we were left in this cold and cruel world to fight our way alone, without a kind, loving father and mother to counsel and protect us, and to point out the path that our young and tender feet should walk in. In after years my brother married a sweet, confiding little woman; they are doing well; and just before I came here I went to visit them. They want me to stay with them always, and make my home there; but I feel it is my duty to make my own living. In my travels I meet with some kind, loving people, who treat me well, and some who treat me with scorn and contempt. O! if they knew all the trials and struggles I

have passed through, I think they would have a kind word, look, or action for the poor orphan.”

Stella could stand it no longer; in a moment she was on her knees before Miss Merton. She could not withstand the pleading voice, the pale face, and sad eyes. “O! Kitty—Miss Merton, can you, will you please forgive me for my coldness and unkindness towards you? Let me here confess before you, that whenever I was unkind to you, my heart would ache, and I would want to ask your forgiveness; but I was too stubborn. Can I ever expect you to forgive and forget? I know you would if you knew the bitterness that is in my heart at this time,” sobbed Stella, as she laid her brown head on Kitty’s lap.

There was a tender, loving light in those brown eyes then, as she gently caressed the head that was buried in the folds of her dress, and her voice was low and firm. “Stella, this is a happy, happy moment for me. Forgive you, child; I have been waiting to forgive and love you for so long; but I thought the time would never come. Let us be fast friends now, and try to understand each other.”

Stella raised her head and kissed sweet Kitty Merton, who had always been so kind to her. The first kiss she had ever given her.

“Well, children, the sun is sinking in the west. Little Birdie is fast asleep, mamma will think I have run off with her dear ones; we had better return to our nest.”

That was enough for her to say; they were all ready to obey her then and started for home. Arriving at home, Johnny rushed into the house.

“Oh! mamma, Miss Merton told us a story, a *true* story, and the girls had to cry.”

“Well, and what did you do, Mr. John?” asked Carrie.

“O! I was lying down; and mamma, I had to cover my face with my handkerchief, that was all.”

Stella and Kitty are fast friends now, and Stella has learned a lesson, that she must not judge nor condemn any one, rich or poor, and that a *good name* is rather to be chosen than *great riches*.

THAT HISTORICAL PUZZLE.

DEAR HOPE.—Our little people are much interested in your welfare. That historical puzzle by Bro. W. Street, our ‘Hopes’ were anxious to solve. But not having access to any save two or three small school histories of the United States, and one or two outline histories, they only obtained a partial answer. But enough to find discrepancies between history and the solutions given in the answer in *Hope* for March 15th.

Who succeeded Queen Elizabeth of England? The answer is given in *Hope* as Mary Stuart. While according to Robbins’ and Lyman’s Outline Histories, James I. (VI. of Scotland) was her successor.

Who is the father of English Poetry?

This is answerable in different ways. Bro. Street says Shakspeare. Some historians claim that Chaucer was entitled to that name; others call Byron the greater poet.

Who discovered the United States of America? Bro. Street says C. Columbus. Our young people declare it to be John Ponce de Leon. Columbus discovered America, but not that part known as the United States.

Who beheaded Lady Jane Grey and Anne Boleyn? Henry the Eighth, is given as the answer. But Lady Jane Grey was beheaded eighteen years after Anne Boleyn was, after Edward VI., during the reign of Mary, his sister. Henry VIII. died in 1547, and Lady Jane was beheaded in 1554.

Who was President of the Continental Congress in 1774? Here also our Hopes differ with the answer given, which is Henry Middleton. Peyton Randolph was chosen President of the First Continental Congress in the Fall of 1774 according to Lossing’s United States History.

I have written by request of our little people, who are very much interested in historical research just now.

PERLA WILD.

MAPLEWOOD MANOR.

BY PERLA WILD.

CHAPTER VI.

SPRING came after a long, rigorous winter;—the warm south wind lowered the great snow drifts, and wild geese began to be seen and heard in the upper sky. And one balmy day John Russell asked his wife if it wasn’t about time to “open her sugar camp.”

“I think it is,” she replied. “If you have time to oversee the matter to-morrow, perhaps Jonas had better begin work.”

Mr. Russell smiled. “If I have time to assist Jonas, and let you oversee us, you mean, Elizabeth. You are queen of the sugar orchard. What I know of the business is by your instruction. You are the Yankee, you know, and I the slow-going Englishman.”

“Not a very apt scholar, John”—she returned, “else observation and experience had taught you, in all these years.”

“Did you always make sugars, mamma, asked little Burt?” I didn’t ever know it! How does you makes it?”

“Quite a long story to tell you, little one,” smiled mamma, stroking his curly hair.

“Wait a day or two and you shall see for yourself just how maple sugar is made.”

“O doody, doody. ‘Ats ‘e bestest sugar zere is. I’m so glad. I didn’t know we could make it. I fought we buyed it always.” And Burt looked thoughtful.

“You were away on a visit with Victoria last Spring when we made sugar, though the season was so short we didn’t make very much. The season before that you were too young to remember. This time you are old enough to enjoy and remember sugar making time.”

“O I wish it was night, I wish it was night!” cried the little boy.

"Humph! you're always wishing something," remarked Addie. "Wonder what you wish it was night for."

"Cause, 'en I would go to bed, an 'dit up early in the morning and help make sugar," replied Burt. "You needn't turn up your nose, Miss Ad, you needn't do nuffin about it; nor you needn't have any sugar, so you needn't. Shall she, mamma?"

"O dear, you needn't feel so important. I guess if you're big enough to make sugar, you're big enough to talk plain and not say 'doody' and 'den' and 'nuffin' and the like," said Addie.

Burt did not deign a reply, but turned toward Andrew Jackson, who stood purring beside him. "We'll have lots of fun making sugar, won't we, And'ew Jatson. No, I 'spect you won't like it, either, 'cause you'll get your feets all wet if you go out in ze snow an' mud. No; you and Bunch must stay yight in here yike good boys, and we'll bring you a nice 'tittle chunk, if you 'haves real nice. Do kitties yike sugar, mamma?"

But mamma was busy talking with papa about repairing some of the fixtures of the sugar bush, and Addie was reading, so Burt called pussy and ran out on the piazza, where Bunch lay basking in the welcome sunshine.

Morning came and Burt was on tiptoe. He danced about, tumbled over a stool, threw a flower pot off the stand, tipped his chair over, and managed to be sent up stairs in disgrace soon after breakfast.

Mrs. Russell came up an hour after and found him asleep on his little white bed, tear drops shining on the round baby cheeks.

"Poor little pet," she breathed, pityingly. "Mamma is so sorry for you." She tied on her hood and was turning away. "How sad a disappointment it will be to him, to awaken and find that we have gone. Burt! Burt!" bending over the little cot and kissing the wayward boy, "Come, dear, we're going to the maple grove, now. Up and don your coat and cap if you want to go with us."

"My mittens, too, shant I, mamma," he murmured, springing to his feet before his eyes were fairly opened.

"Yes, mittens, too. Trip along, for papa is all ready, and Jonas is waiting with the team."

"Gee up, Dobbin" cried Burt, grasping the reins as soon as he was seated in the sleigh. "Mayn't I dyive, Jonas, p'ease?"

"You'd better ask leave first, not take possession and say 'may I' afterward," remarked papa.

Jonas was good natured, and Dick and Dobbin were gentle, so the little boy chirruped and geed and hawed and drove horses to his heart's content. Down the snow dappled lawn from the south front of the Manor House they sped, into the main road a short distance, then turned again north through the great push gate, for the maple grove lay west of the lawn and the house, and stretched far back up the gentle slope northward, joining the orchard on the east. Up the slight ascent among the great, thrifty 'sugar trees' a little way, pausing at a pretty little cottage

where bittersweet and honeysuckle twined their undying colors about balcony and cornice.

"Drive round to the back door, Jonas," remarked Mrs. Russell. "The footing is better there, and we want to examine the vats and furnaces."

To the rear of the building, where they alighted, and explored the ware room to see if the buckets and troughs were all in good condition, and then into the boiling room, where three great iron vats were fitted into the furnace. Ladles, dippers, strainers, pans, &c.;—everything there required in boiling "sugar water." The front room contained an open fire-place, chairs, table, settee, cot, bookshelf, and the like. Finding that no repairs were necessary, Mr. Russell set to work making a fire in the furnace, while Jonas brought water from the cistern attached to the building. A thorough cleansing of utensils being necessary.

Continued.

JESSICA'S FIRST PRAYER.

SELECTED BY SISTER "EMMA."

CHAPTER VI.

DANIEL had no opportunity of speaking to Jessica, for after waiting until the minister left the vestry, he found that she had gone away by the side entrance. He had to wait therefore until Wednesday morning, and the sight of her pinched little face was welcome to him, when he saw it looking wistfully over the coffee-stall; yet he had made up his mind to forbid her to come again, and to threaten with the policeman if he ever caught her at the Chapel, where, for the future he intended to keep a sharper lookout. But before he could speak, Jessica had slipped under the stall, and taken her old seat upon the upturned basket.

"Mr. Daniel," she said, "has God payed you for my cups of coffee yet?"

"Paid me?" he repeated, "God? No."

"Well, he will," she answered, nodding her head sagely! "Don't you be afraid for your money, Mr. Daniel, I've asked him a many a time, and the minister says he is sure to do it."

"Jess," said Daniel sternly, "have you been and told the minister about my coffee-stall?"

"No," she answered, with a beaming smile; "but I've told God lots and lots of times since Sunday, and he's sure to pay in a day or two."

"Jess," continued Daniel, more gently; "you're a sharp little girl, I see; and now mind I'm going to trust you. You're never to say a word about me or my coffee-stall; because the folks at the Chapel are very grand, and might think it low and mean of me to keep a coffee-stall. Very likely they'd say I mustn't be Chapel-keeper any longer, and I should lose a deal of money."

"Why do you keep the stall then?" asked Jessica.

"Don't you see what a many pennies I get every morning?" he said, shaking his canvas bag. "I get a good deal of money that way in a year."

"What do you want such a deal of money for?" she enquired? "do you give it to God?"

Daniel did not answer; but the question went to his heart like a sword thrust. What did he want so much money for? He thought of his own bare and solitary room, where he lodged alone, a good way from the railway bridge, with very few comforts in it, but containing a desk strongly and securely fastened, in which was his savings bank book and his receipts for money put out at interest, and a bag of sovereigns, for which he had been toiling and slaving both Sundays and week days. He could not remember giving anything away, except the dregs of the coffee and the stale buns, for which Jessica was asking God to pay him. He coughed and cleared his throat, and rubbed his eyes, and then with nervous and hesitating fingers, he took a penny from his bag and slipped it into Jessica's hand.

"No, no, Mr. Daniel," she said; "I don't want you to give me any of your pennies; I want God to pay you."

"Ay; he'll pay me," muttered Daniel. "There'll be a day of reckoning by and by."

"Does God have reckoning days?" asked Jessica. "I used to like reckoning days when I was a fairy."

"Ay, ay; he answered; "but there's few folks iike God's reckoning days."

"But you'll be glad, won't you?" she said.

Daniel bade her get on with her breakfast, and then he turned over in his mind the thoughts that her questions had awakened. Conscience told him he would not be glad to meet God's reckoning day.

"Mr. Daniel," said Jessica, when they were about to part, and he would not take back his gift of a penny, "if you won't mind I'd like to come and buy a cup of coffee to-morrow, like a customer you know, and I won't let out a word about the stall to the minister next Sunday, don't you be afraid." She tied the penny carefully into a corner of her rags, and with a cheerful smile upon her thin face, she glided from under the shadow of the bridge, and was soon lost to Daniel's sight.

Continued.

TRUTHFUL HARRY.

HARRY'S mamma went out to the garden which she dearly loved, and found a favorite bush spread apart in the middle and the branches drooping on the ground.

"Why, who has done this?" asked mamma in surprise and sorrow.

Harry, who was playing close by, heard the exclamation, stopped his game, and stood a moment irresolutely, and then going close to his mamma's side he said, "Mamma, I did it. I thought a bird would come and build a nest in the bush if a place was made ready for it."

Though mamma was much grieved at the loss of her flower, she was very thankful because of her little son's truthfulness.

Be brave, children, in speaking the truth. Remember, "Lying lips are an abomination unto the Lord, but they who deal truly are his delight."—Sel.

Letters from the Hopes.

SANTA ANA, Cal.,

March 11th, 1882.

Dear Hopes:—There has been quite a change in our location since last I wrote, as perhaps some of you will notice, but we hope it has been for the best. The purpose of our removal from Kansas was mostly for the benefit of ma's health, which I think has improved some. When we came here we did not know we were so near a branch of the Church;—but am thankful we have the privilege of hearing the Elders preach once more, as it has been almost two years since we left a branch. There was but one sister in the church where we came from, and she left quite a while before us. We were delighted to think we had arrived here just in time for conference; for then we had an opportunity of hearing some excellent preaching from Bro's. Burton, Mills, Rodger, and others; but we were sorry to part with our esteemed Bro. and Sr. Burton (as also all the Saints) who will leave shortly for Nova Scotia; we feel our acquaintance has been for years, although but a week; and all join heartily in wishing them God's speed in their mission of good works, as they are well deserving. A good feeling prevailed throughout the session, as was manifested by the gifts. The little church was crowded every meeting, which lasted four days. They have preaching and Sabbath School every Sunday. Bro. Betts is Presiding Elder. This little place has about fifteen hundred inhabitants, and is growing. There are six churches. The scenery surrounding is quite pleasant, and there are some beautiful homes. The vegetables and fruit are a very tempting reality: especially the oranges, lemons, figs, grapes, &c. Such plants and trees as geraniums, calla-lilies, olive-anders, palm trees, pampas, grass and evergreens grow in abundance. We are but ten miles from the sea coast, and it is quite romantic to gather shells, ferns, and curiosities from the shore. We are at present rather unsettled birds of passage: we may return after a little season to the Saints' home again, and may have a little more to say about our southern trip to California. May our Father's blessings attend you all, and the works of righteousness prosper.

Your friend and sister,

REGINA ROHRER.

HENDERSON, Iowa, March 19th, 1882.

Dear Hopes:—It has been many months since I wrote last. We live about three and a half miles from the little town of Henderson; there are but few of our people there. Bro. J. R. Badham preached there three times during the Winter. Some of the people had never heard a Mormon speaker before. Papa lectured there once; subject: "The future destiny of mankind." The people were well pleased. I believe a good work might be done there.

I should like to correct one of the answers to a question in William Street's prize enigma. I did not answer it; but I waited for the answer. In answer to the question:

Who is the father of English poetry? He says Shakespeare. I think it is Chaucer. It "is a title given by Dryden to Chaucer (fourteenth century), as the first great English poet," says Webster's Dictionary. Geoffrey Chaucer, the father of English poetry, was born, most likely, about 1340.—Chambers' Encyclopedia. Shakespeare was born near 1564. Will Mr. Street give (through the *Hope*) where he gets his authority? If I am wrong, I wish to know it. We should not convey wrong ideas to the young readers. I will now conclude, lest I have taken too much space already.

Your sister in the Church,

BLANCHE HOU GAS.

INDEPENDENCE, Mo., March 19th, 1882.

Dear Hopes:—I feel thankful to my Heavenly Father that through obedience to his commands, men may be led to comprehend the plan of salvation, and as Bro. J. J. Howells stated in the *Hope* for March 15th, that it (the *Hope*) was a paper for the young; therefore, let us begin to improve on the talent which has been given, that we may receive more light and knowledge pertaining to the plan of redemption. I can say that I believe the reading of the vision in the *Hope* pertaining to games and drinking will be a benefit to me, although I do not practice either

of the above named; yet I have often had the question asked me, what I thought of playing games; and I would answer I thought there was no harm from the game, of itself, but the harm came from giving over to the temptations that were intimately connected with it. But let me now say, that I believe the visions above named to be of God, and would therefore say to all who read the same, let us take warning, as we believe the power of God will be made manifest in the latter days for the perfecting of his Saints. Let us begin to learn to heed his warning voice: whether it be in the mighty waters heaving themselves beyond their bounds, or in the vivid flashing of lightning, or in the thunder's mighty roar, or in the calm quiet whispering of his spirit in visions or dreams; let us heed the warning. Take up the armor in defense of truth, and fight valiantly. Ever praying that truth may prevail, and that it may stand separated from error, and that we may be approved of God, is my prayer,

B. J. SCOTT.

ELMIRA, Mitchell Co., Kansas.

Dear Hopes:—We had a good time at conference last August; my two brothers joined the Church then. We have prayer meeting every other Sunday, which I like to attend. There is a union prayer meeting at our school house every Thursday night; we have a good time. Pray for me that I may meet you in heaven.

Your sister in the Church,

CASSIE ANDES

Dear Hopes:—We live by the Blue Hills. I belong to the Church, and am fourteen years old. Our Sunday School will commence the first of April. Our school will be out next Friday. I wish you were all here.

Good bye, from your sister,

JEMIMA CAIRNS.

SAMISON, Shelby Co., Iowa,

March 12th, 1882.

Dear Hopes:—I am a girl of eleven years of age; we have a church here—I go almost every Sunday. I belong to the Church. My father and mother, sister and brother, and myself were baptized a year ago, the 21st of last August; confirmed by Bren. Booth, Chatburn and Halliday. I have one little sister, she is old enough to be baptized, but is not yet; she will be soon. Pray for me.

Yours truly,

EFFIE LONDON.

REESE CREEK, Mont., March 10th, 1882.

Dear Hopes:—I thought you would like to hear from this part of the country. We have had a long winter here, and considerable sickness. It has been five months since we saw the ground. We have a branch here, and good meetings, and enjoy many of the gifts and blessings of the gospel. We have no Sunday School at present, but it will commence the first of May. I like to read the *Hope*, and especially the letters. I like the story of the "Sensible Girl" very much. We expect to make our home in Lamoni inside of two years. I have relatives in Lamoni that I should like to see very much—a grandfather, a grandmother, uncles, aunts, and cousins. This is my first letter to the *Hope*, but I trust it will not be the last. Your sister in the gospel,

CLARA A. HAWS.

