

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

VOL. XV.

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No. 1.

ZION'S HOPE.

Go forth: Oh, *Hope* of Zion;
And spread the joyful news,
Till every tribe and nation
Have heard the Gospel's truths.
Teach little ones their duty,
The debt to God they owe;
Who gave the life of his dear Son,
His love for man to show.

Teach them to love their savior,
Who suffered death for all;
To rescue man from sin and hell,
And raise him from the fall.
Teach them to love their parents;
And their devotion prove,
By doing what they bid them
In kindness and with love.

Yes, teach them that the older ones
Are passing now away:
And soon the burden they now bear,
Will on their shoulders lay.
Ask; are they getting ready,
The banner to unfurl,
To raise the ensign of God's church,
And wave it o'er the world?

Yes; warn them to be ready,
To help to bear the cross;
To plow, to sow, to harvest,
And expect to suffer loss.
Yes, teach them, "*Hope* of Zion;"
To hold fast to the "rod,"
The reward is life eternal,
In the Paradise of God.

SISTER LISSA.

MAPLEWOOD MANOR.

BY PERLA WILD.

CHAPTER XXV.

MAX returned almost immediately. "Yes, Mr. Russell, I have seen Archer Kent. I know where he is. But I did not know he was your son-in-law. So now, then, we can relieve your anxiety. To-morrow morning, if it is your wish, we can go to the river, and after the baptism, I shall have time to reach the station and catch the north bound train, for I must be away."

John Russell lay in speechless bewilderment for a few moments. Recovering his composure with a long, restful sigh. "Yes, yes," he murmured. "I will be baptized on the morrow, and you shall go and bring Louisa and Archer home. I won't wait the uncertainties of writing."

"My field of labor lies in that direction," Max said, "and if you desire, I will bear a message to your daughter and her husband."

Then Mr. Russell began to question concerning Louisa, and how she lived.

"Poor, but content and happy with a husband

who is kind and thoughtful always," replied Max, proceeding to tell all he knew of them.

Next morning Addie bustled into the library where her husband was reading before breakfast. "O, Mr. Rumsey! Jonas is here with a carriage to take us over to the Manor. Papa is going to be baptized, and wants us to come and go to the river with them. As soon as we can, too, for Max Randolph is to officiate, I believe, and he is going away to-day. We'll go, of course?" looking questioningly into his face.

"Of course we will *not* go!" he replied, very tartly. "I thought your father was seriously ill. How can he venture on such a rash move!"

"Why don't you know that will help him—cure him, without doubt?" queried Addie, innocently.

"No; nor you do not," was the stern reply. "I shall not give countenance to such rash nonsense, and I particularly wish you to send your excuses, and remain at home, also."

"But I haven't any excuses," cried Addie, "and I particularly wish to go. And I think I shall," passing out of the room. No more was said on the subject at table, and Mr. Rumsey supposed his young wife's defiant speech meant nothing. But he was mistaken.

Addie went with Jonas, but she was absent minded and uneasy. In the bustle of preparation, for Mr. Russell would brook no delay, no one seemed to note Addie's unusual manner save Elsie. She did, however, and spoke to her about it. And Addie told her how she had come in opposition to her husband's wishes, and that she expected he would be fearfully wrathful.

"You ought not to have come, Addie, it will make trouble," Elsie replied, gravely.

"Perhaps not," Addie said, "But he had no reason for keeping me at home; only his whim. And my wish is as good as his. So I am here."

Elsie rode her pony to the baptism, while Addie sat beside her father in the old family carriage. And when Max led him up the gravel strewn bank from the water, Addie, with tears of sympathy and joy in her dark eyes, was the first to give him her hand. But when it was over, she began to wish to return home at once. The carriage, of course, must go immediately back to the Manor, and then Jonas would be obliged to set out with Max for the station. Elsie proposed to ride with the family, and give Addie the use of her pony. So it was decided and Addie was not long in placing distance behind her, for Minnehaha was fleet-footed and longing for exercise.

Drawing rein at the outer gate of Heatherglade, she called to a bright-eyed boy who was swinging

under the trees. "Oh, Mick, come and let me talk to you."

Touching his cap and bowing gracefully he was at her side the next minute.

"Is that all you have to do, Mick O'Harra?"

"Sure ma'm, the mather tould me he had nothing for me the day; to come to mistress. As I could not find the swate faced leddy, I set meself to swingin', to kape me blood from stopping it's course fer want of exercise. And now I'm waitin' yer wishes, Misthress Addie."

"Very well, then, Mick," and Addie sprang lightly to the ground, "I wish you to ride Minnehaha back to the Manor. Don't urge her, as we came rapidly. Can I trust you?"

"I don't know, ma'am, if you *can* thrust me, but I think you *might*. I'll not harm the purty baste. Ah but she's a beauty, jest like her owner."

"What do you know of Elsie, Mick?" asked Addie.

"I don't know about Elsie, but I was at the grand Manor House once, and I saw a mighty fine little girl leading this same handsome baste to water, and I've seen her here once. But it isn't for the like's of me to sthand here, when y'ere wishin' me to be off." Addie met her husband in the hall when she entered the house. He frowned slightly.

"Been out walking early," he remarked.

"No;" she said, her bright eyes drooping beneath his keen gaze. "I've been to father's. I hurried home"—

"What? how? been to your father's when I expressly declared that you were *not* to go? Mrs. Rumsey what do you mean by such conduct?" Poor Addie felt faint and sick at heart. She stood a moment in silence before answering.

"Oh! please don't be angry with me. I wanted to go so very much. I am sorry if I have offended you. Won't you forgive me, Ralph?" and she extended both hands in a childlike, appealing way. At any other time he would have been pleased and gratified, with her words and humility. She had never called him Ralph before. But he was too much aroused to be easily appeased now.

"*Offended* is not the word. *Disobeyed*, would be more proper. Do you intend to defy me, madam. Did you not promise to love, honor, and obey?"

Addie withdrew the little gloved hands he had not deigned to notice, and clasped them tightly over her bosom, a sparkle of insulted dignity shining in her eyes.

"No sir, I did not. Those words did not occur in the ceremony. I understand the contract to mean just what it said. A mutual agreement. There was no reason why I should not go to papa's, so I went.—Only your will against my wish."

"Precisely," replied Mr. Rumsey sneeringly. "You defied and disobeyed me; you, a mere child."

"Your wife, though," she added softly.

"Which makes it still worse. A wife must be submissive."

Addie tossed the dark curls away from her fair brow with an impatient gesture. "I will listen to reason, yield to right; but *will* is not always reason, and *might* very often not right. I"—

"No more," he cried loftily. "'Tis useless to argue with a woman; doubly so with a giddy girl. Go directly to your room and remain there until I send for you. Don't hesitate, but go at once!"

She had debated momentarily, whether to obey, or attempt to defy him. Only for a moment, however. Then with set teeth and flashing eye, but in silence, she ascended the great carved staircase and shut herself into her chamber. All the rest of the day she remained there. All the long day,—and never had a day seemed longer,—until twilight settled softly down over the beautiful home that had been her pride and delight, but now seemed worse than a prison house. Then Hagar, her pretty little quadroon waiting maid, rapped timidly at her door.

"The master says you must go out for a few minutes walk, and come in to tea when the bell rings." Hagar's eyes were filled with tears of pity for her young mistress. Addie bowed her head, and the maid closed the door.

"Is she coming?" asked Mr. Rumsey as Hagar descended the stairs.

"I think she is, sir. She will be down presently."

He put on his hat and walked out onto the picturesque lawn, in the cool, dewy air, redolent with lilac and sweet-brier; pacing slowly back and forth frequently looking over his shoulder toward the house, and finally returning to the veranda. Here he took a few turns again, then nervously entered. Still Addie did not appear. Tea was called. He watched the door uneasily, forgot to say grace, and finally pushed away his plate frowningly.

"Tell Hagar to call her mistress," he cried impatiently to the waiter. He was growing peevish and childish, at times.

Hagar came to the door presently. "She doesn't want anything to eat, sir, and begs you not to wait for her."

He stamped across the floor and back again. "Has Mrs. Rumsey taken any food to-day, Hagar?" "No—sir," stammered the girl, "not since she came home."

Ralph Rumsey turned away, and walked into the library, sat down in a helpless, despairing way. What was he to do? What did she mean by openly defying him and disobeying his orders? She, a mere girl? And he a wealthy, well born Englishman, her husband and so much older and more experienced? What *should* he do?

THE LIPS THAT TOUCH WINE SHALL NEVER TOUCH MINE.

Alice Lee stood awaiting her lover one night,
Her cheeks flushed and glowing, her eyes full of light;

She had placed a sweet rose 'mid her wild-flowing hair,

No flower of the forest e'er looked half so fair,
As she did that night, as she stood by the door
Of the cot where she dwelt by the side of the moor.

Her lover had promised to take her a walk,
And she built all her hopes on a long, pleasant talk.
But the daylight was fading, and also, I ween,
Her temper was failing, 'twas plain to be seen,
For now she'd stand still, then a tune she would hum

And impatiently mutter, "I wish he would come."

"You may say what you like, 'tis not pleasant to wait,

And William has oft kept me waiting of late;
I know where he stays 'tis easy to tell,

He spends many an hour at the sign of the Bell;

I wish he would keep from such places away;
His rakish companions do lead him astray."

She heard a quick step, and her young heart beat fast,

As she said, "I am glad he is coming at last;"
But it was only a neighbor, who hastened to speak
And he marked the quick flush on the young maiden's cheek,

And his aged eye twinkled with pleasure and glee,
As he merrily said, "So you're waiting, I see."

Now don't think at all I'm intending to blame,
For love ought ne'er be a subject of shame;
But I tell you to warn you. I fancy, my lass,
Young William is getting too fond of the glass;
And oh! If you wish for the love that endures,
Say, The lips that touch liquor shall never touch yours."

He went on his way; but the truth he'd impressed
Took root and sunk deep in the fair maiden's breast,

And strange things she could scarce account for before

Now appeared quite plain as she pondered them o'er.

She then said, with a look of deep sorrow and fright
"I really believe that the old man is right."

When William next comes I will soon let him know
He must give up the liquor, or else he must go;
'Twill be a good chance for me just to prove,
If he is really sincere in his vows of deep love;
He must give up at once and forever the wine,
For the lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine."

She heard a quick step coming over the moor,
And a merry voice which she had oft heard before,
And ere she could speak a strong arm held her fast,

And a manly voice whispered, "I've come Love, at last.

But I know you'll forgive me, then give me kiss;
I'm sorry that I've kept you waiting like this."

But she shook her bright curls on her beautiful head,

And she drew herself up while quite proudly she said,

"Now William, I'll prove if you really are true;
For you say that you love me—I don't think you do;
If really you love me you must give up the wine,
For the lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine."

He looked quite amazed: "Why, Alice, 'tis clear,
You really are getting quite jealous, my dear."

"In that you are right," she replied; "for you see,
You'll soon love the liquor far better than me.
I'm jealous, I own, of the poisonous wine,
For the lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine."

He turned then quite angry: "Confound it!" he said,

"What nonsense you've got in your dear little head;
But I'll see if I can not remove it from hence."

Said she, "'Tis not nonsense, 'tis plain common sense,

And I mean what I say—and this you will find,
I don't often change when I've made up my mind."

He stood all irresolute, angry, perplexed;
She never before saw him look half so vexed;
But she said, "If he talks all his life I won't flinch."
And he talked, but he never could move her an inch.
He then bitterly cried, with a look and a groan,
"Oh Alice, your heart is as hard as a stone!"

But though her heart beat in his favor quite loud,
She still firmly kept to the vow she had vowed;
And at last, without even a tear or a sigh

She said: "I am going, so, William, good by."

"Nay, stay," he then said; "I'll choose one of the two,
I'll give up the liquor in favor of you."

How William had often great cause to rejoice,
For the hour he had made sweet Alice his choice;
And he blessed, through the whole of a long useful life,

The fate that had given him his dear little wife.
And she by her firmness won to us that night
One who in our cause is an ornament bright.

Oh! that each fair girl in our abstinence band
Would say, "I'll ne'er give my heart nor my hand,
Unto one who I ever had reason to think
Would taste one small drop of the vile cursed drink;
But say when you're wooed, 'I'm a foe to the wine,'
And 'The lips that touch liquor, shall never touch mine.'"

Selected by SARAH A. WILLIAMS.

KINDNESS.

"A righteous man regardeth the life of his Beast."
—Proverbs 12: 10.

Can you manage your horse my man without
using the whip? I inquired of a teamster one day.

"Oh yes sir. Nedly needs no whip. I feed him well, and treat him kindly, so he gives me no trouble. He is almost a christian, sir. He knows the house at which to stop as well as I do. He knows Saturday night, too, as well as any body for he has no work to do Sunday. That is his resting day as well as mine. If horses, mules, and donkies, were rightly used, sir, they would rarely want a whip. Kind words and pats, are better than curses and blows any day."

The patience, attention, and obedience of the horse and ass, are enough to draw forth our admiration, pity, and compassion. When they are gently used, they appear to take delight and pleasure in serving man.

"A man of kindness to his beast is kind:
But brutal actions show a brutal mind.
Remember, he who made thee, made the brute.
Who give thee speech and reason, formed him mute.
He can't complain: but God's all seeing eye
Beholds thy cruelty, and hears his cry.
He was designed thy helpmate, not thy drudge;
But know that his creator is thy Judge."

"Ah why is the creature so sadly abused?
Ill fed, over worked, and his Sabbath refused?
Back galled, and knees broken, sides panting with pain;
Ah! fatal mistake, thus hope to make gain.
Ye owners, ye drivers, reflect and be just!
Know that Providence lends you his creatures on trust;
And those who misuse them, nor suffer remorse,
Will be judged by that God who made man and his horse."

WILLIAM STREET.

HENRY AND HIS HABIT.

HENRY Town is a good enough boy in some respects. He is amiable and truthful and pleasant in his manners, but in matters where he is required to take upon himself any responsibility or trust he is a broken reed.

"Henry," says his sister, "will you be sure to put this letter in the post office for me?"

"Oh, certainly."

"Now you won't forget it?"

"No really I won't."

"It is to Uncle Thomas about meeting me in New York, and if he doesn't get it and come to the station for me I shall hardly know what to do."

"Oh, I'll be sure to put it in," and Henry takes the letter and goes off. He really intends to go to the post office the first thing, but on the way down he meets a companion, who has something to say about a sailing party, and Henry forgets the letter entirely, until about three hours after the mail. Then he drops it in, and thinks no more about it, only to answer "Oh, yes," when asked if he has done his errand.

The consequence is, that when his sister gets to New York, where she has never been before, there is no one to meet her. She has to find her way to the other side of Brooklyn alone, takes the wrong car, and only finds her friends, at the end of a very troubled, distressed, anxious day. She is not well or strong, the fatigue and the worry make her ill for a week, and the whole pleasure of her visit is spoil-

ed, because Henry could not take the trouble to keep his mind on one subject long enough to post a letter.

I might multiply instances of the worry, disappointment, and wear and tear of the tempers and feelings of others occasioned by Henry's habits, but one is enough.

Henry is always very sorry, and never means to do so again, but the trouble is he does not mean not to do so, and I fear he will never reform unless he takes to heart the lesson, "what thy hand finds to do with thy might." C. F. G.

BRIN.

"Phil Ricker, whatever is the matter with ye?" cried Phil's great-aunt Phœbe, discovering him prone on the grass, behind a currant-bush in the garden, looking very wan and white. "Oh, dear! dear! you've been an' eat some o' them currants, I know, an' they've just been sprinkled with hellebore! It's pizen as ratsben! Dear, dear! What plagues boys air! When 'taint guns to bust an' tear their heads off, 'tis bow-arrers a-flyin' every which ways, screamin' an' whizzin'; an' when 'taint bow-arrers, 'tis pizen. You'll die for sartain, this time, I guess, unless somebody goes straight arter a doctor"—a turn of events which the old lady seemed prepared to accept with resignation. "It all comes of yer ma's bein' so indulgent. Mary Jane! Marp J—a-ane!" shouted Aunt Phœbe.

"Don't call mother!—don't! don't!" pleaded Phil, faintly, opening his eyes and shutting his mouth again very tight.

Then Auut Phœbe made another discovery.

"Oh, you silly, good-for-nothin' boy! An' you've been a-layin' here, when you ought to a' been up eatin' strarb'rys along with Tilly in the Nubble paster, a-suckin' this nasty thing! 'T does beat all! It's wuss'n the hellebore!"

Phil was too sick and faint to say anything for himself, even if there had been anything to say. He had been to a picnic the day before, and there, in some way, had obtained a very seedy-looking cigar, only the stump of which lay beside him on the grass. That explained matters to Aunt Phœbe as well as Phil himself could have done.

"I don't know what to do, I'm sure," said the perplexed old lady. "I guess I'd better call yer ma."

But Phil seemed so mortified and distressed at the mere suggestion, that Aunt Phœbe hesitated, pinching catnip leaves, and holding them to the boy's nose to prevent his succumbing altogether.

"I'll jest step up to the kitchen an' steep ye some wormwood an' spearmint, sly-like, anyway," she said, trotting off towards the house.

"Mary Jane" had gone over to see Mrs. Slater's baby, who was sick from drinking too much lemonade the day before.

Grandma was asleep in her chair, nobody was about, and Aunt Phœbe bestirred herself so briskly that in a few minutes she was on her way to the currant-bush with a yellow pint-mug of the steaming, bitter medicine for her patient. Phil saw her coming, and groaned feebly.

"Twill do ye good," said Aunt Phœbe. "It's toler'bly bitter, I'll 'low; but you deserve sumthin' wuss'n wormwood," she added severely.

And Phil felt that if the dealing out of punishments depended upon her, he would be sure to get his just deserts.

"Hullo, Aunt Phœbe! Huntin' currant-worms?" called out Cousin John an hour later, leaning over the garden-gate.

"Ye better come an' see," snapped Aunt Phœbe.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Cousin John, looking at shame-faced Phil, who was now able to sit up, and listening to Aunt Phœbe's recital of the particulars.

"You see Brin there?" pointing to an old, mottled black-and-gray dog, sitting in the onion-bed, with a whimsical wrinkle in his nose, and sniffing the air with a very disgusted expression on his canine

countenance. "Well," continued Cousin John, "if you are as sensible as he is, you'll never touch the stuff again. And I reckon if it hadn't been for him I might have stuck to the pipe to this day, for I've fooled away about as much money in tobacco as anybody."

"What! you, Cousin John?" asked Phil, feebly astonished.

"Yes," replied his companion; "and while Aunt Phœbe goes up to the house for a rest, I will tell you about it. It was ten years ago that I left off. I was up in the woods of Maine that Winter, surveying lumber. You know all lumber, after it is cut in the woods, is measured or surveyed in the woods, so that the company may know how many thousand or million feet, as the case may be, are sent down to the mills. I worked for one company four years surveying, and it was rough work.

"Well, one night, on coming into camp, I found the whole 'gang' of men—for there was a large crew cutting lumber—standing round the ox-camp, with eager, excited looks, while a terrible set-to was going on inside. What creatures were in there I could not at first make out; but in a moment a familiar 'Ki-yi! ki-yi!' rose above the uproar, and one of the men shouted encouragingly, 'Sic 'em, Brin! Sic 'em Brin! Down with 'em!' at the same time pounding on the door to drive on the combatants.

"Then at it they went again, and more screeching, ki-yi-ing, and tumbling about the ox-camp followed. A dog was inside, that was clear; but what was with him there in deadly combat I could not learn till an old Frenchman sang out:

"Huray for the linnix! I bet on 'is stoob tail."

"He meant lynx," continued Cousin John. "One of the men at the camp had caught a big one that afternoon. The dog belonged to a New Brunswick man, who had come across from a gang logging on another stream. At a banter from one of our men, the fellow had the cruelty to shut him into the ox-camp with one of the biggest, fiercest-looking lynxes I ever saw, just to see which would beat; and there they were fighting out their life-battle with all those great, hard-hearted men standing around, jeering and urging then on"—

"Which *did* beat, Cousin John?" interrupted Phil, getting a good deal interested, in spite of his occasional qualms.

"Well, the battle was soon over, and when the New Brunswick man opened the door, there lay the lynx dead, and the dog lay beside him so torn and scratched and bitten, that he could scarcely lift his head. That was Brin. I bought him of his master for three pounds of gunpowder, for all thought he would die."

"But you didn't die—brave old dog!" said Phil, trying to coax Brin over to him. "Why don't he come to me, Cousin John?" as Brin still sat in the onion-bed, sniffing and yawning.

"I'm coming to the reason," laughed Cousin John. "One day, late that winter, I was out from camp, two or three miles up the river, where quite a quantity of pine lumber had been cut and hauled to the landing to be measured. Brin was with me, for he had now quite recovered. I had taken my dinner along, and after eating it had smoked, according to rule, and laid my pipe down on a log. Brin watched all my movements with hungry eyes, the remnants of my dinner falling far short of satisfying his appetite.

"By the middle of the afternoon I started for camp, but Brin had treed a squirrel out in the woods, and not feeling inclined to follow me then, he was left behind, barking.

"We had just finished our supper at camp, and I was hunting for my pipe, and wondering what had become of it, when a scratching was heard at the door. The cook opened it and Brin walked into the shanty with my pipe in his mouth. Coming straight over to where I sat, he laid it down before me, and turning about, walked off, the sickest and most disgusted-looking dog that was ever seen, I

guess. Not even a nice piece of fresh beef could tempt him to eat or to get up from under the hemlock bush where he had stretched himself in the snow.

"The next morning, when I went back to my work, there were signs all along the way that Brin had had a struggle with that pipe. It was an old clay pipe, brown and strong with long use, just such a one as old smokers prize.

"Every few rods there was the prints of it in the soft snow, where the poor fellow had been obliged to lay it down from sheer sickness.

"Then he would walk around it three or four times, seemingly undecided whether to take up the sickening thing again or not.

"But he knew that it was mine, and had an idea that it was his duty to fetch it to me at all cost. So he would carry it as far as he was able, and then drop it. As he neared the camp, he had to drop it pretty often, sometimes going off and plunging and rolling in the snow as if too sick to endure it another moment. After that he never could be coaxed into the camp after supper, when the men were smoking, and one night he nearly throttled the Frenchman for smoking in his face.

"Well, Brin's disgust of the weed set me to considering the matter," concluded Cousin John, "and I decided that I wouldn't be beaten by a dog in common sense. So I left off its use from that night, and I have always felt that I owed old Brin a big debt of gratitude for showing me the folly, not to say the sinfulness, of so filthy and expensive a habit. One taste was enough for you, wasn't it, old fellow?" tossing the cigar-stump over to where Brin was snapping at grasshoppers; "and I hope it will be for you, Phil," turning to the boy.

"I am quite sure of it," said Phil, decidedly, making a very wry face.

OUR DEAR FANNIE GONE TO REST.

In Greggspert, Nebraska City, Nebraska, after an eight days' illness, June 6th, 1883, Fannie, only child of Sister Annie K. Nelson, aged eight years, six months and four days; blessed January 30, 1876. The loss was a heavy blow to her deeply sorrowing mother, whose joy and comfort little Fannie was after her fathers death. Fannie would have no Doctor, or their medicines, but asked the Elders to administer and pray over her, which was done frequently; and she felt satisfied when they did it. She remained conscious to the last. Shortly before her departure she put her arms around her mother's neck and said, "My precious mamma. Oh my dear, good mamma." Then she said after a while, "Oh mamma, Oh auntie, I see so many pretty, pretty things." Soon she gently passed away without a sign of pain. Her funeral took place June 7th, 1883, Elder Henry Kemp preached a short but consoling and comforting discourse; J. W. Waldsmith led in prayer, all who could joined in the singing which was led by the writer at the house. Fannie was a faithful Sabbath School scholar and filled her place promptly; and many of the scholars along with the scholars of the public school came to attend her funeral and follow her to her grave. She lay pleasantly as though sleeping sweetly in her coffin, surrounded with beautiful flowers, while the little ones solemnly passed around her, to see their little school mate for the last time. Outsiders and saints manifested the deepest sympathy for her mother, as the little daughter was so suddenly taken from her, but it is her consolation, Fannie was a good child to her, and she was patient in her sickness and now she is safe from harm and danger, as she was a lamb of the fold of her Savior, to whom she has gone.

"Dearest Fannie thou has left us,
Oh thy loss we deeply feel,
But 'tis God that hath bereft us,
He can all our sorrows heal:
Peaceful be thy silent slumber,
Peaceful in thy grave so low,
Thou no more will join our number,
Thou no more our songs shall know."

AUNTIE ANNIE NIELSEN.

GIVE ME TEN CENTS, WILL YOU?

I WAS thus accosted in the city of Fall River, Mass., one Saturday afternoon, several years ago. I stopped to see who it was that was making such a request, and it proved to be a young man, one of my former acquaintances, and who, I am sorry to say, was then slightly under the influence of strong drink. Upon enquiring why he wanted me to give him ten cents, he stated that he just wanted one more drink, and then he would go home. I stopped with him for some time, and sought to show him the danger and folly of such a course of life, pointing out to him the fact, that if persisted in, it would certainly lead him to misery, degradation and ruin. And with my convictions I could not comply with his request, but would do anything possible to help him reform, &c. I could see that he did not like my talk, just, (he said), as though he did not know enough to take care of himself? At this we parted.

About four months afterwards the community was startled by the announcement that Frank—was drowned in the pond. He with another man was in a boat, both had been drinking, the boat capsized and one of them, (Frank), was drowned. O, how vivid came to my mind our last meeting, and that last request seemed to be repeated, "Give me ten cents will you." "I want just one more drink, then I will go home." And those last words, "I guess I can take care of myself."

Now, dear Hopes, let the above be a lesson to all of you, not to indulge in strong drink as a beverage. "If a man takes coals of fire to his bosom, he will be burned." We can not afford to trifle with such an evil; it is too dangerous. How many hopes have been blasted! How many hearts made to ache. How many happy homes broken up, and families made unhappy, by indulging the appetite for strong drink. Our only safety is to shun the cup altogether, then, we shall not be "deceived thereby."

JOHN GILBERT.

THE MANNER OF ST. PAUL'S DEATH.

BISHOP CLEMENT, before the end of the first century, speaks of his martyrdom. Ignatius and Irenaeus, a hearer of St. John, both allude to his sojourn at Rome. St. Ambrose gives the legend of his last interview with our Savior. And this, according to tradition not unsupported by evidence from his own writing, is the manner of St. Paul's death. About A. D. 66, the apostle seems to have been again arrested at Troas. He left his cloak—so indispensable to the traveler in Greece and Italy, lands of heat and sudden chill and fever—at Troas in the hurry of departure, together with some valuable books and parchment; perhaps some epistle he was writing—copies of the Scripture, memoranda of Christ's life and works before any written Gospel of Matthew, Mark, Luke or John was in existence—we know not whether he ever got them again. He was hurried a second time to Rome—but how changed was now that city—how changed were his prospects!

No friends came to meet the apostle, as, bowed with age and sickness, he was hurried over the charred ruins of the Forum and met the carts laden with material for Nero's new palace on the Esquiline. No friendly centurion or pretorian guards or Roman Governor ventured any more to write or speak a word for the prisoner Paul. If any of his friends were still in the Trastevere they were too panic-stricken and cowed to put in an appearance. The second epistle to Timothy is written by a lonely man who comes to the end of a life of unprecedented toil and sacrifice, to face at once martyrdom and failure. Under these circumstances the last human desire will not be put down. He hopes, with all the strength of his affectionate and forsaken heart, to see his beloved Timothy. Twice he urged him to come at once. "Do thy diligence to come shortly unto me," and "come before winter." Ah! when winter came Paul no longer needed Timothy! But now he was very lonely, "only Luke was with him;" Christianity seemed quite dead. Paul the only one left—every one had gone off in a fright;

Demas had given up the whole thing; Crescens, and even Titus, had been glad to get away. So calmly, in this last hour of defeat and loneliness, the great apostle sits down to encourage Timothy. "Watch thou in all things. Do the work of an evangelist. Endure afflictions. Make full proof of thy ministry. And this because—sublime contradiction!—his own career was approaching its disastrous close! "For I am now," he continues, "ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight. I have finished my course. I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing." And soon after this his hour came. The tradition runs thus:

They led him out beyond the gate of the city which now bears his name. Three miles went the prisoner with the Roman guards, and such escort as the last pittance of human fidelity or mere lounging idleness might gather on the way. They paused at the place of execution, by the far-famed Salvia springs. The spot is green, and damp, malarious. A body of ascetic monks have made their abode and built their sad monastery over the hallowed shrine of "Tre Fontane." The crowd has already thinned; the prisoner is not interesting—a poor, shattered specimen of humanity! Did he kneel and pray for the last time as he was wont to pray with a small band by the river, or on the lone sea-shore! I trow not; there was scant time for that; may be none there who would dare to join him. "I am ready to be offered," and in another moment the head of Paul the aged fell beneath the swift stroke of the executioner, and the good and faithful servant entered into the joy of his Lord.—*Good Words.*

EYES OR NO EYES.

WHEN I first began to teach school in the country, I said to a bright boy, one pleasant spring morning, who had a long mile to come to school every day, "Well, my young man, what did you see this morning on your way to school?"

"Nothing much, sir."

I said, "To-morrow morning I shall ask you the same question."

The morning came; and, when I called him to my desk, you would have been surprised to hear how much he had seen along the road—cattle of all sizes and colors; fowls of almost every variety; sheep and lambs, horses and oxen: new barns and houses, and old ones; here a tree blown down, and yonder a fine orchard just coming out into full bloom; there a field covered over with corn or wheat; here a carriage and there a farm-wagon.

And not only had he seen these and many more things in the fields and by the wayside but looking up he had noticed flocks of blackbirds going north to their summer home. There he had noticed a kingbird making war on the crow, and here a little wren pursuing a hawk; yonder he had seen robins flying from tree to tree, and over there the bobolink mingling his morning song with that of the meadow lark. In a word, he had seen so much to tell me, that I had not time before school to hear it all. A new world had sprung up all around him—earth, water, and air were now full of interesting objects to him. Up to this time he had never learned to look around him and think. Things around him had not changed in number or character, but he had begun to take note of them.

Letters from the Hopes.

CRESTON, IOWA, March 5th, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—It is with pleasure I write to you for the first time; but I hope it will not be the last. I was baptized August 14th, 1882. I often feel downcast, but my desire is to serve the Lord, and do right. I feel happy when I think that if we only obey the commandments of God, we shall live with him forever. We do not know what moment we

shall be called from this world, and I think we ought to be prepared. We live in Iowa. We have a little branch here, and have prayer meeting every two weeks. Let us try and be faithful to the end.

Your sister,

SADIE BULLARD.

NUTTALLBURG, Fayette Co., W. Va.,
June 12th, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—I thought I would write you a little letter; this is the first time I have written to you. I am nearly thirteen years old. I was baptized by Bro. L. R. Devore about two years ago. My mother, two sisters, and one brother belong to the Church. Bro. Devore is here preaching; he has baptized three since he came. We have no Sabbath School or meeting of our own here—I go to the Union Sabbath School. We think Bro. Devore will organize a branch here before he leaves; if so we can have meetings of our own. This from your sister in the gospel,

PEARLIE WILLIAMS.

RENO, IOWA, June 10th, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—This is the first time I have ever written to the Hope. I am a little girl, I will be twelve years old next December. I was baptized two weeks ago, May 27th, by Bro. Chatburn; I have a mother and father and two sisters in the Church. I want you all to pray for me.

I remain as ever your sister in Christ,

ATTIE HUDSPETH.

HOPKINS STATION, Allegan Co., Mich.,
March 8th, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—I would like to have the Hope come every time the Herald comes, as Uncle W. R. said I would be willing to pay eighty cents, or one dollar. There are no Saints living near here. Our school is almost out. It will be time to make maple sugar soon. We have one hundred and fifty trees.

Yours truly,

HERMAN D. SMITH.

ELKHORN CITY, Neb, June 6th, 1883.

Dear Hopes.—It has been a long time since I wrote. We are having very bad weather. It is very wet and cool, and has been so for about a month. Brethren Rumel and Brown paid us a visit not long ago. We have meetings now again. I read in the Hope a letter from one of the Hopes saying that such stories as Maplewood Manor were not fit to be printed in the Hope. I can not see anything wrong in such stories. I think Pearla Wild's stories are very good and interesting, and they always have a moral to them. I do not think it is right for us to find fault with those that write until we have written something better. I think we had better let them write that will. Hoping to see the rest of Maplewood Manor in the Hope, I remain your sister,

F. C.

Sunday June 3d, 1883.

To Zion's Hope; and to all those interested in Sabbath Schools: We hereby announce that a Sabbath School was organized at Galland's Grove, Shelby County, Iowa, on Sunday, March 18th, 1883, to meet in School House No. 1, Grove Township, better known as the Geo. Hawley School House. The following officers were chosen: John Hawley Superintendent and teacher of second class; James Pearsall secretary and Teacher of first class; David Young Treasurer and Chorister. We have from forty to fifty scholars every Sunday. We have read the gospel according to St. Matthew, and commented thereon since organization, and commence at St. Mark, to day: good attention, and good order prevails.