CLEAR CREEK, Utah,

March 13th, 1882.

Dear young readers of the *Hope*:—I do not know as I can interest you very much, as it is my first letter to our dear little paper. I hardly know what I would do without the *Hope* now, it is so much company. I am not baptized yet, but hope to be the first opportunity I have. It will soon be a year since we have seen a member of our Church; we live sixty miles from any branch. I was pleased to hear from Archie Brewer, but was sorry to hear of his trouble. I often think of you all, and think how pleasant it would be to meet you; but that can never be in this life. Let us try to keep the commandments. We have a promise that if we are faithful we shall meet one day. I love the work in which we are engaged, and I hope that I may continue faithful to the end, so that I may gain favor in the presence of the Lord our Savior. We have taken the *Herald* and *Hope* about one year now. I would like to hear from Uncle John; I love to read his

letters. I am glad to see so many interesting stories in the *Hope*. I ask you to pray for me, that I may stand firm in the work which I have begun, that I may continue to the end and gain the crown.

Yours in Christ,

CLARA PARK.

Dear Hopes:—I love to read the *Hope* very much, and I don't know how I could do without it, it is so interesting. I do not belong to the Church, but I hope it won't be long before I do; pa and ma, and two of my brothers belong to the Church. We would like very much to have some of our Elders come and pay us a visit. I like the story "A Sensible Girl" very much. We would like to hear from Sister Addie and Dora Burton; also Uncle John. Let us be faithful to the end, so that we may all meet in that glorious time to come. We should try to keep the commandments of the Lord our Savior, that we may walk in righteousness before him. Praying that the Holy Spirit may exist among all the little Hopes, that we may enjoy the blessings which we receive through the gospel of Jesus Christ. We should labor with care and anxious hope for the gospel truth. Pray for me, that I may become one of the happy band in the time to come.

Yours respectfully,

ADA I. PARK.

STEWARTSVILLE, Mo.,

March 31st, 1882.

Dear Hopes:—It has been a long time since I wrote you last, then we were in Utah; but by perseverance the Lord opened the way so that we could get back to his promised land. I think the Saints ought to be so thankful that they are blessed with the privilege of meeting together once a week. I feel it a great blessing to have the privilege of meeting with them, and hearing them speak one to another. I have seen the works of God made manifest since I have been here, and I know we are on the right path, though I go astray many times, and do things I ought not to do perhaps. My father has not seen the light of the gospel yet; but I hope he will before long. I ask an interest in the prayers of the Saints that he may. Pray for me that I may hold out faithful to the end, and meet you on the other shore.

Hopes of Zion be ye faithful,

Praise the Lord both night and day,

For the blessing of the gospel,

Shown us in the latter day.

Your sister in the gospel,

SARAH ELLEN COVINGTON.

SAN JUAN, Cal., March 11th, 1882.

Dear Hopes:—This is a beautiful Spring morning. The hills and valleys are beginning to look green, and flowers are beginning to bloom. The little birds can be heard in the fruit trees, warbling forth their praise and adoration to their Creator, all to cause man to turn from evil ways. If man would only take the precious little bird for an example for meekness and lowliness of heart, what a beautiful world this world would be to live in. But instead of righteousness, we see them turning in all manner of by and forbidden paths. I pray that all the dear little Hopes who grow up in manhood and womanhood will have their hearts centered on good things and righteousness, and be bright and shining ornaments, in the sight of our Creator.

Yours respectfully,

ROSIE SMITH.

USBORNE, Ont., March 21st, 1882.

Dear Hopes:—I will be eleven years old next July, and I go to Sunday School and learn verses; sometimes the girls beat the boys. I have three brothers, one is older than myself; two go to school with me. I sometimes go to testimony meeting, I am not baptized; pray for me, that I may be some time. Love to you all in Christ.

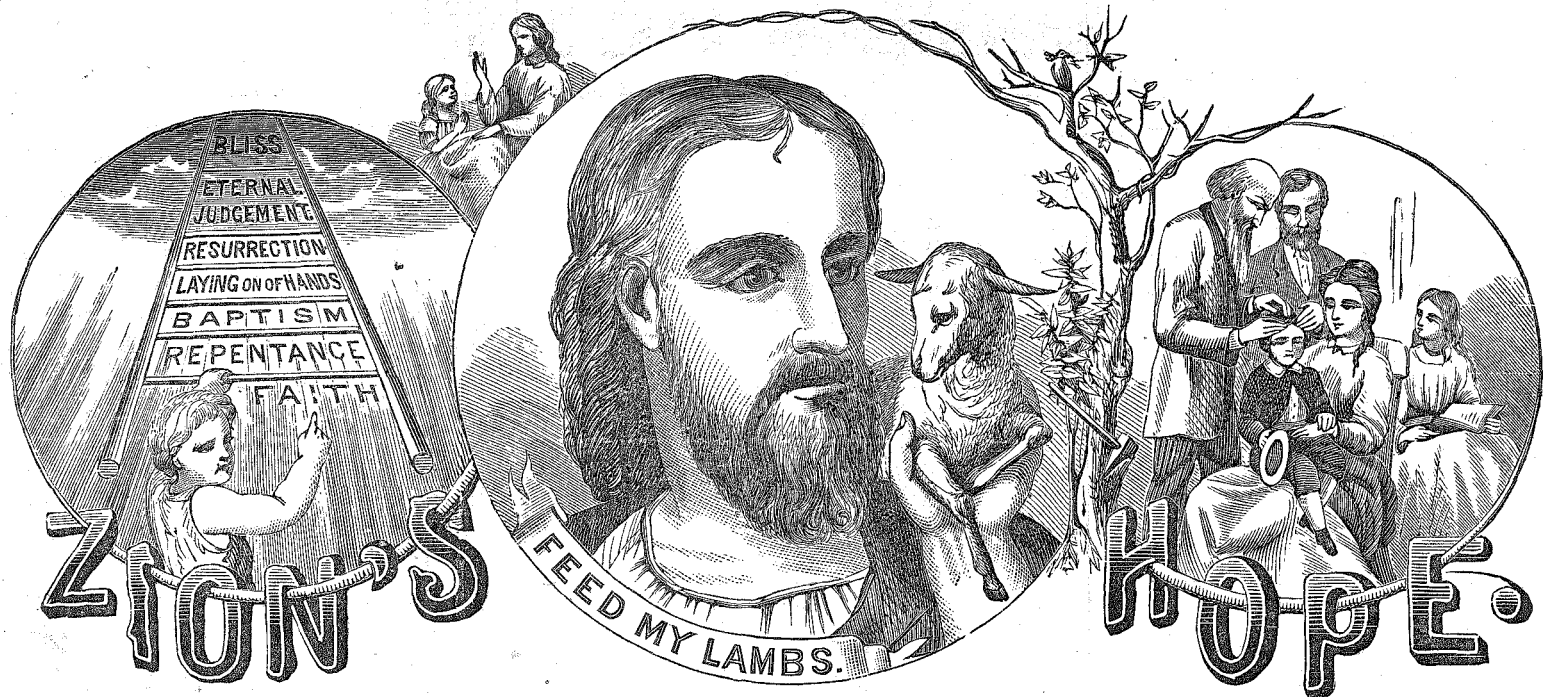
Yours,

SAMUEL REIDLEY.

Zion's Hope is published semi-monthly by the Board of Publication of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, at Lamoni, Decatur County, Iowa, and is edited by Joseph Smith. 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, Lamoni, Decatur County, Iowa. Money may be sent by Draft on Chicago; Post Office Order on Leon, Iowa; or by Registered Letter to Lamoni, Iowa.

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. XIII.

LAMONI, IOWA, MAY 1, 1882.

No. 21.

REFLECTIONS ON THE PAST.

DEAR HOPES: To-day my mind has been reflecting back to the rise of the Church. I have been reading the Life of Joseph the Prophet. I am going to try to relate some of the sufferings of the Saints when they were driven from Missouri, as follows: the prophet and some others were taken as prisoners of war by the mob, who abused them in every manner they could think of, and about thirty were killed, and many wounded, about one hundred missing, and about sixty were in prison at Richmond, awaiting their trial for what they knew not (for they were innocent). They (the mob) massacred the settlers. An old man, after the massacre was partly over, threw himself into their hands and begged for quarters, and was instantly shot down; this not killing him, they took a corn-cutter and cut him all to pieces. A lad of ten years, after being shot down, begged for quarters, when one of the mob placed the muzzle of his gun to his head and blew out his brains. That not satisfying them, they proceeded to rob and plunder. A man by the name of Tanner was taken prisoner, and without the least of offense, was struck over the head with a gun, laying his skull bare; and another man was struck over the head, dashing out his brains, and he was laid into a wagon, where he was permitted to lay for twenty-four hours, during which time no one was allowed to speak one word of comfort to him; after which he was taken out, and lived but a few hours.

Now, dear Hopes, how thankful we ought to be for the tender mercies and blessings of God unto us, that we are not called to pass through the sufferings and trials which those did who lived before us. I for one am thankful that I live in the day and age of the world that I do, when the Saints of God are not persecuted and driven; but are permitted to live and worship God as they please. And more so for the limited light of the gospel that I have, and that I am permitted to read

and understand for myself. I feel as firm in the faith as ever. Brothers and sisters, let us try to live faithful, for it is written in the Scriptures, that whosoever will believe and be baptized in my name, and continues faithful to the end, shall be saved in the Kingdom of God; this is the greatest blessing that God could give unto us,—for the greatest of all blessings is that of Eternal Life.

Therefore, dear Hopes, let us all try to live up to the light we have received, and steadily gain more and more, until we are fit subjects for Eternal Life. It is true I have many failings, and expect others do too; but if we can only outnumber the bad deeds with good deeds, we are sure of our reward. Therefore, let us do all the good we can in this world. Do good unto one another. Let us be patient in all our labors and trials, praying always that he may guide and direct us in our labors. Ask his protection, and that we may be prospered in all our undertakings for good. Be thankful for our bread and raiment, and for every daily blessing we receive. Pray for me, brothers and sisters, that I may be watchful and prayerful, lest Satan overcomes me and leads me to destruction; and that I may cling to the rod of iron, which leads to the tree of life.

Yours truly,

ALBERT M. BAILEY.

LAMONI, Decatur Co., Iowa.

JESSICA'S FIRST PRAYER.

SELECTED BY SISTER "EMMA."

CHAP. VII.



WHEN Jessica came to the street into which the court where she lived opened, she saw an unusual degree of excitement among the inhabitants, a group of whom were gathered about a tall gentleman, whom she recognized in an instant to be the minister. She elbowed her way through the midst of them, and the minister's face brightened as she presented herself before him. He followed her up the low entry, across the squalid court, through the stable, empty of donkeys just then, up

the creaky rounds of the ladder, and into the miserable loft, where the tiles were falling in, and the broken window-panes were stuffed with rags and paper. Near the old rusty stove, which served as a grate when there was any fire, there was a short board laid across some bricks, and upon this the minister took his seat, while Jessica set on the floor before him.

"Jessica," he said sadly, "is this where you live?"

"Yes," she answered; "but we'd a nicer room than this when I was a fairy, and mother played at the theater; we shall be better off when I'm grown up, if I'm pretty enough to play like her."

"My child," he said, "I'm come to ask your mother to let you go to school in a pleasant place down in the country. Will she let you go?"

"No," answered Jessica, "mother says she'll never let me learn to read, or go to Chapel. She says it would make me good for nothing. But, please Sir, she don't know anything about your Chapel, it's a long way off; and she hasn't found me out yet. She always gets drunk of a Sunday."

The child spoke simply, as if all she said was a matter of course; but the minister shuddered and looked through the broken window at the little patch of gloomy sky overhead.

"What can I do?" he cried mournfully, as though speaking to himself.

"Nothing, please Sir, only let me come to your Chapel of a Sunday, and tell me about God. If you was to give me fine clothes like your little girls, mother'd only pawn them for gin. You can't do anything more for me."

"Where is your mother?" he asked.

"Out on a spree," said Jessica; "and she won't be home for a day or two. She'd not harken to you, Sir. There's the missionary came, and she pushed him down the ladder till he was nearly killed. They used to call mother the vixen at the theater, and nobody durst say a word to her."

The minister was silent for some minutes, thinking painful thoughts, for his eyes seemed to darken as he looked round the miserable room, and his face wore an air of sorrow and disappointment. At last he spoke again.

"Who is Mr. Daniel, Jessica?" he inquired.

"Oh!" she said, cunningly, "he's only a friend of mine as gives me sups of coffee. You don't know all the folks in London, Sir."

"No," he answered, smiling; "but does he keep a coffee stall?"

Jessica nodded her head, but did not trust herself to speak.

"How much does a cup of coffee cost?" asked the minister.

"A full cup's a penny," she answered promptly; "but you can have half a cup; and there are half-penny and penny buns."

"Good coffee and buns?" said the minister, with another smile.

"Prime," replied Jessica, smacking her lips.

"Well," continued the minister, "tell your friend to give you a full cup of coffee and a penny bun, every morning, and I'll pay for them as often as he chooses to come to me for the money."

Jessica's face beamed with delight; but in an instant it clouded over, as she recollected Daniel's secret, and her lips quivered as she spoke her disappointed reply.

"Please, Sir," she said, "I'm sure he couldn't come. Oh! he couldn't. It's such a long way, and Mr. Daniel has plenty of customers. No; he never could come to you for the money."

"Jessica," he answered, "I'll tell you what I'll do; I will trust you with a shilling every Sunday, if you'll promise to give it to your friend the very first time you see him. I shall be sure to know if you cheat me." And the keen piercing eyes of the minister looked down into Jessica's, and once more the tender and pitying smile returned to his face. "I can do nothing else for you?" he said in a tone of mingled sorrow and questioning.

"No, minister," answered Jessica, "only tell me about God."

"I will tell you one thing about him now," he replied, "if I took you to live in my house with my little daughters, you would have to be washed and clothed in new clothing, to make you fit for it. God wants us to go and live at home with him in heaven; but we were so sinful that we could never have been fit for it; so he sent his own son to live amongst us, that through him we might be washed from our sins, and clothed ready to live in God's house. When you ask God for anything, you must say, 'for Jesus Christ's sake.' Jesus Christ is the Son of God. After these words, the minister carefully descended the ladder, followed by Jessica's bare and nimble feet, and she led him by the nearest way, into one of the great thoroughfares of the city, where he said "Good-bye" to her, adding "God bless you my child," in a tone which sank into Jessica's heart. He had put a silver sixpence into her hand to provide for her breakfast the next three mornings; and with a feeling of being very rich, she returned to her miserable home.

THE DRUNKARD'S BONDAGE.

Q LIST to my story of bondage.
Ye favored of freedom's domains;
How deeply I thirst for such freedom,
How lasting, how strong are my chains.
For years I've been bound to a master,
Both cruel and heartless is he;
My life is a burden, and yet must I be
A slave in the land of the free.

You ask me, how can it be true, what I say,
When freedom's loved banner still waves,
When liberty's blessings, throughout the whole land,
Was granted to all of the slaves.
To you it may seem but a vain idle dream,
'Tis only too true unto me;
I long to be free; but yet I must be
A slave in the land of the free.

'Tis true I was one day the master myself,
And had I done wisely, or well,
I'd have driven this demon away from my door,
And not had this story to tell.
At first, all unbidden, he sought my abode,
The gift of a neighbor, or friend;
That was the beginning, so simple. My God,
Who knoweth the horrible end.

At first I reluctantly welcomed him in,
I had heard that the danger was great;
Though knowing that death was the wages of sin,
I heeded the warning too late.
For meeting the wine cup so frequent and full,
I soon learned to love it the most;
I soon learned to laugh at the fears of my friends,
And drank without counting the cost.

The passion thus gratified grew day by day,
'Twas stronger than reason or will;
I promised in vain, he my master became;
I deeper, and deeper, drank still.
I forfeited fortune, position, and friends,
I broke the pure heart of my wife;
I gave up all—for this tyrannical fiend,
And ruined my hopes and my life.

I might have been honored, respected, and loved,
If I had but chosen for good.
But people despise me, and point with disgust;
'Tis no wonder to me that they should.
They say, what a noble man he might have been,
If he had let liquor alone;
They say what a brute does he make of himself,
What a wreck has he made of his home.

I fain would reform, but I can not, I can not.
This passion possesses my soul.
I cry in despair, for I can not tear
Myself from this death-dealing bowl.
'Tis death in the poison that leaps through my veins,
Destroying my reason and sense;
It has stolen my helmet, my shield, and my sword,
No weapons have I for defense.

I can not look back on my childhood,
When I was so guiltless and fair;
When I saw, in my fancy, the mansions
He promised in heaven to prepare.
I dare not look forth to the future,
I dread my last sentence to know;
I can but plead guilty, and warn you
To shun the true cause of my woe.

MAPLEWOOD MANOR.

BY PERLA WILD.

CHAP. VII.

TEXT was spile making. "What be spiles, papa?" asked Burt.

"Sap spouts," was the reply. "Wait a little and you shall see." So while Jonas and mamma washed the wares, papa drove to a sumac grove at one corner of the park and brought back a lot of spile timber. Victoria had proposed to take the business into her hands, after the sugar bush was fairly opened, Mrs. Bell being engaged to assist her. With Jonas for the heavier labor, she thought that they would have a pleasant time. They would bring their books and fancy work and sojourn in the sugar whenever they choose. Victoria had charged papa to open the whole camp, and there were about three hundred trees.

Spile making was closely watched by Burt. The sumacs were sawed in lengths of about one foot, then cross cut to the center of each about three inches from one end, this being sharpened. Half the remaining portion split off, and the pith removed. After preparing a quantity, papa filled them into a great handled basket, took hatchet and auger, and with Burt at his heels, set out to begin tapping the nearest trees. It was rare fun for the little fellow to paddle through the mud and snow, and had it not been for his rubber boots, he had been a wet little duckling on his return to mamma.

First the rough bark of the maple was removed, then the auger inserted to the proper depth, and the spile driven into the auger hole. In a moment the clear, sweet sap of the great tree, came trickling down the narrow channel in the center, and began to drip, drip, drip, in sparkling droplets into the soft, white snow beneath.

"O, papa is that good.—I said good yight 'at time, didn't I?"

"Yes, it's good. Run back and tell Jonas to bring us some sap buckets, and you may get a cup and drink some 'sugar water' as some of the Yankees call it."

"No, John," replied Mrs. Russell pleasantly, she had come to see if the sap was going to run nicely,—“not the Yankees, but the western people. The real Yankees usually say 'sap.'”

"Americans are all Yankees to me—whether eastern or western," was the reply. So the work went on. And by the time they set out to return to dinner, the first buckets were half full. Just one tiny drop at a time, but how fast it seemed to accumulate.

After dinner, work was resumed in the sugar camp, Victoria presiding in the sugar-house, and Burt and Addie to bear her company. And before returning to the Manor House that night they were obliged to begin gathering sap from the first trees opened, to prevent the buckets from overflowing.

Next morning business was lively. There was enough sap on hand to begin boiling, so the great furnace was heated, the sugar water poured into the vats, and Victoria stationed in the boiling room. Before noon Jonas drove up with a barrel full of sap, and still the trees were not all tapped. All the vats were now filled as near the brim as was possible and be safe from boiling over; as this lowered more was filled in, and thus the work went on.

"O Vic, 'at's sugar *now*, isn't it," asked Burt, as he had at least a dozen times before.

"No—it isn't syrup yet."

"O dear, it takes so long I dest *can't* wait," he exclaimed. "Do hurry up."

"It's boiling as fast as it can, Burt," replied Victoria. "When it is low enough for syrup we will dip it out and strain it into those tubs yonder to cool and settle. Then we will store it in those barrels till we get enough to 'sugar off,' as the term goes."

"Let's sugar off to-night then," cried Burt.

"We haven't got any syrup," answered

Victoria. "It will take a number of days to get enough for that."

"O dear, I don't yike to make sugar. Let's us go home, Ad. I'se tored my dress, and muddied my pants, and hurted my shin, and I don't fink I'll make sugar any more." And he sighed wearily.

"You've made a great deal of sugar, haven't you," replied Addie. "Tramped around in the mud and slush, and tumbled into ditches and been in every body's way. That's helping with a vengeance."

"Dear! how smart girls fink 'emselves. Glad I ain't a girl," and he marched out to tease papa to take him 'yight stait home, 'cause he was awful tired and that Ad was a bothering him again, too." But papa didn't go till night, and then he found Burt curled up on a corner of the buffalo robe by the fire in the little front room of the sugar-house, almost asleep.

"I shall bring Tyler 'morrow, I shall 'cause I'se lonesome wiz nobody to play wiz," he remarked drowsily, as he gathered himself up to be carried to the sleigh.

"Mrs. Bell will come to-morrow, and Elsie will be company for you," replied Victoria, as she folded her shawl about him.

"Zen I shan't never come out here any more, so I shan't; cause I don't yike girls—only when they'se big—sometimes—" leaning sleepily against Victoria.

But he did come again, and the very next morning too. When the girls tied on their bonnets, he began to fly round in search of his cap. "I don't need my yubber boots, do I mamma?"

"Shoes are nicer on a carpet," replied mamma serenely.

"But I'se goin' wiz Vic and Addie," he replied.

"Indeed." And Mamma Russell opened her eyes wider. "You said a few minutes ago that you wouldn't go if Mrs. Bell's little girl was to be there. And Jonas is going after that lady as soon as he gets the girls to the sugar camp."

Burt hesitated. "Well, 'spect I'd better go and help. I'll take Sharp so I won't have to play wiz 'at girl."

"Burt," mamma spoke firmly, "you must treat little Elsie properly, or I shall be obliged to keep you at home with me. Remember."

"There's Mrs. Bell, now. Look Victoria," cried Addie. "Who is that driving, I wonder."

"Victoria had seen the carriage pause at the lawn gate, but was now very busily engaged helping Burt with his boots.

"Dess you'se got a fever, Victory, 'cause your cheeks are red as rosies," remarked Burt.

"Why don't you come and see, Vic," exclaimed Addie. "Mrs. Bell has got into our sleigh, and those who brought her are driving back. What makes you look so strange, Victoria?"

"How strange?" queried Victoria tremblingly, tying Burt's scarf. "You're excited, Addie, yourself, and think I am."

But Addie was not deceived by her sister's manner.

THE EXAMPLE OF CHRIST.

A GOOD LESSON FOR YOUNG AND OLD.

[Let each one look out the texts, and read and remember them.]

Our Lord Jesus Christ, we are told, has "left us an example that we should follow his steps." He is our example in—

His early piety. Luke 2:40.

His obedience to his earthly parents. Luke 2:51.

His diligence in doing good. Acts 10:38.

His meekness and humility. Matt. 11:29.

His self-denial for the good of others. Phil. 2:7, 8.

His contentment in his low estate. Luke 9:58.

His earnestness in prayer. Luke 6:12.

His frequent praise and thanksgiving. Matt. 11:25.

His compassion for the suffering. Matt. 20:34.

His edifying and useful discourse. Luke 20:14, 32.

His kind and condescending behavior. Luke 5:29.

His patience under suffering and reproach. 1 Peter 5:23.

His readiness to forgive injuries. Luke 13:34.

His grief at the sins of others. Mark 3:5.

His zeal for the worship of God. Luke 4:8.

His cheerful submission to his Father's will. Matt. 26:39.

His devotedness in obedience to the divine commands. John 4:34.

[Every Hope should search out the above passages of Scripture, and carefully and studiously read the same, that the intended good lesson may be impressed upon the mind. That is our object in publishing such pieces. In writing to the Office, will the Hopes tell us whether they did so or not? Let us see how many names we can get.—ED.]

"I ATE THE FIG."

I SHALL never forget my first lie, although it happened when I was a very little girl. My youngest sister had a penny, with which she wished to buy a fig; and being too ill to go down to the shop herself, she engaged me to go. Accordingly I went. As I was returning with the fig nicely done up in a small paper, suddenly the thought occurred to me I should like to look at the fig. So I very carefully opened the paper, when the fig looked so very tempting I thought I could not help tasting it a little at one end. I had scarcely dispatched that bit before I wanted it all, and without much more thought I ate up the whole fig.

Then when the fig was all gone and I had nothing to do but to think, I began to feel very uncomfortable—I stood disgraced before myself. I thought of running away off somewhere—I did not know exactly where, but from whence I could never come back. It was long before I reached home, and I went as quickly as I could and told my sister that I had lost the penny. I remember she cried

sadly, but I went out into the garden and tried to think of something else; but in vain—my own guilt stared me steadily in the face, and I was wretched.

Although it wanted but a few minutes to our dinner hour, yet it seemed very long to me. I was anxious that some event might intervene between me and the lie I told. I thought I would give worlds if it had not happened. When the dinner hour came I was seated in my chair at my father's side, when my sister made her appearance, crying, and looking grieved.

My father immediately inquired what the matter was. Then my mother stated the story, the conclusion of which was that I had lost the penny. I can never forget the look of kind, perfectly unsuspecting confidence with which my father turned to me, and with his large blue eyes full in my face, said, "Whereabouts did you lose it? Perhaps we can find it again." Not for a single instant could I brave that tone and that look, but bursting into tears I screamed out, "O! I did not lose it, I ate the fig."

A silence as of the grave ensued. No one spoke. In an instant I seemed to be separated an immense distance from all the rest of the family. A great gulf yawned between us. A sense of loneliness and desolation came over me, the impression of which I presume, will go with me forever. I left the table, and all that afternoon, the next day, and during the week my feelings were melancholy in the extreme. But, as the time wore away, and my father and mother, brothers and sisters, received me back to their love and favor, my spirits recovered their wonted tone. The whole event left an indelible impression on my mind and heart. It convinced me that the way of the transgressor is hard.

THE TIME FOR REVENGE.

AN Eastern story tells of the haughty favorite of an Oriental monarch, who, as he was passing, threw a stone at a poor dervish or priest. The dervish did not dare to throw it back at the man who had thus insulted him, for he knew the favorite was very powerful. So he picked up the stone, and put it carefully in his pocket, saying to himself, "The time for revenge will by-and-by come, and then I will repay him for it."

Not long afterward, this same dervish, in walking through the city, saw a great crowd coming toward him. He hastened to see what was the matter, and found, to his astonishment, that his enemy, the favorite, who had fallen into disgrace with the king, was being paraded through the principal streets, on a camel, exposed to the jests and insults of the populace.

The dervish seeing all this, hastily grasped at the stone which he still carried in his pocket, saying to himself, "The time for my revenge has now come, and I will repay him for his insulting conduct!" But after considering for a moment, he threw the stone away, saying, "The time for revenge never comes!

For if our enemy is powerful, revenge is dangerous as well as foolish; and if he is weak and wretched, then revenge is worse than foolish, it is mean and cruel. And in all cases, it is forbidden and wicked."

A better rule still is given by the apostle in his letter to the Romans: "Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath; for it is written, vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord. Therefore 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."—*Child's Paper.*

THE WASP.

DDARE say you think that the wasp is an ugly, bad-tempered insect, who does nothing in the world but sting little children. She is apt to do this when she meddled with. Of all things she dislikes a meddler. Yet, when she seems to be buzzing about, seeking whom she may sting, she is really busy making a home for her young.

I watched her at work the other day. She had chosen the ceiling of my room, where the open window allowed her to pass in and out. She had already erected a little clay hut with an opening at one end. In order to set her mind at rest, I let her finish her cradle and nursery. Daily it grew bigger, till it was perhaps as large as a large plum. Then one day she closed and locked the door, so to speak, and flew away.

When her back was turned I broke into her mud cabin, like a burglar. I found there two tiny rolls of something that looked like cotton wool. Each was wrapped in a brown and gauzy blanket, and they were, in reality, the wasp's babies,—their larvæ. The wasp is a worm before she gets her wings and sting. All around were lying the bodies of dead flies and spiders which the wise mother wasp had stunned with her sting and sealed up with her babies in their snug quarters. When they woke up hungry they would find plenty of food in the cupboard.

This little worker was one of the wasps that live alone; but there are others who live together in little tenement houses of their own. They not only build their houses themselves, but they make the pasteboard for the walls and chambers from shreds of wood, as we make rags into paper.

COINS.

GOLD and silver were used as money, and as the best medium of exchange for values, in the remotest period of antiquity. The "pieces of silver," however, mentioned in the earlier books of the Bible, were rings of metal, though stamped coins of a very early era are still in existence. There are many Roman coins in various collections in Europe and America, bearing the picture of Cæsar and other rulers, and many of these coins show great artistic skill. The United States Mint at Philadelphia is believed to be

behind no other mint in the world in the perfection of its machinery.

The double eagle weighs five hundred and sixteen grains, and lesser gold coins in proportion; a silver dollar weighs three hundred and eighty-four grains, halves, quarters, dimes, and half dimes in proportion; the nickel cent eighty-eight parts copper and twelve parts nickel, and weighs seventy-two grains. The United States Mint was established in 1793. It was quite imperfect until the year 1835, when Mr. Franklin Pearle returned from examining the mints of Europe, with all the latest inventions, which have been greatly improved upon at Philadelphia.

The most interesting department of the Mint is the Curiosity Room, which contains specimen coins from nearly all the nations of the world. Europe has the most complete collection. This department contains Greek coins of from seven to three centuries before Christ. It contains also, among other coins of the United States, a cent which from its rarity is valued at one hundred and ten dollars.

RUTH JOHNSON.

KEPT IN.

"**J**OHNIE looks very disconsolate sitting there in the school-room after the other boys have been dismissed and are having fine times at their games. But it is his own fault. He did not study his lesson at the proper time, and of course did not know it when recitation hour came. "No, Johnny, it is not the teacher's fault. She is not 'a cross old thing.' She would have been much better pleased if you had learned your lesson thoroughly. She had much rather see you out enjoying yourself with your companions than sitting there in the school-room.

"But now, Johnny, listen. It is never too late to mend. You did not study when you ought to have done so. But put your mind to your book now; you will very soon master your lesson. Scowling won't help you, but study will.

"What did you say? 'You know it now?'" All right. 'You will study at the proper time another day?' Yes, I hope you will. Now you can go out play."

Letters from the Hopes.

IONE VALLEY, Cal., March 25th, 1882.

Dear Hopes:—It gives me much joy to see such faithful testimonies in the correspondence column. I, like some others, have had many trials, temptations, afflictions, and faults to overcome; but I hope that as my day my strength shall be, that I may have power within myself to withstand every temptation of the devil. Jesus says: "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." And I don't believe that He would tell us to do a thing that we could not do. Now I speak to all the Hopes of Zion. Be very faithful; continue in the good work; watch and pray continually; fast often; rejoice not in iniquity, but rejoice in the truth; keep all the commandments of God, and strive to this end, that when the Father and Son comes to make their "abode with you," that you may be found like him; that you may not be found wanting and cast out, but be found worthy of a place in the Celestial Kingdom of God. And I do earnestly pray that they may be so with all the covenant people of God, that it may be so with all. We can

read the Book of Mormon, and see how the former day saints did, and what great blessings they enjoyed, and then do as they did. I know that this Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints is the only Church that God accepts as his own, and I know that the doctrine taught by our Elders is true, and that all men can be saved through obedience to the gospel of Jesus Christ, and the will of God, which is made known unto all the servants of God, and I know that no man can be saved any other way.

Your brother,

EDWIN T. DAWSON.

ROLFE, Iowa, April 3d, 1882.

Dear Hopes: I do not take the *Hope*, but think I will take it in a short time. We were at communion and testimony meeting last Sabbath; had a good meeting. There are seventeen members in our branch; it is known as Pilot Creek Branch, of which pa is Teacher, Bro. Carlson Priest, and Bro. F. Freeman Secretary. Elder Wedlock and son have been visiting the Saints around here; how good it seems to have some of the Elders come to visit us, and talk of the gospel truths, and bear their testimonies of this work. It has only been one year and two months since I enlisted in this glorious work; I was baptized by Elder Wight in January. I feel glad that I was called into this gospel to work and live for Jesus. One dear brother has left his home here, to go to a better world above. Dear Hopes, let us all strive to live faithful, that when we are called to leave our homes below, we may live with the just in that better world. Pray for me that I may ever be found faithful,

Your sister in the love of truth,

AMY L. REED.

EDENVILLE, Iowa, April 2d, 1882.

Dear Hopes:—I have not written to the *Hope* for a long time. Have just come from Missouri to Iowa; am staying with my Uncle now. My mamma and papa will move to Independence very soon. I have not been as good as I might have been; but I hope the brothers and sisters will pray for me, that I may serve God in a right way; so that when Christ comes to this earth, we will be prepared to meet him.

ERNEST T. ATWELL.

KINMUNDY, Ills, March 22d, 1882.

Dear Hopes: It is with pleasure I again write to you. I was eleven years of age the 26th of January. We have no preaching here now, but I hope we will soon. I would like to hear from all the little Hopes. I do not belong to the Church yet, but I hope I will soon. I would like to see you all.

Your little friend,

LOVINA BASS.

The writer of this letter has gone to rest in the Paradise of God, to await the resurrection morn; she died on the 29th of March, just seven days after she wrote, and before the letter had been mailed. I will send it to you for her.

This shows the uncertainty of life, how that in a short week, one so young is called home.

"I will be fourteen years old next September, I am a mile and a quarter from Sunday School, and we have testimony meeting, and sometimes I stay with father and mother. I have not been baptized yet. We had Bro. Lake here awhile preaching. We have one of the Michigan Saints visiting our school awhile.

ROBERT A. REIDLEY.

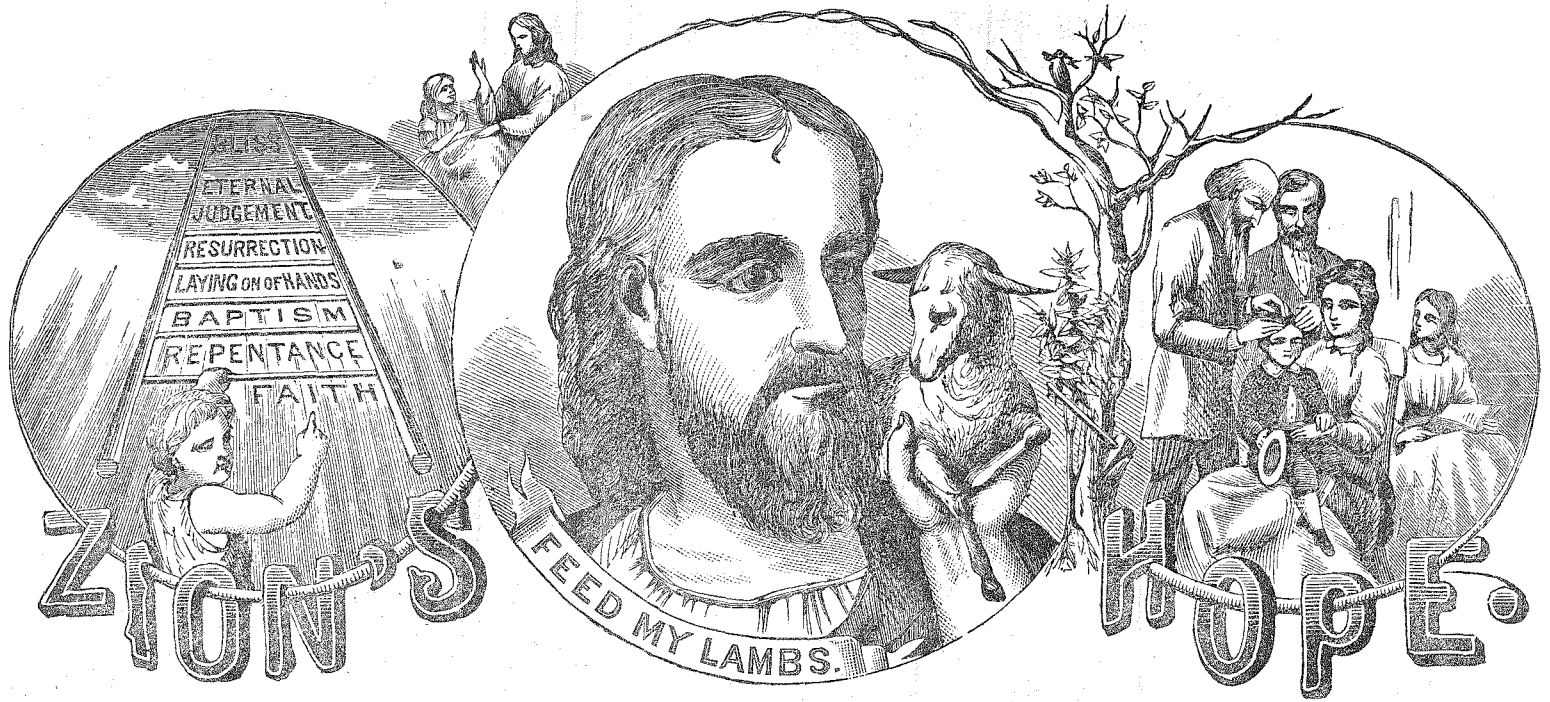
THE SAINTS' HERALD.