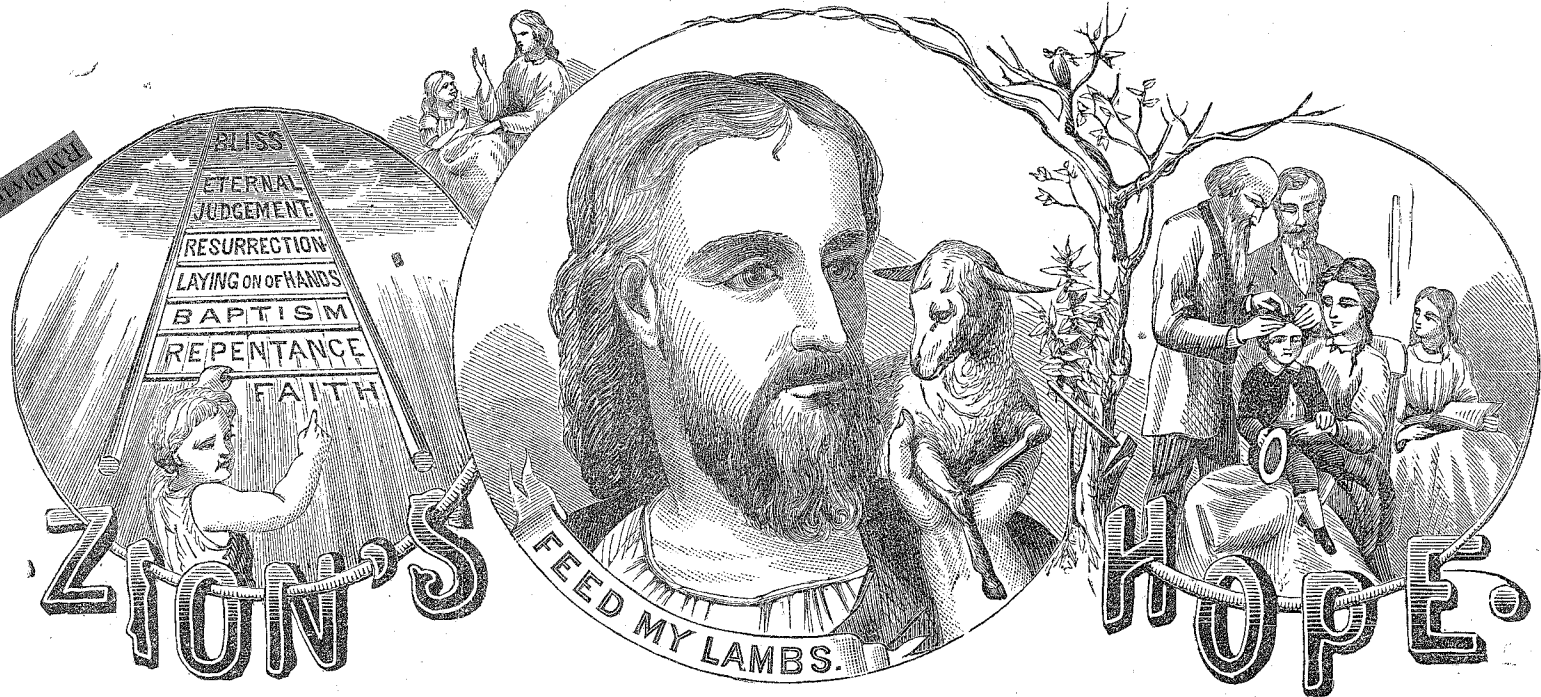
JAMES PEARSALL, Secretary.

THE SAINTS' HERALD:

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

Vol. XV.

LAMONI, IOWA, JULY 15, 1883.

No. 2.

A BRAHMIN CAUGHT.

THE late Mr. Thomas, one of the missionary brethren at Serampore, was one day, after addressing a crowd of the natives on the banks of the Ganges, accosted by a Brahmin as follows:

"Sir, don't you say that the devil tempts men to sin.

"Yes," answered Mr. Thomas.

"Then," said the Brahmin, "certainly the fault is the devil's; the devil, therefore, ought to suffer the punishment."

While the countenances of many of the natives discovered their approbation of the Brahmin's inference, Mr. Thomas, observing a boat with several men on board descending the river, with that facility of instructive retort for which he was so much distinguished, replied, "Brahmin, do you see yonder boat?"

"Yes."

"Suppose I were to send some of my friends to destroy every person on board and bring me all that is valuable in the boat, who ought to suffer punishment—I for instructing them, or they for doing this wicked act?"

"Why," answered the Brahmin, with emotion, "you ought all to be put to death together."

"Ay, Brahmin," replied Mr. Thomas; "and if you and the devil sin together, the devil and you will be punished together."

TO A SORROWING MOTHER.

THE MOURNER'S LESSON.

A dream did visit me, under the light
Of the stars that gemmed the night—Queen's
Crown;

While the radiant moon with her luster white,
On the silent snow-clad earth looked down.

I gazed on a scene in a summer land;
Wonderful beauty was there displayed;
Fragrant the flowers on every hand,
While luxuriant vines in the soft wind swayed.

I saw, in my dream, a fair white rose,—
Nay—only a bud! 'mid the flowers there;
I waited to see its leaves unclose,
And softly sway on the scented air.

But lo! it was broken! an unseen power
Had taken the fairest among them all;
Sadly I thought of the vanished flowers:
Sadly I listed the wind's low call.

But, while I wept, a voice came there
Sweeter than music the bright scene o'er:
"The flower you mourn with three as fair,
In beauty blooms on a distant shore."

And lo! in my dream, the scene was changed;
A whirlwind swept o'er the landscape there.
While ebon clouds in the dim sky ranged,
And lightnings flashed in the darkened air.

The forests were bent like fields of grain,
And marred was many a noble form;
Their leaves were torn by wind and rain,
Their branches scattered upon the storm.

I looked on the flowers when the storm was past,
And there was a sight my heart that pained,
Their petals were torn by the rushing blast,
I saw them trampled and soiled and stained.

Again came the voice, "The flower you loved
Was only taken from ill to come;
And yet you mourned when 'twas removed;
Come, look on it in its brighter home."

I followed my guide who led me then
To a land most wondrously fair to behold;
The streamlets that flowed through flowering glen,
O'er pebbles of pearly whiteness rolled.

I saw the four rose-buds blooming there,
Far whiter and purer than mountain snow;
Never were flowers on earth so fair,
Never such blossoms flourished below.

There, planted beside the Waters of Life,
And fanned by the breeze from Elysian plains:
Where comes no sorrow, or sound of strife,
Where peace and happiness ever reign.

No storms ever sweep o'er that country so fair,
Nor ever its glories are darkened by night;
There's never a chill on the life-giving air,
Nor ever a frost the frailest to blight.

I mourned no more the fate of the flower,
This lesson my heart shall cherish for aye.
God's wisdom and mercy are great as his power,
In kindness he calleth our loved ones away.

Yours with sincere sympathy,
EVELYN GREY.

Bro. Joseph:—The above poetry was composed by a friend of mine, who lives in Pennsylvania, on the death of my sister's child, Dilla Hardacker, as reported to the *Herald* by Bro. Terry. I should be pleased to see it in the *Herald* or *Hope*, if you think it worthy of publication. The dream was really given to the writer.

Respectfully,
DELL WORDEN.

KITTY-MERINA.

WE didn't mean to call her that. As soon as we brought her home, we took her in to ask mamma what her name must be. Mamma was busy at her sewing-machine, but she always stops to look when we have anything to show her. She rubbed the kitty's soft little back, and said, "Call her Katrina; you can spell it with a C and then it will be a joke." We didn't see any joke, but we thought Katrina was a pretty name, so we said we would call her that. We carried our new pussy all through the house, and last of all down to the kitchen to show her to Frances. When Frances asked us what her name was don't you think Janet and I had both forgotten it! We never thought of Jack's remembering, be-

cause he was only three years old, and couldn't talk plain; but when he found we couldn't tell Frances, he spoke up as solemn as a Judge, and said, "Kitty-mewina." He couldn't say Katrina, and besides he thought she was too little to be called Cat-anything; so after that we always called her Kitty-merina.

When we had had her about two months, it was time for us to leave town, and papa said we couldn't possibly take Kitty-merina with us. But mamma knows ways out of everything.

"I'll tell you a good plan," says mamma. "Take her round to Amy Myers to keep for you, and tell Mrs. Myers that I will pay the pussy's board with a little bucket of skimmed milk and a tin cup of fresh milk every day while we are away." You see papa would have a cow kept for us children, though we lived in town, and went to the mountains every summer.

"And tell Amy," said mamma, smiling, "to be sure and not let Kitty-merina have any of the new milk, it might give her colic!" I think mamma made this plan because Mrs. Myers was poor, and had a little new baby no older than Kitty-merina herself.

We were gone three months, and when we came back we went right off that very day for Kitty-merina. But the pussy had forgotten us, and didn't want to leave Amy at all, and I think Amy was most crying about giving her up. We didn't know exactly what to do at first, but Jack went right up and hugged Amy, and said, "Oo tan have Kitty-mewina, 'taus we have lots of fings."

So we went home without the pussy, and when we told mamma how it happened, she hugged and kissed us all—Jack first.

Papa said we must keep on paying the pussy's board; so Amy comes every day for the milk, and brings Kitty-merina along with her.—*Morning Light*.

THE BOY AND THE DUKE.

AN English farmer was one day at work in the fields, when he saw a party of huntsmen riding about his farm. He had one field that he was specially anxious they should not ride over, as the crop was in a condition to be badly injured by the tramp of horses; so he dispatched a boy in his employ to this field, telling him to shut the gate, and keep watch over it, and on no account suffer it to be opened. The boy went as he was bid, but was scarcely at his post before the huntsmen came up, peremptorily ordering the gate to be opened. This the boy declined to do, stating the orders received, and his determination not to disobey them. Threats and bribes were offered, alike in vain. One after another came forward as spokesmen, but all with

the same result; the boy remained immovable in his determination not to open the gate. After a while, one of noble presence advanced, and said, in commanding tones:

"My boy do you know me? I am the Duke of Wellington—one not accustomed to be disobeyed; and I command you to open that gate, that I and my friends may pass through."

The boy lifted his cap and stood uncovered before the man whom all England delighted to honor then answered firmly, "I am sure the Duke of Wellington would not wish me to disobey orders. I must keep this gate shut; no one is to pass through but with my master's express premission."

Greatly pleased, the sturdy old warrior lifted his own hat, and said, "I honor the man or boy who can be neither bribed nor frightened into doing wrong. With an army of such soldiers, I could conquer not only the French but the world." And, handing the boy a glittering sovereign, the old duke put spurs to his horse, and galloped away; while the boy ran off to his work, shouting at the top of his voice, "Hurrah! hurrah! I've done what Napoleon couldn't do—I've kept out the Duke of Wellington."

BARRY.

MISS ABIGAIL BURR was a little brown old maid, who lived in a little brown old house with her cat, Debby, and her woman-of-all work, Prudence, sharp of tongue and long of visage as herself. There was nothing of grace or sweetness about Miss Abigail's life—every-thing was dry, and hard, and husky. Indeed, some people were so uncharitable as to say that her heart was like a very-much-dried-up kernel in a nutshell, and would rattle if she were to be shaken hard enough. But I never quite believed that; I always said there was a soft spot in Miss Abigail's heart, to be found when the time came to find it.

One spring twillight a boy opened Miss Abigail's garden gate and walked up the path between the rows of straggling lilacs. He was not a boy who lived in Caperstown, or he would not have dared venture, I am sure, for Prudence's sake, besides having nothing to venture for. He was an unkempt, starved looking little specimen of humanity. His coat was a world too long, and patched at the elbows; his trousers were a world too short, and patched at the knees. His hat was guiltless of brim, and through a hole in the crown bobbed a little tuft of hair that had once been brown but was now woefully faded. He went straight up to Miss Abigail's front steps. Miss Abigail was sitting on the porch in her high-backed rocking-chair, so intent on binding off her stocking heel that she heard neither the click of the gate-latch nor the footsteps on the hard-trodden path, and she did not look up until the boy's figure interposed itself between her work and the fading sunset light.

He doffed his tattered hat crown.

"If you please, ma'am, will you—may I have something to eat?"

It was not at all a tramp's manner of asking; there was a manliness in his voice which Miss Abigail could not help noticing. Perhaps that was the reason she looked at the boy keenly for a moment before answering. In that moment Prudence, tall and angular, stood in the door, with a shawl over her head and her right hand swathed in cotton.

"I'll have to get Jonas Barrows to do the milkin,' Miss Abigail," said she. "I can't, I've burned my hand so bad." The boy looked up quickly. "Can't I—could milk for you?"

Now Prudence did not like boys, and she sometimes expressed her dislike in a very forcible manner, as many of the village boys could testify.

She therefore surveyed this audacious boy standing on the steps, from his bare head—not forgetting the faded little tuft—to his feet, in dumb astonishment.

"You might let him try, Prudence," said Miss Abigail, thinking rather dubiously of the nervous, mouse-colored Alderney in the yard.

"I chored on a farm all last summer," said the boy, glancing eagerly from mistress to maid. "I want some supper, and will be glad to do something to pay for it."

"Well you kin try it," said Prudence, after a moment's deliberation. "t's better'n begging a favor, anyhow."

She led the way to the kitchen, and took a shining tin pail from the dresser.

"Here's the milk-pail," said she to the boy, who stood waiting, "and the cow's in the yard yonder. Payday comes when the work is done."

And Prudence smiled grimly as she went about setting a lunch of bread and butter and cold meat.

She felt morally certain that the flighty Alderney heifer, used only to women-kind, would be far more likely to spread a pair of bovine wings and fly away, than to allow herself to be milked by a boy.

"He can't do it," she said to Miss Abigail, who presently brought her knitting-work into the kitchen. "The heifer'll send him sky-high!"

But he could, and he did; and he soon appeared in the doorway, his pail brimming with snowy foam, "Well I never!" ejaculated Prudence.

"You didn't think I could?" said the boy, smiling brightly.

"No, I didn't" admitted Prudence, and straightway, in her astonishment, she added to his fare a segment of rhubarb pie.

"Wasn't there a bit of cheese left over from tea?" asked Miss Abigail. Prudence thought there was, and while she was bringing it from the cellar the boy gave himself a thorough scrubbing at the pump, coming in from his ablutions fresh and ruddy as a rose. He was very hungry; there was no doubt of that. He looked at Miss Abigail with a deprecating smile as Prudence carried off the bread-plate for a third replenishing.

"I'm pretty hungry," he said. "This is the first bite I've had since morning, and it tastes good."

To be sure it did. Miss Abigail thought of a little brother who had died years and years before, ere his feet began to feel the pricks along life's pathway. How strange that the sight of this little vagrant, satisfying his hunger at her kitchen table, should bring to remembrance the child who had so early put off the mortal for the immortal! Presently, having finished his repast, the boy laid his knife and fork across his plate with a methodical precision which it pleased Miss Abigail to see, and then he glanced from Prudence, standing near with arms akimbo, to Miss Abigail.

"Thank you for my supper," said he, "Maybe I'd best be getting along. You don't want a boy to work, do you?"

"A—boy—to—work!" echoed Prudence. "Did you ever?"

"No, we don't!" said Miss Abigail, sharply. And then—somehow she could not help thinking again of that frail little life which had blighted in the bud so long before.

"How far are you going?" she asked.

"I don't know, ma'am."

"Well, where have you come from?"

"Trescott, ma'am. Mother died there three months ago." There was a pathetic quiver in his voice.

And so with a little questioning, he told his simple story. His name was Barry Olmsted, and he was twelve years old. He had lived in Trescott a long time—he and his mother; they were very poor, but they had kept a little home together. His mother had taken in sewing, and he had worked for the neighboring farmers summers and gone to school winters. And he had been very happy, for all they were so poor, until—Mother died.

"Then I stopped with Deacon Staples a spell; he said he wanted to try me. But I found they were going to bind me out to him, so I ran away."

"None to blame nuther," said Prudence with a great deal of emphasis. "I've seen old Staples down to Trescott. He's that mean he'd skin a mouse for its hide and taller!"

"I've been trying along for a chance to work," continued the boy smiling faintly. He was very near to tears now, but he held them back sturdily. "But there don't anybody seem to want me."

Miss Abigail was moved more than she would have cared to own by this recital. Even to her, who had lived for self so long, there was something indescribably pitiful in the thought of this little wanderer battling along with the world, buffeted by fortune, drifting here or there, as fortune might dictate. It had grown dark now—the lamps had long since been lighted—and there were mutterings of distant thunder in the air.

"Is't gonig to rain, and you needn't go to-night," said Miss Abigail; "you may sleep in the stable loft."

Barry thanked her.

The storm broke with great violence and as Miss Abigail listened to the sharp peals of thunder and the beating of the rain against the windows, she thought of the little way-farer in the stable loft with a new, strange throb of pity. Morning came merry with bird songs and glistening with myriads of dewdrops. Prudence was up betimes, but, early as it was, she heard the sound of an axe in the woodshed; and when she opened the door, Barry smiled at her from his post by the chopping block.

"I don't think I paid enough for my supper—I ate such a lot," he said; "so I've split some kindlings, and I'll milk for you if you want me to."

Prudence brought the pail without a word; and when she had prepared Miss Abigail's morning meal she made ready a good substantial breakfast for Barry also. When he had eaten it he took up his hat crown.

"Go out the way you came in," said Prudence "or else you'll bring bad luck."

Barry gave a little incredulous laugh, but went out into the porch. Miss Abigail was there, taking deep breath of the fresh morning air, and she bade him a kind good morning as he went down the path again between the lilacs, exuberant in growth but meagre in bloom.

"I wonder why our lilacs do not flower more freely," Miss Abigail said to Prudence, who had come to the door.

"I dunno," Prudence answered.

Barry heard and turned.

"I guess it's because you leave the old blossoms on," he said hesitatingly. "Mother used to say I must pick the blossoms off one year if I wanted any the next."

And then he passed through the little gate, closing it carefully behind him, and trudged away along the moist brown road.

"Thats a very uncommon boy," said Miss Abigail, looking after him with serious eyes.

"Yes" answered Prudence, "he's a clever enough little chap—for a boy."

"To think of his knowing about lilacs!" continued Miss Abigail, meditatively. "I must cut off all the flowers this spring."

"An' he got as good a mess of milk from the heifer as I could 'a' done myself with a well hand," Prudence, added.

"Yes, he would have been handy about milking and bringing in wood for you," said Miss Abigail.

"An' bringin' the letters from the post office," continued Prudence; "it's a good piece over to the village in muddy walkin'."

"So it is," said Miss Abigail.

She gazed reflectively along the road, which led to the hamlet a mile away. Barry was climbing the hill—a mere pitiful, lonely speck in the distance, as he was a mere insignificant atom in the great body of humanity. Miss Abigail's eyes filled.

"We might have kept him," she said.

"T aint too late yet," put in Prudence.

The two women looked into each other's eyes. "If you can make him hear—" began Miss Abigail,

But Prudence had already gained the road, and sent a long, quavering cry after Barry.

"B-o-o-y!"

But the little figure they were watching plodded steadily on.

"Gimme the old tin horn out o' the kitchen, Miss Abigail—quick!" called Prudence excitedly.

Miss Abigail, staid spinster that she was, without a thought of the ludicrousness of the proceeding, ran into the kitchen, snatched the horn from its nail, and ran out with it to Prudence. And Prudence put it to her mouth, and blew a blast so long and loud that it startled the birds into silence and set the echoes ringing from hillside to hillside.

"He c'n hear that ef he c'n hear anything," declared Prudence.

He did. He stopped. Prudence waved the horn vigorously. There was a moment of suspense, and, then Prudence turned to Miss Abigail, who was standing at the gate.

"He's a-comin' back," she said.

When Barry breathless with the haste he had made, reached the cottage, Miss Abigail was on the porch.

"We made up our minds to keep you," she said, "so long as you don't make too much trouble."

"Oh, thank you, ma'am!" cried Barry. "Indeed, I'll try to please you!"

And I am sure he has succeeded, for the lilacs have been in bloom three times since that morning, and he is with Miss Abigail, yet growing tall and manly as the years go by. He tills the bit of a farm which so long lay unimproved, and in winter attends school at the village, where he is in excellent repute. He is so faithful, and helpful, and kind, that Prudence is fain to apothegmatize the horn after this manner:

"Harnsome is as harnsome does, an' you're deservin' of a bed o' velvet, ole horn, for the deed you done that day!"

MAPLEWOOD MANOR.

BY PERLA WILD.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE next morning Mr. Russell felt so much better and stronger that he rode over to Heatherglade, never imagining that anything was wrong there. Mr. Rumsey received him coolly, but politely, and sent for Addie. She came down, pale and nervous, surprised and pleased at the change that had come over her father.

"You are really venturesome, papa; so soon after being ill. It is almost tempting Providence."

She saw a sneer on her husband's face, and felt more indignant than ever.

"No, my child," her father said looking into her white, worn face, "only taking, gladly and fearlessly, what Providence kindly offers. But Addie, you are looking quite ill. What is it? Something is wrong, surely."

Mr. Rumsey grew nervous now, and walked to a window and tapped idly on the casement. Addie blushed—then grew white to the lips, and hid her face from her father as she gave an evasive answer. He knew not what to say, and fearing to urge the matter farther, soon arose to go. Addie followed him down the hall, her husband watching her from the parlor door. But he did not hear the last, low spoken words, "Do, papa, beg Mrs. Bell to send Elsie to me. I am lonely in this great house, and— and, almost fear illness. I am feeling wretchedly." When he reached home he delivered the message, not saying, however, what was in his heart,—that there was something more than sickness that troubled Addie.

Ralph Rumsey drove away with a friend toward the city soon after Mr. Russell left, and Addie laid down on the sofa to weep,—woman like—because she was miserable, and because she couldn't help it. Her liege lord had not bidden her to hold herself a prisoner longer, so she remained in the parlor. Indeed, he had taken no notice of her at all. Only told the housekeeper, that a friend had come,

and he was going with him to the city, and would not be home till late. Addie sobbed herself to sleep, to be awakened by a gentle kiss and embrace, and opened her eyes to see Elsie, sweet, quiet and lovely, as Elsie always was,—standing beside her.

Then Addie began to cry again, softly. "Oh, Elsie I'm so glad you've come. I'm lonely, half sick, and out of sorts. I—I—" she paused. Should she, or should she not? If she *could* keep it all in her own heart, perhaps it would be better. But she positively *couldn't*. She was so impulsive and open hearted, it seemed impossible for her to conceal such a load of woe as hers. Surely Elsie could be trusted.

"I expect I ought not speak of it, Elsie dear. But I'm in serious trouble, and I *must* tell some one."

"I was afraid you would be," Elsie answered gently, and not in the least surprised, seating herself by Addie's side, and smoothing the tumbled, waving tresses.

"You know, Elsie, that Mr. Rumsey was displeased with me for going to papa's." Addie spoke with little sobbing pauses. "I don't know just what I said and how I said it, when I came home, but I do know that I was sorry for offending him,—and tried to tell him so.—But somehow I failed,—and he ordered me to my room,—and—I've been there like a veritable prisoner ever since, till papa came this morning.—Only last night he sent for me to come down to tea,—as if I could eat at his bidding. He said I was to go out in the grounds for a walk, and come in when the tea bell rang. I didn't however."—Here Addie's voice grew firmer, and her tone, as she went on, had a tinge of its native ring and mettle; and she raised herself erect before she had finished.

"I saw him from my window, walking about slowly, fully expecting me to come meekly down at his command. He was much disappointed at not seeing me. I went down, and out into the garden, the very moment the door shut behind him as he entered the house. I had time to catch a few breaths full of reviving sweetness before I was summoned the second time. Not even Hagar suspected that I had left my room for a moment. And I am not at all sure those sweet, sympathetic blossoms did not save me from going crazy. For O! I was utterly miserable! To think that I should be treated like a mere child." Pausing with a little gasp of indignation.

"He forgave you at last, and let you come and see your father?" Elsie said inquiringly.

"I don't know, I am sure," replied Addie. "He didn't say so. Never even spoke to me when he went away to the city awhile ago. I heard him tell Mrs. Wait, or I would not know where he had gone."

"Hagar came up to my room and said Mr. Rumsey wished me to come down and see papa; of course he sent her, but he never looked at me when I came into the room. Oh, Elsie, Elsie! I am so unhappy! What shall I do? I have brought it all on myself. I ought to have known better. I was warned, but I would not heed. I can blame no one. I should not have married a man so much older, just for his wealth. I ought to have known,—I *did* know, but I was reckless." And she burst out crying again. Elsie said nothing for a while.

By and by she asked, pityingly, "What can you do, Addie? You are married, and have lived some time quite happily. What will you do, now?"

Addie hesitated a moment then dashed away the falling tears, and straitened herself erect. "Do, Elsie? Why what *can* I do? Bear it, of course, if it kills me. It's my own work. I *would* be mistress of Heatherglade. And so I must remain. I'll *never* tell mamma and papa, and beg them to take me home, where I ought to have staid. Never! They advised me, but I would not listen. Now I must suffer for my folly. But no one shall know it.—Save you, sweet little friend. I'd die or go crazy if it were not for you, dear. God bless you." And she fell to crying again.

After a time Elsie asked, "Jonas told you about your sister Louisa, didn't he?"

"Yes," replied Addie, forgetting her grief for a moment. "But I've had so much trouble I had thought very little about it. He said your Uncle Max had seen her, and somehow, never told of it till a few days ago. Jonas didn't know much about it, and when I was at the Manor yesterday morning, I had little time to hear about it, only that Max was going to try to find her and bring her home. Somehow it doesn't seem like a reality. It's so long since she went away, and no word ever came of her, that it is almost as if she were dead."

"Oh but she isn't, though," cried Elsie, brightly. "She's all alive and well and happy. And oh! Addie, she's got the sweetest, cutest, little baby, mamma says, and a little boy, too. And won't it be so nice to have them all come. I can hardly wait till they do. You see your father sent Max for them, to bring them home whether or no. I never heard much about them, till a few days ago. Your sister went away before mamma and I came to the Manor. And no one has talked about her. I suppose your father didn't like the man she married."

"No," replied Addie, papa didn't like Archie Kent. He was only a poor orphan boy, and a hired hand. Papa couldn't think of Lou marrying a poor man, and so she was foolish enough to run away, and we've never heard a word from her till now. I'm glad papa has relented. I guess Lou's as happy as I am, though I *did* marry rich. Heigh-ho! So it goes. No one is ever quite satisfied."

"I don't know about that," Elsie said, thoughtfully. "I think I am very nearly satisfied. I can't think of anything I really want, that I haven't got. My life has always been a happy one. I can't feel thankful enough for the blessings I am constantly receiving."

"I can't, I am sure," sighed Addie. "I am very much afraid I am not thankful for anything. I have so much I can't remember to be grateful for anything."

Little Elsie was silent, not knowing what to say. Presently she asked Addie to go out on the lawn. The birds and sweetness out there were so tempting. "Heatherglade is such a lovely place," she added, closing. Addie agreed with a heavy sigh. But heaviness of heart was soon dispelled by the fresh, invigorating influence of the out door atmosphere, and the voices of the joyful songsters; as well as the society of cheerful, happy hearted, little Elsie.

When Mr. Rumsey returned that evening at twilight, he drove slowly along,—slowly and slower still as he neared the great gate. Here he paused, raising his hat and passing his hand across his brow, as if it were oppressive. Deck and Morgan, the shining, coal black horses twisted their handsome heads around to see what was the matter with their master, that he should stop here so still. They champed their bits impatiently, like the spoiled pets they were, but Mr. Rumsey only held the reins firmly and bade them "Ho there, beauties?"

"Were you waiting for some one to open the gate?" asked Elsie, sweetly. She had been cutting a few wild flowers which had ventured to creep through the fence, and lift their modest faces amid the thrifty lawn grass. Addie had returned to the house.

Mr. Rumsey started suddenly. "No—yes—I suppose so. But you can't manage it. You'r too small."

"O yes I can, sir," she cried, drawing the bolt of the great gate and permitting it to swing back, while the carriage passed through. Mr. Rumsey was sure she could not close it, but she did; and then he called her to him. "Little girl," he said in a low tone, "have you been here all day?"

Elsie answered half frightened, "No, sir. Only since eleven o'clock."

"That isn't what I want to know. How does—Mrs. Rumsey feel to-day?" Elsie knew not what to say. "I have been cruel to the poor girl. Tell me how I shall make it right."

Tears filled the little girl's eyes. "O sir, I don't know. I came out here on purpose to beg for poor Addie's pardon, but I dared not, when I saw you. It is so good of you to think of it. It will be all right, I know it will, if you only let her know in any way that you were—were" here she hesitated.

"Say it out, child, say it out," he cried. "Say I've been cruel, shamefully cruel to her." But I'll make amends if possible."

THE FOUR DOCTORS.

AN old gentleman who was very strong and cheerful was asked how he kept so. He said that he owed it all to his four good doctors,

"Dr. Air and Dr. Diet,
Dr. Horse and Dr. Quiet."

Fresh air, wholesome food, exercise, and sleep will give us the good health which all so much desire. Strong drink, eating at all hours, living in close rooms, and keeping late hours will destroy our health and shorten our lives. It is a sin against God to do this. He gives us life and health with which to serve him, and it is wicked to throw them away.

RESOLUTIONS OF CONDOLENCE.

WE your committee beg leave to report the following,

Whereas; It has pleased the Creator of all mankind to remove from our midst one of our number, and one beloved by all, little Fannie Nielsen, by the hand of death, June 6th, 1883:

And whereas; we do sincerely mourn her loss as a worthy member and a most dutiful scholar of our Sunday School; therefore be it

Resolved, that we recognize in the death of sister Fannie Nielsen, the extreme uncertainty of life, and the mysterious workings of an all wise Providence, whose promises are full of consolation to the widow and the orphan, and be it further

Resolved, that as a body we extend to the bereaved mother, and friends of our deceased sister, our most heartfelt sympathy in this sad affliction, praying that she and they may not mourn as those without hope. And be it further

Resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be spread upon our record, one copy be sent to the bereaved mother, and one be sent to the *Saints' Herald* for publication in the *Zion's Hope*.

Respectfully submitted,

J. W. WALDLSMITH, } Committee.
S. A. ARMSTRONG, }

NEBRASKA CITY, June 10th, 1883.

Letters from the Hopes.

SHELBY, Iowa, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—I take great pleasure in writing a few words, perhaps words of encouragement, to you. Although I do not often write, I have not forgotten you. Bro. Mark H. Forcett was with us Sunday last, and preached two very good and edifying sermons, in the Presbyterian Church, which gave general satisfaction. His subject in the morning was "Faith," and in the evening "Judgment." He departed for his home in Nebraska City, Monday. I hope Sister Perla Wild will be sufficiently encouraged by the words of the little hopes, to finish that interesting story entitled "Maplewood Manor." I love to read her writings, and only hope she will write again. I would like to correspond with some young sister of the church between thirteen and fifteen years of age, that I am not personally acquainted with. Dear Hopes you often hear from the pulpit, and from the mouths of able ministers who claim to be servants of God, "Just believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and you will be saved." Is there no work to do? If faith will save a person, what is the use of us trying to live that hard life, the life of a Latter Day Saint. "Faith without works is dead." It is sometimes very trying to face your school-mates, companions, etc., and say in earnest "I am a Latter Day Saint." You will often get the finger of scorn pointed at you. I know this by experience.

But do not be discouraged for you will have to bear many trials and persecutions for the Lord's sake. Ever trusting for the welfare of Zion,

I remain your sister in the one faith,
FLORENCE CHATRURN.

CORTLAND, DeKalb Co., Ill.,

June 17th, 1883,

Beloved Hopes of Zion:—You can see by the date of this letter that it is the Sabbath, or Sunday. Yesterday and to-day is our district conference; but, as Uncle W. R. is ailing very much (bodily), and can not attend conference, and as his interest in the cause of Zion, and the Hopes has not abated in the least, he has thought of writing to you once more. He has concluded to write to you in the interest of the Sabbath question; he will write to you in verse, or a hymn and he hopes that you will commit it to heart and always remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.

THE SABBATH.

This is the day that man should rest
From labor and from worldly care;
But every day, both morn and eve,
His knee should bow in humble prayer.

At morn, to seek for strength to aid
Him through the duties of the day;
For snares beset his daily path,
That tend to lure his feet astray.

Then, as the shades of night appear,
When he retires to seek for rest;
Sure he should bow to God in prayer;
To thank him for protecting grace.

Then, when six days have come and gone,
And Sunday comes to us once more;
Should we not on the Sabbath rest,
And him who gave the same adore.

This day the Saints are wont to meet,
To listen to the voice of truth;
O, how I love this day of rest,
And always have o'en from my youth.

My Father bless the Sabbath School;
Where Zion's Hopes are wont to meet;
O, may they love to gather there,
To worship at the Savior's feet.

O, may they there be taught thy laws,
To love the same—and them obey;
Be men of God upright and just;
Who love to walk the narrow way.

Then, when the toils of life are o'er,
And we are called from earth away;
O, may we all, both old and young,
In heaven find a Sabbath Day.

Uncle W. R.

LITTLE BLUE, Mo., June 24th, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—I thought I would write a few lines to the dear little paper that I love so well. As I am a big Hope, I would like to give the little Hopes a few words of advice. Let us all, big and little, live as prayerfully as we can for our lives; and have that mark over our door that when the destroying angel comes along we will not be hurt. For we see that danger is on the land, cyclones and storms are passing almost every day. I feel glad that sister Perla Wild is not discouraged; but will continue writing to our dear little paper; every thing good and encouraging to make it interesting, and to make it a weekly. I am willing to pay so much on it to make it a weekly. I feel lonesome when the *Herald* comes without it. I will close;

Your sister in the faith,

E. PARKER.

MONDAMIN, Iowa, June 18th, 1883.

Dear Editor of the Hope:—I was glad to see the answer to Prize Enigma in the last *Hope*, because in trying to solve it, there were three or four questions that I could not find any satisfactory answers for, and I wished to know what the answers were. I am not quite satisfied with Bro. Street's answers to the following questions. Question 10, What Jewish Prophetess was bought for money? His answer is Ruth. Was Ruth a Jewish woman? Was she a Prophetess? Was she bought for money? I would like the Bible references. Ques. 12. Where did God pour out His vengeance for insolency? His answer is Edom, Ezekiel 20: 12-13-14.

In this reference God said that he poured out his vengeance on Edom because they had taken vengeance on the house of Judah. Was this insolency? Ques. 25. What city was celebrated for its tower? His answer is Pennuell, Judges 8: 17. In this reference, it does not say that Pennuell was celebrated for its tower, and there are a dozen cities mentioned in the Bible whose towers are just as prominently spoken of as Pennuell. Ques. 29. Who called Abraham a prophet? His answer is Abimeleck, Gen. 20: 7. In this reference it was God who called Abraham a prophet when he was speaking to Abimeleck in a dream. I do not write this in a spirit of fault-finding, but I do not think his answers to these questions in strict accord with the questions. If I am wrong, please correct me.

Yours in bonds,

WM. STUART.