The above publication is issued semi-monthly, at Lamoni, Decatur County, Iowa, 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.

Zion's Hope is published semi-monthly by the Board of Publication of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, at Lamoni, Decatur County, Iowa, and is edited by Joseph Smith. 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, Lamoni, Decatur County, Iowa. Money may be sent by Draft on Chicago; Post Office Order on Leon, Iowa; or by Registered Letter to Lamoni, Iowa.

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. XIII.

LAMONI, IOWA, MAY 15, 1882.

No. 22.

NELLIE.

From Eula M. Thomas, to her deceased friend and school-mate,
Nellie C. Gillen.

O, Nellie, dear Nellie, I love you,
Your smiles, they were always so sweet;
You've gone to the dwelling of angels,
Where all of the good ones will meet.

O, Nellie, dear Nellie, I love you,
There's not one that seems quite so dear;
Of all my companions and school-mates,
And O, could you always be here.

But then, it would seem so unfeeling,
To ask that on earth you should stay,
Where all in temptation and trial,
And snares are so thick on our way.

And so, let us all be submissive,
To what the Lord thinks to be best,
And let Nellie, my own darling school-mate,
Go peacefully home to her rest.

LAMONI, Iowa.

THE FINEST ROSE IN THE WORLD.
A DANISH ALLEGORY.

HERE reigned once a queen, in whose garden, at all seasons, were seen the finest flowers from all countries of the world. She was particularly fond of roses, and therefore possessed all descriptions of them, from the wild hedge-rose, with its fragrant green leaves, upwards to the most exquisite roses of the Provence. They grew on the walls of her castle, coiled round the pillars and window-frames into the passages and along the railings in the halls, being variegated in fragrancy, in shape, and in color.

But sorrow and grief were within; the queen lay on her sick bed, and the physicians said that she must die.

"There is one hope left," said the wisest of them. "Bring the loveliest rose of the world, that rose which is the expression of the highest and purest love. If she can see it before her eyes are closed, she will not die."

Young and old people came from all sides with roses; with the loveliest that bloomed in every garden; but they were not the right one: it was to be fetched from the garden of love; but which rose was there the expression of highest and purest love?

And the poets were singing of the loveliest

rose in the world, each one praising his own. And word was sent all around in the country, a message to all ranks and all ages.

"No one," said the wise man, "has until now pointed out the place where the flower grows in its beauty. It is not a rose from the grave of friendship or love, although these roses will for ever be fragrant in songs and in poems; it is not a rose growing out of the ground moistened by the patriot's blood, shed for his country. Nor is it that wonderful flower, in nursing which a man through years and days, in toilsome, sleepless nights, within unadorned walls, spends and exhausts his vigorous life—the magical rose of science or learning."

"I know where it blooms," said a happy mother, who with her tender babe, approached the bed of the queen. "I know where the most splendid rose grows, that rose which is the expression of highest and purest love. It springs up from the blooming cheeks of my sweet boy, when invigorated by sleep, he opens his eyes and smiles at me."

"Lovely is that rose," said the wise man; "but there is another still lovelier."

"Certainly, much handsomer," said another of the women. "I have seen it; there is no flower of a more sublime and sacred beauty. But it was pale like the leaves of the tea-rose. I saw it on the cheeks of our queen; she had divested herself of her royal crown, and carried her sick baby during a long sorrowful night on her arms. She cried, kissed the baby, and prayed for the child like a mother in the hour of her tribulation."

"Holy and wonderful is the white rose of grief; but it is not that we are looking for."

"No," said a pious old bishop. "I saw the most magnificent rose before the altar of the Lord, shining like an angelic countenance. The young maidens were coming to the table of the Lord to confirm the covenant of their baptism; red and pale roses were growing on their cheeks; one of them looked up to her God in the full candor and love of her

devoted soul. That was the expression of purest and highest love."

"May she be blessed," said the wise man; "but no one has yet spoken of the finest rose."

Thereupon a child stepped into the room, the little son of the queen. Tears were in his eyes and on his cheeks. He carried a large open book in velvet binding with silver clasps.

"Mother," said he, "listen to what I have been reading;" and he sat down near the bed to read from that book of Him who has given himself up to die on the cross to save sinners, even of generations not yet born.

"There is no greater love."

And a rosy light flew over the cheeks of the queen. Her eyes were getting large and clear, for she saw the loveliest rose rising from the leaves of the book, the same that sprang from the cross out of the blood of Christ.

"I see it," said she. "Never will he die who has by faith seen Him, to whom in the Bible is given the name of 'the Rose of Sharon.'"

COLIE'S FRIEND.

READ a very pretty story not long since about a little cripple boy. His name was Nicolas, but they called him Colie. He suffered very much, but bore all his pain cheerfully. "Jesus is my friend," said he, "and he will not send me too much to bear."

A neighbor's son, a little older than Colie, was playing ball on Sunday, and the child was very much grieved.

"Mamma," said he, "I wish Sam would not play ball to-day, for God would not like it. I wish I could speak to him about it." But he was bashful and hesitated.

One day, not long after, he was carried out in his little carriage, to take the air, and when he was brought back, he looked very bright and happy.

"I've done it, mamma, I've done it."

"Done what, Colie?"

"O mamma, I've told Sam that he was *hurting my friend*, playing on Sunday; and he said, 'Colie, then I will not do so again.'"

GREAT STRUCTURES.

THE Colossus of Rhodes was an ancient structure that was built for the guidance of vessels at sea, and was regarded as one of the seven wonders of the world. It was the figure of a man, built in such a manner, as to stand astride the entrance into the harbor, that ships might sail between its legs, which were fully 50 feet apart. A staircase was built in the inside of it, and in the out-stretched hand was a dish to hold fire, as a landmark to mariners. The entire figure was 105 feet in height, and built of brass. It took twelve years to erect it, but it stood only fifty-six, being thrown down by an earthquake.

Another lighthouse which is remarkable for its height, and for the difficulties encountered in building, is the Skerryvore Lighthouse, finished in 1844. It stands on a rock ten miles from the nearest point of the island of Tiru, in a very wild and stormy part of the Hebrides. Every block of masonry, used to construct this tower, had to be landed on the rock in the face of a tremendous sea, dashing in from the Atlantic. It is 138 feet high, and the light can be seen at the distance of eighteen miles.

The Niagara suspension railway bridge is remarkable for crossing the Niagara so near the falls as to seem a very daring undertaking. The bridge, 800 feet long, is much shorter than many railway bridges, but it was very difficult to build in such a situation. A locomotive first crossed the Niagara in 1855, making the first railway link between the British and United States empire.

THE DREAM-LESSON.

AN old lady was telling me how happy she was with her Bible and her God, even though she had to work hard, and had but few of what people call the comforts of life. She often longed to leave this lower world for the bright home above, where is perfect rest and bliss.

One night she dreamed she saw a beautiful angel come through the scuttle of her attic room. She was dressed in a white robe, and had a crown of gold upon her head. She flew down, and clasping the little old woman in her arms, flew up with her as far as the opening in the roof; and then seeming to receive some sign from above, returned and set her down in the old place.

"Oh, take me, take me with you," cried the poor, disappointed little woman, as the beautiful angel soared up, and was vanishing from her sight. The angel turned one gentle look toward her, and said, "A little while longer you are to stay upon the earth, and when all your duty is done, God will send to take you to your rest and reward. Be patient and earnest and cheerful."

So my aged friend plods on in her daily toil, rejoicing in the thought that she will surely one day rise to the immortal life. She loves to read the dear Savior's words in her much treasured Bible: "In my Father's house are many mansions; I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also."—Selected.

SPELL IT OUT.

Here is an alphabet that will make you study. Get out your Bible and turn to the places. When you have found them, read and remember:—

A was a monarch who reigned in the East.

—Esther, 1: 1.

B was a Chaldee, who made a great feast.

—Daniel, 5: 1-4.

C was veracious when others told lies.

—Num., 13: 30-33.

D was a woman, heroic and wise,

—Judges, 4: 4-14.

E was a refuge, where David spared Saul.

—1 Sam., 24: 1-7.

F was a Roman, accuser of Paul.

—Acts, 26: 24.

G was a garden, a frequent resort.

—John, 18: 1-2; Matt., 26: 35.

H was a city, where David held Court.

—2 Sam., 2: 11.

I was a mocker a very bad boy.

—Genesis, 16: 16.

J was a city, preferred as a joy.

—Psalms, 132: 6.

K was a father, whose son was quite tall.

1 Sam., 9: 1-2.

L was a proud one, who had a great fall.

—Isaiah, 14: 12.

M was a nephew, whose uncle was good.

—Colossians, 4: 10; Acts, 11: 24.

N was a city, long hid where it stood.

—Zechariah, 5: 13.

O was a servant, acknowledged a brother.

—Philemon, 1: 16.

P was a Christian, greeting another.

—2 Timothy, 4: 21.

R was a damsel, who knew a man's voice.

—1 Kings, 11: 4-11.

T was a seaport, where preaching was long.

—Acts, 20: 6-7.

U was a teamster, struck dead for his wrong.

—2 Sam., 6: 7.

V was a cast-off, and never restored.

—Esther, 1: 19.

Z was a ruin, with sorrow deplored.

—Psalm, 137.

A PILLOW OF THORNS.

THERE was a great scarcity of good servant girls in Elmdale, and Mrs.

Warren awoke one morning after a disturbed night's rest, with the thought that a heavy day's work awaited her one pair of hands.

"I hardly know where to begin, John;" she confessed to her husband as she hurriedly dressed herself. "I have some canning that must be done, and the ironing is not anywhere near finished, and there's no denying that the baby is very troublesome—can't wonder that he is, though, dear little thing!" she added, as she bent over the cradle where the baby lay sleeping; "he's cutting his teeth, and they probably pain him more than we have any idea of."

"You must keep Katy out of school to

help you; she is twelve years old, and surely ought to be able to save you a great many steps.

"Oh, I couldn't think of keeping her out of school just now, she'd get behind her classes. She can help me before school and at noon—yes, and after school, and perhaps I can get through the day all right, although I do feel a severe headache coming on."

After breakfast Mr. Warren hurried to the store, kissing his wife first, however, and saying "I'm very sorry for you, dear;" then looking at Katy, who sat by the window with her history, he added pleasantly, "Come, Katy, child put up your book and help mother—willing little hands can do big work."

But the trouble with Katy just then was that her hands were not willing. As the door closed after her father, she said without rising from her chair, "You don't need me very much—do you mamma? I haven't learned my history lesson, and we recite it the first thing."

"Why didn't you learn it last evening? You had a long, quiet evening, with nothing else to do."

"Yes, I know I did, but I had an interesting library book to finish, and after that it was to late."

"Another time you must learn your lessons first before you amuse yourself with story-books. You can study your lesson now; I will get along without you," Mrs. Warren said.

Noon came. There was a nice dinner upon the table. Upon the bars the smoothly ironed clothes hung, and on the kitchen table there was a row of glass jars, filled with delicious hot fruit. But it was a flushed and wearied face that looked over the coffee-urn. It was only half-past twelve when the family finished their dinner, and Mrs. Warren said, "Katy, dear, you have half an hour before school; supposing you tie on a big apron and help me get some of these dishes out of the way."

Oh! dear! I don't see how I can, mamma, I missed my practice hour this morning, and you know I have to take my music lesson tomorrow. But I'll let it go if you say so," Katy said fretfully.

"Go and practice." That was all Katy's tired mother said, as she gathered up the many dishes preparatory to removing them to the hot kitchen. Katy's conscience troubled her some as she practised her scales in the pleasant parlor. Two or three times, in place of the musical notes, she saw a tired mother's face, but she did not close her instruction book and go to that mother's relief, only struck the notes more vehemently. It was four o'clock when Katy returned from school. Looking into the sitting-room she found the baby asleep in his cradle, and her mother, with bandaged head, lying upon the couch.

"All quiet along the Potomac?" Katy questioned as she bent to kiss her mother's hot cheek.

"Quiet just now; but the baby's nap is nearly out, and I dread his waking. My head is much worse. I think you'll have to get

tea to-night, dear; I don't think I possibly can."

"All right, mamma; but it is not quite time yet, and can I go to the slope after wild clematis? The girls are waiting at the gate, and and we'll not be gone long."

"You can go if you'll be here at five promptly."

"Yes, ma'am, I'll be here," Katy answered as she danced from the room, unmindful of her mother's pain. The door closed after her with a bang which woke the baby, and he began crying. It was some moments before Mrs. Warren's dizzy head would allow her to get up and lift the screaming child from his cradle. She put him on the floor and gave him his box of playthings, which he threw all over the room—even into the dining-room beyond. Mrs. Warren did not seem to care where he threw his toys as long as he was amused. She laid down again and held her throbbing head, watching the clock as the hands crept closer to five hoping that thoughtless little Katy would keep her promise. The clock struck one—two—three—four—five. Oh, how the little hammer beat her weary head! But notwithstanding her pain she arose, built the fire, prepared the supper—a pain in her heart worse than that in her head. "Can it be that my little Katy does not love her mother?" she thought.

Supper was all ready when Katy made her appearance at the same time with her father and brothers.

"I'm so sorry, mamma. I meant to come sooner, but I was having such a nice time," began Katy apologetically; but her father stopped her.

"Hush! Where have you been?" he said sternly. "Your mother all alone with the baby? Look at her tired, red face." But his reproof stopped here, for the tired red face suddenly grew ashen white and Katy's weary mother was unconscious.

Months have passed since then, but Katy's heart is still sore. Her mother is a patient invalid, without the ability to walk a step. Every night as Katy's head falls upon her pillow, she looks about her room's pretty belongings—mother's love and taste breathing through them all—and thinks of what that gray-haired doctor said months ago, as he looked pityingly at her dear mother. Looking at her thoughtless little Katy, he had said, "Mother has had to work too hard this hot close day: she's too delicate for such prostrating work. I suppose you help her all you can?"

"Ah, but that's the trouble! I didn't help mother all I could; that's why my pillow pricks so."

Poor Katy! don't you all pity her?

THE FIRST ROBIN.

"Oh see! there's a robin!
Hark! hear what he says!
"Get ready for summer,
The sweet summer days,
For singing in chorus
A glad song of praise."

A PROPHETIC DREAM.

JUST before Major Andre's embarkation for America, he made a journey into Derbyshire, to pay Miss Anna Seward a visit, and it was arranged that they should take a pleasure ride to the Peak. Miss Seward told Andre, that besides enjoying the beauties of the natural scenery, he would there meet some of her most valued friends, among them Mr. Newton, whom she playfully called her "minstrel," and Mr. Cunningham, the curate, whom she regarded as a very elegant poet.

While these two gentlemen were awaiting together the arrival of the party, Mr. Cunningham remarked to Mr. Newton, "I had a very strange dream last night, and it has haunted me all day, seeming, unlike ordinary dreams, to be impressed vividly upon my mind. I fancied myself to be in a great forest. The place was strange to me, and while looking about with some surprise, I saw a horseman approaching at great speed. Just as he reached the spot where I stood, three men rushed out of a thicket, and seizing his bridle hurried him away, after closely searching his person. The countenance of the stranger was a very interesting and impressive one. I seem to see it now. My sympathy for him was so great that I awoke. But I presently fell asleep again and dreamed that I was standing near a strange city, among thousands of people, and that I saw the same person I had seen in the wood brought out and suspended to the gallows. The victim was young, and had a courtly bearing. The influence and the effects of this dream are somewhat different from any that I ever had."

Not long after Miss Seward arrived with the handsome stranger. Mr. Cunningham turned pale with a nameless horror as he was presented to Andre, and at his first opportunity said to Mr. Newton:

"That, sir, was the face I saw in my dream."

PUSSY'S MISTAKE.

MRS. Pussay-Cat one night
Went abroad to see a neighbor,
As she really thought she might,
After days of honest labor;
Having driven every mouse
From the kitchen and the house.

As for rats, there wasn't one—
Not a single saucy fellow
Left to whisk his tail and run
From the pantry to the cellar;
So she thought she had a right
To divert herself that night.

There were kittens, one, two, three,
To be thought of first, however;
"They'll be sure to cry for me,"
Pussy thought, "if I endeavor
My escape from them to make
While they're all so wide awake.

"And to wait till they're asleep,
That would be a work of patience;
Just as hke as not they'd peep,
And set up their lamentations.
When to leave them I began;
I must try another plan."

So she pondered for a while,
Till a happy thought occurring
Made her smile—a catty smile—
And she told the kittens, purring,
She had thought of a device
To secure some good fat mice.

"There are dozens as I've heard
In the corn-crib over yonder;

If you only say the word
I can catch, I shouldn't wonder,
One apiece for you at least—
How would that be for a feast?"

"Oh," the kitties cried, "how nice!"
"But you know I'll have to leave you
While I go to fetch the mice,"
Said the cat, "and that will grieve you.
You must promise not to cry
Till I come back by-and-by."

So the kittens promised her
There should be no sound of crying,
That they'd neither fret nor stir
From the place where they were lying:
And their mother smiled to see
How the plan worked easily.

Very shortly after that,
She retailed the whole transaction
To her friend, Tabitha Cat,
With serene self-satisfaction;
And they laughingly agreed
It was managed well indeed.

But the little kits grew tired
By-and-by of waiting lonely,
When the mice they so desired
Came in expectation only:
Soon instead of going to sleep
They began to wail and weep.

Till at last they ran away,
Saying each one to the other:
"What's the use for us to stay?
Let us go and find our mother!"
But alas! they didn't know—
Silly things—which way to go.

And some boys, who chanced to be
Prowling round for mischief, found them,
Caught the kittens one, two, three,
And with cruel pleasure drowned them:
When the cat returned, ah, me!
Not a kitten could she see.

Then she howled with grief and pain,
All her foolishness confessing;
For she saw it now in vain—
She had caused their fate distressing:
All her wretchedness and ruth
Came from tampering with the truth.

MORAL, he that runs may read:
Every purpose of deceiving
Is the fruitifying seed
For a crop of future grieving.
Let what will be gained or lost,
Tell the truth at any cost.

JESSICA'S FIRST PRAYER.

SELECTED BY SISTER "EMMA."

CHAP. VIII.



THE next morning Jessica presented herself proudly as a customer at Daniel's stall, and paid over the sixpence in advance. He felt a little troubled as he heard her story, lest the minister should endeavor to find him out; but he could not refuse to let the child come daily for her comfortable breakfast. If he was detected he would promise to give up his coffee stall rather than offend the great people at the Chapel. But unless he was, it would be foolish for him to lose the money it brought in week after week.

Every Sunday evening the bare-footed and bare-headed child might be seen advancing confidently up to the Chapel, where rich and fashionable people worshiped God; but before taking her place she arrayed herself in a cloak and bonnet which had once belonged to the minister's elder daughter, and which was kept with Daniel's serge gown, so that she presented a somewhat more respectable appearance in the eyes of the congregation.

The minister had no listener more attentive, and he would have missed the pinched, earnest little face, if it were not to be seen in the seat just under the pulpit. At the close of each service he spoke to her for a minute or

two in his vestry often, saying no more than a single sentence, for the day's labor had wearied him. The shilling which was always laying upon the chimney piece, placed there by Jane and Winnie in turns, was immediately handed over according to promise to Daniel, as he left the Chapel; and so Jessica's breakfast was provided for her week after week.

But at last there came a Sunday when the minister, going up into his pulpit, did miss the wistful, hungry face, and the shilling lay unclaimed on the vestry chimney piece. Daniel looked out for her anxiously every morning; but no Jessica glided into his secluded corner, to sit beside him, with her breakfast on her lap, and with a number of strange questions to ask. He felt her absence more keenly than he could have expected. The child was nothing to him, he kept saying to himself; and yet he felt that she was something; and that he could not help being uneasy and anxious about her. Why had he never enquired where she lived? The minister knew, and for a minute Daniel thought he would go and ask him; but that might awaken suspicion. How could he account for so much anxiety, when he was supposed only to know of her absence from the Chapel on Sunday evening? It would be running a risk, and after all Jessica was nothing to him. So he went home and looked over his savings bank book and counted his money, and found to his satisfaction that he had gathered together nearly four hundred pounds, and was adding more every week. But when upon the next Sunday Jessica's seat was again empty, the anxiety of the solemn Chapel-keeper overcame his prudence and his fears. The minister had retired to his vestry, and was standing with his arm resting upon the chimney piece, and his eyes fixed upon the unclaimed shilling, which Winnie had laid there before the service, when there was a tap at the door, and Daniel entered with a respectful and hesitating air.

"Well, Standing?" said the minister questioningly.

"Sir," he said, "I am uncomfortable about the little girl, and I know you've been once to see after her; she told me about it; and so I make bold to ask you where she lives, and I'll see what's become of her."

"Right, Standing," answered the minister. I am troubled about the child, and so are my little girls. I thought of going myself; but my time is very much occupied just now."

"I'll go, Sir," replied Daniel promptly.

And after receiving the necessary information about Jessica's home, he shut up the Chapel and turned his steps towards his lonely lodgings. But though it was getting late upon Sunday evening, and Jessica's home was a long way distant, Daniel found that his anxiety would not suffer him to return to his solitary room. It was of no use to reason with himself, as he stood at the corner of the street, feeling perplexed and troubled, and promising his conscience that he would go the very first thing in the morning, after he shut up the coffee-stall. In the dim, dusky

light, as the summer evening drew to a close, he fancied he could see Jessica's thin figure and wan face gliding on before him, and turning round from time to time to see if he were following. It was only fancy, and he laughed a little at himself; but the laugh was husky, and there was a choking sensation in his throat. So he buttoned his Sunday coat over his breast, where his silver watch and chain hung temptingly, and started off at a rapid pace for the center of the city.

THE OYSTER AND HIS SHELL.

THE body of an oyster is a poor weak thing, apparently incapable of doing anything at all; yet what a marvelous house an oyster builds around his delicate frame! When the oyster is first born, he is a very simple, delicate dot, as it were, and yet he is born with his two shells upon him. For some unknown reason, he always fixes himself on his round shell, never on his flat shell; and being once fixed he begins to grow, but he only grows in summer. Inspect an oyster-shell closely, and it will be seen that it is marked with distinct lines. As the rings we observe in the section of the trunk of a tree denote years of growth, so does the marking of an oyster tell us how many years he has passed in his "bed" at the bottom of the sea.

Suppose an oyster was born June 15th, 1870; he would go on growing up to the first line we see well marked; he would then stop for the winter. In the summer of 1871 he would more than double his size. In 1872 he would add to his house. In 1873 and 1874 he would again go on building, till he was dredged up in the middle of his work in 1875, when he would be five and a half years old. The way in which an oyster builds his shell is a pretty sight. I have watched it frequently. The beard or fringe of an oyster is not only his breathing organ—*i. e.*, his lungs—but his feeding organ, by which he conveys the food to his complicated mouth with his four lips.

When the warm calm days of June come, the oyster opens his shell, and by means of his fringe begins building an additional story to his house. This he does by depositing very fine particles of carbonate of lime, till they at last form a substance as thin as silver paper and exceedingly fragile; then he adds more and more, till at last the new shell is at least as hard as the old shell. When oysters are growing in their shells they must be handled very carefully, as the new growth of shell will cut like broken glass; and a wound on a finger from an oyster-shell is often very troublesome.

EXPERTS in New York have been examining the candy sold at 25 and 30 cents per pound in that city. They found some cane sugar in it. They found "starch," "cocoa beans," "glucose," "chromate of lead," "aniline red," and other things. These latter ingredients give the beautiful colors which are so taking to the eyes of the little ones. Chromate of lead is among the deadly poisons. If the authorities would quietly buy up a few specimens and after honest examination,

publish the results, it would be for the public good. The fact is, the human stomach is a badly abused organ. It would seem as if it had no rights which a man who wants to make money is bound to respect.

Letters from the Hopes.

CLEAR LAKE, Ind., April 16th, 1882.

Dear Hopes:—Perhaps a word from one so weak as I would not be amiss. I am an earnest reader of both *Hope* and *Herald*, and would be very much lost without them, and hope ere long they will be made weekly, as two weeks seems so very long to wait for them. We have Sabbath School every Sabbath, in which we have excellent attendance and attention, considering the opposition on all sides; their being another Sabbath School at the same hour, held in the United Brethren Church, about one half mile from our Church. We have a commodious but rather humble little Chapel, where we meet where none dare to disturb or molest us, however much they would like to do so. How glad I feel, and thankful too, that this a free country, and that each can worship according to the dictates of their own conscience; if it were not so, how many sad hearts there would be. I fear that tongue or pen would not be able to express the extreme sorrow and sadness of many a poor heart. I am not so young in years perhaps as some of you,—am but an infant in the cause of the Master; but feel that I am growing in grace and in the knowledge of Christ. My daily prayer is that my faith may be increased, and that I ever might hold high the gospel banner, and fight valiantly in the cause of Christ, and that I might always be ready to give a reason for the hope that is in me. I beg an interest in the prayers of all God's people, and especially the Hopes, and remain,

Your sister in Christ,
ELLA HOUSMAN.

SACRAMENTO, Cal., April 9th, 1882.

DEAR HOPES:—As this is my first attempt to write to you, I don't know as I can write a very long letter. I am trying to keep the commandments of our Savior, and to love him above all things, and my neighbors as myself. You all know that there are temptations on every side, and we often realize that by our own strength we can do nothing; but thanks be to the God of heaven, who has said in his word, "Ask and ye shall receive." Let us go to him and ask him to give us grace and ability to serve him, and if we are earnest he will not cast us out. My prayer to God is that we all may be faithful to the end, and rest with the Saints of God.

With best wishes for you all, I remain your brother in the gospel.
T. ANDERSON

DES MOINES, Iowa, April 16th, 1882.

DEAR HOPES:—I will soon be eleven years old. We have no Sunday School here. We have meeting twice on Sunday. I have been baptized; my father and mother belong to the Church. I have a sister who will be, eight years old the 26th of this month. Pray for me that I may hold out faithful.
LESCO E. MERRILL.

SUNDAY SCHOOL REPORT.

Report of Zion's Hope Sunday School, of Nebraska City, Neb., for the quarter ending March 31st, 1882: number of sessions 13, number of attendants 408, amount of collections \$4 99, average attendance 31, average collection 38cts. We have now five classes, five teachers, one assistant teacher, superintendent and assistant, librarian and assistant. The school is growing in interest; we have about two hundred and forty books in the library.

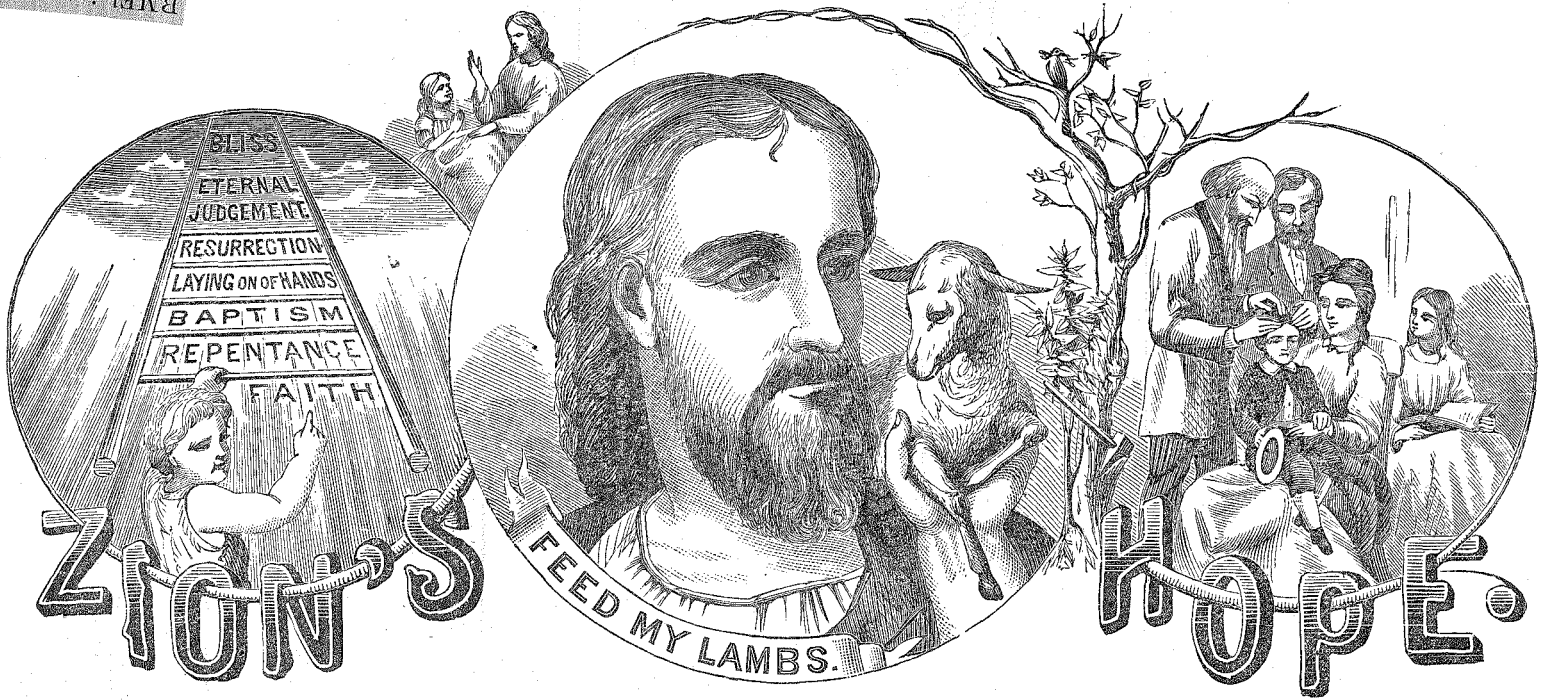
Respectfully submitted,

L. W. WALDSMITH, *Supt and Secty.*

Zion's Hope is published semi-monthly by the Board of Publication of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, at Lamoni, Decatur County, Iowa, and is edited by Joseph Smith. 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 Lamoni, Decatur County, Iowa. Money may be sent by Draft on Chicago; Post Office Order on Chicago; or by Registered Letter to Lamoni, Iowa.

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. XIII.

LAMONI, IOWA, JUNE 1, 1882.

No. 23.

PRAYING AND SAYING PRAYERS.

Jemima was a clever girl,
Who many prayers could say;
But oh! she had a wandering heart,
And, therefore, did not pray.

She'd kneel beside her little bed
"Our Father" to repeat,
The while she twisted into knots
The corner of the sheet.

Her roving eyes, as there she knelt,
Were never closed at all;
She'd count the roses on the rug,
The stars upon the wall.

And "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,"
Her careless tongue would say,
When all her thoughts were of the doll
That on the pillow lay.

Ah! 'twas no wonder that she grew
Ill-tempered, proud, and rude,
For if a child should never pray,
How can a child be good?

Dear readers! shun Jemima's fault,
And heed the words I say:—
When you kneel down to say your prayers,
Be certain that you pray!

ONLY A GERANIUM SLIP.



LITTLE Mag Shivers, with her soiled dress, bare feet and tangled chestnut curls, crouched under a garden wall munching some bread a kind hand had thrown her. Now and then she looked at the gate wistfully, wishing it might open and give her another peep at the splendid flower-bed inside. The day before the gardener had thrown it wide upon its hinges while his wheelbarrow passed out, and the sight remained in her memory like a glimpse of fairy-land. If she could only see it again?

While the child sat longing, something dropped from the wall above, struck her shoulder softly, and fell to the ground. It was only a small green sprig without a blossom, and it looked so forlorn after the vision upon which she had been feasting that she was about to throw it away. Just then a good-natured looking woman, with a basket on her arm, came out from the gate opposite, and she smiled so kindly Mag was emboldened to run across the street and show it to her.

"Plant it; you'll have a nice red flower by-and-by. That's a slip from the geranium over there;" and the woman nodded her head at the garden Mag admired.

Geranium was a big word to ignorant little Mag. It gave her no idea of the flower, but it flashed through her mind it was just possible it might grow into one of the grand red flowers she had seen; and she forgot all about her bread and ran up the street with her treasure.

The day was warm and she was a long way from home, so the little green stalk grew very dry, and the pretty leaves began to curl. Mag was just ready to cry, it looked so wilted.

"Hallo! what's up?" asked a little boy, seeing the tears gather in her great brown eyes; but Mag only ran away. She was used to very rough boys, and he might snatch it from her hands.

By-and-by she reached a gutter where the water was running freely. She sat down on the curb and let the water cool her burning feet. She laid the thirsty little sprig beside her. It seemed so glad it threatened to float away with the current, till she caught and held it a prisoner between her feet. Presently the leaves stiffened and looked so refreshed that Mag ran home with it quite encouraged.

She found an old tin can on her way, and a bit of broken glass, with which she scooped it full of dirt.

A rusty cup half full of water lay by the straw that served her for a bed. She poured it over the slip as she thrust it into the can. It would be sure to grow now, because her Sunday-school teacher had told her God made the flowers for everybody. Her heart was full of faith as she poured the grateful little stream over the dry earth.

There was no sunshine able to penetrate the soiled panes in Mag's miserable little room. Mag was used to dirt, and the landlord had been so cross when he replaced the broken panes that Mag never touched them. The slip, being constantly watered, did not suffer

for the sunshine for a few days, but by-and-by it drooped again for the lack of it.

Then God did not mean to let it grow, after all! And Mag, who was an orphan, with no one at home to explain away her perplexities but a harsh old grandmother, was sorely troubled. "Don't bother me with your old weed, or I'll pitch it out!" was all the satisfaction Mag received when she ventured to appeal to her.

Then it occurred to Mag to ask her Sunday-school teacher. Do you give it plenty of sunshine?" asked Miss Sweetzer, as the child told her trouble.

A light broke in upon Mag. She gathered some papers from the ash heap, filled her tin cup with water, and scoured her window panes till her pale cheeks were all aglow. Her heart leaped when the first warm, golden ray streamed in across her plant. And how much more cheerful the little room seemed, now the windows were clean! Mag could see the house opposite, and the trees and the church-tower, with its blue-faced clock and gilt hands. Even her sour old grandmother noticed the improvement, and set to cleaning up the windows down stairs. But this was not all—now that the light came in clear and strong, it lit up the dirty corners, and that brought the old broom into brisker use.

The grateful plant seemed growing daily. There were hints of a scarlet bloom that Mag had seen before. She remembered the garden, and she felt so hopeful and happy that she helped grandmother with all her might. Between them things commenced to mend. Mag began to see grandmother's good points and she to recognize Mags. As the old woman grew cleaner she became better tempered. She showed more interest in Mag, and seemed almost as pleased as the child when the geranium buds burst forth in their first gorgeous flowers.


But the change for the better did not stop here. The neighbors began to notice how much better grandmother's house looked than theirs, so they undertook to clean up also.