AUDUBON, Minn., June 15th, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—I will once more write a few words to our dear little *Hope*. I wish all the Hopes would throw in some of their spare dimes and help make it a weekly. I will pay one dollar to help make it a weekly. This money has been given me, but I had rather have our little *Hope* a weekly than to spend it for toys.

Who is ready,
Who is willing,
To help win this
Precious prize.

Brother Joseph, will you please tell us in our next paper how much it will take to make our little *Hope* a weekly. I hope all will be ready to say I. I am glad to see "Maplewood" will be in the next paper; it will be very welcome here. Sister Perla Wild; if you never do anything worse than to write Maplewood Manor, I am sure you will receive the promise "Well done thou good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of thy Lord." For fear I shall make my letter too long I will close.

I remain as ever your friend,

ARRA A. WAY.

WIRT, Ringgold Co., Iowa.

June 19th, 1883.

Dear Little Hope:—This is the first time I have written to you. I am twelve years old. I do not belong to the Church, but my parents do. We don't have preaching here this summer; but we are trying to have prayer meetings every Sunday. The weather has been very bad, and it rains lots this summer; consequently crops look bad. I hope that all that write to the *Hope* will write good pieces.

I remain a little Hope, as ever,

H. N. KENT, Jun.

WIRT, Ringgold Co., Iowa,

June 19th, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—It is the first time that I have written to your pages; but I will do the best I can. I am thirteen years old; I do not belong to the Church but I hope to some time. I ain't going to Sunday School this summer, I have the pythisic and aint had good health all summer. I hope that some one would come and we have preaching here. We'll need one that can preach. Every body has been so bad that it needs a mighty good one. It is very wet, and it looks very discouraging for crops. A great many think that nothing will be raised. I hope to write to the *Hope* again; so I will close with wishing all the little Hopes well.

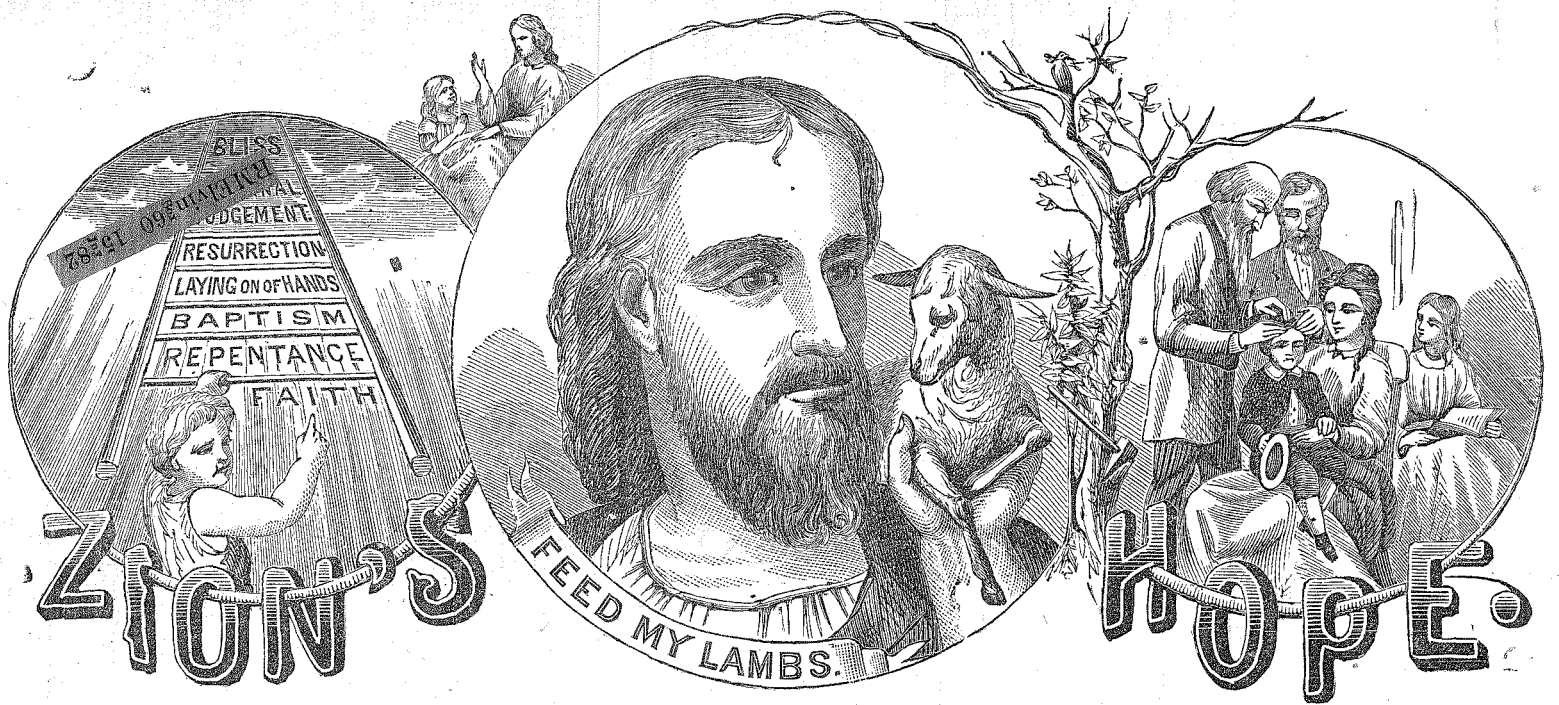
OSCAR O. KENT.

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

VOL. XV.

LAMONI, IOWA, AUGUST 1, 1883.

No. 3.

A TRUE GENTLEMAN.

He is above a mean thing.
 He cannot stoop to a fraud.
 He invades no secrets.
 He takes no selfish advantage.
 He betrays nothing intrusted to his keeping.
 He never strikes in the dark.
 He is ashamed of slander.
 He uses no bad weapons in controversy.
 He will eat honest bread.
 He tramples on no sensitive feeling.
 He insults no man or woman.
 He cannot descend to scurrility.
 He will not use profane words.
 He will be honorable to all men.
 He will be decent, and respect the women.
 He buys, nor sells situations or positions.
 He would rather fail right than dishonest.
 He can be trusted out of sight.
 He can carry messages without tampering with them.
 He passes his neighbor's counsel into oblivion.
 He profanes not the privacy of others.
 He can be trusted to the finest position.
 He will honor father and mother.
 He will be the same to the man's face, as his back.
 Selected by Bro. Street.

"I DONT CARE."

"I got a failure to-day, Aunt Emma."

This was what Maggie Foster said as she came slowly in from school one day. Her voice was not as clear and pleasant as usual, but had a tone half-defiant and half-sorrowful, and her manner was quite different from the gay, bright way that she generally brought in with her.

The little girl's lip was not quite steady, and she, looked, not straight up, but sideways at her aunt as she spoke.

"O dearie, I'm so sorry! That's a bad beginning for the first week in the term, isn't it?"

Now Aunt Emma was only sorry, and did not mean to chide, certainly not until she knew the circumstances of the failure, but Maggie thought she did, and in a lower tone, still half-defiant and half-sorrowful, she said, "I don't care."

Poor Maggie! Aunt Emma knew how much she did care, for a pretty reward had been offered to every little girl who could pass ten weeks without a failure, and Maggie had confided to auntie how much she wished and hoped to get one, and this was the first week in the new term.

While Aunt Emma is comforting and encouraging her little niece let us have a little talk over the sorrowful words "I don't care."

I think a great many little girls and boys say this same "I don't care" when they do not mean it at all, just as Maggie did; for in spite of her words two or three tears stole from under her lowered eyelids and bore their witness that she did care

a great deal. Little folks, why do you say it? Is it not many times because you do not like to say how sorry and disappointed you are! Because you do not wish to tell how hard you were trying when some unexpected temptation or difficulty triped you up? Because you are discouraged a little at the hard places over which you stumble? Because you are too proud to say, "I couldn't," and too dispirited to say, "I'll try again"?

It is hard, I know, to put away pride and say, "I am sorry;" to pluck up courage and say, "I'll try again," but, little friends, I want to ask you to stop and think. If you really mean, "I don't care," there is something wrong in your heart and life, isn't there? And if you do not mean it, then the words are not true words, are they? So either way are they not naughty words?

Let me propose that you change them a little and say, instead, "I'll take care." You need not say it aloud, if you think it would sound queer—just think how the mothers and teachers would look puzzled and smiling to hear the new expression—but say it to yourself and keep it for a by-word, that means a word to keep by you and use very often.

A little more care taken in studying the hard spelling lesson, in working the hard example, in keeping watch over the tongue and temper, would save so many failures, would make so much difference in everybody's comfort and happiness. Try it, little people, try it. C. S. M.

LETTER FROM WALES.

DEAR HOPES: It has been a long time since I have written to you last, but I have never forgotten our dear little paper. I have always found it a great pleasure to join in something that pleases my younger brothers and sisters, and it pleases me very much to find so many of the little ones taking such an interest in that which is beneficial to soul and body. It is quite plain that a great interest is taken by the little ones, from the continual requests to make the *Hope* a weekly. Whatever is in my power I shall do for them with pleasure, and trust that soon their request may be granted. Of course, it would require many more letters from our Elders, in fact it would be needful for every one who takes any interest, in the welfare our little Hopes, to contribute something, without which it would be impossible to carry it on. I hope and trust that all readers will think of what I have written; then with their united efforts we will be able to fill those little hearts with unutterable joy. I will not extend my writings on this subject, but trust that we shall hear more on this subject in the future than what we have in the past.

I think that Bro. Wm. Street deserves praise for the efforts to attract the young mind. I feel certain that the little ones are greatly pleased with him. The late prize puzzle was a great attraction; but I am sorry to state that some Hopes were disappointed, for after completing their work they found that they would be after the given time. I have lately been reading an article upon "Study and Stimulants." I think it would be beneficial to all, old and young to take advise. It is a warning to the young, and shows to the aged the foolishness of drinking. In the volume there are one hundred and eight letters on the subject of *Stimulants* written by men celebrated in science, literature and art; and eighteen testimonies from others who have written or spoken upon it. It is perhaps, a fair conclusion that the few intellectual workers that have used wine and tobacco, would have done still more and better work if they had avoided these things. The few following extracts will, it is hoped, convince you of what I have just stated above.

From Mr. Wm. Chambers, L. L. D.—"In reply to your note, I have only time to say, that I never used tobacco in any form all my life, and I can say the same thing regarding my brother Robert."

"Right Honorable W. E. Gladstone; In answer to your question I beg to say that Wm. Gladstone drinks one glass, or two, of claret at luncheon, the same at dinner, with the addition of a glass of light port. The use of wine to this extent, is especially necessary to him at the time of greatest intellectual exertion; smoking he detests, and he has always abstained from the use of strong and fiery stimulants. "Dr. F. Rhees; "I have traveled in various parts of the world, from Greece to the Pacific, and from the coasts of Labrador to the southern states of North America, perhaps as much as any man living, and have never in heat or cold, felt any inconvenience from my forty eight years of abstinence. I have lectured for many nights on various topics during the intervals of that time, and have written thousands of articles on philosophy, temperance, physiology, politics, and criticism in papers and magazines, and published pamphlets and volumes equal to twenty five octavo, of small print: but have never required anything stronger than tea or coffee as a stimulant. The Allan Prize Essay (£105) of 320 pages was composed and written in twenty-one days. I never smoked or snuffed. I have known many literary men ruined by smoking, and in all cases, the continued use of tobacco is most injurious to the mind as well as to the body."

There are many other letters, from such men as D. J. A. H. Murry, Prof. Newman, M. Issac Pitman, (inventor of Phonography), Mr. Thomas, Allen

Reed, Mr. Cornelius Walford, Bishop Temple, and a great many more men of the above stamp. It is sufficient to convince every one that it is better to be without strong drink, altogether, than indulge in it a little; for it gets from bad to worse until a man becomes a confirmed drunkard.

Dear Hopes; to what can you, or any other men compare a drunkard. Fancy yourself in that man's condition that you see wandering about the roads. No one seems to *pity him*. May we all pray that we may be strong enough to resist the temptation of strong drink. I have been myself a moderate drinker, and have been foolish enough very often to believe it did me good. Often have I when afflicted with sorrow betaken myself to the haunts of vice, but now, thank God, I have come to see my foolishness, and therefore will never more, do what I have done in the past.

A man that abstains from strong drink is an example to his fellow man. A man that indulges in drink is a nuisance to all, but those that are in the same strait as himself. I shall not extend this subject further but should any of the Hopes wish for some further writings on the subject, please state in the "Hope" and I shall be very pleased to comply. I trust I have given no one offence by taking so much space.

I would be greatly obliged if some young man about twenty from, or about Kirtland Temple would please correspond with me. If some one should oblige, please forward address to *Hope*, and I shall forward letter as soon as in receipt of address.

I posted a letter for the Hope about the end of last February, but as it has not yet appeared, I am fully convinced that it has been lost. Pray for me dear Hopes that I may have strength to fight the battle of life. I am young (18) therefore I am very liable to temptation, and very weak often enough. I ask an interest in your prayers so that strength may accumulate strength, and we can laugh at those who endeavor to lead us from the narrow way.

Think Hopes of what we are fighting for. Rejoice, I say rejoice. I have only one more thing to state, and that is if you have an interest in the "Hope," write and show that you have indeed and in truth. Bear in mind that, "Hope" means masculine and feminine gender and God only knows what benefit might result if we would all work together. Perhaps this time next year—June 1884—I shall meet with some of you in Kirtland Temple. What joy my heart will be possessed of then. I can't write any more at present but yet I should like too. "Dear little Hopes after you read this ask your parents to write, and depend if you do, your wishes will be fulfilled. You will surely have your efforts rewarded by finding the Hope suddenly becoming a weekly.

Your brother,

J. J. HOWELL.

LLANELLY, Wales.

A LESSON IN HONESTY.

A very pleasant incident occurred in one of our public schools not long since. It seems that the boys attending the school, most of whom are at the age of from seven to eight, had, in their play of bat and ball, broken one of the window panes in a neighboring house. No clue could be obtained to the boy who had broken it, as he would not confess his act, nor would any of his associates expose him.

The case troubled the teacher. The next day a gentleman called to see the school, an acquaintance of the teacher, who knew how to talk to children. After telling him of the breaking of the glass and her inability to ascertain who of the boys had broken it, she asked him to make some remarks to the school and to speak of the wrong the boys were doing in not acknowledging the act.

The address to the school, therefore, was upon the conduct of boys in the streets and at their sports. He told them in simple words that honesty, truthfulness and kindness should govern their conduct everywhere, even when they were alone and no one but themselves and God knew what they were doing.

The scholars seemed interested and somewhat impressed by the remarks of the speaker.

A short time after he left the school a little boy arose in his seat and said:

"Miss Lane, I batted the ball that broke Mr. Dash's window. Another boy threw the ball, but I batted it, and it struck the window. I am willing to pay for it."

There was a death-like stillness in the room as the little fellow was speaking, and it continued for a full minute after he sat down.

"I don't think it would be right for Charley Drake to pay the whole for the glass," said another boy, rising in his seat. "All of us who played ball then should pay something, because we were all playing the same as he was. I'll pay my part."

"And I."

"And I."

A thrill of pleasure seemed to run through the whole school at this display of honesty and of right feeling by the boys. The money was brought the next day, and the lesson will not be forgotten either by teacher or pupils.

MAPLEWOOD MANOR.

BY PERLA WILD.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"WHAT more can I ask to complete my sum of earthly happiness," remarked John Russell with a restful sigh of contentment, as he looked around upon the family circle the evening after Louisa and Archer had come. "God is very good to me," he went on. "Every great desire of my heart has been granted me. If our other children were here, Arthur, Victoria, and Burt, no wish of mine would be left ungratified. They surely must come home. They've been away long enough. I'll write to them at once." And he did so. But the answer which came in due time, stated that they were going to the sea coast to spend the summer months. When the autumn grew cool, they would return. Not till then.

Louisa and Archer had come. She was older and more grave, but the same loving, kind hearted daughter who had gone away years before. And Archer, manly, upright and temperate in all things, came humbly and with a heart full of love and gratitude to the home whither he had been turned out, that Christmas night so well remembered. And with these two, came another two, little five year old Johnie, and winning, sparkling, happy faced baby Beth. Addie was there with her grey haired husband, peace being established between them once more. All was happy, contented and serene. If there was an element of unrest, or dissatisfaction, it was not evident at the time.

Next morning, however, Jonas came into Mr. Russell's presence, with a nervous, embarrassed air. He sat down a moment, twisted his fingers, pulled his straggling, tan colored goatee, got up, scratched his head, and then sat down again with a gasping sigh. Mr. Russell looked at the awkward, honest-hearted fellow in surprise.

"What is it, Jonas? Speak out like a man. If it is anything I can do for you, be sure you will not be disappointed. You've been a faithful helper this long time. What is your wish?"

"Oh—sir"—stammered Jonas. "I,—I,"—here he choked down completely.

"Yes, yes, to be sure," cried John Russell, assuringly. "Of course you do, only you've not the courage to say it. Remember, Jonas, faint heart never wins fair lady."

Jonas looked up suddenly. "How did you know, sir? I never told any one. I've always mailed all my letters my own self. How did you find out about Polly Ann?"

"I didn't find out," replied Mr. Russell. "I didn't know there was a lady particularly connected with the affair. I only quoted a common saying. I never thought you troubled your head about the girls."

"O, it isn't my head as much as my heart. You see Polly Ann has waited a long time. She's as true as steel, and as handsome as a velvet rosy. Her mother died a few weeks ago, and she says she can't endure to say in the big house all alone. She's going to rent or sell the place,—its only a great, roomy house with a few acres of land just out of town—but she thinks it will bring her in something to get a start in the world. For she writes she must do something."

Jonas paused in his rapid speech. Mr. Russell put in, "Yes, yes; quite a hint to a neglectful lover. Do I understand you are engaged?"

"Engaged years and years ago." And Jonas blushed like a school girl as he made the confession. "And she promised to wait till I had saved up something, if it was twenty years. So I sold my little property, a watch and a fiddle—a jam up good fiddle, too,—and came out west. I told her I'd never come back till I had five hundred dollars, and then I'd come and bring her a pea green silk dress and pink silk stockin's to get married in. I've had the stockin's laid away most a year, now. And I know jest where I can get the dress, the purtiest thing I ever saw." Here he hesitated again.

Mr. Russell smiled. "What about the five hundred? You haven't got that; have you?"

"Yes, sir. That is I will have if—if,—you will let me off and—and"—

"And pay you the three months wages coming to you?" said Mr. Russell, as Jonas paused again. "To be sure I will. I am not at all willing to lose you. Indeed, I don't see how we can live without you very long. Of course you must go to your sweetheart. But you must arrange some way to return as soon as possible. Bring her with you, we'll find a little home for you."

"I don't know about that, sir. Polly Ann thinks there's no other place fit to live in but the East.—And then, there's your son-in-law. Maybe he could do some, and you could hire a cheap boy." And Jonas scratched his head vigorously. "I'd like to stay—and yet I ought to go at once."

"If you could stay till Archie got used to the work and the ways, and the stock," Mr. Russell urged.

"I would sir," answered Jonas, "but my Polly Ann is all alone, crying her purty eyes out over her sorer, with no near friend to comfort her."

"Well, we'll have to give you up to Polly Ann, I suppose," remarked Mr. Russell, after a moment's thought. "You shall have your money whenever you want to go."

"Which will be to-morrow, if you'll let me off," replied Jonas quickly.

And when to-morrow came he did go, sure enough, Mr. and Mrs. Russell going to the station with him. Mr. Russell had whispered Jonas' secret in his wife's ear, with Jonas' blushing permission, and while the two men were at the bank for money, Mrs. Russell was looking up some presents for Polly Ann.

"Give this parcel to her, with our kindest wishes and hearty sympathy," Mrs. Russell said. "If the silk is not just the shade you intended, perhaps it will be more suitable, since she has so lately lost her mother. Its a very dark invisible green," unrolling the package, "and here are stockings and gloves to match. And in this little box are ribbons and flowers for the happy occasion. All white, because bright colors would seem out of place in her bereavement."

"That's so," cried honest Jonas, tears filling his eyes. "I never thought of that. She can lay up the pink stockin's till some other time. But I'm going to pay for these 'ere things,"—drawing out his purse. Of course she wouldn't permit him, and the grateful fellow seemed ready to fall on his knees to her.

Next day Mrs. Bell began to talk of leaving. She felt that she and Elsie were not needed here, now that Louisa had come, and Victoria would return in a month or more. But this wouldn't be

listened to. Louisa had enough to do to take care of her children, Mr. Russell declared. They needed her more than ever. He'd double her wages rather than do without her. "And don't you know,—but of course you don't, for I haven't even mentioned it to Elizabeth,—that I ordered a new kitchen range, yesterday, and we are going to fit up the east wing of this old mansion house for the Kents, old and young?"

Every one was surprised. Louisa tried to speak. Archie Kent began, "Now, father, this is too much. We'll make you a visit and then"—

"And then," interrupted John Russell, "you may take possession of your new home in said east wing. Archie has already promised to help me out in the absence of Jonas. But as Jonas suggested, I'll hire a cheap boy to assist him."

Archer remonstrated, declaring that he was, or ought to be as good as Yankee Jonas, able to do as much work. "But I don't propose to keep you quite as busy as that. I want you to go about with me and oversee the farm and assist and plan some necessary repairs and improvements. I repeat, we must have a cheap boy."

Little Johnie stood by his father's knee, listening to the conversation. He turned toward Mr. Russell with a bright smile. "I see a boy, gran'pa. An' I guess I see cheap enough. Papa says sometimes when I see naughty, that I see worth about a nickel. Won't I do?"

A TRUE STORY.

ABOUT twenty years ago two families, whom we shall here call Ford and Black, lived in the village of Edwards. Both were of Scotch descent, both had inherited from a long line of hard-working, God-fearing grandfathers virtues as inflexible as iron, and as repellant. Their houses were clean and bare to grimness; every penny was laid by "for a rainy day;" not a dollar was given in charity, except through the church organizations. On the Sabbath no jokes or laughter were permitted. The children were made to attend to every service of the church, and at home were expected to read the Bible during their spare minutes.

As a matter of course, to such economic natures, music, pictures, any of the smaller pleasures or ameliorations of life, which would cost money, were regarded at first, foolish and then as sinful.

This course of training bore no perceptible fruit until the children reached the age of fifteen and sixteen. Then the news came to the parents, with a shock like death, that their girls had been seen at a dance in a low country tavern, and that the Ford and Black boys were in the habit of playing cards with some disreputable characters in barns and stables.

The two fathers met and discussed the situation in great distress. They differed as to the course to be pursued, and then parted, each to follow his own plan.

Mr. Black called his children about him, lectured, prayed with them, as ungenerate sinners on the brink of eternal ruin, and then made a free use of the rawhide on the boys—which in those days hung over every kitchen mantel-shelf—and locked the girls up for several days and fed them on bread and water.

Mr. Ford summoned his children and told them what he had heard. "The fault," he said, with a broken voice, "is mine as well as yours. It seems to me, I have made home gloomy and hateful to you. You will help me to set this thing right."

He, too, asked for God's help, but he kissed his children before he did it. That very day some of his hardly-earned savings were taken to hire a piano, on which Mary was to take lessons. Joe was given some money for which he had been begging for two years, to buy a gun and fishing-tackle.

The next week the Fords, for the first time, gave a little party, to which the young people of their

own class were invited. When Sunday came, Mr. Ford said:

"There are two or three lads in town, and strangers, who have no place but in their boarding-houses or the taverns in which to spend their Sabbath afternoons. If my sons were in a strange place, I should pray that some home might be opened to them. Instead of catechism this afternoon, mother, suppose we ask the boys to dinner, and make it pleasant for them?"

These are but hints of the change of his course. Not only home, but religion, was made pleasant and attractive to his own family and to all who came within his influence. Mr. Ford was his own first convert. He began to see the beauty and consolation, as well as the terror, in religion; and as they grew older, his children became not only God-fearing, but God-loving, people.

The Black boys burst from all restraint as they reached manhood. They left home and never cared to return. The sisters married to escape from it. They are a hard, defiant, vindictive race, and if they have abstained from crime, it is quite as much due to pride as to the religion which was so early made hateful to them. Some of the worst wounds that Christ receives are those which are given to Him in the house of his friends.

DR. JOHNSON ON WINE.

"PRAY, sir," asked Dr. Aston, "what objection have you to wine?" "A sound one, sir," answered Dr. Johnson; "it disagrees with me." "And yet, sir," says Mrs. Thrale, "you will eat heartily of a veal pie stuffed with plums—a mess that would poison an ostrich." "Madam," he answered, "you have to accept life on the conditions under which it is offered. I can eat veal pie and plums without injury to my health, for when my hunger is appeased, I eat no more. But of wine, madam, I never know when I have had enough. One glass creates the want of another, and a second demands the support of a third. Besides, madam, I have no confidence in my powers of resistance. There is a heedless vivacity in wine that is above the reach of judgment. Come, Dr. Aston, let us pledge one another in water, and put in for a hundred." "Well," said Sir Charles Bracebridge, "for my part I had rather die at fifty a wine drinker than live to a hundred on water." "And sir, you will have all the fools in the country to agree with you," answered Dr. Johnson.

THE WONDERS OF A HEN'S EGG.

THE hen has scarcely set on her eggs twelve hours before some lineaments of the head and body of the chicken appear; the heart may be seen to beat at the second day; it has at that time somewhat the form of a horse shoe; but no blood appears yet. At the end of two days, two vessels of blood are to be distinguished, the pulsation of which is visible; one of these is in the left ventricle, and the other at the root of the great artery. At the fiftieth hour, one auricle of the heart appears, resembling a noose folded down upon itself. The beating of the heart is first observed in the auricle and afterwards in the ventricle; at the end of seventy hours the wings are distinguishable, and on the head two bubbles are seen for the brain, one for the bill, and two for the fore and hind parts of the head. Towards the end of the fourth day, the auricles, already visible, draw nearer to the heart than before. The liver appears towards the fifth day. At the end of seven hours more, the lungs and the stomach become visible, and four hours afterwards the intestines and loins and the upper jaw. At the one hundred and forty-fourth hour two ventricles are visible, and two drops of blood instead of the single one which was seen before. The seventh day, the brain begins to have some consistency. At the one hundred and nineteenth hour of incubation, the bill opens, and the flesh appears in the breast; in four hours more, the breast bone appears; in six hours more, the ribs

are seen, forming from the back and the bill is very visible, as well as the gall bladder; the bill becomes green at the end of two hundred and thirty-six hours, and if the chicken be taken out of its covering, it evidently moves itself. At the two hundredth hour the eyes appear. At the two hundred and eighty-eighth, the ribs are perfect. At the three hundred and thirty-first, the spleen draws near the stomach, and the lungs to the chest. At the end of three hundred and fifty-five hours, the bill frequently opens and shuts, and at the end of the eighteenth day, the first cry of the chicken is heard; it afterwards gets more strength and grows continually, till at length it is enabled to set itself free from its confinement.

THE LAD AND THE MAN.

As the boy begins, so the man will end. The lad who speaks with affectation, and mimics foreign tongues that he does not understand at school will be a weak cromo in character all his life; the boy who cheats his teachers into thinking him devout at chapel, will be the man who will make religion a trade, and bring Christianity into contempt; and the boy who wins the highest average by stealing his examination papers will figure some day as a tricky politician. The lad who, whether rich or poor, dull or clever, looks you straight in the eye and keeps his answer inside of truth, already counts friends who will last all his life, and holds a capital which will bring him in a much surer interest than money.

Then get to the bottom of things. You see how it is already as to that. It was the student who was grounded in the grammar that took the Latin prize; it was that slow, steady drudge who practiced firing every day last winter who bagged the most game in the mountains; it is the clerk who studies the specialties of the house in off hours who is to be promoted. Your brilliant, happy-go-lucky, hit-or-miss fellow usually turns out the dead weight of the family at forty-five. Don't take anything for granted; get to the bottom of things. Neither be a sham yourself, nor be fooled by shams.

PAUL AS A ROMAN CITIZEN.

It is of great interest in a study of the life of Paul to observe what bearing on his career the fact had that he was a "Roman citizen." We shall get a clear idea of what part Paul's Roman citizenship played in his personal history by noticing first what were the privileges of a Roman citizen, and then by tracing briefly his course in the exercise of those privileges. Full Roman citizenship was granted by the people only, or, in later times by the Emperor, in whom were concentrated many of the rights of the people. "Citizenship was acquired in various ways—as by purchase, by military service, by favor or by manumission." It descended by inheritance from father to son, and, as Paul was "freeborn," it is probable that his father had obtained this right by manumission. Among the great and important privileges of a Roman citizen were the right to vote and to hold office, to have full control of his own person—that is, freedom from entire or partial servitude; to make a will; to be tried by Roman citizens or Judges appointed by them; to "appeal" if tried in a province, which brought the case before the tribunal at Rome. No citizen could be bound, beaten, scourged, or capitally punished, without first being tried by a court or chosen by the people. So great were the privileges of Roman citizens, that not only did the simple assertion "*Civis Romanus sum*"—"I am a Roman citizen," save many a man from death, but the man saying "I am a Roman" falsely was punished with death.

Criminal jurisdiction in the time of the Republic was with the "Praetor" and his associates chosen from and by the people. In the time of the Empire the Emperor arrogated to himself privileges of the people, and in this way the supreme court before which Paul was summoned at Rome was presided over by Nero and Judges by him appointed.

In the provinces, supreme criminal jurisdiction was with the Governor, who might be a Proconsul, Proprætor or, as in the case of Judea, a Procurator. This officer having supreme power as a Judge over all dwellers in his province except Roman citizens, usually exercised it tyrannically and cruelly. A Roman tried by such a Provincial Governor could (except in a few extreme cases) exercise his right of "appeal." By this he took the case out of the Governor's hands, and brought it before the supreme tribunal at Rome. The Governor then had to give the prisoner a safe conduct to Rome, and send to the court there a full statement of the case as heard by him, with depositions of the witnesses, and his decision. As before stated, the decision of the Emperor's court at Rome was final.

We have now seen briefly what were those privileges which would affect Paul's case, and also how citizenship would aid him were he brought before the courts for trial. Let us now see in what way Paul exercised his great right.

Paul availed himself of this right as a citizen on three occasions.

First, in Philippi. The magistrates had beaten Paul, and thereby rendered themselves liable to be capitally punished by Roman law. On Paul's pronouncement of his citizenship, they tried to persuade him and Silas to leave quietly, that their crime in having them beaten might not be detected; but Paul insisted that as they been publicly beaten, they should be publicly delivered (*Acts 16*).

A second time in the tower Antonia in Jerusalem (*Acts 22*). When the Chief Captain ordered Paul examined by scourging, Paul saved himself from the torture of an inquisitorial trial by simply saying to the Centurion: "Is it lawful for you to scourge a man that is a Roman?" And a little farther on we read: "And the Chief Captain also was afraid after he knew that he was a Roman, and he had bound him. And he loosed him from his bonds."

A third time. We see Paul arraigned before Festus. His accusers appointed by the Sanhedrin appear before him in person as Roman law required, and bring three charges—"heresy, sacrilege and treason," which was punishable with death. "Then," said Paul, "I stand at Cæsar's judgment seat. * * * I appeal unto Cæsar." And the appeal was granted. As has been shown, Festus had to send Paul to Rome for trial, where, before the court of Nero, after a weary imprisonment while waiting the coming of his accusers, he was, it is believed, at last acquitted.

We have given but a glance at Paul as a Roman: but with the light of some facts as to what citizenship was, and some understanding of the courts before which Paul was arraigned, the study of his career as belonging to "the grandeur that was Rome" can not but be of interest.

THE CURIOSITY OF FISH.

THE curiosity exhibited by fish is worthy of remark. Like nearly all the animal creation, fishes are inquisitive. Workmen in diving-bells and submarine armor, tell some interesting anecdotes illustrative of this propensity. A diver who was engaged in tunneling for the water works of an Eastern city, whose labors at the bottom of the river occupied him for several days, became suddenly aware, one day, of the presence of a larger fish than he had seen before—a sturgeon—which he thought at least would weigh eighty or ninety pounds. It visited him for several days in succession, and eventually became so fearless as to approach within little more than an arm's length of him, although at first it was quite shy. Along the southern shore of Lake Erie, and in some other places at the North where ice forms of sufficient thickness, fish are attracted to openings through the ice (over which a small, perfectly dark house is placed) by means of a small decoy fish, attached to a line, and moved rapidly through the water beneath the ice. A fish will sometimes follow one of these for a long time, but seldom takes it in its mouth unless the representa-

tion is nearly perfect. They evidently come to see what is going on. So we have seen a school of fish follow a baited hook every time it was drawn to the surface, but not one would touch the most tempting bait.

ANSWER TO THE RHYMED ENIGMA IN THE HOPE; MAY 1st, 1883.

I. Calvary. Luke, 23: 33. Matt. 27: 33. Mark 15: 22. John 19: 17.

II. Ararat. Genesis, 8: 4.

III. Rephidim. Exodus, 17: 1-2. Exodus 15: 23.

IV. Moriah. Genesis, 22: 1-12.

V. Ebal. Deuteronomy, 27: 4-13.

VI. Lebanon. 1 Kings, 5: 6. 2 Chron, 2: 8.

The initials spell the word "Carmel," the Mountain referred to by Isaiah, 33: 9; 35: 2. Amos 1: 2, and other prophets; also by King Solomon in his songs 7: 5. The scene of the contest between Elijah and the priest Baal, 1 Kings 18: 17-40. Near the great Mediterranean Sea, 1 Kings, 18: 43-44. Where the King Uzziah had his vineyards (not vengeance, mistake); 2 Chronicles 26; 10. The usual resort of Elijah and Elisha, (see the Books of Kings), washed at the base by the ancient river Kishon, Judges, 5: 21.

SABBATH SCHOOL REPORT.

Report of Crescent City Sunday School, for three months, commencing March 25th, 1883, and ending July 1st, 1883. Officers elected: Robert G. Kirkwood, Superintendent; S. Harding, Assistant Superintendent; J. R. Lapworth, Secretary; Agnes Lapworth, Treasurer; J. C. Lapworth, Librarian; William Strang, Janitor. Total attendance 279, average attendance 31; on hand at last report \$7.51, total collections \$3.11. Average collections 33 1/2 cents; amount paid out \$2.33; balance on hand \$8.24.