The benevolent society, visiting the district, inquired who had started the improvement, and rewarded grandmother with a nice, bright carpet on her best room, and neat paper on the walls. One lady, who had a little daughter about Mag's age, made up a nice bundle for her of old dresses and a stout pair of shoes. In these better clothes Mag was pronounced fit for the public school. And now what started this good work? Only a neglected little slip of geranium. Tossed out to die, it yet had its use in the world, for the wise God wastes nothing.

JESSICA'S FIRST PRAYER.

SELECTED BY SISTER "EMMA."

CHAP. IX.

T was not quite dark when he reached the Court, and stumbled up the narrow entry leading to it. But Daniel did hesitate when he opened the stable-door and looked into a blank, black space, in which he could discern nothing. He thought he had better retreat while he could do so in safety; but as he still stood with his hand on the rusty latch, he heard a faint small voice through the nicks of the unceiled boarding above his head. "God," said the little voice, "please to send somebody to me for Jesus Christ's sake, Amen."

"I'm here, Jess," cried Daniel, with a sudden bound of his heart, such as he had not felt for years, and which almost took his breath, as he peered into the darkness, until at last he discerned dimly the ladder which led up into the loft. Very cautiously, but with an eagerness that surprised himself, he climbed up the creaking rounds, and entered the dismal room where the child was lying in desolate darkness. Fortunately he had put his box of matches and the end of a wax candle in his pocket, with which he kindled the Chapel lamps, and in another minute a gleam of light shone upon Jessica's white features. She was stretched upon a scanty litter of straw, under the slanting roof where the tiles had not fallen off, with her poor rags for her only covering; but as her eyes looked up into Daniel's face bending over her, a bright smile of joy sparkled in them.

"Oh!" she cried gladly; but in a feeble voice, "it's Mr. Daniel! Has God told you to come here, Mr. Dan'el?"

"Yes," said Daniel, kneeling beside her, and taking her wasted hand in his.

"Did he tell you at Chapel?" she asked faintly.

"Yes," he answered again, parting the matted hair on her damp forehead.

"What did he say to you, Mr. Dan'el?" asked Jessica.

"He told me I was a great sinner," replied Daniel. He told me I loved a little bit of dirty money more than a friendless child, whom he had sent to me to see if I would do her a little good, for his sake. He looked at me, or the minister did, through and through, and he said: 'Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee, then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided?'

and I could answer him nothing, Jess. He was come to a reckoning with me, and I could not say a word to him."

"Aren't you a good man, Mr. Dan'el?" whispered Jessica.

"No, I'm a wicked sinner," he cried; while the tears rolled down his solemn face. "I've been constant at Chapel; but only to get money. I've been steady and industrious; but only to get money. And now God looks at me, and he says,—'Thou fool! Oh Jess, Jess! You're more fit for heaven than I ever was in my life.'"

"Why don't you ask him to make you good, for Jesus Christ's sake?" asked the child.

"I can't," he said. "I've been kneeling down Sunday after Sunday, when the minister has been praying; but all the time I was thinking how rich some of the carriage people were. I've been loving money and worshipping money all along; and I've nearly let you die rather than run the risk of losing part of my earnings. I'm a very sinful man."

"But you know what the minister says," murmured Jessica. "We're in is love; not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be a propitiation for our sins."

"I've heard it so often, that I don't feel it," said Daniel, "I used to like to hear the minister say it; but now it goes in at one ear and out at the other. My heart is very hard, Jessica."

By the feeble glimmer of the candle, Daniel saw Jessica's wistful eyes fixed upon his with a sad and loving glance; and then she lifted up her weak hand to her face, and laid it over her closed eyelids, and her feverish lips moved slowly.

"God," she said; "please to make Mr. Dan'el's heart soft, for Jesus Christ's sake, Amen." She did not speak again, nor did Daniel, for some time. He took off his Sunday coat and laid it over the tiny, shivering frame, which was shaking with cold, even in the summer evening; and as he did so he remembered the words which the Lord says he will pronounce at the last day of reckoning: 'Forasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethern, ye have done it unto me.' Daniel Standing felt his heart turned with love to the Savior, and he bowed his head upon his hands, and cried in the depths of his contrite spirit: "God be merciful to me a sinner."

To be continued.

MOTHER.

Have you ever seen our mother—
Gentle, blue-eyed white-haired mother?
Always thinking some sweet love-thoughts
For the children God has lent her;
Always doing some sweet something
For the friends that God has sent her;
Mother, never seeming weary,
Always bright, and ever cheery,
Mother who but whispers softly,
And the Savior seems to hear her;
And when we know that blessed angels
Must come earthward to be near her;
Is there in the world another
Half so good as our own mother?

Toilers up mountains must expect to step upon a loose stone, and slide back now and then, and so must all aspirants after distinction.

MAPLEWOOD MANOR.

BY PERLA WILD.

CHAP. VIII.



THE sugar season was over. There had been a short but abundant yield, with a 'sugaring off' for the grand event, that delighted young and old. For very few can be found who do not relish warm maple sugar. But it was all past now. Mrs. Bell and Elsie were gone, and the Russells were alone. Max and George Randolph, Mrs. Bell's two brothers, had driven her over when she came, and again at the close of the sugar season had come again for her. And this same Max and George were the subject of discussion between Addie and Burt just now.

"I don't yike 'at big man wiz whiskers, who comed for Elsie and her mother, so I don't. But 'at boy was ever so good," remarked Burt.

"I don't think so," replied Addie. "George Randolph is like all big boys—a nuisance and a tease. But Max is just splendid. So much nicer than Mr. Rumsey; but Victoria wouldn't be civil to Max, and was just as pleasant as could be to Rumsey."

"Well, zat Max he made her cry, and I shooked my fists at him. And I wented and told Mister Rumsey and he tooked her away," said Burt.

"I thought you didn't used to like Mr. Rumsey," returned Addie.

"O, but I do now," he responded quickly. "He gives me yots of candy and fings every time he comes, and he says I'se his little man."

"Humph!" sniffed Addie. "I know what he does that for!"

Papa and Mamma were talking by the grate, and did not notice the children's conversation. But Victoria in the curtained recess of the western window, dreaming and listlessly watching the twinkling stars, heard every word, and bent her head on her arm and wept silently.

The next morning as she was standing on the piazza, idly gazing at the beauteous tints of dawning day, Victoria heard her father's step behind her.

"I am going to Heatherglade to-day, my daughter," he said, gently. "The drive is a pleasant one, and Mr. Rumsey has made his new home a veritable paradise. Would you like to accompany me? Or, shall I bear a message for you to him. He has patiently waited as you bade him, till you had time to consider."

Victoria nervously turned a plain gold ring round and round on her finger, and her cheek grew a delicate crimson. "I don't wish to go with you, father. I gave Mr. Rumsey an answer last evening." And she turned away.

Her father tried to read what her answer had been, but she kept her face averted.

"I hope—I believe,"—he began, "I am sure you were civil and kind to him, whatever your decision."

A pause. A fluttering sigh, almost a sob, as Victoria twisted a branch from the rose

vine beside her and threw it on the ground. "I did as you desired, papa. On my birthday, June twentieth, with your permission, there will be a quiet wedding, and all will be over."

John Russell caught his breath suddenly. "My own Victoria; how can I express my gratitude for your kindly compliance. But why a quiet wedding, my child. You talk as if you had no heart in the affair."

"Quiet; because I wish it," replied Victoria, gently, but firmly.

"You will at least order your trousseau* from New York," he pleaded. Your brother and Louisa both preferred disgrace, rather than a suitable alliance and appropriate belongings. But I had fondly hoped that I might honor this occasion in a befitting manner."

Victoria drew a quick, gasping breath. "Please don't papa. I can never consent if there is to be a particle of display. I wish I could please you in everything; but it is impossible."

"Victoria, child, you speak as if it were a mere matter of business, and your heart was not in it." And Mr. Russell drew a step nearer.

"I am human, father. And human nature has weaknesses. But I have almost conquered. Please permit me to manage this affair in my own way." And Victoria turned away and entered the house. Her father stood a moment lost in thought, then walked over to the sitting room. His wife was within and alone. He came up and stood beside her while he rapidly repeated the conversation which had just ended. Adding, "What can it mean? What has come over the girl? There's no one else she cares for."

"We don't know that, John," replied Mrs. Russell. "But since it is her wish, it were better to permit her to have her own way. She is the one most interested. But it is so sudden. We can make little preparations in so short a time. Let me see; it's true. And the mother sighed, she scarce knew why. It seemed as if this expected wedding called forth sighs from all concerned. All save Burt. Addie was thoroughly indignant, when she was told of the coming event. But little Burt was actually jubilant.

"Whoop de doodle doo! Jolly! 'aint I glad. We're goin' to have a wedding all our own;"—a somerset made a pause in his speech, and papa ended it summarily by raising Burt to his feet and bidding him never to mention the subject again.

"Why, papa, I'se so full of glad I can't keep still. Not so long as fre or four weeks, any way."

He kept quiet on this theme for three whole days. Then as he was playing with Tyler, the big Newfoundland dog, on the fresh green lawn, he saw Willie Gray passing in the road below.

"O Willie, Willie! Stop a minute. I'se got suffin' awful good to tell you." And

away he ran down the drive with breathless speed.

"What is it?" answered Willie, as Burt paused panting at the gate, and didn't speak.

"I was just goin' to tells you, Willie, zat Vic and 'at man Rumsey is goin' to be married; but I mustn't, I forgot. Papa tolded me I shouldn't."

Continued.

MARY'S QUESTION AND ANSWER.

THE FIRST WOE.



MARY was committing to memory the gospel of Matthew. Indeed, as Mary said herself, she was learning it by heart. By heart is the only true way to learn God's truth. We may have our memories well stocked with precious truths, and our heads may be full of wisdom's words; yet if these truths have not been lodged in our hearts, our lives will not be much better than before we knew the truth, for the heart is the ruler of the life. Out of the heart come the words and the deeds as well as the thoughts that make our lives what they are. So Mary, knowing this, was not content only to fix the words of this gospel in her mind and memory; she wished to receive their truths into her heart, that she might show them forth in her life. In order to do this, she tried to understand the true meaning of all she learned, and was not ashamed to ask of her friends and teachers when she felt herself in need of enlightenment. When she had come to the twenty-third chapter of St. Matthew's gospel, the thirteenth verse caused her to stop and think for a long time. Then, with her Testament in her hand, she went to her mother and asked her simple questions.

"Mamma," she said, "what does 'Woe unto you' mean? Is it a curse?"

"Oh," said her mamma, "you have come to the 'Woes' of Jesus, spoken to those who cared for the forms of religion, but not for its substance: 'But woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye shut up the kingdom of heaven against men; for ye neither go in yourselves, neither suffer ye them that are entering to go in.'"

"Yes," said Mary, "I have just learned that verse. I don't quite understand its meaning. Molly Waring said it was a curse upon the Scribes and Pharisees. But, mamma, Jesus taught, 'Bless, and curse not.'"

"You are right, my child," said Mrs. Ledworth. "Our blessed Lord did not cursing. I think it was in sorrowful warning of the doom of all hypocrites that the Savior of the world spoke those earnest denunciations of the wicked practices of those who professed to be teachers and guides of the people. Not as any imprecation our Lord cried, 'Woe unto you,' but as a solemn declaration of misery sure to befall those who thus grossly sinned. When the Master once said, 'Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven,' he spoke to all such as should choose to become poor in spirit, humble, lowly, meek. He assured such that heaven was

the rich reward surely awaiting them. Now he assures with equal force that woe, misery, destruction as surely await those who reject the heavenly kingdom, and by their hypocrisy shut the gates of the kingdom in the faces of those who, but for their teachings and example, might have entered in. The Savior but reminds these great sinners of the doom that their own actions invite. They might have a blessing by becoming humble and penitent. They scorn the blessing, and choose rather the fearful doom pronounced by Almighty God upon those who reject the truth, and set themselves against the saving Word, which is the Christ of God."

"Ah, now I see," said Mary. "To know and love Jesus is the only true salvation. The Scribes and Pharisees hated Jesus, and tried to keep others from believing on him. They exalted themselves, and in the Judgment Day God would abase them. It is a dreadful woe, mamma."

"And," said her mother, "the same woe is in store for all who by word or life reject, and cause others to reject, the salvation offered in Christ Jesus."

Child's Paper.

ESPIRITU SANTO.

THIS is a queer flower with a queer name. Under its little white hood there is a snow-white dove, with wings half-spread as if ready to fly away. Isn't it beautiful?

This flower grows wild in Florida, and on the Isthmus of Panama, and in other places where the climate is hot. It was first discovered by a priest, and he named it *Espiritu Santo*, or Holy Ghost flower, because in the New Testament the Holy Ghost is represented as a dove, resting upon the head of Jesus. "And the Holy Ghost descended in a bodily shape like a dove upon him, and a voice came from heaven, which said, Thou art my beloved Son, in thee I am well pleased."

AN EXPLANATION.

DEAR HOPES.—I am glad to hear and see you are willing to prove all things, and hold fast that which is true. Goodrich's history of the United States says, "the honor of the discovery of America belongs to Christopher Columbus as an individual, and to Spain as a nation. Friday, August 21st, 1492, Columbus set sail from Palos, in Spain; and on Friday, August 12th, 1492, reached San Salvador; thence returning to Spain, making two or three other voyages to America, 1493-4, 1498 and 1502. Spencer's history of the United States says Juan Ponce de Leon, an old Spanish warrior, and companion of Columbus, set sail from Spain, 1512. John Cabot and his son, Sebastian, sailed under the patronage of Henry the VIII, 1497, and his commission is the oldest state paper known in reference to America."

I do not differ with sister "Perla Wild," and the litte Hopes, in saying Peyton Randolph was first President of the Continental Congress in 1774?

Henry Middleton was President in 1774

*Trousseau (tro-so) wedding outfit.

also, according to Goodrich's history, and that was the name. I choose for the enigma. Historians differ widely as to who is the father of English poetry. Chaucer is entitled to that name by a great many, others claim Byron, and I have heard some say Burns; even Tennyson is called the Poet Laureate; while not a few revere William Shakespere as the man.

I find in a few questions and answers I am wrong, and how I got mixed up I can not tell; however, I will try and do better in the future.

Accept the offering of these few lines as my affection and regards to you all, Pray for me, and may the blessings of God attend us all, until that happy moment shall arrive of seeing Him, whom having not seen, we have sincerely loved.

WILLIAM STREET.

P. S.—Supposing a great King offered you a grand prize for learning a hundred verses and you could recite 90 or 99 verses, would you be entitled to the prize?

KEEP THY HEART.

MARTIN had been learning his morning verse, it was this: "Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life." He didn't understand it at all, and went to his mother to have it explained. She said this to him:

"What makes people swear? At first bad temper. They get angry, or mad, as children say, and say bad words. Then they become used to them, they do not seem so bad after a while, and by-and-by they use them in their common conversation.

"What makes people commit murder? Anger again. It gets possession of the heart, expresses itself in bad words, and if it is not controlled, leads to fighting and violence. Anger is like a fire within. You must quench it as soon as it is kindled.

"What makes people steal? First they wish for something they see which is not their own. Then they think how to get it. They begin by taking small things, and if they are not found out, they grow bolder and bolder. You see that wicked desires lead to wicked words and to wicked actions.

"What makes people lie? They have done something wrong, and they wish to hide it; or they tell a great story that others may think well of them. Lies grow straight out of the heart.

"So, my son, you must watch your heart with great care. Pray that God will teach you how to discover the very beginning of sin, and to smother it. This it is to keep the heart 'with all diligence;' and the reason is plain enough; 'for out of it are the issues of life.'"

Letters from the Hopes.

HATFIELD, Mo., April 19th, 1882.

Dear Hopes:—As I never saw any thing in your columns from the Lone Rock Branch, I thought I would write you a few lines, for the first time, to let you know our branch is prospering. We have meeting every Sunday at eleven o'clock, and Sunday School at four. I like to read the *Hope*; I think it is improving all the time, and

think all ought to try the best they could to make it interesting. My heart was made to rejoice on last Sabbath in seeing seven of my friends unite with the Church of the Lord; among them was my brother and cousin. I feel weak and unworthy, but my only desire is to do the will of the Lord, that in the end I may be saved in the Celestial Kingdom. Ever praying for the prosperity of the Church.

I remain your sister in Christ,

ALICE E. BAGGERLY.

RENO, Iowa, April 29th, 1882.

Dear Readers of the *Hope*:—I have been reading your letters, so I thought I would write a short letter. Although I can not write anything very entertaining, yet some one may read it with pleasure. I was baptized last November, by Bro. Thomas Chatburn. There is some talk of organizing a branch here the latter part of May. I hope they will; and if they do, let us pray for it that it may become a useful branch. My father and mother belong to the Church; also my sister older than myself. I have sisters and brothers younger than myself, that I pray and hope will be useful in the sight of God, in the future. Pray for them and me, that we may ever be ready to lend a helping hand

There are but few Latter Day Saints here. When Bro. Chatburn comes down again he will baptize some two or three. Brother and sister Peasy were the only members, till Bro. Chatburn preached here in the fall. He baptized five after he had preached a few times. Bro. Chatburn lives in Shelby, Iowa, about sixty miles from here; he is a good man, and will be rewarded for his mighty work. Perhaps I am taking up too much space already, so I had better close. Your sister in the Church,

CORNELIA HUDSPETH.

MEMONEE FALLS, April 12th, 1882.

DEAR HOPES:—It is with pleasure I again take the opportunity of writing to you. There are few of you that I know, and seldom a letter appears in the *Hope* of those few, but still there is a way we all may become better acquainted, and that is by writing to the *Hope* often. Little Hopes and big ones too, there is a question we should always bear in mind; it is this. Are we at all times prepared to die? Are we living so that if the Lord called us from the world just now, or to-night, or in a week, or at any time, that we could gather with those that have sown many a seed of righteousness whilst here on earth, and now are living in heaven. I think there are many on earth among old and young, that in a week or two nothing can be seen of them save the narrow grave, and only God knows whether you or I are not among these. Little did my sister Lena think when she was walking to see her brother, sister, uncle, and aunt, and cousins, that it was her last walk, and that in a week and two days her body would be carried to the graveyard. I did not think when I kissed her good bye, for she left us five weeks before her death to go to school twenty-five miles from here, that I would see her no more, not even after her death, for circumstances did not allow me to go to her funeral, as my grandmother was sick, and so I had to take care of her. Her age was nine years and ten months, and diphtheria was the cause of her death. May we always think we do not know when we will be parted, and therefore let us always be kind to each other, be kind to the poor, obedient to our parents, and help spread the gospel over the world. This is the desire of your sister in the gospel.

K. L.

EASTON, Mo., April 29th, 1882.

DEAR HOPES:—As it is raining to-day, I thought I would write a few lines to our little paper. I am trying to keep the commandments of God, but at times it is very hard. If we trust to our Savior, he will help us out of all trials and temptations. I know that he has blest me many times, and has answered my prayers. We should try and do right, and do his holy will, and he will give us health and strength. We don't know when we may be called to go and leave this wicked world. I trust that when our time comes, that we may not be ashamed to stand before any one, and give glory to him who died on the cross to save us. Now that my darling sister has gone before us, and left a husband and three little girls to mourn her loss, and many of her relatives and friends, I know that no words can make amends for the great loss

we have sustained. Yet I can not but hope that the heartfelt sympathy of a sincere, a dear sister, will not be deemed intrusion on our grief. It has been well said that we weep for the loved and lost, because we know that our tears are in vain. Over in the beautiful land, to which I trust our life companion has gone, we may not doubt she is free from the pains that she so long endured here. And when we gather at the river, is it not beautiful consolation to think that among the loved and lost, we may meet her on the other side. She died on the 22d of March, 1882; her name was sister Hannah Luchinger; she was born in Box Elder county, Utah, in the year 1855. She was dearly loved by all who knew her.

EMMA POWELL.

BONAPARTE, Iowa, May 7th, 1882.

Dear Hopes:—It has been some time since I have written for the *Hope*, but I trust I shall not wait so long again. There is just one family of Saints living in Bonaparte, and that is my sister; so we have no way of attending church, without going several miles. Bro. Hansen was here and preached for a short time. There were a few who seemed interested in the work; but there is so much prejudice here, that it is a poor place to work in. I am very thankful for the *Hope* and *Herald*; they are so much company for me, as I can not attend church very often. Dear little Hopes, and large ones too, we should do all we can for our little paper. Would like to have sister Perla Wild write some more stories. Let us all be faithful, and earnest workers in the gospel of Christ.

Yours in Christ,

CARRIE HILLS.

RIDGEWAY, Mo., April 26th, 1882.

Dear Hopes:—This is my second letter to the *Hope*. Since I wrote to you we have moved to Harrison county. But we had not been here long till my brother died. You don't know how hard it is to part with one so dear, till you have had that trial. But I trust it will not be long till we shall meet where there is no parting, and where we shall always live together. He was administered to twice before he died. Let us all be prepared, for we don't know what minute we will be taken away from this earth, to be judged according to our works. We have bought a farm here, and I think it is a nice place. We live eighteen miles from Lamoni, Iowa. I am not baptized yet; but I intend to be. All the rest of our family are baptized, but my sister younger than me. We have had a good deal of rain here this Spring, and some tolerable hard storms. I like to read the *Hope* very much. Pray for me that I may meet you all in heaven.

DAVID W. WIGHT.

BONAPARTE, Iowa, May 7th, 1882.

Dear Little Hopes:—I go to Sunday School, am nine years old, and am baptized. I go to the Baptist Sabbath School, as there is no Latter Day Saint Church. This is the first time I have ever written for the *Hope*, but trust it will not be the last. I am going to tell you where I live. I have been living in a hotel, but am now living over papa's store, and I like it better than at the hotel. I wrote this on a piece of paper and my aunty will copy it for me.

ADA PATTEN.

FALL RIVER, Mass., April 25th, 1882.

Dear Hopes:—I will be eleven years old in July. I go to Sabbath School and testimony meeting, most all the time. I have a brother older than myself, and two smaller sisters. I am not yet baptized, but I hope to be. My mother, father, and my brother belong to the Church. Pray for me that I may soon be baptized. Love to all in Christ.

Yours truly,

ANNIE E. POTTS.

ELVASTON, Ill., May 3d, 1882.

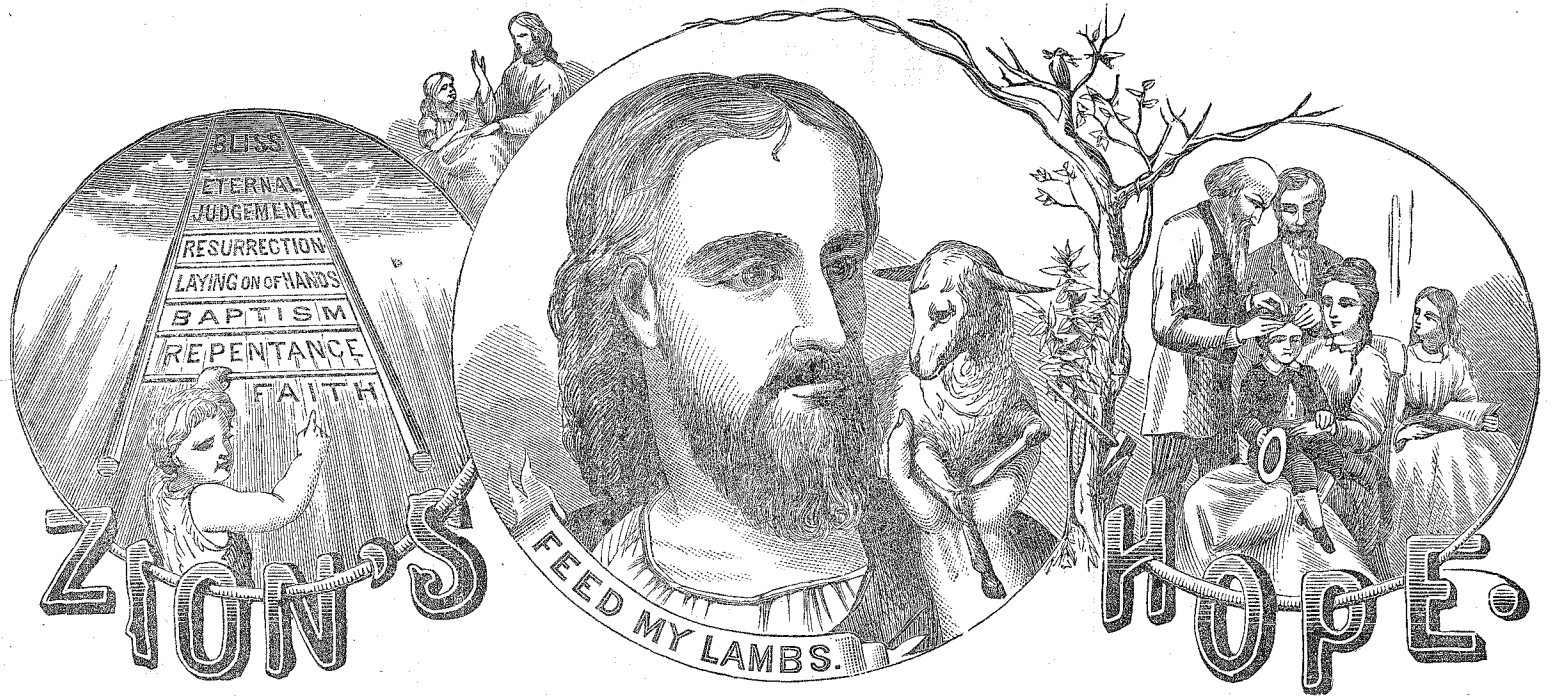
DEAR HOPES:—I am sorry to say that we do not have any meetings. Brother Durfee is our president, I think that he is a good brother. Oh! how I wish that he would come over here and have meeting. There are some that would like to hear a Latter Day Saint preach, and I think that good could be done if an Elder would come. Your sister in Christ,

MAGGIE L. WIER.

Zion's Hope is published semi-monthly by the Board of Publication of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, at Lamoni, Decatur County, Iowa, and is edited by Joseph Smith. 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 Lamoni, Decatur County, Iowa. Money may be sent by Draft on Chicago; Post Office Order on Chicago; or by Registered Letter to Lamoni, Iowa.

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. XIII.

LAMONI, IOWA, JUNE 15, 1882.

No. 24.

DANIEL'S WINDOW OPENS TOWARD ZION.

By one of your neighbors, whom some know not, but God knows.

In the quiet of his dwelling,
 Babylon's proud waters near,
 Where the clamor, madly swelling,
 As a murmur strikes his ear:
 To his upper chamber stealing,
 Which toward Zion open stands,
 Daniel, before God is kneeling,
 Lifting heavenward holy hands.

Thrice each day the humble story
 Of his needs his maker hears;
 When the morning star in glory,
 From the Orient disappears;
 When the city's roofs are glowing
 In the noontide's fervid blaze:
 When Euphrates, calmly flowing,
 Turns to gold in evening rays.

Palaces of Babel vainly
 Strive the prophet's eye to fill;
 Ravished, he beholds more plainly,—
 Sacred city,—Zion's hill.
 Babel's gardens rise before him,
 But to vanish from his sight,
 When the vision hovers o'er him,
 Of Moriah's sacred height.

And o'er hill and vale and river,
 Flying swift his heart to cheer,
 Gentle winds to him deliver
 Zion's greetings soft and clear;
 Joys of home around him breathing.
 Though he walks an exile now;
 Freedom's heavenly chaplet wreathing
 Round the saintly captive's brow.

Happy he, who, 'mid the swelling
 Tumult of earth's lust and pride,
 Toward his Heavenly Father's dwelling
 Keeps his window open wide.
 There to him devoutly bending,
 Zion's beauty shall appear;
 He shall know the bliss of sending
 Godward all his grief and fear.

Place me in the gaily-blooming
 Paradise of earthly bliss;
 O'er me hang the breeze—perfuming
 Garden of Semiramis;
 Babel's walls a bondman's anguish
 Should re-echo day by day;
 And my heart each hour would languish,
 For my home so far away.

Though a captive's chain should bind me
 Deep within earth's cheerless breast,
 E'en the dungeon that confined me,
 Would become a bower of rest,
 If the gospel light revealing,
 Ope'd a window over me,
 Through which every moment stealing,
 Prayer and hope might Zionward flee.

On my very soul are pressing
 Heavily my dwelling's walls;
 Daily weight of cares distressing,
 Stealing o'er my spirit's falls;

Morn and eve toward Zion's mountain,
 Stands my window open wide;
 Thence, from God's reviving fountain,
 Streams of life an endless tide.

Thence the wearied bosom quickening,
 Gospel breezes softly blow,
 And o'en now, in bondage sickening,
 Freedom's heavenly joys I know.
 Thence the stars of hope eternal
 Gleam through mist that shrouds us here;
 Harp-notes waft from realms supernal,
 Blissful tidings to my ear.

Wheresoe'er my cot is builded,
 On the heights, or lowliest land,
 Still, by Zion's beauties gildéd,
 Shall my lattice open stand.
 What though round me, proudly towering,
 Babel's high-built splendor reigns?
 At my window, still uptowering,
 Zion in full view remains.

THE LITTLE WOODMAN AND HIS DOG.

SELECTED BY R. H. MANTLE.

CHAP. I.

N former times there lived on the borders of a very wide forest, a certain wood cutter, named Roger Hardfoot, who had seven sons. I can not tell you the names of the six elder sons; but the youngest, who was born several years after his brothers, was called William.

The wood cutter's wife died when William was very little, so the care of the boys was left to their father only. He was an industrious man, and gained a very good livelihood by cutting wood in the forest, and tying it up in fagots. These he conveyed on the backs of donkeys to a small town at some distance, and with the money which he sold them for, he bought such things as he had need of for himself and his family.

He made his sons also work with him; and as they were hearty lads, the elder ones soon became able to do almost as much as their father; so that the earnings of the family were very abundant, and they might have been very happy, had not that one thing been wanting, without which no family can be happy.

The wood cutter was so sinful as to neglect to teach his children to serve God; and

this was the more wicked, as he had himself been taught the word of God by his mother when he was a little boy. As the wood cutter neither thought of his Savior, nor of his poor mother's instructions, until God brought him to reflection by a dreadful accident. One day, while he and his sons were cutting down a tree in the forest, the tree fell upon him, and he was so dreadfully hurt, that he never was able to work any more. His hurt occasioned a disease which, by slow degrees, brought on his death. But while death was drawing on, he suffered great pain of body, and his mind was filled with many bitter thoughts; all the sins of his past life were set before him by the Almighty power of God; particularly his neglect of his mother, who died many years ago. And now he began to remind his sons of their duty to God; frequently speaking to them of their Savior, and of the world to come. From day to day the poor dying woodman earnestly besought his sons to turn to God; but they mocked at him, and would not harken to him. He could now work for them no longer, nor provide them with what they wanted; so they followed their own business and pleasure, hardly taking care to furnish their sick father with common food or clothing. One only of all his sons took pity on him, and hearkened to his advice, and waited upon him. This was little William, his youngest child. He was just five years old when the tree fell upon his father, and his heart was not yet grown hard, like the hearts of his brothers. Fathers and mothers, you should teach your children to love God while they are little, and while their hearts are tender. And you, little children, lose no time, but give yourselves up to God, before you become hard and stubborn, like William's brothers.

William was now the only comfort his poor father had in this world. When the wood cutter lay sick upon his bed, William sat on his bolster, and watched beside him, and was always ready to bring him everything that he wanted. And when his fath-

er crept out in the forest, which he was sometimes able to do, in order to take the air, William followed him; and when he sat down, this little boy sat by him; and when he knelt and prayed with him as well as he could. One day when the woodman's eldest sons were gone out to steal deer in the forest, the woodman and his little boy sat at the door of their hut; while Cæsar, little William's dog, lay down at their feet. And as they sat together, the woodman thus talked to his little boy: "Oh! my little child! my only comfort!" he said, "How wicked was I when your brothers were young like you, that I did not endeavor to lead them to God; but that opportunity is past, and I can do nothing for them now. They will not hearken to me; they turn against their dying father; and I deserve this treatment at their hands."

"Why do you say you deserve it, father?" said William.

"For many reasons, my dear boy. I was an undutiful son; and for this cause, if there were no other, I deserve to have undutiful children. My mother was a widow, and one who loved God. Her house is in the forest, but three or four long days' journey from this place. I was her only child. She brought me up with the greatest tenderness, and taught me early the word God. But when I grew up, I became a lover of pleasure more than a lover of God; so I ran away from my dear mother, and have never seen or heard of her since."

"And is she alive?" said little William.

"Oh! my child, I do not know," said the wood cutter; "but whether she be alive or dead, I shall never see her again in this world. I only wish that she could know how deeply I repent of my sins; and that I have fled at length to the merits of a gracious Redeemer as my only hope of being saved from everlasting punishment. And O, my sons! my sons! So I pray for my sons in the bitterness of my soul: for as I was formerly a wicked son, so I have since been a wicked father. I neglected to teach my children the word of God while they were little, and now they despise me; turning a deaf ear to my instructions, and hardening their hearts against my reproofs!"

"But" said William, "perhaps the Lord Jesus Christ may change their hearts even now, father. Let us pray for them."

"Yes; my child! my comfort! my delight!" said the wood cutter, "We will pray for them. Every day while I live, we will pray for them. This is all I can now do for them."

So William and his father knelt together at the door of the hut, earnestly praying that God would, in his good time, change the hearts of the young men.

The wood cutter did not live long after this discourse had passed between himself and his little son. In a few days he took to his bed, from which he never rose again. William now became more attentive to him than ever; and never left him but to fetch him water, and such things as he asked for. William sat on his bolster, and Cæsar lay at his feet; and whenever the woodman was

heard to lift up his voice in prayer, his little boy prayed with him.

On the morning of the day on which he died, he told his little boy that he trusted his prayers had been heard, and that his sins were forgiven him for his Savior's sake. He then prayed earnestly for this elder son; after which, kissing little William several times, he besought him to remember his Savior in the days of his youth. Towards evening, William's brothers came in with a deer which they had killed in the forest, and a cask of brandy which they had bought from some travelers; when making a great fire in the hut, they roasted part of the venison, and opened their cask of brandy. They took no notice of their poor dying father, though they could not help knowing the state he was in. However, they invited William to come and feast with them; but this kind little boy would not leave his father. He sat beside him till he grew drowsy, and then laying himself down by him on his bed, he fell asleep. In the morning, when he awoke, he found his father quite dead, and his brothers lying asleep in different parts of the hut. So, kissing his poor father, he sat crying by him till his brothers awoke.

Continued.

UNCLE JOHN'S CHAT.

DEAR HOPES.—It has been a long time since you heard from me. One of the two reasons was that I was so very busy with the cares of this life, working for the bread that perisheth. Please tell me what the bread is that perisheth not? Even now while I write, my mind is occupied with business thoughts.

I want to tell you a little story, and then I want you to tell me what you think of it.

There lived in a town not many miles from where I live, three little boys,—there were more than three boys in the town to be sure, but only three I wish to write about. These three boys had a great attachment for each other, and would be together in play at every opportunity. One day these boys were at play in a barn near by the house, and their actions aroused the suspicion of the woman of the house, and she went to the door of the barn, where she was met by one of the boys, who said: "We are not doing anything, mamma."

This little urchin looked innocent enough, but the other two acted like they were trying to hide something.

At supper that night, the mother said to her boy: "Now, Johnny, I want you to tell me just what you boys were doing in the barn;" when the boy answered: "They were smoking—not all of them—but just one."

Now, Dear Hopes, this is my tale, and there are two things in it I want you to note. 1st, Did the little boy do right when he told his mother they were doing nothing? What do you think of that? 2d, Was it right for that boy to be smoking? Don't you think it is a great evil to smoke or chew tobacco? Please tell me what the Book of Covenants says about tobacco.