THOMAS KIRKWOOD, Secretary.

Letters from the Hopes.

THIS is the only answer correct out of four received. She is entitled to the prize; "A Centennial Cook and receipt Book," 400 pages and 2,000 receipts.

WM. STREET.

MILLERSBURG, Ill., June 17th, 1883.

Bro. William Street; Sir:—I enclose answer to Scripture Enigma. I received one of your prizes some years since, my name was Viola Vernon then. I wrote answer to this enigma some time since, but in our removal from the place we were then occupying, it was mislaid, and this is the first opportunity I have had to re-write, this will explain why I am rather late in sending it.

Yours respectfully,

SISTER M. T. SHORT.

Answer to the Rhymed Scripture Enigma, in the Hope of May 1st, 1883.

On Calvary's rugged brow,

They crucified our Lord; (Luke 23: 33).

On Ararat's mount the ark did rest,

When ceased the might flood; (Gen. 8: 4).

At Rephidim did Israel thirst,

And chide their leader too; (Ex. 17: 1-4).

On Mount Moriah Abraham's faith,

Is opened to our view; (Gen. 22: 2).

Ebal's mount with curses rang

In wandering Israel's ear; (Deut. 27: 13)

In Lebanon the cedars grew,

That framed the temple fair. (2 Chron. 2: 8).

Carmel! named in scripture story,

And David sang thy fame; (Sol. 9: 7, 5).

There God displayed his glory,

Idolatry to shame; (1 Kings 18: 38).

Elijah and Elisha,

Two prophets there abode; (1 King, 18: 42, and 2 King 2: 25).

And at its base a river,

The river Kishon flowed. (1 King 18: 40).

HEBRONVILLE, Mass., July 4th, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—It is with great pleasure that I take the opportunity to inform you of the little branch here. I thank God for the Reorganized Church and for the good it has done here. We give thanks unto the Lord for sending Bro. Thompson and Bro. G. H. Yerrington to preach the true light of the gospel. Seven have come in through the door. There are more to come. But we are persecuted on all sides, but it makes us the stronger in the faith. Bro. H. H. Thompson and Bro. G. H. Yerrington have been faithful to the Saints here in Hebronville; and they are welcome here. We have started a Sabbath School, and I am pleased with the interest. We think everything of our teacher, Bro. Shalcross; he is getting along nicely with the school. We all come with one accord to study the word of God. My love to all the little Hopes. Please excuse as I have never written for the press before.

Your brother in Christ,

B. D. SHRIEVE,

Superintendent of the Saints' Sabbath School.

PITTSBURG, Pa., July 1st, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—I thought I would write a few lines to your valuable little paper; for I love to read it, and it has been a comfort to me in reading the pieces contained therein. I have been taught a lesson by reading the piece entitled "Sensible Girl;" and I think the pieces written by our sister Perla Wild are good pieces, I have no fault to find with them. Just as our sister had said, "If there is no love in our lives, what are they worth?" I say they are worth nothing, for we are not benefited in reading them. If we select a piece and find there is a lesson to be learned, I say it should be published. By so doing some one may learn a lesson from it that would do them some good. I am in favor of our sister continuing her pieces, if some do object to them, and think they are tame love stories, and all such as this. As long as there is a good moral lesson that can be learned, I am in favor of them being continued. I think every one reading the pieces in the *Hope*, should study the piece well before finding fault with it; and not read it and lay down the paper and say "Oh! that is a love story." I would say to our little Hopes, (and large ones too), what would our life be in this world if we did not have love. I think it would not be very pleasant to us. So let us ever strive to be faithful in all things, and love the Lord our God with all our might, mind and strength, and be prepared to meet him when he comes. We have a Sunday School here, and much interest is taken in it. I will close.

Your sister in Christ,

MRS. H. M. REESE.

COOK'S POINT, TEXAS, June 19th, 1883.

Dear Hope:—I do not know what I would do without the *Hope*. I do not see why some of the correspondents of the *Hope* do not like the pieces entitled "Maplewood Manor," and "Sensible Girl." I like them real well. I don't see Maplewood Manor any more. I hope it will be continued. I do not belong to the Church, but my father, mother and two sisters do. Father is gone to conference. I hope that Perla Wild will not be discouraged.

Good by,

JOHN W. SHERRILL.

What's the use of always fretting

At the trials we shall find,

Ever strewn along our pathway,

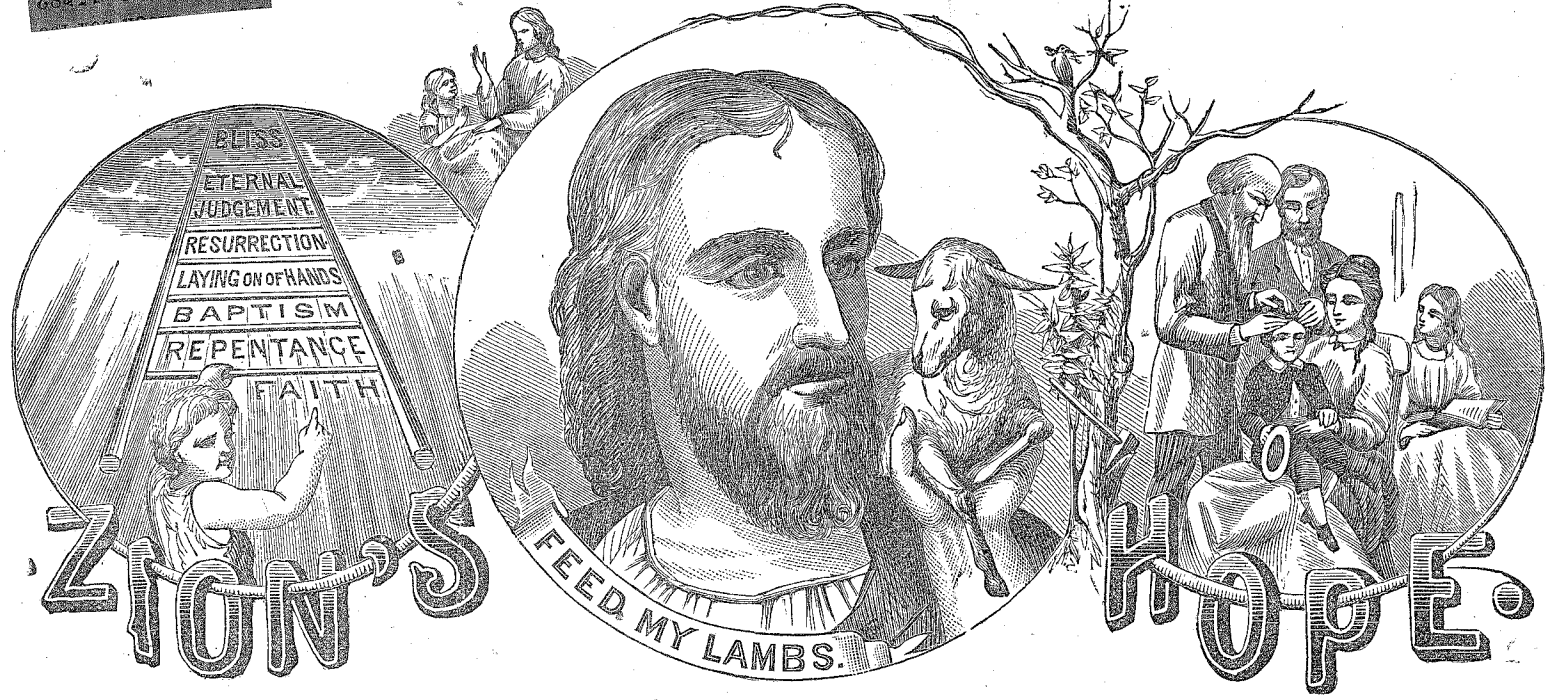
Travel on and never mind.

THE SAINTS' HERALD:

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

THE MISSOINARY DOLL.

Now, mamma, take me on your lap, and hold me tight. just so, And I'll tell you all about it—how I let my darling go; For I didn't know 'twas naughty until you said to-day That I must not give my playthings, without your leave, away.

Oh, but it was so drefful hard to let Angelina go! For she is my oldest child, and my dearest one, you know.

"Why didn't I send Nellie, or my new wax doll so tall?"

Because I loved my precious one the very best of all! Don't you 'member all about it—how papa said that night, That when we gave to Jesus it must be our dearest quite:

And I saw the mission boxes being backed so full down stairs For the little heathen children who've not been taught their prayers.

So I huged and kissed my Angeline—now, mamma, don't you cry—

I'd have let you say good-by to her, but I knew you'd ask me why;

And papa in his sermon said, "Don't tell 'bout what you do,

But help a little if you can," so I thought that meant me too.

And I hope that ragged, heathen girl way out in Timbuctoo

Will love my sweetest Angeline, and treat her well, don't you?

Though I'm 'fraid she'll be so lonely, just at the first, you see,

For she is not used to strangers, 'cause she's always been with me.

So please don't tell the boys, they'd tease me 'bout my "missionary child!"

And I couldn't bear it very well if even papa smiled— For I tucked her softly in the box when no one saw, you know,

Though it broke my heart in pieces to let my darling go.

Yet in his sermon papa said, that very Tuesday night, That when we gave with all our hearts it must be a hard fight;

But that Jesus knew about it all, and would help us to be glad,

If we only gave, for love of Him, the dearest that we had.

The Child's Paper.

WORMS IN THE BUD.

PERHAPS my little friends will now say, "Since 'Frances' has resolved to reap the field, we shall no longer lack for bread." Not so fast my little friends. I truly wish it was so, with all my heart that I could furnish every number of the Hope with a well written article, for you dear children. But, alas! many other cares and duties press upon me, and then let me be willing as I may,

I know that much I say is said in far too clumsy and uninteresting a manner to chain your attention and win you over to the truths I wish you to learn. But I am not going to despair however, for I love you, and desire your good, and I wish you to grow up to be bright and shining lights in the kingdom of our God. I know that among you, are those who shall assist in building up his kingdom, and if I can not reap in the great harvest field of the world, I will cheefully glean the few grains of truth and wisdom I may be able, and they shall all be for your table, my little friends, until I hope others will come forward with all the precious stores of knowledge they keep so jealously locked up, and spread you a feast worthy of a king.

The spring-time is coming, the birds will soon be here with joyous songs, and the bright flowers will open their petals to drink in the gentle rain, and sparkling dew.—Some will shed fragrance all about them. The gentle winds will bear it away, and it shall be as sweet incense to many a care-worn heart and aching brow. The leaves will fall, and its mission accomplished, it will gently pass away. Upon the same stem perchance will grow another, but its leaves will never be unfolded, it will never gladden the eye with its beauty, nor the soul with its fragrance. A feeble attempt to open into bloom and it droops and withers, never having cheered a single heart, or given to the air a breath of sweetness.

My little readers, there is some reason for this. The same root drank in from the earth, life and nourishment for both. The same sun warmed and cheered them while the gentle shower and silvery cloud visited them alike and yet, one is a thing of beauty to gladden every heart, the other only a thing to be plucked off and cast away.—Why is it?

A worm in the bud! Is that the reason my little friend? Yes. Well, how came it there, and what right had it to rob this pretty bud of all its future promise? What right! Softly my little friends. One question at a time. How came it there? Perchance for want of watchful care upon the gardener's part. The bud was but a very little one as yet, and the mother worm chose this little bud to lay her egg upon from the very fact that it was little, and therefore less likely to attract the attention of any one who might destroy the worm before the worm should destroy the flower. What right had it there? Just this right. God suffered it to possess life, and though He never intended it to destroy the lovely flowers, those who guard them must beware and protect them from their enemies, lest they fall a prey to the destroyers of beauty, before they open in gladness to the light.

And now dear little friends, I want to tell you;

that your spring-time is already here. Bright, joyous, glad spring-time of your lives. You are in your homes, as the opening buds in the garden. O! how I wish that each one of you would grow up to manhood or womanhood like the lovely rose, shedding abroad the pure fragrance of good, honest, useful lives, to cheer, bless and gladden others, even as the lovely rose gives forth its fragrance upon the morning air, and gladdens all who look upon it.

How perfect, how lovely, how beautiful, exclaim all who behold it! Yes; it is. God made the flowers, and I love them. I praise Him for His goodness while I behold them, and feel purer and better for communion with them—silent companions though they be.

Perfect, lovely and beautiful though they are, they are not one-half so lovely and beautiful as you, my little friends are—if there be no worm in the bud of your life. The rose will bloom for a few brief hours, then its leaves will fall and it will be forgotten: but for you is just opening a day whose sun shall never set, a life which shall never end. I know that you too, like the rose, shall fade and die, you may even pass away in your glad spring-time; but though we call it death, and speak of you as dead, you will live to God, and still shall live through all eternity. As the rose dies, you can not die, for though the house in which you live may go to decay, what matter? You still live, and must live forever.

Now dear children there are many worms, which hide themselves in the buds of opening flowers; and when I speak now of buds, I do not mean the bud of rose or violet, pink or lilly; but I mean the hearts of little boys and girls. Hiding themselves there they grow and develop, until if they be not destroyed, they will destroy all the beauty, all the usefulness of your lives, and like the worm-eaten bud you will fall to the ground, never having blessed a single life, or rendered the world happier or better by having lived.

Promise me one thing my little friends, and I will then say adieu for the present. Promise me that you will search in your hearts, and see if any one of these worms is there, destroying the usefulness and beauty of your opening lives. Will you promise? FRANCES.

MARY'S LITTLE LAMB.

A WRITER in Springfield, Mass. Republican, has had a pleasant interview with the real Mary who had a little lamb, and who related to him the incident on which the immortal poem was based. The lamb was a twin, thrust out of the pen by its unnatural mother. Mary took it home and nursed it un-

til well, and it naturally grew into a great pet. One morning it was to go as usual to the pasture, it could not be found, and when Mary went out singing on her way to school, it followed her. At the school-house door she picked it up and managed to carry it secretly to her desk, where she covered it up with a shawl. But when called up to her spelling-class the lamb got up too, and came pattering after her, "which made the children laugh to see a lamb at school." It happened that morning that a young man named John Bowlston, the son of a riding master in Boston, who was fitting himself for Harvard, was in school, and a few days afterwards produced three verses of the poem. How it ever came to be published Mary did not know, for the young man died soon after, ignorant of the immortality of his verses. But the lamb lived and had five lambkins before it met its death by an angry cow. Aside from its memory there yet remains of it the residue of a child's stocking which is gradually unraveling to furnish mementoes for the many friends of Mary and her little lamb.

MAPLEWOOD MANOR.

BY PERLA WILD.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE cheap boy was found, in the person of little Mick O'Harry. Quick, willing and cheerful, he was worth his weight in gold, Archie said; and indeed he soon grew to be a favorite with all. He was small but strong and agile, and careful and kind in his treatment of animals. He could handle the largest, or highest mettled horse on the farm; milk the shyest heifer; and never neglected the tiniest lamb, pig or chicken. He could plow or hoe in the field, or prune a vine, or tenderly weed the delicate flowers and plants. He was always ready to help, in doors or out. He could sweep a floor, dust furniture, peel potatoes, pick chicken for cooking, as readily and as well as any one in the house, and was fairly idolized by Johny and baby Beth. When he had nothing else to do he would amuse and care for them hours at a time.

The east wing of the Manor House was nicely fitted up, and made a snug as well as elegant home, and at the end of the month, twice the amount paid to Jonas was sent by grandpa to Archer. "Tell your papa," said Mr. Russell to Johny, who was bearer of the purse, "Tell him if there is any more than he needs to use now, to give it mamma to lay away for a rainy day." Away ran the chubby little fellow, a veritable John Russell in face, form, and feature, chinking the coin that glittered brightly through the net work of the blue silken purse.

"O papa! here's some money's fifty hundred ninety seven dollars, I guess, Gran'pa said if twas too much lots, to put it away till it rains, and I guess its' going to rain pretty soon, for I saw a cloud just now. I s'pect he meant to keep it to buy me some yubber boots, so I can wade in the water. But I'd rather walk with my feet bare-headed, 'cause it feels so soft and cool and funny to step right in mud and water and make it splash all over and around like anything. Dear; I wish it would hurry and rain. But you can have the money, mamma, 'cause I dont want no yubber bootses, I dont."

Archie and Lou both refused any money, her father had already spent so much for them, besides giving them a cow, a part of the garden, and provisions of nearly every kind to last a month. But John Russell would have his way, "Lay it up if you dont need it now. Take care of it. That's the way to get along in the world."

And now came word from Heatherglade, that Mrs. Wait, the general housekeeper, overseer of all the work and the servant, was going away. She had become offended at Mr. Rumsey, who was very stern and severe at times, and declared she would not stay another day to be a slave for an old hard headed Britisher. Her grandfather fought the redcoats

in the war of independence, and it was no place for her here.

There was an extra amount of work to be done for a few days, work that could not well be put off, and Addie was down with the sick head-ache. If Mrs. Bell would be so kind as to come and take charge of the household affairs till Addie was able, it would be such a favor. And would she bring Elsie,—she was so pleasant and cheerful, her presence would be a comfort. Addie's headache merged into a fever, and Mrs. Bell and Elsie remained a long time at Heatherglade. Mr. Rumsey was almost distracted with fear and anxiety, blaming himself for his wife's illness, as he had censured her for permitting Mrs. Wait to grow so impertinent and get so far above her place. This, when Addie was already suffering, had surely brought the fever and delirium upon her. If she died, he would be her murderer. He would go on this way till the doctor or some one, would induce him to leave the room, as his presence seemed to disturb the sick one, visibly.

The worst was over at length, and Addie began to slowly recover. When she was able to think and talk, and take an interest in life, she begged Mrs. Bell to promise to remain at Heatherglade and superintend the house-hold affairs. She need work little, no more than she chose, only stay and oversee matters,—and any price she might name would be given her. The invalid was so urgent and persistent that Mrs. Bell gave her the desired promise, fearing to refuse, lest the consequence be serious, when Addie was so weak and reduced. That settled, she began to wonder why some one didn't come over from papa's. She verily believed they had forgotten her entirely. Mrs. Bell assured her that this could not be, as some one of her father's family had been at Heatherglade all through her sickness, never being absent more than a few hours at a time. And now Mrs. Russell had not been gone half an hour. Addie declared she hadn't seen any of them since the day before.

"Simply because you slept sweetly all night, and until eight this morning," replied Mr. Rumsey who was sitting near. "Now, little mistress, don't trouble yourself over anything more, but tell us what you will have for your breakfast."

"I will have you sit aside, first, and draw the curtain that I may look down the drive. They'll surely be coming soon. And will bring news, I'm sure they will. They're expecting Vic and Arthur soon. There! there! do stand out of the way. I'm sure I saw some one. Yes; it is—it is,—yes, it is papa. Can't I get up? I want to have a long talk with him."

"Come, come, Addie," exclaimed Mrs. Bell soothingly. "You are exciting yourself too much. Don't try to rise. I will give you another pillow, you are too weak to sit up. If you can not be calmer, and more composed, we shall be obliged to refuse any one coming in to see you."

"Not papa."

"Yes papa," repeated Mr. Rumsey, coming up to the bedside. "Now do be a good girl and lie quiet and papa shall come in and talk to you. But you must not talk much. These are the doctor's express orders."

Addie turned away her face in disgust. "Doctors don't know much. If there had been a good elder near, I hadn't laid here these weary weeks."

Mr. Rumsey came very near saying something disagreeable, but checked the words before they were spoken. Even Addie noticed an unusual sparkle and glow in her father's eyes, and on his face when he came in. He could not conceal it, and she would not be put off. She would know what it was. So he told her that Arthur, Victoria, and Burt had arrived at the Manor late the evening previous. Victoria and Burt were looking well, but Arthur was very much fatigued and scarcely able to ride from the station. He had been improving so nicely until they went to the coast. The sight of the sea affected him strangely, and so work-

ed on his mind that they were obliged to leave in a few days. He had had several of his old attacks of trouble in his head on the way home. He sent his love and hoped to be able to see her soon. Her father did not stay long, she was so nervous and would talk so much. But Victoria came in the afternoon, and remained to nurse her sister till she was very nearly recovered.

"You never saw our brother Arthur, Mrs. Bell, I believe," Addie remarked one day as they were sitting together in the cool, north parlor, Addie's 'green room,' just when she began to consider herself well again.

"No, I was away with Max, nursing him through his illness, when your brother came home, and he was gone to California before I returned."

"I wish you could see him. I think he's just the handsomest, best, and noblest man to be found. Only papa, and Max, and—yes George, too." Laughing at her own childish expressions. "I mean he's one of the best of men. If he only could get his health again."

"Mamma," said Elsie, who was standing by the vine wretched window, wasn't my papa's name Arthur?" The moment she had spoken, she was frightened at her want of thought, for her mother never would talk of the father she did not remember. Mrs. Bell grew suddenly pale, and the book she held, trembled visibly. With an effort she answered "Yes." Addie followed with, "you ought to be partial to 'Arthurs,' then. You must get acquainted with my brother. I think you'll like him, and I know he'll be pleased with you." After a pause. "Your husband has been dead a long time. Did he die suddenly?"

Mrs. Bell looked so pained that Addie wished she had not asked.

"He was drowned, under circumstances so painful—that I seldom speak of it."

"Elsie is your only child, I suppose," Addie went on, not thinking this could be an unpleasant question. But Mrs. Bell seemed even more distressed than before.

"She is a twin. Her brother died—young," was her answer as she bent her head over her book. Elsie could not resist the desire to press the subject.

"What was his name, mamma dear. Please don't think I wish to trouble you, but I would so like to know."

"He had no name," her mother answered, rising and walking out of the room.

"Mamma is always so disturbed that I seldom speak of my papa. I merely know that I had a brother, and that he is dead," Elsie said, as her mother closed the door.

"I heard somehow," Addie replied, "of George or Max I guess, that Mrs. Bell married secretly, against the wishes of her husband's parents, whom she never saw. A romantic affair, which ended sadly, it seems."

"And I've heard," added Elsie, "that none of mamma's folks ever saw my papa. He took mamma away somewhere to live, and when she came back, I was a little baby, and she was a widow. He was drowned, is all I know of his death.—Oh, look! there is a buggy coming around the corner. It is from the Manor, too." And Elsie ran out on to the veranda. Very soon Burt came in, followed by Mick O'Harry, Johnie Kent, and a little mulatto girl who had attached herself to Victoria in California, and refused to be left behind, when the Russell party came home. Burt made known his errand, which was to invite Addie and her husband, Mrs. Bell and Elsie, to a family reunion in honor of Arthur's birthday. To be held the next Friday. After giving his message, Burt called the two boys to come with him, and ran out for a romp and a swing on the lawn.

"So you came to see Heatherglade, did you, Dilly?" remarked Addie.

"Yes, missy," replied the little stranger, modestly. "I've wanted to come dis long time, but nobody knowed it, I axed Missy Victory an' she said I

may. Dat little Irish boy said I shouldn't come. Said he didn't ride along wid derkeys. I tole him he was nuffin but a chore boy an' I a lady's maid; he was no better'n I. He said he war borned white, any way, An' I tole him he wasnt growin' up a gentleman, if he was white, Den he laughed an' said, 'you'll do; come along.' All the while she had been looking about the room in eager admiration. Indeed it was a real gem of bowler like beauty. Maderia and ivy vines wreathed the windows and paintings; the graceful little statuettes that adorned mantel corner seemed resting amid delicate ferns mosses; the sofas and chairs were myrtle green; while the paper hangings were white, "bordered with mossy rose buds, and the carpet sea green, water lined. "Dis is mighty nice. Nicer'n any of de rooms at de Manor House. Yi, yi, but it's purty."

"Do you think so?" returned Addie. "I planed the appointments of this room. I like it these hot weary days. It reminds me of a cool, shaded nook in a woodland.—But Dilly—that's your name, I've heard, I think, tell us about California, and your life there, and how you came to be so fond of sister Vic."

Just then Mick O'Harry looked in at the door. "Come Miss Dilly dolly, Masther Burt says we must go."

"Den I'll tole ye my story next time, "exclaimed Dilly. "Though tish't much of a story."

MARBLES, AND WHERE THEY COME FROM.

Is there a wide-awake boy, a boy who goes to school and knows how to enjoy himself during play time as well as how to study hard during study hours, that does not know all about "fen dubs," "fen h'isting," "fen punching," "fen grinds," and "fen bunching?" If there is such a boy he has missed a great deal of fun in never having learned and used these mystical sayings; and when perhaps he becomes a father or a grandfather he will lose much pleasure in not being able to take a hand in with the youngsters and tell how he played marbles when he was a boy.

Although it is many and many years since I wore the skin off my knuckles, and my trousers out at the knees, and flattered myself that I knew all about marbles, it was not until recently, when talking with the wholesale dealers in marbles, that I had to acknowledge that there was still very much to be learned on the subject that is interesting and new.

I was told that in ancient times, away back before the Christian era, games were played with marbles, not the beautiful round, smooth and polished ones of the present day, but with round, sea worn stones and pebbles; also that marbles are frequently met with in the ruins of old cities, and among the other wonderful relics found in the buried city of Pompeii.

As to which particular nation or people first manufactured stone and glass marbles, nothing is known. About the first mention we have of them is that they were introduced into England as early as 1620. This being the case, the boys have our dutch settlers to thank for the first introduction of marbles to this country, as it not at all probable that the stern Pilgrims would encourage the playing of games with round stones.

All the dealers in marbles—and I have talked with very many—tell me that the entire stock of marbles for the American market comes from Germany, and that the prices paid for manufacturing them are so low that no American laborer would or could live on such wages. A great deal of the work, such as moulding and painting, is performed by poor little children.

I shall never watch a lot of happy, intelligent, bright, well-fed, and well clothed American boys playing at marbles, but I shall think of the poorly-clad German children munching away on a piece of black bread. (for that is all they get to eat) as

they work on their weary tasks for a few cents a week. Poor little things! it is no wonder they love America, and wish they were human marbles and could roll over here.

The common gray marble is made of a hard stone found near Coburg, in Saxony. This stone is first broken with a hammer into small fragments. From 100 to 200 of these are ground at one time in a mill which resembles a flour mill. The lower stone remains at rest, and is provided with several circular grooves or furrows. The upper stone is of the same size as the lower, but revolves by means of water-power. Little streams of water are allowed to flow into the furrows of the lower stone. The pressure of the "runner" (the upper stone) on the pieces rolls them over in all directions, until in a quarter of an hour they are reduced to nearly perfect spheres.

An establishment with three such mills can turn out over sixty thousand marbles a week. This operation is for the coarser kinds of stone marbles. In making the finer grades they are afterwards placed in revolving wooden casks in which are cylinders of hard stone, and the marbles, by constantly rubbing against one another and against the stone cylinders, become very smooth. To give them a high polish the dust formed in the last operation is taken out of the cask which is then charged with fine emery powder. The very highest and last grade of polish is effected with, "putty powder." Marbles thus produced are known to the trade as "polished gray marbles." They also are stained different colors, and are then known as "colored marbles," and are sold by the New York wholesale dealers at from seventy to eighty cents per thousand.

What the maker receives for them I leave you to imagine, for the German wholsale dealer must obtain his profit; then comes the cost of sending them to this country, and the Custom-house duty, and a profit for the American dealer who disposes of them at eighty cents per thousand. As there are twenty to twenty-five lines or varieties of German marbles, it is not to be wondered at that they hold their own against even the labor and time-saving machinery of America.

After the small gray marbles come the largest sized marbles or bowlers, now called "bosses" by the New York boys. These are one and a quarter inches in diameter, and cost from \$6 to \$7 per thousand. The next grade of marbles includes the "china alleys," "burnt agates," "glass agates," and "jaspers," though with the trade these are all called marbles. China alleys are painted in fine circles of various colors, or in small, broad rings, in which case they are known as "bull's-eyes." Some of these are pressed in wooden moulds, after which they are painted and baked. These cost from fifty cents to \$7.50 per thousand, according to the size. The better and more highly finished alleys are made of china, carefully moulded, painted, and fire-glazed. These cost from \$2.75 to \$15 per thousand, the largest being an inch and a half in diameter.

Next come the jaspers, or, as the boys call them, "Croton alleys," consisting of glazed and unglazed white china handsomely marbled with blue. The "burnt agates" are also china, and highly glazed; in color they are a mixture of dark and light brown, with splashes of white; when green is introduced with the above colors they are known as "moss agates;" by the dealers they are known as imitation agates." The prices of these range from \$2.75 to \$7.50 per thousand. Then comes a very large and beautiful class or variety of alleys known as "glass marbles." These range in size from two inches in diameter down to the small "peawees," and are of every conceivable combination of colored glass. Some contain figure of animals and birds, and are known as "glass figure marbles." These are pressed in polished metal moulds, the parts of which fit so closely together that not the slightest trace of them is to be seen on the alleys, which is not the case with most of pressed china alleys, for if

one looks over a number of them sharply he will detect a small ridge encircling some of them. The "opals," "glimmers," "blood," "ruby," "spangled," "figured," and imitation carnelian all come in this class, and are all very beautiful.

Now come the most beautiful and expensive of all marbles—the true agates and true carnelians. These are gems and are quoted as high as \$45 per gross wholesale for the largest sizes. They are of the most exquisite combinations of colors in grays and reds, and are all highly polished by hand on lapidaries' wheels. Last and least in size are the "peawees" or "pony" alleys and marbles. They are comical little chaps, no larger than a good-sized marrowfat pea. Of late years gilded and silvered marbles have been introduced, also a style speckled with various colored paints, which are called "bird's eggs."

When playing marbles it is well to provide one's self with a pad on which to kneel, thereby avoiding all soiling and wearing out of the knees of one's pants. A rest for the hand when "knuckling down," consisting of a piece of the fur of any animal, will be found very convenient when playing on coarse sandy soils.

THE WATERFALL IN THE WOODS.

HOW DELIGHTFUL it is in this summer-time to go rambling over the fields, or in the woods, or along the streams! One gets a great deal of pure enjoyment as he looks at the beautiful or curious things in nature. The way to get the most pleasure and at the same time the most profit, is to have some object in view, and not to loiter aimlessly about, wandering here and there and taking no special interest in anything.

We may see a beautiful waterfall. One boy would look at it as only so much water tumbling over the rocks, while another would be looking to see what kind of rocks they were, and how the water had worn them. One girl would think it was simply "just a too lovely place for a picnic," while her companion would want to make a drawing of the scene, so as to keep it in mind. There are some children that have eyes, but do not seem to see with them, while others take in all that there is to be seen. These will find that what they learn now, even if they have no immediate use for it, will come into play some time. Then they will be glad that they used their eyes.

One of the things which we all ought to see as we enjoy the beautiful summer weather among the hills, by the streams, or on the seashore, is the wonderful wisdom of God who made this beautiful world. Do not let us forget him as we enjoy ourselves. Let us rather think as we rejoice in these beautiful things, in sky and tree and field and stream—"My Father made them all!"—Selected.

LOST ON THE PRAIRIE.

A TRUE STORY, BY EFFIE JOHNSON IN NORTHERN "CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE."

THE people of the great West are a large-souled, generous people, caring for the little helpless waifs who throng their city streets, as well as the mammoth business enterprises which build colossal fortunes in so short a space of time.

When it was announced in the city papers that the Elm Street Church was to give a free excursion and picnic to as many poor children as cared to enjoy it, the kind-hearted projectors found on going to the appointed place of gathering that they had undertaken all they were able to perform. A picnic in the beautiful country, a ride in the great wagons, with banners and music and lunch baskets, away across the prairie—this set all the youngsters of G—wild with excitement.

How blue the skies were! how the tall grass waved! and such beautiful flowers seemed playing hide and seek everywhere. And the music sounded so sweet, and the beating, throbbing hearts through

all that long procession, and the bright eyes and merry, rippling laughter—who that enjoyed it all could ever forget it?

Then there was the halt under the shady trees, and the great can of lemonade and the nice frosted cakes and candies, and the merry groups seated upon the grass. But before they tasted of the bountiful lunch, the children sang:

"I am so glad that our Father in Heaven" and "Beulah Land," and the superintendent prayed for the children so simple and earnestly! Even the smallest child understood his words. Then came an hour of such enjoyment as filled the hearts and the eyes of the few elder people who cared for the crowd. Many of the children had never seen the country before, and were as great strangers to the delicate food with which they were so bountifully supplied.

Two little people, Tom Saunders and Mitty Brown, seated by themselves under a tree, were of this class.

"Such babies!" said Letty Andrews; "their mothers should have come with them."

"Why, Letty!" said Anna Reed, her friend, "The poor women could not afford the time, and they were so glad the children could come. For my part I am glad too, for they behave as nice as grown people. Little dears! I mean to look after them myself."

But good-natured Anna Reed forgot her kind resolve, and every one else forgot just how many children belonged to the party, so when late in the afternoon the signal for return was given and the children came flocking to the wagons, there were two vacancies which no one observed till the party reached the city; then the waiting mothers, who were through with the day's toil, and longing to clasp their darlings to their hearts again, looked for them in vain among the crowds who were dismounting from the wagons.

Meanwhile the two little wanderers afar out on the prairie gathering flowers suddenly became aware that it was getting late.

"Where are all the children?" said Mitty. "Oh, Tommy! I can't hear a single one. I hope we aren't lost."

"Oh, no, Mitty! we couldn't get lost so quick," said Tommy encouragingly, though his heart gave a great bound as he looked toward the sun slowly going down in the western sky.

They looked earnestly, following the path they had made, till Tommy shouted gleefully:

"We're found now. I can see the trees." And a little way before them was the grove where the party had eaten lunch. They ran forward hastily, but on coming to the spot found only the trampled grass and orange and lemon peel scattered about. Not a child or a wagon was in sight.

"Oh! oh! they've gone and lefted us," said Mitty, sitting down in despair. "What shall we do?"

"I dunno," said Tom, choking back the tears. "It's awful to be lost on the prairie, and we so little."

"Let's pray. Mamma does when she feels bad," said Mitty.

"I don't know any prayer only 'Now I lay me down to sleep,' and I don't want to lay me to sleep," I want to go home," said Tom with a great gulp. "We are lost, and God can find us," said Mitty. "Come, Tom, we must pray."

The two little ones knelt side by side on the grass and Mitty, lifting up her dimpled hand, said softly: "Dear God, we are lost. Won't you please let somebody find us, or show us the way home?" and both voices responded "Amen."

Then hand in hand they wandered on over the rolling prairie. When it was near nightfall they came to a small stream of water, and Tom said sorrowfully: "There is no bridge and we can't get across," but little Mitty knelt down and said:

"Dear God, I thank you."

"What for, Mitty?" said Tom, wondering.

"Because He shows me the way home," said Mitty. "Don't you know, Tom, there is no brook anywhere

round but Walnut Run? And I know just where it empties into the Ohio close by home. Come." And seizing his hand, she rushed rapidly forward, following the bank of the stream until soon they came to farm-houses, then to city streets, and at last, while the black wing of despair was resting down into the parent's hearts at the thought of the little ones lost on the prairie, the door opened, and two little weary, draggled children were caught up, embraced, and kissed until they were glad to be set upon their feet again.

"Oh, Mitty! Tommy! Can it be?" said the mothers. "And we gave you up as lost. How ever did you get home? who found you."

"God did," said Mitty solemnly; and then Tom told the story of Mitty's prayer when they knew they were lost, and how soon they found the stream and the way home; and the fathers, who never prayed, said in their hearts, "God led them;" and the mothers, who took all their troubles to Him, said, with heart and lips, "We thank Thee, O Father, for leading our lost ones home."

Letters from the Hopes.

RIDGWAY, Harrison Co., Mo.,
May 27th, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—It is with pleasure that I write a few lines to our dear little paper. Though tempted often, I am still striving to be faithful and do right. How many are the temptations to lead the youthful mind astray, and how apt are we to forget our Savior, and wander from the true way. Is it not thus? Let us as Saints, try and be worthy of the name we bear, abiding by the teachings of our blessed Savior, and we shall be safe. Did not Jesus say, "Lay up for yourself treasures in heaven," and also "Pray without ceasing."

O! ye Hopes of Zion, awake and rejoice,
Let the light in your lamps ne'er grow dim;
Let the infinite love of Jesus above,
Draw your hearts in more love unto Him.
Even now we can see the dawning of day,
The fair millennial morning;
Let us walk, let us walk, in the narrow way,
And heed the gospel's great warning.

I will try and answer some of Uncle John's questions, as near as I can. Christ said, "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God." The principles of the gospel are faith, repentance, baptism, laying on of hands, resurrection, eternal judgment. My duty is to obey all the commandments of God, to be thankful for, and contented with the blessings which I daily enjoy, and do all in my power to move on the gospel, though I fear I come far short of my duty in many instances. Dear readers of the *Hope*, are we prepared for the coming of God? Let us ask ourselves the question, and if not, let us prepare, for the end is near, and even now the signs of his coming have already commenced.

Your unworthy brother,
DAVID WIGHT.

ARMOUR, July 26th, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—I take my pen for the first time to write a few lines to you. It was not because I was not interested in your behalf that I have not written before, but my own lack of ability. But our weakness and inabilities break not the bonds of duties. I will therefore do the best I can to encourage and exhort the dear little Hopes and also the big ones, to begin to serve the Lord now, in their youthful days, when they are blooming and fair, before the "evil days come, when you will have no pleasure in them." So said the wise man.

I read the letters in the *Hope* from some of the little lambs not more than six or seven years old and it makes my heart glad to see so many of the little buds of promise take an active part in making their paper interesting. I hope there will many more follow their example. I have a good many little Hopes and some larger ones, that I earnestly desire may be numbered with the children of Zion, grandchildren of my own. I have one little one he was

not over three years old. I was sick. He was one morning alone with me in the room, He says, grandma, I want you to kneel down with me. He raised his sweet voice and said, "God heal grandma, amen." And God did answer his prayer. Parents, do you realize the responsibility that rests upon you to teach them the principles, and instill into their young and tender minds, faith in God and his promises. If so, I think the rising generation will have but little use for physicians. I have been a member in the Church of Christ over forty five years. my faith is still in the gospel, and my hope grows brighter as I am nearing home; and I look with pleasure for the time, when this corruption will put on incorruption, and this mortal put on immortality, and death be swallowed up in Victory.

Now dear Hopes, young and old, I am growing old and feeble, and feel that ere long I must go down to the grave. If you never more hear from me, I bid you farewell, and hope to meet you all in the sweet bye and bye. This is the prayer of

GRANDMA HARTWELL.

GRAYSVILLE, Ohio, July 17th, 1883.

Beloved Hopes:—Although I have not written to you for a long time, I have not forgotten you. I am a constant reader of our little paper. Hope it will soon be issued weekly to the eager little watchers for its coming. I have been closely observing how all were getting on. I see much to be very grateful for. I am pleased to see the noble efforts of some of the contributors for the little *Hope*. Take courage, little Hopes, I believe you will soon see it a weekly. I loan my papers. Many said if such innocent moral pieces as "Maplewood Manor" was left out, the *Hope* would come to naught. O! think of it. How sad it would be for little Hopes. It must not go down; rather have it prosper, become a weekly. Saints should not have their children do without it. The cry of nearly all is joyful that broader views of freedom and moral worth have predominated. So come forward, ye silent contributors, enter the arena again, and help the noble standard bearers, (who have weathered the storm in the contest), feed the lambs of the fold, who must not be neglected; feed good healthful food. All should work to that end, yet don't let us deprive them of the much loved dainty morsels supplied by Sr. Perla Wild, Myrtle Grey, Lena, and many others, who love to feed the little lambs. Those who would complain, please look at the morals of such pieces, and the motive.

Little Hopes, try to do your whole duty to please your Savior who said, "feed my lambs." Who did he mean by "his lambs?" Where in Scripture do we find this charge? What other charge did he give at the same time? I often wonder how many are keeping faithfully the charges of Christ. Strive to heed each lesson your little paper contains, and report to it in your little letters, the blessings you receive from Jesus, when you enter his fold and serve him. Let your friends know the joy that he gives those who obey and confess him, their redeemer. All who truly confess him, have his promise that he will confess them as his own in that great day before his Father; while those who deny him will have to go into outer darkness. You have already seen many of the little Hopes called home to his blessed and sweet presence; don't you think they were glad they were prepared to meet him? None of you know how soon you may be summoned to join his little heavenly band. So try to be ever ready to go when Jesus calls you to him. Pray for all who strive to give you good lessons in your little *Hope*; for they pray and work for your eternal welfare. I like to talk to the little lambs of Christ, but will close for this time. I have become almost ill since I commenced writing; a severe pain in my head. Pray for me.

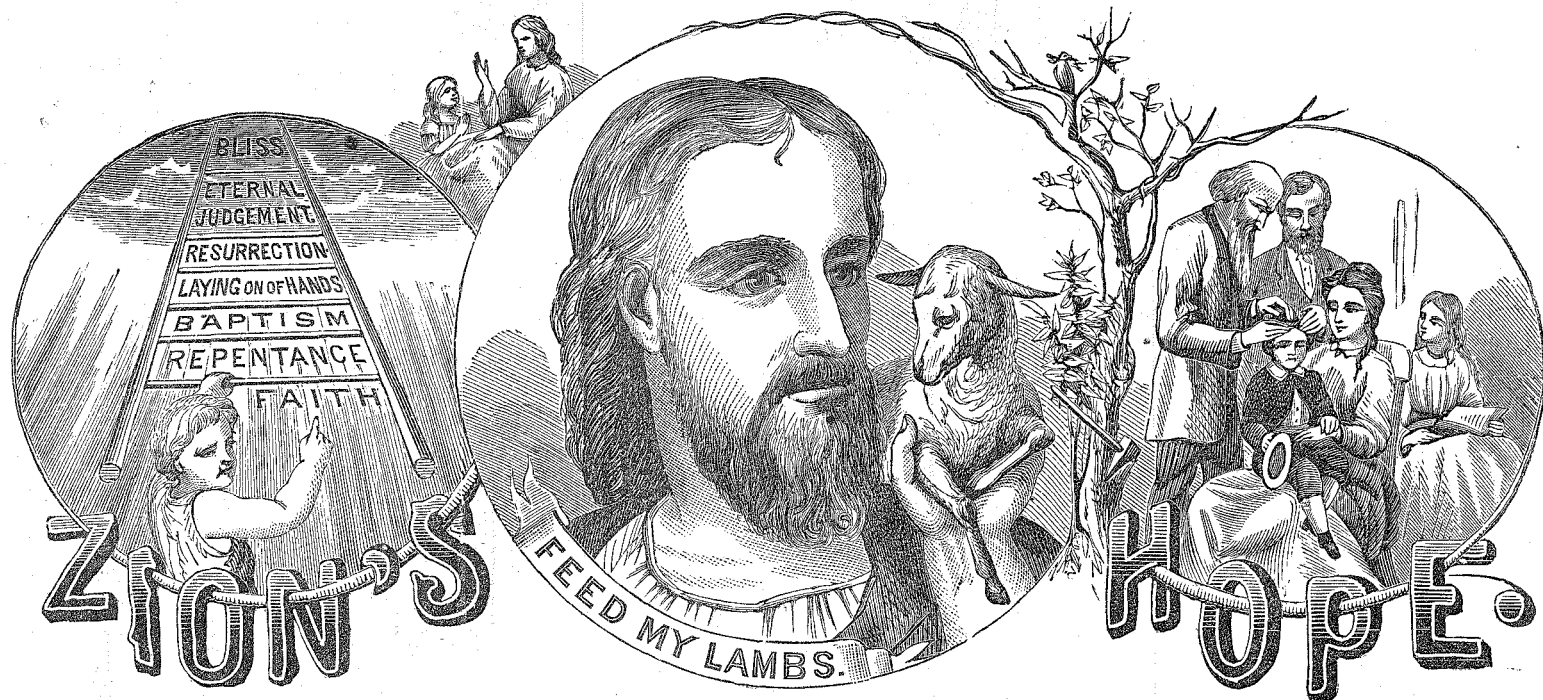
Your sister in hope of eternal life,
S. A. ROSE.

THE SAINTS' HERALD:

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

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL PICNIC.

'Tis the Fourth of July! Our hearts now delight,
As we meet, for we think of the glorious light
Of the Word that to us so kindly is given;
As a shield from all harm, and a guide unto heaven.

What a glorious thought! As we stand and gaze
On the beautiful earth, and the sun's bright rays,
That man may live on this earth below,
And good from evil may learn to know!

In the Sunday School we are taught from the Word
That Christ has given as a shield and a sword;
To cling to Him, and forget Him never,
That our hearts from Him no power may sever.

As the scriptures teach, we must love them all,
Be they friend or foe, and no evil recall.
There's one thing man oft lacks as he teaches,
To be careful and practice just what he preaches.

Kind friends, to you could I give one word
That would cheer you on, through life's rugged road;
With a hope we may have to meet once more
With the friends now at rest on that beautiful shore.

We should live for the future: Why care we to-day;
If we each do our duty and the scriptures obey.
For there's no one so happy in this world that is given,
As the children that live with the hope of bright heaven.

J. B. RODGER.

LAMONI, July 2d, 1883.

BILLY MYERS' MARE.

A LITTLE STORY WITH A LITTLE MORAL IN IT.

Not many months ago I was in the cars—our "Panhandle" cars, which at once suggest comfort to the traveler—and was interesting myself in observing my fellow-travelers. It is an old habit of mine to seek entertainment of such as may be so fortunate or unfortunate as to travel with me. I keep wondering who this is, and who that is, and what they are here for.

Sometimes the answers inferred are not very pleasant. For instance, on that very road I saw a woman and four children. They were very still, and I wondered what was the matter. At a little station they left the car, and there stood a little group of people to meet them. In an instant all were weeping. I wondered why. Our cars moved on, and then the reason was revealed in the box that had just been lifted from the baggage-car, containing some one's coffin. I said to myself: "No doubt it contains the mortal remains of the husband and the father."

But it was not of them or of him they were mourning, I meant to write. There is a class of men who ride on every train at the West, of their own sort, enterprising, jolly, and free in speech and manner. Among them are some of the smartest fellows, and for them I predict fortune. They encounter peculiar dangers from their roving kind of

life, and not the smallest of these is from tippling. It is very easy to imagine that the water is bad, or to feel "damp," or exposed to some disease, or that one is tired, and that a little whisky will be good. I notice also that many young men "make a mock" of my fears. They are merry as crickets as they tell their drinking exploits. Many of them carry a well filled flask. And thus they get very familiar with that which has destroyed multitudes.

Two of these men met in our car. They were merry, and at last they went back to the water-tank to get water to mix with something else which they drank. And when they returned to their seat, either because I looked like one of their sort—as I trust I do not—or because they noticed my interest in their movements, one of them asked me "if I would not take a little? It is real good!"

I thanked the young man for his offer, although my sense of duty struggled with my politeness, and I felt that I ought to say "Get thee behind me, Satan!" But still I thanked him, and added: "Let me pay you by telling you a story."

Now a story in a tedious ride on a railroad, even if it be in one of the elegant Panhandle's is always welcome, and so they all listened as I began.

"The fact is, gentlemen," I said, "whilst thankful for your offer, I am afraid to accept it."

"Well, I am not afraid," said the young man, as if a little hurt.

"I was not speaking of you, but of myself," I replied. "The fact is, I am afraid. But I was to tell you a story, not an original one, but one in which that wonderful man, Father Hunt, the Temperance lecturer, was an actor!"

"You may not know that on that subject it was not always wise for an opposer to attack him. He was sure to be a little singed in the conflict."

"One day Mr. Hunt was making a hard assault on rum drinking in a neighborhood where a Dutch distiller named 'Billy Myers, was a sort of king. This man was present and continually interrupting the speaker by saying in a loud voice: 'Mr. Hunt, money makes the mare go!' At first it raised a laugh, which Mr. Hunt took in good nature."

"At last he stopped for a personal colloquy with his tormentor, and said: 'Look here, Mr. Myers, you say money makes the mare go, and you mean that I lecture on temperance for money, don't you?'"

"Yes, that is what I mean, Mr. Hunt."

"Well, Mr. Myers, you carry on a distillery, and you do it for money, don't you?"

"To be sure I do, Mr. Hunt; money makes the mare go."

"And so, Mr. Myers, you say I have a mare, and you have a mare, also; suppose we trot them out together and see how they compare?"

"The meeting was in a grove, and the sharp lecturer knew a thing or two, and so the old distiller found out, for Mr. Hunt pointed to a young fellow who was quite drunk, and was steadying himself by a tree, and said: 'Mr. Myers, who is that young fellow?'"

"The distiller started as if stung, as he answered: 'That is my son.'"

"Your son, is he, Mr. Myers? I guess he has been riding your mare, and got thrown, hasn't he?"

"And who is that young fellow sitting so drunk on that log out there?" asked the lecturer, pointing to a second one.

"The distiller uttered an exclamation of real pain as he said: 'That is my son too.'"

"He is, is he?" asked Mr. Hunt; 'I guess he has been riding your mare, also, and she has kicked up and thrown him over her head, hasn't she? Your mare must be a vicious, dangerous brute, isn't she, Mr. Myers?'"

"The distiller could not stand it any longer, but said: 'Lock here, Mr. Hunt, I won't say another word if you will let me off.'"

"And there is my story about Mr. Billy Myers and his mare. It may not seem to you young man, to have much point, but the fact is I have noticed 'Bill Myers' mare a great many times, and I have seen a great many men as fearless as you attempt to ride the vicious creature, and I have seen a great many of them thrown and their necks broken. It may seem cowardly, but I am afraid to ride her, and I most earnestly advise you to get off while your neck is whole, for I feel sure she will some day throw you, and perhaps kill you. I beg you not to ride Bill Myers' mare!"

Such was my story. I was not very delicate in its illustration, but is a man to stickle for the niceness of words when he sees a fine young fellow riding down to perdition on such a jade?

My story hit the mark, and the young man to whom it was addressed was quite "cut down," and to "ease up the matter," I asked him his business, and found he was agent for a large glove manufactory, and forthwith he opened his satchel and presented me a pair of gloves, as he said: "As a sign that my honest dealing was appreciated."

Of course, I accepted them with thanks, but added as a parting admonition: "My young friend, take the advice of a casual acquaintance whose chief business is with young men, and dismount as quickly as possible from Bill Myers' mare?"

Just as the broadest rivers run
From small and distant springs,
The greatest crimes that men have done,
Have grown from little things.

USEFUL HANDS.

I DON'T know what Peter Lynch, the florist, would do without his little Becky. All through the month of August the sun is hot, and the garden-beds get scorched and thirsty, and at evening when there is no prospect of a shower, Becky takes her little green watering-pot and goes out to give them a drink. And she does it all herself without being asked; that is the beauty of it.

"You are tired, father," she says, "I know you are, working hard all day long; now sit still, and let me water the flowers."

And Peter says, "Bless her dear little loving heart," and sits down and watches her.

Becky and her papa live alone. Her mother died in the winter, and her last words were, "Becky, take good care of your father, dear." And the little girl does take good care of him. She is not old enough to keep house, so Bridget Dolan comes in every morning to see to the cooking and the harder housework. But Becky never forgets to see that there is something on the table that her father likes, and is never unwilling to help him in his work. She goes around with him and holds the tray while he "cuts his roses and posies," as she says, and soon she will learn to tie them up in bouquets for the market.

How bright and happy she looks, and as neat as a pin. That is the way a little girl should look, and what a comfort such a child is to father and mother.

HOW SLATE PENCILS ARE MADE.

Broken slate from the quarries is put into a mortar run by steam, and pounded into small particles. Thence it goes into the hopper of a mill, which runs it into a bolting machine, such as is used in flouring mills, where it is bolted, the fine almost impalpable flour that results being taken into a mixing tub, where a small quantity of steatite flour, manufactured in a similar manner, is added, and the whole is then made into a stiff dough. This dough is thoroughly kneaded by passing several times between iron rollers. Thence it is carried to a table where it is made into charges—that is short cylinders, four or five inches thick, and containing from eight to ten pounds each. Four of these are placed in a strong iron chamber or retort, with a changeable nozzle, so as to regulate the size of the pencil, and subjected to tremendous hydraulic pressure under which the composition is pushed through the nozzle in a long cord like a slender snake sliding out of a hole, and passes over a sloping table slit at right angles with the cords to give passage to a knife which cuts them into lengths. They are then laid on boards to dry, and after a few hours are removed to sheets of corrugated zinc, the corrugations serving to prevent the pencils from warping during the process of baking, to which they are next subjected in a kiln, into which super-heated steam is introduced in pipes, the temperature being regulated according to the requirements of the articles exposed to its influence. From the kiln articles go to the finishing and packing room, where the ends are thrust for a second under rapidly-revolving emery wheels, and withdrawn neatly and smoothly pointed ready for use. They are then packed in pasteboard boxes, each containing 100 pencils; and these boxes in turn are packed for shipment in wooden boxes, containing 100 each, or 10,000, pencils in a shipping box. Nearly all the work is done by boys, and the cost therefore, is light.

FORGIVE US OUR TRESPASSES.

A STORY is told of a certain nobleman of Alexandria, who complained bitterly to the bishop of that city of his enemies. While in the midst of his tale the bell sounded for prayers, and the bishop and noblemen dropped to their knees, the former leading in the Lord's Prayer, the latter leaving for a while his tale untold.

When the bishop came to the petition, "Forgive us

our trespasses," he stopped suddenly, leaving the other to go on alone. The nobleman attempted to continue; but startled by the sound of his unaccompanied voice, and recalled by his companion's silence to the significance of the petition, he stammered, ceased praying, and rose from his knees, a hopeless man—until he afterward found hope in a better disposition toward his neighbor.

It is an easy thing to say, "Forgive us our trespasses" by rote; it is difficult sometimes to say it understandingly. If we stop at this petition when we are repeating the Lord's Prayer until we have fully entered into the spirit of it, how many of us will always go on?

THE SPARROWS.

In the far-off land of Norway,
Where the winter lingers late,
And long for the singing birds and flowers
The little children wait,

When at last the summer ripens,
And the harvest is gathered in,
And food for the bleak, drear days to come
The toiling people win,

Through all the land the children
In the golden fields remain,
Till their busy little hands have gleaned
A generous sheaf of grain;

All the stalks by the reapers forgotten
They glean to the very least,
To save till the cold December,
For the Sparrows' Christmas feast.

And then through the frost-locked country
There happens a wonderful thing:
The sparrows flock, north, south, east, west,
For the children's offering.

Of a sudden, the day before Christmas,
The twittering crowds arrive,
And the bitter, wintry air at once
With their chirping is all alive.

They perch upon roof and gable,
On porch and fence and tree,
They flutter about the windows
And peer in curiously,

And meet the eyes of the children,
Who eagerly look out,
With cheeks that bloom like roses red,
And greet them with welcoming shout.

On the joyful Christmas morning,
In front of every door
A tall pole, crowned with clustering grain,
Is set the birds before.

And which are the happiest truly
It would be hard to tell—
The sparrows who share in the Christmas cheer
Or the children who love them well!

How sweet that they should remember,
With faith so full and sure,
That the children's bounty awaited them
The whole wide country o'er!

When this pretty story was told me,
By one who had helped to rear
The rustling grain for the merry birds
In Norway, many a year,

I thought that our little children
Would like to know it too,
It seems to me so beautiful,
So blessed a thing to do—

To make God's innocent creatures see
In every child a friend,
And on our faithful kindness
So fearlessly depend.

TWO WAYS.

FRED and Joe are boys of the same age. Both have their way to make in the world. This is the way Joe does. When work is before him he waits as long as he can, he hates so to touch it. Then he does not half do it. He is almost sure to stop before it is done. He does not care if fault is found.

He says,—“I can't help it,” or “I don't care.”

Fred's way is not the same. He goes straight to his work, and does it as soon as he can and as well as he can. He never slights work for play, though he loves play as well as Joe does. If he does not know how to do a piece of work well, he asks some

one who does know, and then he takes care to remember. He says, “I never want to be ashamed of my work.”

Which boy, do you think, will make a man to be trusted?—*Religious Herald.*

A PLEA FOR THE "HOPE;" ALSO A DEFENSE OF ITS CONTRIBUTORS.

Beloved Hope:—Thou rich messenger of truth to the young. Rich in wisdom, and in the art of making yourself beloved, sought after and anxiously waited for, by not only those for whom you are intended, (the Hopes of Zion), but by those of riper years. My love for and interest in you and your mission, has not begun to wane, or decline in the least. I have been a reader of your precious pages from your inception, or birth, till now; and I have on hand an unbroken file of your numbers, from June the 15th, 1875, up to date, or 220 numbers, a volume that I prize very much. I am also very glad that I am not alone in desiring to see the *Zion's Hope* a weekly. Every time I see anything in your columns, or that of the *Herald*, (which is quite often), favoring such a change in your visits, I am thankful to that God who has endowed your Editor and the most of your writers with that love, interest and wisdom, shown forth on your pages. But when I read unfavorable, unjust, and I was going to say cruel criticism of some of your contributors, it makes me feel sad indeed. Where would you have been in your sphere of usefulness and circulation, if those who have written those beautiful continued stories for you, that have tended to lead and guide the young to good deeds, noble aspirations and a holy life had written no more for your pages than have some of those who have written so disparagingly of the efforts of said writers? There is an old saw which is more true than trite; that “evil is to him that evil thinks.” Looking through colored glasses, or goggles, whether green, blue or red, correspondingly colors all objects that we behold. The beam in our own eye, is apt to distort and magnify the mote in our brother's eye. The object and motive we have in view when investigating any subject, especially when associated with our prejudices, (for or against the same), has much to do with our approval or disapproval of said subject. As your Editor once asked a bitter opposer of the Book of Covenants, who claimed to be (and was) well posted in the same, if he did not read that book for the express purpose of finding its apparent weak points, that he might find something to strengthen his argument against the same; which, when said opponent, (Wm. Savage), conceded, he was asked if he was to read the Bible, Book of Mormon, or any other good book, for the same purpose, if he could not find fault with it also. There was a world of meaning in those two simple questions; and they are of more force than a lengthy argument.

Then, beloved Hopes, when we are investigating any subject, especially if biased for or against, we should use great wisdom and forbearance, lest our prejudices should warp our decisions. We read in the Book of Mormon, that “whatsoever leadeth and enticeth to do good, is of God.” If the continued stories in the *Hope*, especially those from the pens of Uncle J. and sister Perla Wild, do not tend in this direction, the spirit that has often come over me while reading those stories, was not the Spirit of God; although I have credited it to him. I may be commended for believing that there is a New Jerusalem, or city, to come down from heaven, and abide on the earth. That this city is to be fifteen hundred miles square; not only that, but the length, breadth, and height are equal; hence fifteen hundred miles high. But for me to write a story, a romance, though it may have its counterpart in every day life, that shall tend to instruct the reader, shall cause them to seek for this city of gold, whose streets are paved with pure gold, Rev. 21: 18, 21, is terrible indeed. Is not the Bible full of romance? Of fiction? What is a parable? Webster says it is

a moral fable. What is a fable? He says it is a fictitious story enforcing a useful truth. If a sugar coated pill retains and gives forth all of its medicinal properties, what is the harm in coating it, and thus covering up its sickening nauseating, look, smell and taste? Or where the harm in painting, graining, and otherwise beautifying your houses, and thus covering up wind-shakes, knots, and other defects? Yet these are both lies; for the first is not a lump of sugar; nor those doors and inside finish of your houses either maple, oak, or mahogany.

Then, beloved *Hope*, with nothing more objectionable than your continued stories, I shall continue with others to labor and pray in your interest; and that you may become a weekly. And were your Editor to pray as zealously for that purpose, and to the same parties, as he did a few years ago for a certain press, I *verily believe* that in your first visit to us in 1884, our prayers would be answered. And were the attempt made at that date, I no more believe that the Saints, nor the Hopes would let you return to your semi-monthly visits, than they would let you collapse a few years ago, when uncle Henry was associate Editor, and that club, or roll of honor was gotten up, to put new life and vigor into your apparently declining condition.

With my well wishes to and for you and those for whom your mission is especially intended, I remain your sincere and devoted friend, and their Uncle,
W. R. C.

SELIM'S RIDE.

"Hist!"

One of the watchers had suddenly started out of his sleep and sat straight up looking sharply about him. Selim was not ten feet away, but he lay flat on the ground, motionless and hardly breathing, so dark and dead that he looked like a part of the desert itself. The keen-eyed watcher peered into the darkness and listened intently for a few minutes and then, hearing no sound and seeing no moving thing, he sank down drowsily into a confused heap of tawdry clothing, his spear with its red pennant lying at his side. The other watchers lay stretched out at full length in a little group about him as drowsy as himself. For several minutes, there was a dead silence and then Selim began to draw himself slowly along on the sand, so cautiously that he hardly made a sound.

He had been captured the day before by the men who were sleeping in the tents around him; there had been a desperate fight, half the band to which he belonged had been killed or wounded, and he had been carried off to the camp of his captors. He was the son of an Arab Shiek, and was worth looking after, because there might be a ransom in his case. Taken to the tent of the chief of the tribe, he had been kindly treated and left without any watching, except that which is always kept up. The tent was large and comfortable; a divan with cushions that had once been brilliant but now faded, ran along on one side, and two or three mats were spread on the ground. Arms were scattered about, and there was a heap of saddle-bags in one corner.

Selim was twelve years old, swarthy of complexion, straight as an arrow, lithe in figure, and shy and quick in his movements as a fawn. He belonged to a Bedouin tribe, famous as fighters and horse-men throughout the whole country; he had grown up in tents and knew no other home than the desert, and the blazing tropic sun, that often made the air quiver with heat as far as the eye could see, had burned him, until at a distance he looked entirely black.

Only once had Selim seen a city, and even then he had not entered it. His tribe had pitched their tents a mile beyond the gates and he had looked curiously at the strange travelers from all lands who came up from the desert in little caravans. He was a strange, wild creature who would have felt as if he were in prison if he had been shut up even for a night within the four walls of a house.

When a fierce-looking Bedouin, sweeping down up-

on him unawares in the battle had seized the bridle of his horse, he had fought wildly for a moment, but, quickly overcome, had yielded and ridden quietly off without a sign of fear. When brought into the tent of the chief of the tribe, who had made him a prisoner, he had stood silent and motionless, seeing everything and saying nothing. A fierce hate was burning within him but he gave no sign of it; he had only one purpose now, and that was to escape. He knew that the men would be very tired that night, that they had given his own tribe such a crushing blow that they had no fear of pursuit, and that the watch would be slack as it generally was after a successful foray. He had stretched himself quietly on the ground in one corner of the tent and had lain there apparently asleep, during the whole evening. The men kept coming in by twos and threes to talk with their chief, while Selim lay like a log, breathing so regularly that every one who noticed him thought him fast asleep. But the boy had never been so wide awake in his whole life before; he heard every sound and waited almost breathlessly for the darkness and deep sleep of the early morning, to make his escape.

He knew where every tent stood, where every rope was stretched, where the watch would be set, and where the horses would be tethered. Gradually the sounds died out about him; one by one the lights in the tents went out, and not a sound was heard throughout the camp but the deep breathing of tired men. Selim slowly raised himself on his elbows, listened intently for a moment and then sat upright. When he had made sure that nobody was stirring and nobody watching him he ran his arm under the canvas against which he lay and slowly loosened two of the pegs which held the tent-wall in place. In one breathless moment he was outside the tent, and flat on the ground. A light mist had spread itself over the desert and swallowed up the camp so completely that Selim could see nothing but the ropes at his feet. He had studied the course he was to take so carefully, that he could have found his way blindfolded to the horses. Six or eight of them were picketed together and among them, on the side farthest from the camp, he found his own, which he dearly loved. It was a small, beautiful-formed bay, whose limbs gave promise of endurance and fleetness. Selim pulled a saddle and bridle from a heap near by, stepped to the horse's head, stroked it gently, put the saddle on his back and drew the girths, slipped on the bridle, loosened the foot-ropes and led the animal quietly out. All this had taken only a moment, but to Selim it seemed an hour. If the horse whinnied he was lost; but the high-bred creature seemed to know what was wanted of him, and was almost as noiseless as his young master.

The camp was wrapped in a sleep so deep that the light foot-falls of the boy and the horse in the sand were not heard, and in a few minutes Selim had reached a line of low foot-hills half-a-mile from the camp, and was on their further side. For the moment, he knew that he was safe, but the freshening breeze warned him that the morning was not far distant, and, tightening the girths, the boy sprang into the saddle and rode off in the direction of the battle-ground of the day before, hoping to overtake some of his own people. He knew that he would surely have four good hours before the cry of alarm was sounded and the pursuers sent flying after him.

The hours went slowly enough, and although Selim knew that the darkness was a protection to him he was not at all sorry when the mist began to grow lighter. He came upon a little pool of brackish water in a patch of short grass, and let his horse drink freely of it, for he knew what a fierce, hot ride lay before them. The mist grew brighter and brighter until it seemed fairly luminous, but it did not break; it lay like a shining cloud over the desert. Unseen by Selim, the sun had already risen and the glowing day begun. The heat grew more and more intense, and the mist whiter and hotter,

until at last it broke here and there and showed the level country beyond; then it rolled itself into great masses and these in turn broke into light wreaths that hung motionless for a moment, then slowly faded out of sight, leaving the desert uncovered and bare as far as the eye could reach. In whatever direction Selim looked, there was a dead level with nothing to break the view, but a few stunted shrubs here and there at long intervals. The boy glanced eagerly along the circle where sky and desert met, and his face brightened when he saw, far to the east, a long, dark line. It was a group of trees which he knew, and if he could only reach them he was safe. His friends were there, and he knew all the hiding-places in the rougher country beyond so well that he could baffle his pursuers if they followed him there. But that low, dark line was a good half-day's ride distant, and nobody knew what perils lay between him and it. He urged the horse forward, but not at his full speed; that he must keep for the last terrible hour. So the morning passed on and the boy's hope rose as the dark line against the eastern sky grew more and more distinct.

From time to time he halted a moment to rest his horse, and in one of these pauses, as he looked back on the course he had come, his eye caught sight of a speck on the sky. While he watched, it moved, grew larger, and seemed to break into other dark points. Then Selim knew that his flight had been discovered, and that his pursuers were on his track. There was but an hour between them, and the palm trees were still a good distance ahead. He leaped to the ground, tightened the girths, felt of the sinewy flanks of his bay and sprang back into the saddle with the joy of an Arab when he feels that he has a noble horse beneath him. He cast one more glance behind. He could almost count his pursuers. Then, leaning on the neck of his horse, he gave him loose rein, and the bay sprang lightly forward with long, easy strides.

Half-an-hour passed away and Selim knows that the decisive moment is at hand. He casts a hurried look over his shoulder and sees that his pursuers are bearing down upon him at full speed. He can even hear their cries faintly behind him. He is unarmed and must not come within reach of their tasselled spears. In front, the palm grove quivers and seems to recede in the awful glare, but Selim knows that it is only half-an-hour away. A wild yell of rage comes from his pursuers as they find themselves almost in possession of their prey. Then the boy leans over his gallant horse and urges him forward, the beast answering the voice with a splendid burst of speed. He stretches himself out as if to make the distance shorter; his eyes flash and his sinewy limbs gather themselves for a final effort. The desert burns and glows as the gallant horse and his young rider shoot like an arrow over it. Faster and faster come the pursuers, urging their horses into a wild run and filling the air with shouts and curses—a dozen enraged men upon the track of a single defenseless boy. Selim's eyes are fixed on the line of trees growing more and more distinct before him; behind are torture and death, in front, friends and safety. He leans over the rushing bay, patting his neck, and whispering words of love and cheer and the horse answers with longer strides and an ever-quickening speed, his mouth foaming and his flanks smoking. A lance shoots past the boy, and half-buries itself in the hot sand, and then another and another, flying wide of their mark in the mad race. Selim hardly breathes; his eyes glitter, the reins fall from his hands and he leans far forward as if to touch the palms holding out shade and life to him. The moments are like hours, while the desert runs together in his gaze and seems like a vast, burning plain.