I do wish, Dear Hopes, that none of you would ever acquire the habit of using the noxious weed. I thought at one time that I must use it, and did for several years, but I became darkened in mind, and could not enjoy any of God's Spirit, though I tried hard to do right. I did not realize what the cause was, until the Lord by his gifts told me the cause of my darkness, that my body was poisoned with the tobacco, and told me to quit it,—and I am thankful to-day that I was found obedient. I would not again use tobacco for a great deal. Please write soon, dear Hopes, and I will try and write more next time.

Your affectionate,
UNCLE JOHN.

JESSICA'S FIRST PRAYER.

SELECTED BY SISTER "EMMA."

CHAPTER X.



HERE was no coffee-stall opened under the railway-arch the following morning; and Daniel's regular customers stood amazed, as they drew near the empty corner where they were accustomed to get their early breakfast. It would have astonished them still more if they could have seen how he was occupied in the miserable loft. He had entrusted a friendly woman out of the Court to buy food, and fuel, and light; and all night long he had watched beside Jessica, who was light-headed and delirious; but in the wanderings of her thoughts and words, often spoke of God, and prayed for her Mr. Dan'el. The neighbors informed him that the child's mother had gone off some days before, fearing that she was sick of some infectious fever, and that she alone had taken a little care of her from time to time.

As soon as the morning came, he sent for a doctor; and after receiving permission from him, he wrapped the poor deserted Jessica in his coat, and bearing her tenderly in his arms, down the ladder he carried her to a cab, which the neighbor brought to the entrance of the Court. It was to no other than his solitary home that he had resolved to take her; and when the mistress of the lodgings stood at the door, with her arms akimbo to forbid the admission of the wretched and neglected child, her tongue was silenced by the gleam of a half sovereign, which Daniel slipped in the palm of her hard hand. By that afternoon's post, the minister received the following letter:—

REVEREND SIR:—If you will condescend to enter my humble lodging, you will have the pleasure of seeing little Jessica, who is at the point of death, unless God in his mercy restores her. Hoping you will excuse this liberty, as I can not leave the child, I remain with duty, your respectful servant,
D. STANDING.

P. S.—Jessica desires her best love and duty to Miss Jane and Winnie.

The minister laid aside the book he was reading, and without any delay started off for his Chapel-keeper's dwelling. There was Jessica lying restfully upon Daniel's bed; but the pinched features were deadly pale, and the sunken eyes shone with a warning light. She was too feeble to turn her head when the door opened; and he, paused for a minute,

looking at her and at Daniel; who, seated at the head of the bed, was turning over the papers in his desk, and reckoning up once more the savings of his life-time; but when the minister advanced into the middle of the room, Jessica's cheeks flushed with a deep red.

"Oh! minister;" she cried, "God has given me everything I wanted, except paying Mr. Dan'el for the coffee he used to give me."

"Ah! but God has paid me over and over again," said Daniel, rising to receive the minister; "He's given me my own soul in exchange for it. Let me make bold to speak to you this once, Sir. You're a very learned man, and a great preacher, and many people flock to the Chapel, till I'm hard put to it to find seats sometimes. But all the while, harkening to you every blessed Sabbath, I was losing my soul, and you never once said to me, (though you saw me scores and scores of times), Standing are you a saved man?"

"Standing," said the minister, in a tone of great distress and regret, "I always took it for granted that you were a Christian."

"Oh!" continued Daniel, thoughtfully; "but God wanted somebody to ask me that question, and he did not find anybody at the Chapel; so he sent this poor little lass to me—Well; I don't mind telling now, even though I lose the Chapel; but for a long time, nigh upon ten years, I've kept a coffee-stall on week-days in the city, and cleared one week with another, about ten shillings; then the Chapel was eighteen shillings a week; but I was afraid the Chapel folks would not approve of the coffee business, and think it as low, so I kept it a close secret, and always shut up early of a morning. It's me that sold Jessica her cup of coffee, which you paid for, Sir."

"There's no harm in it, my good fellow," said the minister, kindly, "You need make no secret of it."

"Well," resumed Daniel, "the questions this poor little creature has asked me have gone quicker and deeper down in my conscience than all your sermons, if I may make so free as to say it. She's come often and often, of of a morning, and looked into my face with those dear eyes of hers, and said, 'Don't you love Jesus Christ, Mr. Dan'el?' 'Doesn't it make you very glad that God is your Father, Mr. Dan'el?' 'Are we getting nearer heaven every day Mr. Dan'el?' And one day says she, 'Are you going to give all your money to God, Mr. Dan'el?' Ah, that question made me think, indeed; and it's never been answered till this day. While I've been sitting beside the bed here, I've counted up all my savings: £397 17s. it is; and I've said 'Lord it's all thine; and I'd give every penny of it, rather than lose the child, if it be thy blessed will to spare her life.'"

Daniel's voice quavered at the last words; and his face sank upon the pillow, where Jessica's feeble and motionless head lay. There was a very sweet yet surprised smile on her face, and she lifted her wasted fingers to rest upon the bowed head beside her, shut

her eyes, and shaded them with her weak hand. "God," she said, in a faint whisper, which still reached the ears of the minister and the Chapel-keeper, "I asked you to let me come home to heaven; but if Mr. Dan'el wants me, please to let me stay a little longer; for Jesus Christ's sake, Amen."

For some minutes after Jessica's prayer there was a deep and unbroken silence in the room. Daniel still hiding his face upon the pillow, and the minister standing beside them with bowed head and closed eyes, as if he also were praying. When he looked up again at the forsaken and desolate child, he saw that her feeble hand had fallen from her face, which looked full of rest and peace, while her breath came faintly but regularly through her parted lips. He took her little hand in his own, with a pang of fear and grief; but instead of the mortal chillness of death, he felt the pleasant warmth and moisture of life. He touched Daniel's shoulder, and as the Chapel-keeper lifted up his head in sudden alarm, he whispered, "The child is not dead, but is only sleeping."

Before Jessica was fully recovered, Daniel rented a little house, somewhat near the Chapel, for himself and his adopted daughter to dwell in. He made many enquiries about her mother; but she never appeared again in her old haunts, and he was well pleased that there was nobody to interfere with his charge of Jessica. When Jessica grew strong enough, many a cheerful walk had they together in the early mornings, as they wended their way to the railway bridge, where the little girl took her place behind the stall, and soon learned to serve the daily customers; and many a happy day was spent in helping to sweep and dust the Chapel, into which she had crept so secretly at first; her great delight being to attend to the pulpit, and the vestry, and the pew where the minister's children sat; while Daniel and the woman he employed cleaned the rest of the Chapel. Many a Sunday also the minister in his pulpit, and his daughters in their pew, and Daniel treading softly about the aisles, as their glance fell upon Jessica's eager, earnest, happy face, thought of the first time they saw her sitting amongst the congregation and of Jessica's first prayer.

THE END.

RAIN AND FINE WEATHER.

"I DON'T like the rain, said little Octavius, "it hinders my running about and getting a good game of play in the garden."

"I like it," answered Colin, the gardener's little boy. "It comes just in time to spare my father the trouble of having to water the flowers and vegetables."

My children, this is a history of the world—what pleases one displeases another; but nothing God does is wrong, and when you are inclined to grumble at the rain coming to hinder your out-of-door amusements, think of the poor gardener, who is, perhaps, old and weak, and who now will not have the trouble of watering plants.

SOMETHING ABOUT GOLD.

ANY one who has studied or read the Bible, knows that gold, one of the heaviest and most precious of metals, is often mentioned on the sacred pages. Figuratively, we are taught lessons of beauty and wisdom by this shining and imperishable substance which God created for man's use and pleasure. Mournful and sad it is to think how dangerously and how wickedly it may sometimes be employed, and has been!

Iron is of more use than gold, but it does not lead to so much sin. There is more iron in the earth than any other metal, and, after iron, more gold than any other that has been found diffused or scattered upon our planet. Gold is nineteen times heavier than water. It is found in granite, which is supposed to be the oldest rock of the earth, and in all other kinds of rock; but it has mostly been found in alluvial grounds.

Gold is first mentioned in the Scriptures in Gen. 2:11: "The land of Havilah, where there is gold." It is the only metal of a yellow color, and is never injured by the atmosphere. In the earth, gold is not found in large masses like some other metals and minerals. It does not appear in veins or lodes, but in threads or flakes, mostly in quartz, sometimes in other rock. It is said to be very rare in marble. I have a thin piece of polished greenish marble, three inches long, one inch wide, which beautifully displays flecks of shining gold. Who knows when, by some process of God's work, they were imbedded in the limestone—the marble? This specimen came from California, America's land of gold.

Historical books inform us that gold was abundantly furnished by the streams of Asia, in ancient times. The first gold-seekers of California, thirty years ago, found many shining lumps and fragments among pebbles and sands along rivers or in river-beds where the water was low or nearly dried.

There were vast quantities of gold in Egypt in those ages when the "kings of the land" were called Pharaohs. Some traces of gold mines, where now there is no particle of the precious metal, are still seen in regions of that old empire. Many gold ornaments and coins have been found in tombs of the East. Near the ancient city of Troy there was a valley called Pactolus, famous for the "golden sands." Far back in time the Phœnicians brought gold from Arabia, which country had twenty-two gold mines. In times not so far back, the rivers of Spain brought pebbles of gold down from the mountains.

The Roman emperor, Nero, wore robes covered with gold embroidery; his attendants were adorned with golden necklaces and bracelets; and he fished with golden hooks.

The large West India Islands, and parts of Mexico, were rich in gold when America was discovered. It is said that at the present time two-thirds of the precious metals, silver gold, and others, are obtained in America. In the year 1513, the Spanish explorer and conqueror, Pizarro, told Europe of the gold

in Peru. The native Indians of South America long ago gathered gold in the sands of rivers flowing from the Andes. Mexican gold mines were discovered by Cortez, another Spanish explorer, in 1526.

Gold in California was discovered in February, 1848, at Sutter's Mill, on the American branch of Sacramento River. From that time it became known to the world, but the Indians knew that there was a bright, useful substance in the earth and streams long before Europe and Asia knew that on another side or space of the round world the great continent of America was waiting for Columbus and other daring men to seek it. Gold mines were found in Australia in February, 1851. A large nugget has been dug out that was valued at \$46,000. In 1861 gold was discovered in New Zealand.

Ten hundred and fifty-six years before Christ's birth, King David purchased a threshing-floor with gold money—600 shekels—a great price, we say—\$4,500—for room to thresh grain and corn! Gold was more plentiful then than now, we may believe.

Have you ever handled an American gold dollar? They are not in circulation now. In the dim light you might call one a five cent piece, provided you did not observe its color.

In closing, I will ask the boys and girls a question which no one in the world could answer, but it may give you, as it has myself, some great thoughts: What will Jesus do with the gold of this world when he comes again in the last day? Different from all other things on earth, it seems to have been created not to be destroyed.

The Sunday-School Standard.

THE SHIPWRECK.

THE good ship Canton sailed away from its port for China, but years went by, and not a word ever came back from its crew.

"And eyes grew dim with watching,
That yet refused to weep;
And years were spent in waiting
For tidings from the deep."

It grew at last an old man's story, and most of those who had loved the lost men were dead. Fifty years had come and gone, when a vessel sailing from San Francisco came to an unknown Island. The sailors went ashore, and there they found a part of the Canton far above high-water mark, and pieces of the wreck all along the shore. But the best timbers, it seemed, had been carried to the water's edge, and used for building some vessel in which the crew had sailed away into an unknown sea. Thus far their history could be traced, but no farther.

But they were not lost to God. His eye followed them in all their wanderings. He knows the story of every little bird and butterfly, and not a sparrow falls but he sees it. He does not say they shall not fall, but he will take care of them even then. "Ye are of more value than many sparrows," said Jesus. If you are ever lost, on sea or land, remember this text.

Morning Light.

Letters from the Hopes.

I saw the quotations of the example of Christ in the *Hope*, which took my attention very much. It is some thing to give the little Hopes information, and also a great many large Hopes. Well, I will tell you I am trying hard to fight the battle through, though I find sometimes I am far behind. I do desire to do the will of my heavenly Master, and I do love to read the *Hope*, and would like to see more letters from Independence. There are a good many smart, intelligent Hopes around Independence. I will give you the verses of the example of Christ:

"And the child grew and waxed strong in Spirit, being filled with wisdom, and the grace of God was upon him. And he went down with them and came to Nazareth, and was subject unto them; and his mother kept all these sayings in her heart." "How God anointed Jesus of Nazareth with the Holy Ghost, and with power, who went about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed of the devil, for God was with him." "Then spake Jesus, saying, Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Well, dear Hopes, this is a few of the quotations of the example of Christ, which I think is splendid. I hope you will examine them, and see how nice they correspond. Your sister in the gospel bonds,
E. P.

BLOOMING PRARIE, Iowa, May 21st, 1882

DEAR HOPES:—I thought I would write again. In the *Hope* for May the first, was a good lesson for the Hopes to search out. It is very necessary we should search the scriptures, and we will know how our Savior bore his trials with patience and long suffering. Since I last wrote, brother Charles Freeman has gone to rest; he suffered much. He was baptized by Brother Robinson last Summer; he was administered to by Brother Lambert, was helped for some time. His funeral sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Clifton. I love to read the letters in the *Hope*. I think "Jessica's First Prayer" is a good story. I will try and hunt out the alphabet which is in the last *Hope*. Let us keep the faith and do our duties. Pray for me that I may be found faithful. Your brother in Christ,
JOSEPH CARLSON

DOW CITY, Iowa, May 7th, 1882.

Dear Hopes:—I go to school this Spring. There is not as much interest in our meetings as there use to be, for which I am very sorry. We used to have meetings twice a day, and a Sunday School. There are so few that seem to have interest in the work of God that we have no Sunday School, and sometimes but one meeting a day. Pray for this branch, that it may grow and prosper. That we may do better, and enjoy more of the Spirit of God, and our branch grow and prosper together with the work of God in general, shall be my prayer for Christ's sake. I have found and read the Scriptural lesson; as referred to in the *Hope* for May first: caption "The Examples of Christ." Your sister in Christ,
MARY E. BUTTERWORTH.

TEXARKANA, Texas, May 8th, 1882.

DEAR HOPES:—We moved to Texarkana over two years ago. It is very sickly here—mostly children. There were several cases of small pox here early this Spring. We have a large farm, four miles from here, and a splendid orchard,—the trees are breaking down with fruit. There was quite a fire here two weeks ago, three houses burned; there was considerable loss. There are seven churches here; and the sisters of St. Agnes have a large nice Convent; we go to school to them. I think so much of the sisters, they are so kind. Sister Tomasine is our teacher. Our Sunday School, (the Methodist), gave a picnic last Saturday; we did not go, I was in the country. Your friend,
MATTIE MORROW.

STEWARTSVILLE, Mo., May 19th, 1882.

DEAR HOPES:—I am one who appreciates the valuable instructions that is given in your columns, by the kind brothers and sisters. I could not do without the *Hope*, for it helps to guide me in the right way. Dear Hopes, I am as firm in the faith as I ever was. I have been in the Church nearly five years, and this is the first time I ever tried to write to you. My father often told me I ought

to write; but now he has gone to the land of rest. I have been sad and forlorn ever since his death, but I long to meet him in the paradise of God. Brother Summerfield said in his funeral sermon, if we would do as he had taught us, we would be able to meet him. I am going to conference if I can, and I hope we will have a good meeting. I have not been but to one Saints' meeting since the first of September. It was not because I did not want to go, but I was going to school from home. I have tried to serve the Lord as well as I could. I feel to press onward in this work, for I know it is the right way. I have received many blessings. I ask an interest in your prayers.
Your sister in Christ,
ALICE A. BEVINS.

STEWARTSVILLE, Mo., May 26th, 1882.

Dear *Hope*:—I thought I would write you a letter. I was eight years old the 26th day of March. I was baptized on the 14th day of May, also cousin Ava Smith, and three little boys. I hope, and pray that we all will be faithful until the end. I love to live in Zion, because there are so many Saints here. We often have good meetings here, and I do enjoy a good meeting. I want to understand the things of the kingdom. One by one the Saints are coming home to Zion. This is a pretty country; but our little town met with a great loss,—about one week ago, almost the entire business portion of our prosperous little village was burned, but the citizens all do not seem to be discouraged, many think it will be built up, and be a much prettier place than ever; but that all lies in the future. We had a splendid visit with Brother and Sister Burton, only it was entirely too short. We hope they will not be in such a hurry next time. I will close my letter by asking all the little Hopes to pray for me.
EVA A. SMITH

Editorial Chat.

We are pleased to see the increased interest taken in the *Hope* by the young members of the Church. This is as it should be. It is published for their benefit, and is intended to impart useful and instructive lessons, both in regard to the teachings of the Church of which we are members, and also in regard to every day life and conduct. The letter column of the *Hope* has been much improved of late; we are glad that it is so. In this number there are three who have searched the scriptures for the references in the "Example of Christ," published in *Hope* for May 1st. Let the good work go on, children.

This number closes the thirteenth volume of the *Hope*, and with it "Jessica's First Prayer." Many have expressed themselves as much pleased with the story. The leading lesson exhibited was the power of faith begotten in the heart of a poor little girl in London.

July 1st *Hope* will commence the fourteenth volume, and in it will be the sequel of "Jessica's First Prayer," namely "Jessica's Mother," and we hope it may prove instructive and entertaining. We will also use smaller type on the *Hope*, and thus give increased reading matter, which we desire the Hopes may help to furnish by sending in good and interesting letters. We will do the very best we can to make the *Hope* more interesting and useful in the future. It is now our thought to republish some pieces from the Children's Column of the *Herald*, in 1867 and 1868, in a day when there was no *Hope* published.

THE boys who are most difficult to interest often make the best scholars when fairly interested. If you could see the glorious possibilities of that little fellow in your class who now seems only bent on mischief and anxious to keep the others from learning anything good, you would count all your labor in his behalf as a small matter, in comparison with his true worth and the importance to him of your prayerful, patient, and faith-filled endeavors.

Zion's *Hope* is published semi-monthly by the Board of Publication of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, at Lamoni, Decatur County, Iowa, and is edited by Joseph Smith. 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, Lamoni, Decatur County, Iowa. Money may be sent by Draft on Chicago; Post Office Order on Chicago; or by Registered Letter to Lamoni, Iowa.

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