Five minutes are past; the palms are close at hand; the pursuers are sweeping on like the wind, their horses foaming and swaying under them. They are gathering themselves for the last effort when a spear suddenly appears between the palms in front and Selim gives a cry of joy. A horse-

man rides out behind it, sees the racers at a glance, shouts a command and rushes forward. Instantly twenty other spearmen are at his back and Selim is saved. His brothers and his kinsmen are there.

The pursuers stop short, wheel around and speak hurriedly to each other; but they have no time to talk. In a moment, the whole band of Selim's kinsmen, freshly mounted, are upon them, wheeling here and there, riding in circles, scattering and regathering, with wild cries and tossing lances. The enemy retreat, are followed, lances cross, splinter and are driven home, and the tide of battle, rolling backward, leaves the boy like a leaf tossed up by the sea. He falls from his saddle, and when, a little later, his kinsmen return, leaving their enemies dead or flying, they find him sitting on the sand patting and kissing the brave horse which has brought him out of the jaws of death into the shade and peace of the palms.—*Selected.*

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS FOR THE READERS OF THE HOPE.

Did you ever see a good ten dollar bill? Yes.
Did you ever see a counterfeit ten dollar bill? Yes.
Why was the good bill counterfeited? Because it was worth counterfeiting.
Was the good ten dollar bill to blame? No.
Did you ever see a piece of brown paper counterfeited? No.
Why? Because it was not worth while to counterfeit it.
Did you ever see a good Saint? Yes.
Did you ever see a counterfeit Saint? Yes, lots of 'em.
Why were the good ones counterfeited? Because they were worth counterfeiting.
Were the good Saints to blame for being counterfeited? Why, certainly not.
Did you ever see a false prophet? No, but I heard tell of plenty.
And why are there plenty of false prophets! There must be genuine ones, or else there could not be counterfeit ones.
And which are to blame? Those that counterfeit and try to pass counterfeit.
Did you ever see a counterfeit infidel? No.
Why? I am through.

BRO. WM. STREET.

ADVICE TO YOUNG LADIES.

Be cheerful, but not gigglers. Be serious, but not dull. Be communicative, but not forward. Be kind, but beware of silly, thoughtless speeches; although you may forget them, others will not. Court and encourage serious conversation with those who are truly serious and conversable: and do not go into valuable company without endeavoring to improve by the intercourse permitted you. Nothing is more unbecoming, when one part of a company is engaged in profitable and interesting conversation, than that another part should be trifling and talking comparative nonsense to each other.

THE GENTLE LIFE.

This is the beautiful heritage of the well-born man and the gentle woman. They may be poor or rich to-day, they may be living a life of leisure or toiling for their bread—all the same, they carry with them the grace, the care, the gentleness, the consideration, the knowledge, which we call intuition or instinct, which comes from generations of culture and a thousand qualities of mind and heart which win social recognition and bring happiness to the possessor.

The accumulation of more money as the inheritance for children is often worse than nothing in their hands; it deprives them of all incentive to personal effort and not unfrequently proves the means by which they ride fast to destruction. Money is

worse than nothing if the lives of the past and the associations of the present have not taught us how to put it to its noblest uses.

But the order, the training, the experience of a life are invaluable. They form, with education, a key that unlocks the recesses of the world, and become a power that no loss in stocks or bonds or houses or lands can deprive the fortunate possessor of. They make him the equal of the best, and therefore at ease with all men.

SUNDAY SCHOOL REPORT.

Report of Zion's Hope Sunday School, for quarter ending June 30th, 1883. Whole number of sessions held, 12. Whole number of attendance, 502. Whole amount of money collected, \$7 10. Average attendance, 41 and 10-12. Average collection 59 and 2-12. New scholars for quarter, 24. The school is improving in interest. We now take thirty numbers of *Zion's Hope*.

Respectfully submitted,

J. W. WALDSMITH, *Supt.*

Letters from the Hopes.

RICHLAND, Union Co., Dakota,
August 1st, 1883.

Dear Hopes of Zion:—I write you a letter and tell you how lonely I am away up in Dakota, no Latter Day Saints to speak to. All up here are striving for the things that perish with using. It grieves my heart to see them turn away from the truth. We have a Union Sunday School, and I go to that. A sister once asked me if I thought it was right to take part. I think it is, for I receive knowledge from the lesson leaf, and learn some good lessons from God's dealings with Joshua, his commands to be strong in the Lord, to turn not to the right hand nor the left; and while studying the lesson, the institution of the passover was made very plain; that through obedience to the commands, Christ has pledged himself to be our passover. What comfort it brought to feel secure. The sin of covetousness was a good lesson to learn, and the reading of all the law to all Israel; so I think it must be right for me to take a part. I take the inspired translation with me and read some from it. We learn some verses, ask questions, and sing. Now what do you think, is it right for us to unite with them? Will some one write and tell me. Mormonism is not such a bugbear as it used to be, and I wish some elder could find time to come up here and give the people one more offer.

Ever your sister in gospel love,

LILLY J. SMITH.

GILMORE CITY, August 5th, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—This is the third time I have written to you. I was baptized three weeks ago to-day, by Bro. W. W. Whiting. I was ten years old. I believe this work. I love to read the *Hope*. I go to school now. My school will be out in two days. We have meeting every Sunday. We have not had preaching very lately.

Your friend,

GEORGE H. CHATFIELD.

THAMESVILLE, ONTARIO.

Dear Hopes:—It is with pleasure that I write to you. To day is Sunday, and, as I am not going to meeting, I take this opportunity of writing to you. I agree with Bro. Wm. Stewart, in thinking the answers to the Prize Enigma, by Wm. Street, were not quite fair. I acknowledge I sent Ruth, as an answer, but, at the same time, I did not think it a proper answer. I sent it because it was the nearest answer. Again, the prizes were nearly all awarded to grown folks, who have a much better chance to get the right answer, than the children. I do not think it is encouraging to the young Hopes at all. As the *Hope* is printed for the children, I think they should have it. If Sr. Florence Chatburn, will give her address, I will correspond with her if

she likes. I am fourteen. My address is, Miss Lilly Burr, Thamesville, Ont., Box 177. I am glad that Sr. Perla Wild is not discouraged. If the critics of Maplewood Manor can write anything better, they should do so. I would like to see the *Hope* a weekly, and will be willing to do my share to make it so. We have no Sunday School here, I would like to have one, but I don't think we ever will.

Your sister in Gospel bonds,

LILLY BURR.

ORTONVILLE, Big Stone, Co., Minn.,
August 10th, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—I love to read the *Hope*, and don't see why people should find fault with Perla Wild's stories. I think Maplewood Manor a nice story, and hope she will finish it. I like to read the letters very much, and will be glad if our paper gets to be a weekly. This is the first time I have ever subscribed for the *Hope*. My grandma always sent for it for me before. She is one of the good Saints, and a dear good grandma. She is hoping to be able to write again sometime.

I remain,

MYRTLE WALKER.

MOORHEAD, IA., July 24th, 1883.

Dear Hope:—As I wield the pen with intent to communicate some thoughts to the paper before me, my mind turns to the past, and it seems but yesterday since the time when an occasional letter from me found its way to your little friend, the *Hope*. Near twenty-seven years, with their sorrows and joys, have helped to frost the head of time since I was permitted to behold the light of day; and yet I feel a boy—a child. And I am led to feel, as I have often heard and seen expressed, "O that I had my life to live again." And while these thoughts surge through the intricate meshes of the brain, there comes with the rapidity of lightning. "With the experience of the past, drive your stakes for the future." Should I heed the admonition? Yes. Will I? That remains for the future to unfold.

While we exist in this state, with the thorns as well as flowers covering our pathway, I trust we are all working for the great boon—eternal life.

While the thorns may be unpleasant to handle, they serve to show us better the beauty of the flowers. As hopes of Zion, I pray that we may remain faithful.

J. W. WIGHT.

CAMBRIDGE, Ia., Aug. 1883.

Dear Hopes:—I am now staying with one of the Saints on a farm. I like to stay here very well, because when I am in town I get with too much bad company. My home is in Des Moines. I see it is the desire of most of the Hopes to have the *Hope* a weekly. It is my desire also. Bro. Curtice White baptized two the first of last month. I know this is the work of God.

Pray for me.

LESCO E. MERRIL.

MOORHEAD, IOWA, JULY 17th, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—I feel as though I would like to address a few lines to you. I love to read your little paper, and I always read the letters, and they give me great comfort and make me feel to rejoice that I am a sister to such promising little hopes, and I think that if we live faithful we will inherit Eternal life with Christ. From your sister in hope and Christ,

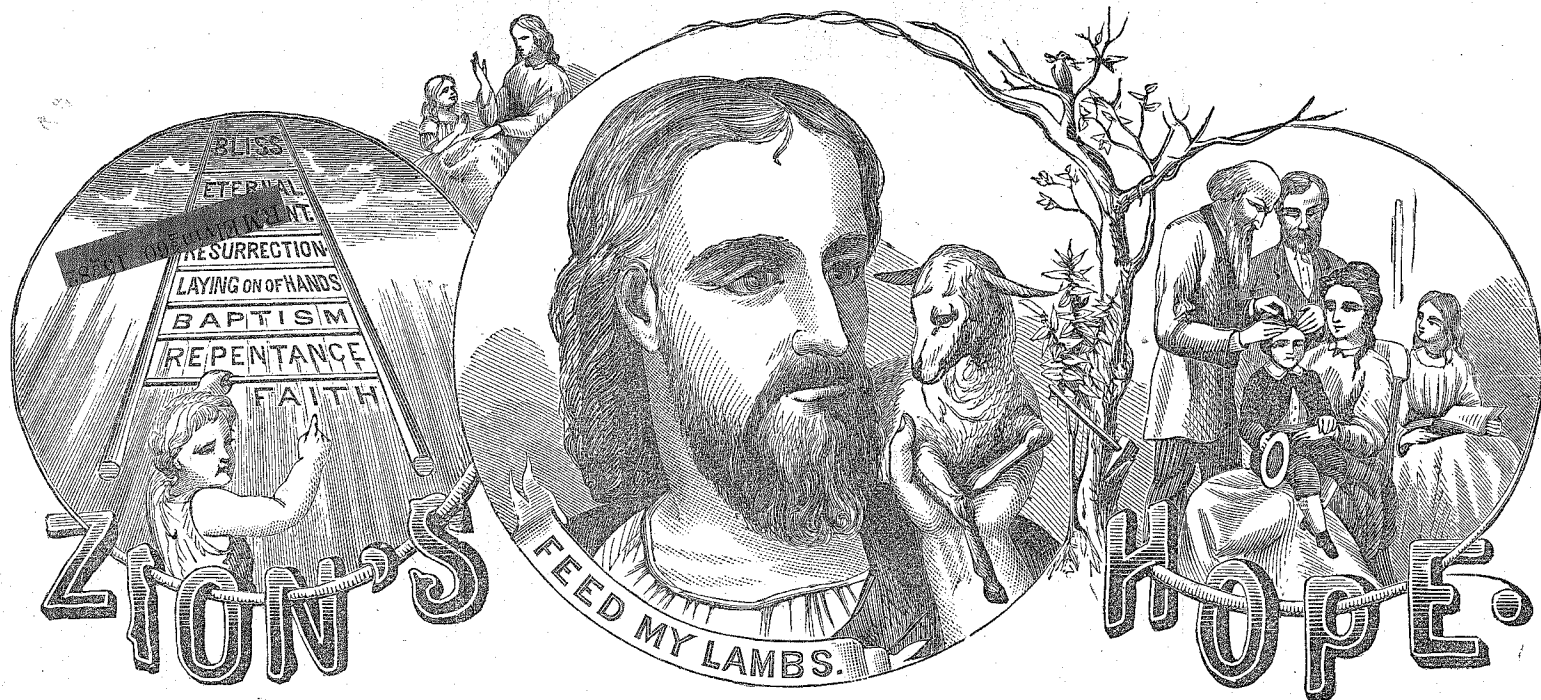
HENRIETTIE HILSINGER.

THE SAINTS' HERALD:

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

"WHEN I WAS JUST A LITTLE GIRL."

When I was just a little girl,
Full of mirth and play;
I often ran and skipped about,
But loved the Sabbath day.

When rising on that welcome morn,
The Birds did sweetly sing;
And gently through the summer breeze,
The merry bells would ring.

O those bells, those Painswick bells,
Methinks I hear their sound;
No music seems to me so sweet
In all the earth around.

What raptures filled my youthful heart,
For then I knew no care;
I thought in my simplicity
That joy was every-where.

When through the stillness of the air,
The long Toll, Toll, was heard,
It seemed as if by magic
The thoughts of some were stirred.

When we'd gathered some choice flowers,
To church we quickly went;
But kept so still, just like a mouse,
How could I be content.

If looking round in childish glee,
Ma would often shake her head;
But if rebuked, my only plea,
I knew not what was said.

But as I grew in after years,
The prayers I learned by heart;
Though some looked very strange and queer,
I took an active part.

'Mid all the scenes of childhood,
And glittering toys of youth;
When in temptations lonely hour,
Stand boldly for the truth.

Pray for the spirits guidance,
You will not pray in vain;
No other help, no other way,
The blessings can obtain.

Together like twin sisters,
Faith and works must grow;
You'll bless the day in after life,
What you have conquered now.

The years are swiftly passing by,
I am getting old and gray;
But how I love that sacred spot,
Where just I learned to pray.

C. ACKERLEY.

AN IMPORTANT COMMANDMENT.

AS MANY of the readers of the *Hope* are not members of the Church of Christ; and as the *Hope* falls into the hands of many who are not, still who may be lovers of Jesus' name, I wish to call attention to an important commandment. First, we read in John 14:21: "He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me," etc. It is

shown in this, and in the 23d and 24th verses, that if we love him we will keep his commandments, and if we don't keep his commandments, it is because we don't love him. We have his commandments, hence "He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that love me."

One of the great and important commandments is found in John 3:3, 5. "Jesus answered, verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he can not enter into the kingdom of God." Is not this plain language from the Son of God, who "spake as never man spake," not as the scribes, but as one having authority? You see this was not limited to one man, he did not say "except you;" but "except a man." This commandment is also found in Acts 2:38. The Apostle Peter, on the day of Pentecost, when asked "what shall we do," to be saved, 27th verse, being full of the Spirit of God, tells them to do the same thing, though not in the same words exactly. It comes plainly and forcibly. "Repent, and be baptized, every one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ, for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost." 39th verse, "for the promise is unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call." In the two last quotations it is shown, 1st, that we are commanded to "repent." 2d, that we are to be "baptized every one" of us. 3d, that we are to be "baptized in the name of Jesus Christ." 4th, that we are to be "baptized" not for example or any thing except "for the remission of sins." 5th, the great promise is attached, that by obedience to this gospel, this great commandment, we are to receive this great gift of the Holy Ghost, which is to guide us into all truth, to show us things to come, to bring to our remembrance all things which Christ has ever said unto us. By it we are able to understand the deep things of God's kingdom. See John 14:16, 17, 18, 26; 15:26; 16:13. 6th, that this promise extends to "all that are afar off" from the apostle's day, even us in the last days. This all important commandment with promise is found again in Mark 16:16. "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned," or condemned. This baptism is immersion, or burial in water. It is represented as the burial of Christ, in Col. 2:12. In Matt. 3:16, we have the account of Jesus being baptized, and it says, "When he was baptized, he went up straightway out of the water," showing that he had been in the water. Please read Rom. 6:4, 5; Acts 22:16. In Acts 8th chapter 17th verse, this sacred ordinance of laying on of hands by those in authority for conferring the Holy Ghost, and confirming members of the Church of Christ, is not

neglected by the Apostles. This ordinance of laying on of hands and the ordinance of baptism work together.

This is the gospel that was taught by Jesus Christ and his Apostles, and he will have the same in all ages of the world; for Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever," Heb. 13:8. There is a curse pronounced on "any man," or even an "angel from heaven," who "preaches any other gospel," or doctrine, and calls it the gospel, in Gal. 1:6, 7, 8. There are many passages showing the necessity of repentance, that I have not referred to, but some of the other little Hopes will write upon them soon, I trust.

E. T. DAWSON.

THE DEACON'S WEEK.

THE communion service of January was just over in the church at Sugar Hollow, and people were waiting for Mr. Parkes to give out the hymn, but he did not give it out; he laid his book down on the table and looked about on his church.

He was a man of simplicity and sincerity, fully in earnest to do his Lord's work, and to do it with all his might, but he did sometimes feel discouraged. His congregation was a mixture of farmers and mechanics. So he had to contend with the keen brain and skeptical comment of the men who piqued themselves on power to hammer at theological problems as well as hot iron, with the jealousy and repulsion and bitter feeling that has bred the communistic hordes abroad and at home; while perhaps he had a still harder task to awaken the sluggish souls of those who used their days to struggle with barren hillside and rocky pasture for mere food and clothing, and their nights to sleep the dull sleep of physical fatigue and mental vacuity. The minister spoke: "My dear friends," he said, "you all know, though I did not give you any notice to that effect, that this week is the Week of Prayer. I have a mind to ask you to make it for this once a week of practice instead. Perhaps you will find work that ye knew not of, lying in your midst. And let us all on Saturday evening meet here again and choose some one brother to relate his experience of the week. You who are willing to try this method, please to rise."

Everybody rose except old Amos Tucker, who never stirred, though his wife pulled at him and whispered to him, imploringly. He only shook his grizzled head and sat immovable.

Saturday night the church assembled again. The cheerful eagerness was gone from their faces; they looked downcast, troubled, weary—as the pastor expected. When the box of ballots was passed about, each one tore a bit of paper from the sheet

placed in the hymn books for the purpose and wrote on it a name. The pastor said after he had counted them, "Deacon Emmons, the lot has fallen on you."

"I'm sorry for 't," said the deacon, rising up and taking off his overcoat. "I ha'n't got the best of records, Mr. Parkes, now I tell ye."

"Well, brethren," he said, "I am pretty well ashamed of myself, no doubt, but I ought to be, and maybe I shall profit by what I have found out these six days back. I'll tell you just as it come. Monday, I looked about me to begin with. I am amazing fond of coffee, and it a'n't good for me, the doctor says it a'n't; so I thought I'd try on that to begin with. I tell you it come hard! I hankered after that drink of coffee dreadful! Seemed as though I couldn't eat my breakfast without it. I feel to pity a man that loves liquor more'n I ever did in my life before; but I feel sure they can stop if they try, for I've stopped, and I'm going to stay stopped."

"Well, come to dinner, there was another fight. I do set by pie the most of anything. I was fetched up on pie, as you may say. Our folks always had it three times a day, and the doctor he's been talkin' and talkin' to me about eaten pie. I have the dyspepsia like everything, and it makes me useless by spells, and unreliable as a weather-cock. And Doctor Drake, he says there won't nothing help me but to diet. I was readin' the Bible that morning while I sat waiting for breakfast, for twas Monday, and wife was kind of set back with washin' and all, and I came across that part where it says that the bodies of Christians are the temples of the Holy Ghost. Well, thinks I, we'd ought to take care of 'em if they be, and see that they're kep' clean and pleasant, like the church; and nobody can be clean nor pleasant that has dyspepsy. But, come to pie, I felt as though I couldn't! and, lo ye, I didn't! I eat a piece right against my conscience; facin' what I knew I ought to do I went and done what I ought not to. I tell ye my conscience made music of me consider'ble, and I said then I wouldn't sneer at a drinkin' man no more when he slipped up. I'd feel for him an' help him, for I see just how it was. So that day's practice giv' out, but it learnt me a good deal more'n I knew before."

"I started out next day to look up my Bible Class. Well, 'twould take the evenin' to tell it all, but I found one real sick, been abed for three weeks, and was so glad to see me that I felt fair ashamed. Then another man's old mother says to me, before he come in from the shed, says she, 'He's been a sayin' that if folks practice what they preached you'd ha' come round to look him up afore now, but he reckoned you kinder looked down on mill-hands. I'm awful glad you come. Brethring so was I. I tell you that day's work did me good. I got a poor opinion of Josiah Emmons, now I tell ye, but I learned more about the Lord's wisdom than a month o' Sundays ever showed me."

"Now come fellowship day. I thought that would be all plain sailing; seemed as though I'd got warmed up till I felt pleasant towardst everybody; so I went around seein' folks that was neighbors, and 'twas easy; but when I come home at noon a spell, Philury says, says she "Square Tucker's black bull is into th' orchard a tearin' round, and he's knocked two lengths o' fence down flat!" Well, the old Adam riz up then, you'd better b'lieve. That black bull has been breakin' into my lots ever since we got in th' aftermath, and it's Square Tucker's fence, and he won't make it bull-strong as he'd oughter, and that orchard was a young one just comin to bear, and all the new wood crisp as cracklin's with frost. You'd better b'lieve I didn't have much feller-feelin with Amos Tucker. I jest put over to his house and spoke up pretty free to him, when he looked up and says he, 'Fellowship meetin' day, a'n't it, Deacon?' I'd ruther he'd ha' slapped my face. I felt as though I should like to slip behind the door. I see pretty distinct what sort of life I'd been livin' all the years I'd been a

professor, when I couldn't hold on to my tongue and temper one day!"

"Breth-er-en," interrupted a slow, harsh voice, somewhat broken with emotion, "I'll tell the rest on't. Josiah Emmons come around like a man an' a Christian right here. He asked me for to forgive him, and not to think 'twas the fault of his religion, because 'twas his'n and nothing else. I think more of him to-day than I ever done before. I was the one that wouldn't say I'd practice with the rest of ye. I thought 'twas everlasting nonsense. I'd ruther go to forty-nine prayer-meetin's than work at bein' good a week. I b'lieve my hope has been one of them that perish; it ha'n't worked, and I leave it behind to-day. I mean to begin honest, and it was seein' one honest Christian man fetched me round to't."

Amos Tucker sat down and buried his grizzled head in his rough hands.

"Bless the Lord!" said the quavering tones of a still older man from a far corner of the house, and many a glistening eye gave silent response.

"Go on Brother Emmons," said the minister.

"Well, when next day come, I got up to make the fire, and my boy Joe had forgot the kindlin' I'd open my mouth to give him Jesse, when it come over me sudden that this was the day of prayer for family relation. I thought I wouldn't say nothing. I jest fetched in the kindlin's myself, and when the fire burnt up good I called my wife.

"Dear me!" says she, 'I've got such a headache, 'Siah, but I'll come in a minnit.' I didn't mind that, for women are always havin' aches, and I was jest a goin' to say so, when I remembered the tex' about not being bitter against 'em, so I says, 'Philury, you lay abed. I expect Emmy and me can get the vittles to-day.' I declare, she turned over and give me sech a look; why, it struck right in. There was my wife, that had worked for an' waited on me for twenty odd years, 'most scar't because I spoke kind of feelin' to her. I went out and fetched in the pail o' water she'd always drawn herself, and then I milked the cow. When I came in Philury was up fryin' the potatoes, and the tears a shinin' on her white face. She didn't say nothin', she's kinder still, but she hadn't no need to. I felt a leetle meaner'n I did the day before. But 'twan't nothing to my condition when I was goin', toward night, down sullar stairs for some apples, so's the children could have a roast, and I heered Joe up in the kitchen say to Emmy, I do believe pa's goin' to die.' 'Why Josiah Emmons, how you talk!' 'Well, I do; he's so everlastin' pleasant an' good-natured I can't but think he's struck with death.'

I tell ye, brethren I set right down on them sullar stairs and cried. I did, really. Seemed as though the Lord had turned and looked at me jest as he did at Peter. Why, there was my own children never seen me act real fatherly and pretty in all their lives. I'd growled and scolded and prayed at 'em, and tried to fetch 'em up jest as the twig is bent the tree's inclined, ye know, but I hadn't never thought that they'd got right an' reason to expect I'd do my part as well as their'n. Seemed as though I was findin' out more about Josiah Emmons's shortcomings than was real agreeable.

"Come around Friday I got back to the store. I'd kind of left it to the boys the early part of the week, and things was a little cuttering, but I did have sense not to tear round and use sharp words so much as common. I began to think 'twas getting easy to practice after five days, when in come Judge Herrick's wife after some curt'in calico. I had a han'come piece, all done off with roses an' things, but there was a fault in the weavin', every now and then a thin streak. She didn't notice it, but she was pleased with the figures on't, and said she'd take the whole piece. Well, just as I wrapin' of it up, what Mr. Parkes here said about tryin' to act just as the Lord would in our place come across me. Why, I turned as red as a beet, I know I did. It made me feel all of a tremble. There was I, a door-keeper in the tents of my God, as David says,

really cheatin', and cheatin' a woman. I tell ye brethren, I was all of asweat. 'Mis' Herrick, 'says I, 'I don't believe you've looked real close at this goods: 'tain't thorough wove,' says I. So she didn't take it; but what fetched me was to think how many times before I'd done such mean, unreliable little things to turn a penny, and all the time sayin' and prayin' that I wanted to be like Christ. I kep' a trippin' of myself up all day jest in the ordinary business, and I was a peg lower down when night come than I was a Thursday. I'd ruther, as far as the hard work is concerned, lay a mile of four-foot stone wall than undertake to do a man's livin' Christian duty for twelve workin' hours; and the heft of that is, its because I ain't used to it and I ought to be.

"So this mornin' came around and I felt a mite more cherk. 'Twas missionary mornin', and seemed as if 'twas a sight easier to preach than to practice. I thought I'd begin to old Mis' Vedder's. So I put a testament in my pocket and knocked at her door. Says I, 'Good mornin', ma'am,' and then I stopped. Words seemed to hang, somehow. I didn't want to pop right out that I'd come to try'n convert her folks. I hemmed and swallered a little, and fin'ly I said, says I, 'We don't see you to meetin' very frequent, Mis' Vedder.'

"'No, you don't!' ses she, as quick as a wink. I stay at home and mind my business.'

"'Well, we should like to hev you come along with us and do ye good,' says I, sort of conciliatin'.

"'Look a here, Deacon!' she snapped, 'I've lived alongside of you fifteen year, and you knowed I never went to meetin'; we a'n't a pious lot, and you you knowed it; we're poorer 'n death and uglier 'n sin. Jim he drinks and swears, and Malviny dono her letters. She knows a heap she hadn't ought to, besides. Now what are you comin' here to-day for, I'd like to know, and talkin' so glib about meetin'? Go to meetin'? I'll go or come jest as I darn please, for all you. Now get out o' this?' Why, she come at me with a broomstick. There wasn't no need on't; what she said was enough. I hadn't never asked her nor her'n to so much as think of goodness before. Then I went to another place jest like that—I won't call no more names; and sure enough there was ten children in rags, the hull on 'em, and the man half drunk. He giv' it to me, too; and I dont wonder. I'd never lified a hand to serve nor save 'em before in all these years. I'd said consider'ble about the heathen in foreign parts, and give some little to convert 'em, and I looked right over the heads of them that was next door. Seemed as if I could hear Him say, 'These ought ye to have done, and not left the other undone.' I couldn't face another soul to-day, brethren. I come home, and here I be. I've been searched through and through and found wantin'. God be merciful to me a sinner!"

He dropped into his seat, and bowed his head; and many another bent, too. It was plain that the deacon's experience was not the only one among the brethren. Mr. Payson rose, and prayed as he never prayed before; the week of practice had fired his heart too. And it began a memorable year for the church in Sugar Hollow; not a year of excitement or enthusiasm, but one when they heard their Lord saying, as to Israel of old, "Go forward," and they obeyed His voice. The Sunday School flourished, the church services were fully attended, every good thing was helped on in its way, and peace reigned in their homes and hearts, imperfect perhaps, as new growths are, but still an offshoot of the peace past understanding.

And another year they will keep another week of practice, by common consent—*The Congregationalist*.

Dear little Hopes, and big ones too, how many of you will try a week of practice, nay more, a lifetime. But first a week, and report result.

Perhaps Bro. Joseph will let us use the dear *Hope* as the church in which to meet and tell our experience after a week's practice. The effort may

seem small, at first, and not worthy of attention. But remember, little things make big ones. Let's hear from you. I'll try,

THEADORE GERBER.

WHIRLING DOWN NIAGARA.

A THRILLING STORY OF THE RESCUE OF FOUR MEN BY A BRAVE CANADIAN.

JUST as a grain scow containing a crew of four men, and towed by two horses, swung out of the Chippewa cut into the Niagara river, the other day, she met a raft of timber rather near the shore for the scow to pass between it and the land. The scow was forced to take the outside. The driver of the horses did his best to keep the line clear by urging his horses, but it finally caught in the logs and snapped. As the rope parted the boat trembled on the surface of the water for an instant, as if in dread of the terrible fate that awaited it, and then swung around and started for Niagara Falls at a terrific pace. The scow, being destined for canal navigation, had no small boat or anchor.

Appreciating in an instant their awful danger, the men on the scow yelled to the man on the raft to get a boat quick. One of their number sprang ashore and ran for Chippewa, shouting as he ran:—"Help! a boat quick! men going over the Falls!" The sound of his voice reached the village considerably in advance of the man, and the cry was there taken up and repeated from street to street. The people poured out of their houses and shops, each inquiring of the other what could be done. Some scattered to hunt for one, while those who thought they could be of no use if a boat were found, ran down the creek bank to see what was the situation on the river.

On reaching it they were horrified to see that the scow had already got considerably below the mouth of the creek, and was speeding down stream with its precious human freight, to what seemed certain destruction. Some of the men on the vessel were on their knees with clasped hands and upturned faces, commending their souls to God. Very soon the Canadian bank of the river was lined with hundreds of people, while quite a crowd could also be seen on the Goat Island side. They were all agonized witnesses of four fellow-beings in horrible terror.

Just as all hope had been abandoned, apparently by people on land and by the men on the scow, a voice cried from the upper end of the crowd, "Here comes a boat." In an instant every eye was turned in the direction Chippewa creek, and there most of them recognized the tall and athletic form of a barge man named Smith, in an ordinary clinker boat, pulling boldly into the river.

As he forged out into the stream he made a hasty survey of the situation and then plied the white ash with redoubled energy. As he sped along, the boat almost leaping from the water at each stroke, a cheer arose from the people on the shore that fairly rent the air. The moment Smith appeared the attention of the men on the scow was riveted upon him and his frail craft. On and on he shot, each stroke narrowing the distance between him and the scow, but the latter was getting alarmingly close to the rapids, to enter which was certain destruction to all on board.

Those of us on shore could only admire and applaud the heroism of young Smith, but we could only feel that the result of his daring would be to add another to the list of the lost. As he neared the scow he turned his head and shouted to the men: "Scatter along the side of the boat and drop in as I pass by." The command was promptly obeyed, and in an instant the little craft was alongside. One after another the men sprang in, until the four were safely in the bottom.

Now came the moment of painful anxiety. "What will he do?" was the query that came to every mind. Smith had his plan of action and never hesitated a moment. At a point some distance from the Cana-

da shore the current divided at the head of the rapids, part of the stream flowing around an island in the vicinity of the burnt spring. In reaching the current leading around the island lay the only hope of escape. Taking a diagonal course across and down the stream, Smith bent every effort to reach the Canadian divide. It was a desperate struggle for the lives of five men between the seething, boiling waters and the muscle and endurance of young Smith, with the odds seemingly against him. But the divide was finally gained, with not a boat's length to spare, and the frail craft shot down between the island and the mainland like a rocket. At the foot of the island the channel widened materially, the current slackened and the water became more shallow, and here young Smith landed his boat, having performed one of the most heroic and daring feats ever performed by mortal man.

BIBLICAL QUESTIONS.

- A was by the Israelites destroyed with fire and sword;
- B was a man whose sight was lost, but which the Lord restored;
- C was a faithful Israelite who took a giant's city;
- D was "full of almsdeeds" and for the poor felt pity;
- E was taken up to heaven in garments white as snow;
- F thought that Paul was innocent, and would have let him go;
- G was by a striplin slain, while boasting of his power;
- H was captured by the Jews, though strong with fort and tower;
- I became an orphan as soon as he was born;
- J was by affliction compelled to grieve and mourn;
- K was a man who had a son than whom there were few higher;
- L with his family escaped from dreadful death by fire;
- M was by a king advanced to honor, power and might;
- N of his vineyard was despoil'd, though precious in his sight;
- O took a heathen city, and thereby won a wife;
- P was a king whose heart was hard, who thereby lost his life;
- Q was what the Israelites did in the desert eat;
- R compelled her son some food before his sire to set;
- S met with speedy death for having falsely spoken;
- T would not his friends believe, until he saw a token;
- U for having touch'd the ark immediately was slain;
- V a queen of whose fair face her royal spouse was vain;
- W being very scarce the people mourn'd again;
- Z was where King David stay'd and his six hundred men.—Selected.

WILLIAM WIRT TO HIS DAUGHTER.

I WANT to tell you a secret. The way to make yourself pleasing to others is to show that you care for them. The whole world is like the miller of Mansfield, "who cared for nobody—no not he—because nobody cared for him;" and the whole world will serve you so if you give them the same cause. Let every one, therefore, see that you do care for them, by showing them what Sterne so happily calls, "the small, sweet courtesies of life,"—those courtesies in which there is no parade, whose voice is to still to tease, and which manifest themselves by tender and affectionate looks, and little, kind acts of attention—giving others the preference in every little enjoyment, at the table, in the field, walking, sitting, or standing. This is the spirit that gives to your time of life and to your sex its sweetest charm. Let the world see that your first care is for yourself, and you will spread the solitude of the Upas tree around you, and in the same way, by the emanation

of a poison which kills all the kindly juices of affection in its neighborhood. Such a girl may be admired for her understanding and accomplishments, but she will never be beloved. The seeds of love can never grow but under the warm and genial influence of kind feeling and affectionate manners. Vivacity goes a great way in young persons. It calls attention to her who displays it, and, if it then be found associated with a generous sensibility, its execution is irresistible. On the contrary, if it be found in alliance with a cold, haughty, selfish heart, it produces no farther effect, except an adverse one. Attend to this, my daughter: it flows from a heart that feels for you all the anxiety a parent can feel, and not without the hope which constitutes the parent's highest happiness. May God protect and bless you!

EXHORTATION.

Dear Hopes.—I wish to call your attention to an article in our dear paper with this caption, "Worms in The Bud," written by Frances, in which she says: "Now dear children, there are many which hide themselves in the buds of opening flowers; * * * I mean the hearts of little boys and girls." Then Frances asks you to promise, "that you will search in your hearts, and see if any one of these worms is there." Now that you might wisely and successfully "search," I thought I would name some of these "little worms" that are cankering in the hearts, not only of the little Hopes, but of big Hopes as well, and ask the Hopes to tell me, through our little paper, where we are warned, in the Scriptures, against the effect of these canker worms. The first that I shall mention is that of Pride. Now, dear little Hopes, will you tell me what church's downfall was caused by this worm? Another is Anger. Where are we particularly cautioned against this worm? Another is Jealousy. Who committed a very greivous sin, being instigated thereto, through the effects of this little canker-worm? The last, but perhaps not the least of those little worms that I shall mention, is that of Selfishness. What particular instructions are given us in God's word respecting this little mischievous worm?

Dear little Hopes, search for these "little" canker-worms, and if you find that they are already at work, cankering the vitality of usefulness of your lives, then go to work in real earnest to destroy them, before they shall have destroyed the beauty of the bud. May God give you wisdom and strength to do an effectual work, is the prayer of

DEFENDER OF THE FAITH.

INDUSTRY.

"He becometh poor that dealeth with a slack hand; but the hand of the diligent maketh rich. Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men." So wrote the wise man, and I am of the opinion that the Motto, should be found in plain and bright letters on the first page of our life record; and if we gain in very deed the right to place the word INDUSTRY upon the banner of our association, we shall then have a knowledge that we need not be ashamed of. Let us seek for the reason why we should be industrious. The laboring man, by his active and continued labor, gains for his family that which is essential to the sustenance of life, and the garments with which they are clothed; in fact we say, if he did not have industry to so provide, he would be unworthy a wife and family. While we may admire the beauties of great cities, and fine houses, nice steamboats, and the useful manufactures, and feel very thankful for the benefits we enjoy, in having books to read and instruct us, and for pen and ink, with which to place our thoughts on paper, we can say in safety, that if it had not been for industry, all these things would have been unknown to us.

The poet, statesman, general, doctor, and house-builder all can point with pride to the word industry, as the means by which, and the reason why

they obtained the position they occupy. Let us examine a few of the propositions as mentioned. The poet by persistent industry, so systematically arranges words, that we by the perusal of the same, are moved with emotions, and we drink in the spirit of the author; and thus are we moved; and while the impetuous outburst of laughter, or the silent tear may adown our cheeks roll, it but emphatically declares the power and result of industry, as the "constant dropping of water, will wear the hardest stone." So does the Statesman gain his honorable position of notoriety. It is by an industrious studying of the human structure, as well as of herbs and minerals, that the doctor gains for himself a livelihood, and the respect of his fellows around him.

We may gaze up the hill of fame, and behold on the shining pinnacle the names of illustrious persons. Do we desire our names enrolled among the wise and good. If so, let action be our watchword, and not be satisfied with a right conception of what should be done, but let us be up and doing, that our industry may be crowned with success, and what ever we have to do, let it be done with cheerfulness, and be thankful for the privilege of doing:

FELIX.

ANOTHER SADDLE STORY.

Not long ago we had a saddle story which was interesting, and thinking perhaps another would be interesting to the boys, I give you another. This also is a true story.

There lives not many miles from Lamoni, a boy whose name I shall call James. He with his mother, about a year and a half ago, moved from the west. Before he came here he had some money that was given him by friends. After he came here, he took that money and bought thirteen chickens. He kept them a while, and then sold them to his mother, and bought a pig. He kept the pig, and fed it about five months, then traded it to one of the neighbors for a hog which he kept a while and after a few months he had an increase of four pigs; but had the misfortune to lose two of them which discouraged him somewhat. Nevertheless he sold the remainder, the old hog and two pigs, to his mother for twelve dollars.

He had been obliged to borrow his uncle's saddle when he wished to ride horseback; so he thought he would buy one for himself. He came to Lamoni, but could not find one to suit him, so he went to Eagleville, and there he found one, which he bought and came home with a new saddle, bridle and martingales, and with as much money in his pockets as he had in the first place, and it was only about fifteen months since the first investment.

So boys, you can see what one may do if he will, instead of spending his money foolishly, put it to some good use, he would some day receive the benefits of the same. E. A. B.

HE MURDERED HIS FATHER

THERE are thousands of families in this day of ours, where the charm of parental authority and filial respect has been worn away in the spirit of license and liberty which has supplanted the fitting relation of parent and child. Parents may not be murdered by their children, but they lose their reverence and then their love, and after that they have no more power over them for good. If their children, bring down their gray hairs with sorrow to the grave, it is only a slow death they die, and their children are no less their murderers than if they were shot with four bullets by a fiendish son. Parents, many of them, have ceased to command their households after them. Children at a very early age cease to honor their parents. Boys are young men, girls are young ladies before they are in their teens. And when a boy sets up to judge for himself as to his hours and habits, in spite of his father's wishes, and a girl assumes to know more than her mother about her company and her dress, the rebellion has broken out, and unless it is put down, the ruin of domestic peace and very likely of happi-

ness and hope, follows naturally. When I hear a boy speaking of his father as the "old man," or the "governor," I know that there is a screw loose, and the boy has taken a long step toward the bad. And the girl who pouts when reproved by her mother, and jerks off her bonnet in a pet, when restrained from going abroad, has already mutinied against the law of heaven, and entered the road that leads to a gulf from which there is no return.

BE FIRM AND BE TRUE.

A maxim take, my boys and girls,
And this I would suggest,
"Be firm and true, and work away,
And do your very best."

If lessons long and difficult
Should be to you assigned,
Get down to work and study hard,
And do not lag behind.

Whate'er the work you have to do,
Be sure you do it right;
March boldly up, strike firmly out,
And do it with your might.

In all your business, work and play,
Be honest, true and square;
Let nothing turn you from your course,
But firmly do and dare.

And, when you've grown to ripe years,
Hold to the maxim still;
Be firm and true, and work away
With mind and heart and will.

IN MEMORY OF LESLIE WALDSMITH.

NEBRASKA CITY, August 26th, 1883.

We your committee beg leave to report the following:—

Whereas, It has pleased the Creator of all mankind to remove from our midst Bro. Leslie Waldsmith, one of our members, by the hand of death, July 18th, 1883, and we sincerely mourn his loss as a worthy member of our Sabbath School, and one whose place as an Officer is left vacant; Therefore, be it resolved, That we recognize in the death of Bro. Leslie Waldsmith the extreme uncertainty of life, and the necessity to be ever ready to meet the summons, let it come how, or when it may. And be it further Resolved, That we as a body extend to the bereaved family and friends our most heartfelt sympathy in this their deep affliction, that came so suddenly upon them like thunder from a cloudless sky. Resolved, that a copy be spread on the record, one sent to the family and one be sent to the Herald Office for publication in the *Hope*.

Respectfully Submitted,

NIELS NIELSON,

J. B. GOULDSMITH,

PAUL C. PETERSON,

Committee appointed by Zion's Hope Sunday School.

Letters from the Hopes.

CRANSTON, R. I., Aug. 21st, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—The Sabbath School of the Providence Branch, with a few of the saints and friends, held a picnic at Roger Williams' park, on Monday the 20th. We had a beautiful day, thanks be to God. The members of the school met at the hall, and formed a procession to the horse car. We had a pleasant ride to the park, and then formed line and marched to our headquarters (a very nice summer house). Our dear Superintendent, Bro. A. J. Perry, called us to order, and God's divine blessing was invoked by Bro. T. A. Potter, Assistant Superintendent. Then came the order of the day. Singing, Boat riding, and Swinging. The hearts of the little ones were made to rejoice through the kindness of the brethren present, by taking them in the boats and rowing up and down the Lake. Then came lunch, every one was satisfied and plenty to spare. A number of the older members of the school met on the banks of the Lake, and sang a few selections from our singing book ("*Wreath of Praise*." Then our dear Brother H. H. Thompson, made a few remarks.

Dear Hopes, it would have made your hearts rejoice to see the little ones enjoy themselves. We had fruit for all, both old and young. I believe all enjoyed themselves. There was nothing to mar nor disturb our feelings. The Spirit of God was there, and that to bless. We then prepared to leave the scene of our day's pleasure, and go to our several homes. While we were singing on the bank of the Lake quite a crowd gathered on the opposite bank and listened, I believe they were highly pleased. Let us pray for one another, that we may meet in Zion. My prayer is that God will bless all the Hopes. Remember me in your prayers.

I remain your brother in the gospel,

WILLIAM H. W. MARSHLAND.

HENDERSON GROVE, Warren Co., Ill.,

August 14th, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—We have just been refreshed by the word of the Lord, which was delivered by Bro. Larew and Father Adams, of Buffalo, Illinois. Two were baptized, myself and another lady. They expect to hold meetings once a month all the fall, if there is no preventing providence. We truly hope there will not be: for it seems so nice to have meeting again. I am pleased to see Maplewood Manor in the *Hope* again. I love to read the dear little paper. Pray for me, dear Hopes, that I may hold out faithful to the end.

Your sister in hope of eternal life,

ROSA A. GRAHAM.

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep"—

Sleepily repeated a little Dracut girl after her mother, not long ago. Then she stopped. "If—If"—her mother suggested. The little one hesitated a moment, half opened her heavy eye lids, and then continued, pausing long between the words.

"If I had a—cow—that gave such—milk,
I'd dress her—in—the finest—silk.—Amen."

HINTS TO YOUNG MEN.—Always have a book with in your reach, which you may catch up at your odd minutes. Resolve to edge in a little reading every day, if it is but a single sentence. If you can give fifteen minutes a day, it will be felt at the end of the year. Regulate your thoughts when not at study. A man is thinking, even while at work. Let him think well.

GOOD ADVICE.

THE habit of going to church is a good one to form. You will be a better man or woman when you grow up, if you have a habit of church going. But if you do not form the habit now, there is danger that you will never form it. The reason why there are so many grown people who break God's holy day, and never go to church, or almost never, is because they did not form the habit when they were children. Now they care nothing about it, and even hate the church, and everything good.

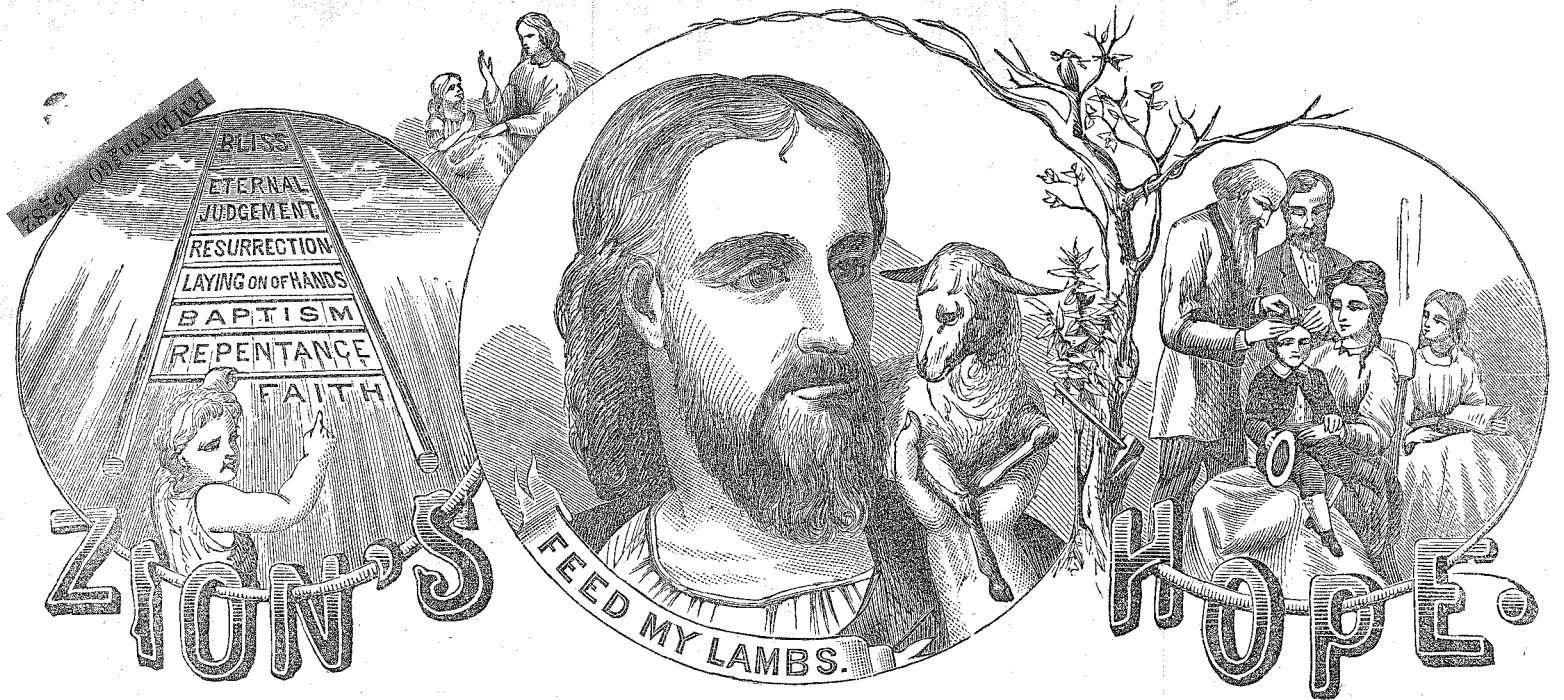
So, dear children, form the habit of regularly going to meeting. Behave quietly when you are there. Sit with your parents; and do not, if possible, leave the meeting during service, especially when any one is praying or talking to God. Join in the singing and in the prayers. Listen to the sermon, and though you may not be able to understand it all, there will be some things you can understand. Worshiping in God's house on earth is a preparation for worshiping him without sin in Heaven.—Selected.

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

Vol. XV.

LAMONI, IOWA, OCTOBER 1, 1883.

No. 7.

THE following beautiful lines, first published in 1861, immediately after the breaking out of the Great Rebellion, and at that time regarded as something rare are now published in the *Hope*, because they set in a strong light the mutual love of child and mother, surviving in all its strength and purity, after years of separation. Whatever may be written upon this inviting theme, in prose or poetry, it will never be exhausted; for its foundations are laid in the throne of God, which endures forever.

Backward, flow backward, oh, full tide of years;
I am so weary of toil and of tears;
Toil without recompense—tears all in vain,
Take them—and give me my childhood again!
I have grown weary of dust and decay,
Weary of flinging my heart's wealth away,
Weary of sowing for others to reap,
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Hushed be my sighing—I see through the mist
Loved ones that cheer me, and silently list;
Hark! 'tis the hymning of angelic song,
Joyfully leading my sad heart along;
Treading the grass that now weeps on your grave,
Let me in spirit your sweet presence crave;
This will now cheer me, no more will I weep,
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Clouded and sabled, there comes with my age
Records of sadness, to soil the fair page—
Footprints of sorrow to blot it all o'er,
Thinking of those on the echoless shore.
Only, I see you look down on me now,
While, humbly kneeling, at his cross I bow;
Come then and dry up the tears! I must weep,
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

As stars in the day are concealed by the light,
And darkness unrolls them alone to the sight,
So sleeping I see you, unseen when awake,
And welcome, thrice, welcome, is sleep for your sake.
Soft are my slumbers: a glory of beams,
Announcing your coming, illumines my dreams;
Visit me nightly, and when I would weep,
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Backward, turn backward, then, Time, in your flight—
Make me a child again, just for to-night!
Mother, come back from that echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart, as of yore:
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care;
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair;
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep,
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Over my heart in bright days that are flown,
No love like mother-love ever has shone;
No other worship abides and endures,
Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours,
None like a mother can charm away pain
From the sick soul and world weary brain;
Slumber's soft charms o'er my heavy lids creep,
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, oh, mother, my heart calls for you;
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed and faded our faces between,

Yet, with strong yearning and passionate pain
Long I to-night for your presence again;
Come from the silence, so long and so deep,
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long
Since I last hushed to your lullaby song;
Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall seem
Manhood's long years have been only a dream;
Clasped to your heart in loving embrace,
With your light lashes just sweeping my face,
Never hereafter to wake or to weep,
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,
Fall on your shoulders again as of old;
Let it fall over my forehead to-night,
Shading my faint eyes away from the light;
For, with its sunny-edged shadows once more,
Fondly will through the sweet visions of yore—
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep;
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Angelic mother, now tenderly smile,
While the fond seraphs my soul shall beguile;
Shed o'er my pathway the spirit world's light,
To guide and to cheer me, all through the night.
I have grown weary of life's changing tide,
Weary of weeping for hopes that have died;
Weary of climbing life's hillside so steep—
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Tired of earth's mockery, and the world's strife,
Tired of the penances paid for the life—
Growing more weary of heartless display—
Weary of world's night, I long for the day.
Let then your spirit encompass me now,
When on your bosom in silence I bow,
Tenderly watching my thoughts as they sweep,
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Thoughts can not linger around the cold tomb,
Sweet spirit-faces will break through the gloom,
And when I wipe the fresh tear drops away,
Clouds turn to brightness, and rosetate day
Breaks on my vision—then, smiling again,
Peace spreads her gentle wings softly to reign;
Voices celestial forbid me to weep;
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Stilled are my tumults, I see through the sky
Loved ones whose splendors have drowned every
sigh,
Faces familiar of friends here no more,
Fairer and fonder than ever before—
Glorified figures that stoop to caress,
Mighty to comfort, and mighty to bless;
Bright is the vision—no more can I weep,
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to rest;
Calmed with your smiling the storm in my breast,
Stilled are the sorrows you come to allay;
Teach me again as of old how to pray;
Contentions without, contentions within,
Batting with doubt, and temptation, and sin,
Ceased by your presence, I can not now weep;
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Thus with my loved ones I'll watch by your side,
Nor weep once again, whatever betide.
Waiting all calmly the coming of those
Holding the signet of death's cold repose;

Farewell to all sorrow—farewell to all ill—
Whispers are stealing, sad hearts be now still—
With my dear mother, kind watch will I keep,
She charges the angels to rock me to sleep.

FAITH AND FRONTISPIECE.

Beloved Hopes.—You see that I have chosen two words, or subjects, to write about. Now in writing on the above caption, I shall adopt a scriptural course: that is, let the first be last, and the last first; as the last caption introduces the first.

I am deeply interested in your welfare, and in the success of your noble little paper, *Zion's Hope*. Now I greatly desire that my interest shall prove a benefit to you, and that I may be enabled to talk to you, so that you, though young may be enabled to understand all that Uncle W. R. says. I pray the Lord that I may be enabled to write according to your understanding, and that I may be guided by the spirit of truth to write for your benefit.

I now wish to write to you about the frontispiece of your paper, that beautiful picture on the first page of *Zion's Hope*. The first or central figure in that picture, is meant to represent the 'Good Shepherd' in search of and having found one of the strayed lambs of the fold. Having found it, see how lovingly and tenderly he carries it. O, is he not a kind shepherd?

Dear Hopes, think you the Savior loves the dear lambs of the fold? Please read the first six verses of the 18th chapter of St. Matthew; then read verses 12, 13, 14, and tell me whether you think that Jesus, the good shepherd, cares for the dear lambs of the fold; whether he loves the Hopes or not. Read Grandma Hartwell's letter in the last *Hope*, (Aug. 15th), where that little hope only three-years old prayed for his sick Grandmother; and then tell me whether you think that God loves little children, and will hear and answer their prayers or not. Will some of the little folks tell Uncle W. R. who it was that Jesus told to feed his sheep and his lambs, and which he first told him to feed? Please give chapter and verse.

But we must pass to other figures in this beautiful picture. We will look at the first figure at the left hand of the *Hope*. Here is represented a ladder, having seven rounds, (the top of the circle being the top or last round). That ladder represents the gospel of the kingdom, and those rounds represent the seven principles of the gospel. Below each round is a name corresponding to the seven different, distinct points of doctrine in the gospel. Now, dear children, let us look at that little boy, (or girl), I think it is a little Hope any way. Behold him standing there with one hand hold of the first round of this gospel ladder; while with the other

hand he points to that one word, *Faith*. See how bold and determined he looks. He is not afraid nor ashamed to let the world know that he is going to climb the gospel ladder, and with the grace of God assisting him, to reach the top, where dwells the Father and the Son. May he not be one of those little Hopes who have said, "We have not been baptized yet, but we hope to be soon." This little Hope in the picture certainly has not been baptized yet, because he has only got hold of the first round, "faith," while baptism is the third round in the gospel ladder. That little three year old Hope who prayed for his Grandma, had hold of the same round that the boy in the picture has hold of. He had faith to believe that the Lord would hear his prayer. I once knew a little boy five years old who had hold of the same round, when he prayed for his little brother two years old, who had burnt his foot very badly. He said: "Lord, my little Charley has burnt his foot, make little Charley well;" and the Lord did make him well.

Now we will talk about this round, faith. We want to know what is meant by faith. We are told in one place to "Believe on (or in) the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." What is it to believe in Jesus, to have faith in God? Is it to merely believe there was a Jesus, that there is a God? No, this is not saving faith. Let me put my question in another shape. We will suppose that some gentleman is riding out in his buggy, and he comes to where one of my little hopes is playing, and he says, Here my little man, if you will come and hold my horse ten minutes, while I step into that house, I will give you ten cents. He is gone thirty minutes instead of ten, and when he returns, he says thank you my little man; then praises him, and tells what a clever boy he is, but he gives him no dime. How much faith would you have in that man? But suppose he does this thing a dozen times, and still never gives you any money. How much faith would you still have in this man and his promises? You would have no faith, you could have no faith in him whatever. You might believe there was such a man, but you could not trust him. So my dear little Hopes, you can see that believing that somebody may and does exist, and having saving faith in that somebody, are very different things. I may believe that there is a God, else how came this beautiful world, and every thing in it. But this is not saving faith in God, nor in the loving Jesus. To have saving faith in God and Christ, we must believe in all their promises; must believe all that they say. If they have said that I must repent and be baptized, or I cannot be saved, then I must believe them, and do accordingly. This my dear young Hopes, is saving faith.

In my next I will try to talk to you about repentance and baptism. May the Lord bless you, and help you to lay hold of the gospel ladder, and climb to the top thereof, is the prayer of your devoted Uncle,

W. R.

A SISTER'S VALUE.

HAVE you a sister? Then love and cherish her with all that pure and holy friendship which renders a brother so noble and worthy. Learn to appreciate her sweet influence as portrayed in the following words:

He who has never known a sister's kind ministration, nor felt his heart warming beneath her endearing smile and love beaming eye, has been unfortuniate, indeed. It is not much to be wondered at if the fountains of pure feeling flow in his bosom but sluggishly, or if the gentle emotions of his nature be lost in the sterner attributes of mankind.

"That man has grown up among affectionate sisters," I once heard a lady of much observation and experience remark.

"And why do you think so?" said I.

"Because of the rich developments of all the tender feelings of the heart."

A sister's influence is felt even in manhood's ripen

years, and the heart of him who has grown cold in chilly contact with the world will warm and thrill with pure enjoyment as some accident awakens within him the soft tones, the glad melodies of a sister's voice, and he will turn from purposes which a warped and false philosophy had reasoned into expediency, and even weep for the gentle influences which moved him in his earlier years.

MAPLEWOOD MANOR.

BY PERLA WILD.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE eventful Friday came. The feast in honor of the prodigal's thirty third birthday was grand and enjoyable in every way. The fatted calf had been killed, a rather large one, it is true; a four year old of the most careful rearing, for Arthur was partial to beef. And the fatted turkey; and the nicest summer chickens. And fruits and sweet-meats in almost every conceivable form and variety. Not a pie or cake, save mother's most delectable buns, so light and delicate and flaky that they could not be excelled. Arthur would have it so. There was no need of women's working and worrying so much over the numberless pastries that were only necessary to cause dispepsia and distraction of temper, he said. All their acquaintances within reach were invited. Arthur with his American ideas of equality willed it so, and the fond father, who had, in a great degree, maintained his native English views, and kept himself and family, as much as possible, exclusive; and mostly aloof from the 'common people,'—was now induced to step down and out of his 'aristocratic nut shell', as Arthur declared, and agreed affably to every proposition.

The party from Heatherglade came early. Mr. Rumsey looked somber and stern. He had felt himself much degraded by Addie's arrangements, she would have the large carriage, and placed herself with her gray bearded lord in the front seat, while Mrs. Bell and Hagar occupied the other. Mr. Rumsey considered Hagar a very nice lady's maid; and Mrs. Bell a very competent, genteel housekeeper, fit to superintend the establishment of a prince. But they were servants, nevertheless, and ought not be tolerated as equals. He was inly furious, but covered his wrath as best he could, and took the lines in as unpleasant a mood as well could be kept concealed. Elsie cantered on first, Minnehaha fairly prancing in her delight at being permitted to set her head toward home, and given free rein. Elsie had kept her pony at Heatherglade while she stayed there.—And Elsie was scarcely less elated, for she was really pining for the dear happy home at the Manor, tho' too patient and self denying to make it known.

Mr. Russell took his aged son-in-law, Ralph Rumsey, out to the orchard to look at some choice fruit just ripening, soon after they arrived at the Manor; Addie, Elsie and Hagar, who was cautioned by her fastidious master to keep near Mrs. Rumsey, and see that she didn't get too tired,—went to gather some flowers and grapes for the dinner table; while Mrs. Bell donned a wide apron and entered the kitchen, declaring her intention of assisting with the work.

"You're just the one we want to see," Victoria said, looking up from her pan of luscious golden apples. "We were just debating whether to have the chickens baked, boiled, or fried. Arthur is very fond of fricasseed chickens, and these are so nice and tender. You know we all liked your fricassee better than ours. And if you'll tell us just how,"—

"No, I'll not do that, but I'll cook the chicken. When do you have dinner?" returned Mrs. Bell.

"At one o'clock," answered Mrs. Russell, rubbing the tiny flecks of dough from her slender fingers. The buns were her especial care just now. "Some of the expected company live several miles away, obliged to return home early enough to attend to their night chores."

"It's only ten now," said Mrs. Bell. "There's time enough to cook the chickens in two hours from this if they are dressed."

"Dressed and down cellar waiting, answered Louisa, throwing a cup of raisins into the pan of dressing she was preparing for the turkey to be roasted.

"That's the way I used to make dressing when at home under mother's directions. I thought your people here didn't fancy it with raisins, as they never used them, so I fell into their methods, and had almost forgotten I ever did any other way," Mrs. Bell remarked to Louisa.

Give me an apple, if they're good," cried Burt, coming in at the moment, and bowing a greeting to Mrs. Bell with a slightly pompous air. He had been to California, and felt a trifle important. Victoria gave him the nicest one, setting the rest into the oven to bake.

"Say, Victoria, make that little blackamoor stay where she ought to be. When papa and I got into the maple wood, we found her there."

She said she just went out to take the baby riding. But I don't believe it. She's always under foot. Niggers are a nuisance, any way."

"Did she trouble you in any way?" asked Victoria.

"No-o,"—hesitating. Then Burt added, "yes she did too. Troubled me by looking so yellow and shiny and good natured. And by taking herself off as innocently as if she hadn't gone there on purpose to annoy us. Papa didn't mind, but I did."

"Where is your papa, Burt?" enquired grandma. "I hope he wont walk about enough to get so tired he can't enjoy himself with his friends when they come. Some of them he hasn't seen for a good many years."

"Oh we didn't go far replied Burt." He came back with me just now as far as the grape vines. Addie took possession of him there. She said she had something especial to say to him. I looked back once as I came toward the house and he looked as if what she said was something very disagreeable, if it was special."

"I guess the poor boy is tired, and doesn't enjoy Addie's nonsense. He isn't much used to her ways," the mother said.

"Oh they're coming in now," answered Burt. "I saw them as I came in. I heard Addie tell Hagar to come on and do something, I didn't hear what."

Hagar appeared in the door at the moment.

"Will you please to come into the sitting room a moment, Mrs. Bell," she said, sweetly and timidly, "Mrs. Addie wants you."

Mrs. Bell knew that Addie wanted to present her brother Arthur, and she shrank from the introduction. To be enabled to compose herself, she replied, yes, presently; I haven't had a drink fresh from the "old oaken bucket that hangs in the well," and stepped out at the opposite door. When she did go, Addie looked a trifle vexed.

"O, it's nothing now, Mrs. Bell. I had brother Art. under my wing five minutes ago; but he has flown away, now."

"I'm sorry if I kept you waiting," was the gentle reply.

"O you didn't, I'm sure," Addie exclaimed. "Papa had to carry him off to see some wonderful young swine. Some imported stock. But I never can see much difference in them. A pig is a pig, what ever it is called. And their choicest ones would jump into the sea if old Beelzebub got into them, I'm thinking. Pity they hadn't all drowned that time. Then we would not have to eat so much greasy pork."

"You don't have to," chimed in a boyish voice at the window. "We's don't eat pig meat at all." And little Johnny went on stroking Andrew Jackson, who purred and rubbed his black nose lovingly against the little boy's shoulder.

"I suppose I may go then, since your brother is not here," Mrs. Bell said, glad to escape thus.

Presently the company began to come in. And

there was so much to be said, and new arrivals constantly,—that there was no chance to present Arthur then. And when dinner was ready, Elsie and two or three of her girl friends came and pursued Mrs. Bell to go with them to gather autumn leaves. So she was not present when Arthur was at table, as he sat down with the first, being the important person of the day. And Mrs. Bell and Arthur hadn't met all the happy day through. And a happy day it was to all.

Never before had the old Manor been so gay and joyous before and well filled. Never was a company more delighted and happy; for never before had Mr. Russell made a feast and invited rich and poor to come and partake of it. Many of the visitors had never seen the interior of the mansion; and especially to most of the children in the neighborhood, Maplewood Manor was a mysterious enchanted castle. But the day was ended at last, and the guests all gone,—all save the Rumseys, and they were preparing to go. But Mrs. Bell was missing.

"Where can mamma be?" sighed Elsie. "She went up to her room—that used to be—a while ago. But she's not there, now. Nor in any room, as I can discover. And I've looked over the garden, lawn, and orchard."

"Mever mind, dear," replied Addie. "She'll be here soon, no doubt. Perhaps she is in the maple grove. There are some lovely tinted autumn leaves, and only one frost yet. But where is Arthur papa? Do you believe it, he hasn't seen Mrs. Bell yet?"

"Hasn't seen her?" cried Mr. Rumsey. "How can that be? she has lived here so long. And he came home last winter."

"Yes, but she had gone away to nurse her brother through his sickness, when Arthur first came, and he had gone to California, when she came back. And she hasn't been here since he returned from the west." And Addie went on after a pause, "I've been plotting mischief, since I began to get well. I just think Mrs. Bell and Arthur must be congenial spirits. You know we read of the like, though seldom find such cases any where out of books. But I've been weaving a little romance. There's no call for his mourning so long, even though his wife were a veritable angel. Only think of it! Twelve years, almost. And Elsie is nearly as old as Burt, and she can't remember her father. So Mrs. Bell has been a widow about that time. It doesn't comfort the dead, to swear eternal fidelity—celibacy, and."

"Addie, child what do you mean?" exclaimed Mrs. Russell. "You are not losing your mind, I hope."

"O mamma, mamma!" cried little Johnny, rushing into the room excitedly. "Don't you fink Uncle Arfur, h'is just a—hugging 'at woman what stays at Aunt Addie's. Her mamma," nodding his head toward Elsie.

"Why Johnny!" chided his mother. "Don't talk that way, it's naughty. You don't know what you're talking about."

"Yes I do," he persisted. "Come and see, if you don't believe it. Uncle Arfur was out yonder, and that woman she comed along. He was leaning up to a big tree and she didn't see him till she got right close to him. He jumped and opened his eyes wide, and she frowned up her hands and screamed just a little and went to fall, but he caught her. She didn't want him to, I guess, cause she looked wild and tried to push him away. But he would not let her go. He just holded her and talked, and she hid her eyes, and I guess she fainted or something, 'cause he laid her down on a bench there, and rubbed her hands, and he looked scared and white, too. "Then she, opened her eyes and said 'go 'way, 'ever so much. But he wouldn't. And I fink he was naughty to tease her so; don't you, mamma? Then they talked some and she raised up and he hugged her again, and she looked up at him as baby does when I kiss her and call her nice girly." And I comed to tell you; cause I fink its awful, I do."

Mr. and Mrs. Russell looked at the boy, then at one another in surprise. Archer Kent gazed at Louisa, as if she could explain the child's strange language. The rest stared at Johnny in silence. Just then Arthur and Mrs. Bell appeared in the open door. Mrs. Bell shrank back, blushing like a school girl. But Arthur gently drew her into the room.

"Mother, father, all of you; allow me to present my Naomi, my long lost wife, whom I have mourned as dead all these years. Thank God that I have lived to this day. And Elsie, little girl, will you accept me as a papa?" He could say no more. His voice trembled with emotion, and he sank into a seat near. There was a moment of painful, bewildering silence, and then Elsie came timidly forward, giving her hand to Arthur with tear bedewed eyes. He called her his dear little lost baby girl, as he drew her near and kissed her white forehead tenderly. Then he looked from one to the other questioningly. It was so sudden and so strange, they could not understand it all at once.

Indeed, it seemed too strange, too much of an impossibility to be true. Could it be that Arthur with his infant son had been saved from the wreck so long ago, and the wife, who with the tiny baby girl, was rescued and unhurt, and had made every effort to know if it could be, had failed to find them; And Arthur with his vain search of years, had never thought to seek his wife here, in the home of his childhood. So strange too, that she had never till this hour imagined that her husband had a name save Arthur Bell. Had she known it was to his parents she was coming, she never would have entered their door. With a bitter heart sorrow, and a romantic whim, Arthur had given his name as Bell, desiring to forget all the past for a time, but fully intending to tell his wife sometime. So it happened that she never knew till now. And her welcome was all that heart could desire. She had been tried and proven true and worthy, and they all seemed glad to claim her as their 'very own', as Addie said. "But whatever shall we do for a housekeeper?" she queried, looking up at her husband. He had not spoken during the half hour's excited conversation, but now stood stern and grim as a statue of fate, gazing absently at the sunset sky.

"We must go home at once, Mrs. Rumsey," he replied loftily, "we have already tarried too long. We will discuss our domestic affairs at our own fireside."—Turning to Mrs. Bell,—"How much am I indebted to you, my good woman?" She flushed slightly as she made answer. "Not anything. Addie and I have arranged that, and she has paid me as I needed. There is nothing more. I am only too glad if able to help those who have been kind to me."

He waved his hand majestically. "That is neither here nor there. What Mrs. Rumsey may have given you, I know not. Nor do I care. It is well to give reward to those who faithfully serve us. But I always pay my servants"—a look of beseeching reproach from Addie made him pause and end his remark with, "and you have filled the office of nurse, housekeeper and—friend. The laborer is worthy of his hire." Opening his pocket book.

Mrs. Bell was almost too much pained to speak. "O, Mr. Rumsey! I beg you will never mention it again. It was a labor of love, I assure you, and had its reward." And she turned away to hide her tears.

Archer whispered to Louisa that Rumsey was a grayheaded bigot, who loved only himself, honor, and—rum—or brandy. Louisa was shocked. "O you needn't look so surprised," he whispered again, "I'm sure he drinks."

"Mr. Rumsey," Arthur said, trying very hard to speak calmly, "please remember, though Naomi may have acted as a servant in your family when you were in dire need, it does not mean that she is to be treated as a menial. She is my wife—your sister-in-law."

Rumsey left the room without a word, beckoning Addie to follow.

UNCLE JOHN'S CHAT.

DEAR HOPES:—I feel constrained to write you another short "chat" after a long silence. I have not ceased to care for you, dear nephews and nieces, nor for the glorious work of God. I love it superior to all else, and because of this love, I am anxious to do all I can for its advancement. I have been, and am yet, very busy with the cares of life, which have prevented me from writing sooner. Méthinks I hear each of the little Hopes saying, I can do nothing to help on the work,—I am only a child, and have but little influence; hence there is no use for me to try." Are you a little boy? If so, you can be cheerful, and contented. You can help your father and mother by cheerfully obeying what they tell you. Be kind to your playmates, and never say or do any thing that you know, or think, will hurt the feelings of any. As you would have others be careful to not hurt your feelings, so do you be careful about the feelings of others. If your playmate treats you evil, return good for evil,—treat him kindly, and if he has a tender spot in his heart it will be sure to be touched. As the time is coming when the task of carrying on God's work will devolve on you, prepare for it by forming now good habits. Be careful what you read. Store your minds with all good facts. Refrain from all bad habits, such as swearing, chewing tobacco, drinking intoxicants, breaking the Sabbath, idling away your time.

"Give every precious moment,
Something to keep in store."

And disobeying your parents; and in short, anything that may bring remorse of conscience.

Dear Hopes, in my next I may have something to say to my little nieces. Dont be jealous of the nephews, but try and search out that part of the advice to them that suits little girls, and apply it in your lives, until I write again. Now little Hopes, all who are willing to try and do all the good they can, will signify it by holding up their right hands. That's right. Now write and tell me who held up the hand.

UNCLE JOHN.

A MISTAKE.

A YOUNG man who thinks he can lead a reckless and profligate life until he becomes a middle aged man, and then repent and make a good and steady citizen, is deluded by the devil. He thinks the people are fools, destitute of memory. He concludes that if he repents everybody will forget that he was a dissipated wretch. This is not the case; people remember your bad deeds, and forget your good ones. Besides it is no easy thing to break up in middle age bad habits that have been formed in youth. When a horse contracts the habit of balking, he generally retains it through life. He will often perform well enough until the wheels get into a deep hole, and then he stops and holds back. Just so it is with the boys who contract bad habits. They will sometimes leave off their bad tricks, and do well enough until they get into a tight place, and then they turn to their old habit. Of those boys who contract the bad habit of drunkenness, not one in every hundred dies a sober man. The best way to break up a bad habit is never to contract it. The only way to prevent drunkenness is never to drink.

A MATHEMATICAL DOG.

THERE was once a little pet dog who, though not a terrier, had a strong propensity for catching and playing with mice, although he never was known to eat one. The cook used to give him all that she caught in the trap, and he would pile them away in corners, sometimes bringing them out to show to his particular friends. He has even been known to watch the mouse-trap, and when it would not catch anything, carry it reproachfully to the mistress, who shared all his gifts and joys. One evening that young lady and her mother were sitting at work and the dog was lying under the table with three fat mice in front of him, evidently thinking very deeply. No one noticed him for some time, till,

glancing up from her work, his mistress saw that her little favorite had only one mouse in front of him, while one was laid carefully on the hem of her dress, and the third on that of her mother. Didn't that dog understand both generosity and justice; and wasn't his arithmetical knowledge perfect, far as dividing by three went?

THE FLOWER MISSION.

"Well, Kitty Clover, what are you so much interested in? I have asked you three times, where mamma is, and you have paid no attention." And Gerty threw herself on the lounge and began to fan herself with her hat.

"Oh!" and Kitty's great brown eyes at last left her book. "Mamma has gone over to Cousin Ruth's. This is the most lovely story about dear little sick children in a hospital who were made so happy by flowers which ladies took them from the Flower mission. Just listen!"

As she read Gerty became as absorbed as Kitty had been. When Kitty laid down the book, Gerty said, "I'll tell you what we will do. We'll send them wild flowers. We can get the basket ready to-night, and get up ever so early to-morrow morning and pick them before breakfast, so that papa can take them to the city when he goes in to business."

"That will be just splendid," cried Kitty, clapping her hands. "Let's go and find the moss to put in the basket now."

The next morning they brought to their papa a great basket filled with violets and snowdrops and adder tongues and shooting stars, lying on the damp moss, and asked him to take it to the Flower Mission. He looked, smiling, into their shining eyes and said, "So this is the meaning of your being late to breakfast, and of all the whispering and mystery this morning? I'll be very glad to take them, pussies."

When an hour later, Annie Dexter opened the lid and smelled the delicious woodsy smell, she said to Marion Farlane, who sat near making bouquets,—

"Here is Patty Morgan's heaven. I heard Nettie Grey ask her yesterday what she thought heaven would be like, and patty answered, 'Flowers, and Nettie said she thought it would be 'cool breezes and sweet music.' Dear little sick girls! I'll quite shower Patty with violets to-day, and these white lilies make one think of coolness and birds' songs; Nettie shall have these."

Kitty and Gertie's enthusiasm did not flag, and every morning for a week they sent their basket. The ladies became so much interested in their two little helpers that they sent them an invitation by their father to come on Saturday and visit the hospital.

Two happy little girls brought their own basket the next day, and went about among the cots, giving flowers to this one and to that.

They brought a breath of the country with them, they were so fresh and sweet.

In one cot lay a fair-faced boy, with great blue eyes, but oh! so thin and pale. He gently smiled as Miss Marion spoke to him.

"These are the little girls who have sent you violets all the week Tommy."

He said very softly,

"I thank them so much."

Then she told them how a week before he had been all the time growing weaker, and they had not been able to interest him in anything till one morning she brought him a handful of violets, and then his eyes brightened and he had been so brave and patient when it was found that he must lose his leg; but he had been hardly strong enough to bear the pain. But now he was getting well. "And I guess we will call it the violet cure," she added.

They learned many things that day, and when in their prayers that night they asked God to bless the little sick children, they did not forget to thank him for health and home and papa and mamma.

The next day at Sunday school they told the class about their visit, and then all the girls were eager

to send flowers too. So they formed themselves in a "daisy club," and the teacher made them badges with daises painted on blue ribbons; and all the summer they sent flowers to the Flower Mission, and all the loving thought and wishes that went with the wild roses and golden red gentians made the senders better and more thoughtful children, and eased the pain and made long hours seem shorter to many a little sufferer shut up in the hot city walls.

THE KING'S DAUGHTERS.

The King's three little daughters, 'neath the palace windows straying,
Had fallen into earnest talk that put an end to playing,
And the weary King smiled once again to hear what they were saying.

"It is I who love our father best!" the eldest daughter said;
"I am the oldest Princess!" and her pretty face grew red;
"What is there none can do without? I love him more than bread!"

Then said the second Princess, with her bright blue eyes aflame,
"Than bread? A common thing like bread! Thou hast not any shame!
Glad am I it is I, not thou, called by our mother's name.

"I love him with a better love than one so tame as thine—
More than—oh what then shall I say that is both bright and fine,
And is not common? Yes, I know—I love him more than wine!"

Then the little youngest daughter, whose speech would sometimes halt,
For her dreamy way of thinking, said, "You are both in fault
'Tis I who love our father best—I love him more than salt."
Shrill little shrieks of laughter greeted her latest word,
As the two joined hands, exclaiming, "But this is most absurd."
And the King, no longer smiling, was grieved that he had heard."

For the little youngest daughter, with her eyes of steadfast gray,
Could always move his tenderness, and charm his care away.
"She grows more like her mother dead," he whispered, 'day by day.

"But she is very little, and I will find no fault
That, while her sisters strive to see who most shall me exalt,
She holds me nothing dearer than a common thing like salt."

The portly cook was standing in the courtyard by the spring;
He winked and nodded to himself; "That little quiet thing
Knows more than both the others, as I will show the King."

That afternoon at dinner there was nothing fit to eat;
The King turned, frowning angrily, from soup and fish and meat,
And he found a cloying sweetness in the dishes that were sweet.

"And yet," he muttered musing, "I cannot find the fault;
Not a thing has tasted like itself but this honest cup of malt."
Said the youngest Princess, shyly, "Dear father they want Salt."

A sudden look of tenderness shone on the King's dark face,
As he set his little daughter in the dead queen's vacant place;
And he thought, "She has her mother's heart—aye, and her mother's grace.

"Great love through smallest channels will find its surest way;
It waits not state occasions, which may not come, or may;
It comforts and it blesses hour by hour and day by day."

HERBERT JULIER was looking at the large chair in the school room, when he asked what the seat of the chair was made of. Perhaps some of the children would like to know too. The seats of all our new large chairs are made of rattan. Rattan grows in southern Asia and on the islands near there. It is one of the large family of palms. It is a vine and climbs upon trees. It grows very long and has beautiful pinnate leaves. The Chinese use it to make strong ropes and sometimes for bridges. Much rattan is sent to other countries and it is used to make chairs and canes. We call a chair "cane seated" if it has a wooden frame and the seat is made of rattan.

WE LEARN to climb by keeping our eyes, not on the valleys that lie behind, but on the mountains that rise before us.

OPENING BUDS.

ALL lovers of flowers have noticed the surpassing beauty of opening buds, especially of opening rose buds. They impart a pleasure something like that which we feel when nearly, but not quite, in the possession of some very much desired treasure. The flower gardener stops wherever there is the least indication of a bud, and lingers long and thoughtfully. Why does he do so? Of what importance are these tiny things? Many of the leaves around them are now more beautiful than they, why is his attention directed to the buds alone? I will tell you, and when I do so, you will have the secret of your parents' care for you, when you are only tiny buds, unable to help them or yourselves. The gardener's knowledge of plants, derived from past experience and other sources, teaches him that wrapped up in that now useless bud, is the beginning or outline of a flower, the beauty and fragrance of which may adorn his home, and make its inmates happy. It is with this in view, that he gazes long and thoughtfully upon the newly formed, or opening bud. He looks forward with joy to the time, when the bud shall be the flower, yielding sweetness and beauty, if it fulfills his expectations. But with this joy there comes also that unavoidable companion of all human, earthly joys—a tinge of sadness, caused by the thought that the bud may never be the flower, or if it shall be, its fragrance and beauty may not be so great as he now hopes they may be.

Dear Hopes, you are the opening buds of your parents' flower gardens. On you their hopes of earthly happiness are largely placed. If you develop into lovely flowers, enabling them to realize their highest hopes and fondest expectations concerning you, how bright and sunny may you make the closing years of their lives. On the other hand, if you do not so develop, but are made ugly by selfishness and unkindness of heart, how dark with despair and grief will you make the period of old age for them.

Nothing will enable you to add more beauty to your lives, in the sight of God and good men, than love and obedience to parents. To those who cared for you in helpless infancy, wept over you in sickness and rejoiced over you in health, what a debt of gratitude do you owe. Can you think of failing to discharge it, or that it can be discharged by anything less than a lifetime of love and active devotion?

AMMON.

A CURIOUS CLOCK.

A STRANGE clock is said to have once belonged to a Hindoo prince. In front of the clock's disc was a gong swung upon poles, and near it was a pile of artificial human limbs. The pile was made up of the full number of parts necessary to constitute twelve perfect bodies; but all lay heaped together in apparent confusion. When the hands of the clock indicated the hour of one, out from the pile crawled just the number of parts needed to form the frame of one man, part coming to part with quick click, and when completed the figure sprang up, seized a mallet and, walking up to the gong, struck one blow. This done he returned to the pile and fell to pieces again. When two o'clock came, two men arose and did likewise; and at the hour of noon and midnight the entire heap sprang up and, marching to the gong, struck, one after the other, his blow, making twelve in all; then returning, fell to pieces as before.

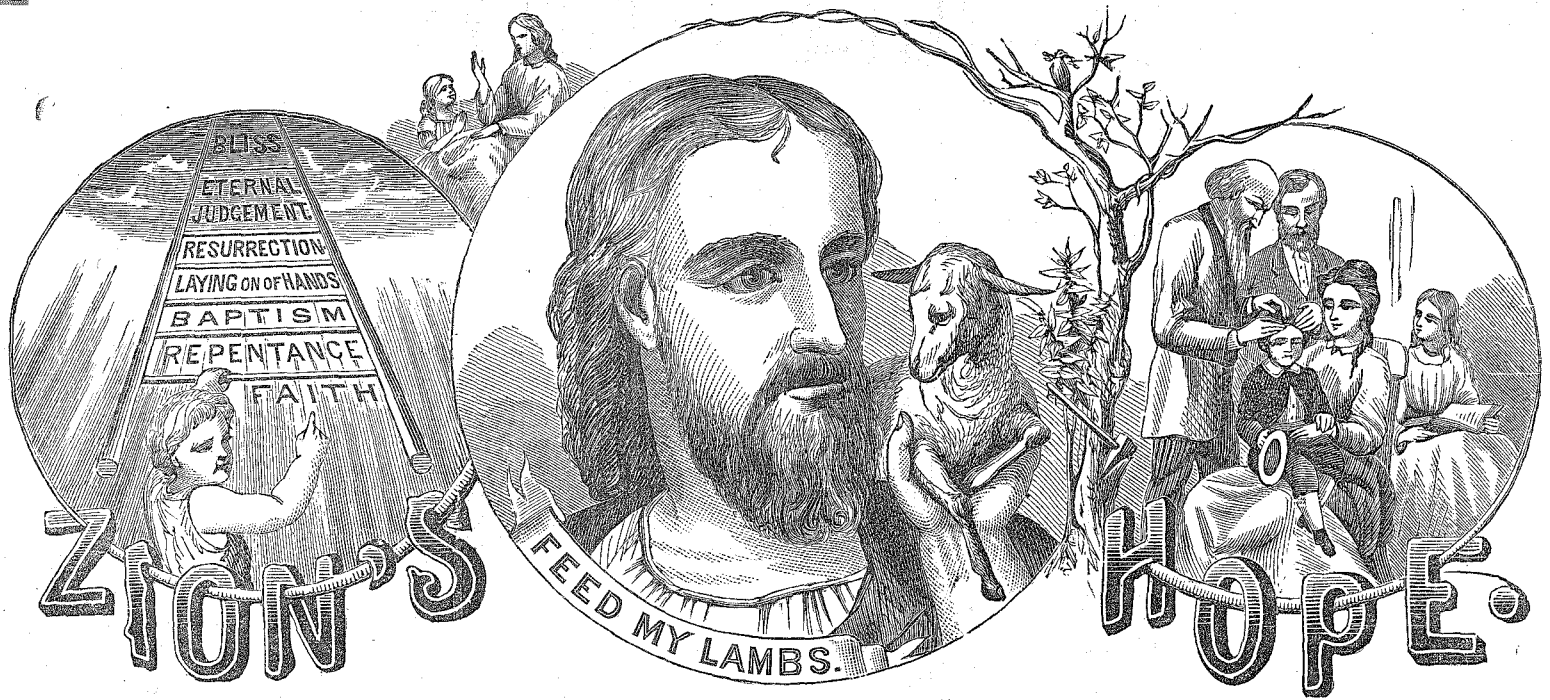
If we would have friends we must show ourselves friendly.

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

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COLD-WATER ARMY.

A little bird flew to the brooklet's brink
And dipped her bill this way to drink;
Then up she tossed her tiny head,
And this is what the birdie said—
The mother-bird, on the bough above,
Looking down with a look of love:
"Chip, chip, chee! sweet and clear,
You must never drink anything else, my dear;
For all good little birds," said she,
"In the cold-water army ought to be."
And the little bird sang, at the water's edge
"Chip, chip, chee; I'll keep the pledge!"

A little lamb skipped where the waters flow,
And dipped his mouth to drink just so;
Then back he tossed his small white head,
And this is what the old sheep said—
The mother-sheep, on the grassy bank,
Looking down while the lambkin drank;
"Baa, baa, baa! sweet and clear,
You must never drink anything else, my dear;
For all good little lambs," said she,
"In the cold-water army ought to be."
And the little lamb said, at the water's edge,
"Baa, baa, baa; I'll keep the pledge!"

A little child stooped on the smooth white sand,
And drank the water from her hand;
Then tossed she up her curly head,
And this is what the mother said—
The mother kind, in the cool, green shade,
Looking down where her darling played:
"Yes, yes, yes! sweet and clear,
You must never drink anything else, my dear;
For all good little girls," said she,
"In the cold-water army ought to be!"
And the little child sang, at the water's edge,
"Yes, yes, yes; I'll keep the pledge!"

Good Times.

Editorial Chat.

WHAT is the matter with the *Hope* letter writers? Have they forgotten the department of the *Hope*, which they are expected to make interesting, and which they alone can make interesting? Do not think we are scolding or finding fault, for we are doing neither one; but the number for October first, without so much as one hope letter, looks bad, and we fear will be a disappointment to many of its readers, who are expecting letters from other hopes, though they have written none themselves. We do not ask you to write when you have nothing that you think interesting to write about; but whenever you have anything in mind, which you think would interest you if written by some other Hope, be sure and send it along, that no more numbers may have to be printed and sent on their errands of love, with countenances cold and sad, because they carry no tidings from the Hopes of Zion.

THE LITTLE BOY ON CRUTCHES.

Selected and revised by sister S. A. Rose.

THE snow was falling fast as we stood over the open grave, just ready to gently let down into its silence the beautiful form of a little child about three years old. All must have been struck with the pale, the very pale, sad face of the father, and said to themselves, "Poor fellow, you will soon follow her!" All must have noticed the almost wild look of the mother, as her child was about to be buried in the dark, cold grave. The snow lay in the bottom of the grave, and it lay white on the coffin. But did they notice a little lame boy, two years older than the little sister about to be buried, as he leaned on his small crutches over the corner of the grave, and looked so earnestly into it? He was very small and very pale, and the first look at him showed he must be a cripple as long as he lives. He had now lost his little sister—his playmate, the other self; no voice had been so gentle, and no heart so loving to him as hers. He shed no tears. He stood like a marble figure, upheld by crutches. But his little bosom heaved as if it would burst, and though he uttered no sound, I felt sure he was sincerely mourning. The men unconsciously pushed him back as they finished the burial. Oh, how meekly those little crutches took him back out of the way! I felt that I could take him up in my arms, and weep over him. No one thought of him save the one who took little children up in his arms and blessed them.

The family returned from the burial. Each one thought so much of his own grief, that the little lame boy was not thought of as needing consolation. But from that day, the poor little fellow began to droop and wither. It was soon noticed he ate very little, and in the night he would be heard as with a low voice he repeated over and over the hymns he used to repeat with his little sister. It was thought to be the grief of a child, and that a few new playthings would banish it. But the arrow had gone in too deeply to thus be drawn out. For hours he would go and sit in the little nook where he and little Jessie used to play, with his chin in his thin hand—thinking, thinking. Sometimes he would ask if Jessie could "remember now," or if she would "love him still;" or if "she sang the same hymns where she had gone, which they used to sing together, or if she would know him if she would meet him without any crutches." The hymns that spoke of Jesus and his love, and of heaven and its rest, of the angels and the redeemed, seemed to be his delight. Though he seldom mentioned Jessie's name, it became well understood in a short time, he thought only of her. He laid aside

his playthings as of no use, but would bend over her little drawer and earnestly gaze at what her tiny fingers once handled. Slowly and gently his life began to ebb out. He had no sickness, made no mention of pain, had no cough, and medicine could do nothing for him. When he came to take his bed, from sheer weakness, he begged that he might lie on the very bed and same spot where Jessie died. Sometimes in the night he would be heard to utter a suppressed moan, and when his mother hastened to him and inquired what he wanted, he would only say, "I want Jessie. Do you think she has forgotten me? I want to go to Jessie, and she will tell me all about it." Once just before his death, he was heard to break out almost into a shout. "What is it, my dear son?" said his mother. "Oh, I thought Jessie had come," "No, but my dear child, you are going to Jessie; you will soon see her." "Ah! I know, but I wish I could carry her something! and yet I know she has better things there."

The little crutches are now standing in the corner of the mother's chamber, against the little press that held Jessie's clothes and toys. Harry's little hat hangs just over the crutches. The pale face is there no more. Side by side the two little graves are seen under the shade of the great elm that tenderly spreads over them. Cold winds of winter whistle over them, but they are safe with Jesus. Did Jessie know Harry "without crutches?" Is he lame, and pale, and moaning now? Or is the good shepherd leading them by still waters, in that pure and bright world, where little children dwell? There is no sorrowing little boys on crutches, looking into the grave of a dear sister there.

ACTING A LIE.

ROSA's mother took great pains to bring up her children to be truthful. She impressed upon their minds the fact that a person given to lying can never have the confidence of others. Whenever they did wrong, she encouraged them to come to her and confess what they had done and be forgiven for it, rather than conceal it. Sooner or later it was pretty sure to be found out, and attempted concealment only added disgrace when the truth was known. One day Rosa had a visitor, a little girl about her own age. They were at play in the parlor. Accidentally Rosa overturned a vase and broke it. "Oh, dear," she exclaimed, "what will mother say? She thought ever so much of that vase, because Uncle William brought it to her all the way from China." "Put it back on the bracket, and don't tell about it," advised Rosa's visitor. "See, it will stand up just as it did before, if it isn't jarred." Rosa hesitated

a moment. She knew that it wouldn't be right to accept such advice. When the servant dusted the vase it would come apart, and very likely the girl would be blamed for breaking it. But Rosa decided to take the advice offered; so they put back the broken vase carefully on the bracket and left the parlor.

The very next day, when the servant was dusting the room, down tumbled the vase as soon as she touched it with her duster. Rosa's mother happened to be in the room at the time. She was exceedingly sorry that it was broken, and seeing how she felt about it, the girl, who really thought she had done the mischief, was a good deal pained. Mrs. Sprague spoke of the affair several times during the day, and Rosa knew that no one dreamed of her as being the guilty one. But that didn't make her feel right. Her conscience began to trouble her. "I haven't lied about it," she argued with herself, "for I have not said a word; no one has asked me." But that argument didn't satisfy her conscience. "You knew you broke it," said the accusing voice, "and you know that keeping silent is as much as saying you know nothing about it. That is acting a lie." Rosa stood it as long as she could. Then she went to her mother and told her the truth. "At first I thought it wouldn't be lying if I didn't say anything," she said, "but I see now that I was wrong. My actions lied just the same as words would. I am sorry, mother, that I broke the vase, and sorry that I tried to deceive you about it." "I'm sorry that the vase was broken," answered her mother, "but I'm glad that my little girl concluded to come to me with the truth. The loss of the vase is nothing compared with the loss of confidence I should have felt in her if she had kept up the deception until I found out the truth."

FALLING STARS.

"A little boy was dreaming,
Upon his nurse's lap,
That the pins fell out of all the stars,
And the stars fell into his cap.

So when his dream was over,
What should that little boy do?
Why he went and looked inside his cap,
And found it wasn't true."

If that little boy had been wide awake, and out of doors, with his cap on his head, instead of dreaming in his nurse's lap, don't you think he might really have seen a star fall out of the sky? Haven't you all seen one many a time? But you would never dream that those blazing suns, the stars, are pinned into the sky, and that they might tumble into your cap if the pins fell out. You know better than that; but do you know what does happen when a star falls?

We say "a star falls" because what we see falling looks to us like a star, but it really is no more like a star than a lump of coal. If we should see a piece of blazing coal falling through the air, we might be foolish enough to think that, too, was a star. And what we call a shooting star is, perhaps, more like a lump of coal on fire than like anything else you know of.

Sometimes these shooting stars fall to the ground, and are picked up and found to be rocks. How do you suppose they take fire? It is by striking against the air which is around our earth. They come from nobody knows where, and are no more on fire than any rock is, until they fall into our air; and that sets them blazing, just as a match lights when you rub it against something.

These meteors, as they are called, do not often fall to the ground; only the very large ones last until they reach the earth; most of them burn up on their way down. I think that is lucky, because they might at any time fall into some little boys cap and spoil it, and might even fall on his head, if they were in the habit of falling anywhere. Once in a great while, a shower of meteors rains down upon the earth; and sometimes many of them can be

seen falling from the sky, and burning up in the air.

The fall of the year is the best time for meteors; but you will be almost sure to see one any evening you choose to look for it, and, perhaps, on the Fourth of July one of them will celebrate the day by bursting like a rocket, as they sometimes do.—*Selected.*

PHILADELPHIA TO THE SEA.

THE river Delaware, as well as the Delaware Indians and Territory, was named in honor of Thomas West, Lord De la Ware, who visited the bay in 1610, and died on his vessel at its mouth. The Delaware was originally called by the Dutch, the South River, to distinguish it from the Hudson, or North River. This river has its rise on the west declivity of the Catskill mountains, in the state of New York, whence it flows South East for a distance of seventy miles, to Port Jervis, and there changes its course to the South West, one hundred miles, until it reaches Trenton, New Jersey, one hundred and thirty-five miles, from the sea, and the head of tide water. Its entire length is about three hundred miles. Thirty-five miles below Trenton, is Philadelphia, the second City in size in the Union, and situated one hundred miles from the Capes. Leaving the City on the three deck and palatial Steamer, *Republic*, we take our departure down this noble river, for a trip to Cape May, the famous watering place; and for a dip in the old Ocean, on the day we celebrate American independence. In so doing we will notice the many beautiful points and objects upon it, and the Bay. The first thing that attracts our attention is Windmill Island, now called Ridgway Park. This Island has been cut through for the ferry boats. The lower part is called Point Airy. On it there is a hospital for children, opposite Philadelphia in the City of Camden, New Jersey 50,000 of a population. Along the city front, and wharves, we see a large number of vessels, with a C on them; these are the vessels of the Clyde fleet, running to New York, Boston, Richmond, Charleston, and Havana, and points in the Gulf of Mexico, connecting at Panama with South America. The next thing that draws our attention, is a large covered slate building, the freight depot of the Pennsylvania Rail Road, and the large clock in sight surmounts the Dock Street Market. This is the distributing point for fruit and produce of New Jersey, Delaware and Pennsylvania. Below this market are the steamers of the Windsor Line of Boston and Providence. The large nine story brick building in sight, is the Franklin Sugar Refinery, the building and machinery costing over a million dollars. Next come the wharves, warehouses, and grain elevators of the steam ship company, also the Red Star Line of Antwerp steamers. The former are the pride of Philadelphians, because they are the only line carrying the American flag. They are called respectively, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, British Crown, British Princesses, and British Prince. They are 350 to 400 feet long; 40 to 50 feet beam; and 1,500 to 2,000 horse power propeller engines. Next claiming our notice, is the Washington street grain elevator, a large brick building, with a capacity of 500,000 bushels of grain, loading three ships at one time. Adjoining this is the old Navy Yard. And the immense barn-like structures, where a frigate could have been built under cover, and the shot tower, have disappeared from our view, to League Island, farther down the river. Here what is called Greenwich Point, an extensive railway terminus shipping Coal and Coal Oil, or Petroleum, two articles which have contributed more to the wealth of Pennsylvania than any other product with the exception of Iron. That in one single year eight million barrels, or two thousand ship load were exported and consumed. Opposite here is Gloucester, New Jersey, a city of three thousand and devoted to the manufacturing of Cotton and Wollen goods, iron pipes, &c., six miles from Philadelphia. After passing Gloucester, the next

feature of interest is the New Navy Yard, or League Island, which covers nine hundred acres, costing over \$300,000 and presented to the Government by Philadelphia, in 1862. Here can be seen turrets, iron clads, and monitors, cannons; shot, and shell, &c. Those large wooden buildings you see, 125 feet high, and 200 feet long, are Guard Grain Elevators, with a maximum capacity of 800,000 bushels, loading a 1,000 ton ship every hour. Red Bank on the Jersey side is the next thing of interest of Revolutionary fame. A battle was fought here between the Hessians under Count Donop, and the Americans, which resulted in a victory for the latter. Next feature is the light-house, Fort Mifflin, Billingsport, and Lazerette. All vessels, especially those from a foreign port, subject to epidemics, are obliged to stop here, and be examined by the medical authorities of the city, before proceeding up the river. If all on board are well, the vessel passes up. If disease on board she is detained, sick taken ashore, vessel fumigated, cargo discharged, if necessary, and then allowed to proceed up. Chester, Pennsylvania, sixteen miles from Philadelphia, population 20,000, deserves a notice. It is where the writer resides. It is the spot where William Penn expected the metropolis of the state to be until outstripped by Philadelphia. Along the river front are Eddy-stone Print works, Sugar refinery, Cotton and Wollen Mills, Iron works, ship-yard oil works, and steam engine works. On the hill rising back of the city, are the buildings of the Crosier Baptist College, and the Pennsylvania Military Academy. The river here is one and one-half miles across, and not blocked by ice once in twenty years. The next place that attracts our notice is Marcus Hook; an old village, loafing away its time as Bret Harte would say, while its sister and busy neighbors up the river, were making a fortune. Opposite this place is Bridgeport, New Jersey, 20 miles from Philadelphia, population 1,500. It is the center of the sweet potato and watermelon world. The scenery here is beautiful and grand, and all that can be desired. Pennsgrove, New Jersey, is the terminus of the Delaware Shore Railroad. The river widens considerably here, and comes in contact with Christiana Creek, named in honor of a daughter of Gustavus Adolphus; a name preserved through two hundred years by the Swedes and Dutch, under the name of New Sweden. The next feature is the city of Wilmington, the capital and metropolis of Delaware, 36 miles from Philadelphia, with a population of 50,000. The view from the river is simply beautiful and picturesque. The country is richly cultivated; the homes of the wealthy and intelligent people are worth a visit.

The manufacturing interests of Wilmington are of great variety; extensive, important, and of national reputation. Among the prominent are iron ship building; rolled, and sheet iron works; Machine tools; car wheels; carriages; paper, powder, cotton and woolen goods; matches; leather and Morocco goods, cars for streets and railways; bolts, nuts, bridges and agriculture implements of all kinds. After passing this busy place of industry, on the same side of the river is New Castle, Delaware, 33 miles from Philadelphia, and with a population of 3,000. Here is the county seat and whipping post. A thief convicted and punished here, seldom returns again. If he wants to steal he is sure he is beyond the Delaware line. For nearly a century this quaint old town created no excitement at all; and she was just returning into another doze, when a lively man commenced a bustle of a cotton mill, and then another an iron tube works, not only noisy, but dirty and smoky, sending her remoteness into oblivion. Next feature is Pennsville and Fort Delaware, a place named with a full complement of guns and gunners, to do service in the event of an hostile demonstration. The fort is two or three stories high, and about 40 windows long. The river widens considerably here. The fort is in the center. Delaware City and Salem, New Jersey,

comes next in order, 42 and 50 miles from Philadelphia with a population of 1,000 and 6,000 respectively. The latter place is the entrance to the Delaware and Chesapeake Canal. It is the center of the Delaware peach growing country. The excursionist by this time has noticed many buoys of different colors and shapes, anchored on the river, which are carefully regarded by the pilots of the boats, and the captains. On entering a river red buoys are to be passed to the left; black buoys to the right. Those that are striped in colors, indicate deep water; and those that have rings on are to denote danger. Collins Beach and Bombay Hook are summer resorts, and thousands of Sabbath School children from the cities and towns above named, come here every summer, to swim, sing, play, romp, dance, and cut up generally. Seventy miles from Philadelphia here, and not a town on either side of the river can boast of a branch, and no Elder can boast of delivering a discourse, although one or two have been asked to do so. The next feature on the programme is Sea Breeze, Cape May Light-house. At all these places are large hotels, where you can go fishing, boating, bathing, &c. The river widens to the extent of 13 miles to 28. Here is the grand Old Ocean, 100 miles from Philadelphia, one of the grandest watering places in the whole country; and in summer has few equals in the world. Here comes the City banker, to live a life of luxury and ease. Here come those of every class and every station and nation, almost, under the sun. A great fire destroyed thirty acres of hotels and cottages in 1878; but it proved a blessing in disguise. A large and magnificent drive, fifty feet wide, board plank ten feet wide, extend along the whole sea shore for miles, in one continuous circuit of all the principal streets of the town. Here you can promenade and pick up shells and romp and play to your heart's content, and no one to harm or molest you. Opposite here, Cape May, is the Delaware Breakwater, a lot of large stones dropped upon one another to form a wall, so that vessels can be safe from the raging sea. There is a light-house here. The keeper seems perfectly amphibious, as a light-house keeper should be. In winter time he has to keep the glass around the lantern clean. If the wind is blowing one hundred miles an hour, and the temperature down to zero, the lamp must be kept clean. The light at this station is what is known as the fourth order of light. It revolves and at regular intervals flashes a light across the waters. The steamer having brought the excursionists to the sea, she leaves them on the shores of the broad Atlantic Ocean for a few hours. All the world before them from which to choose, and Providence their guide.

WM. STREET

REUBEN AND SANDIE.

ON A cold Winter day, a gentleman in Edinburgh had, out of pity, bought a box of matches of a poor little shivering boy, and as he had no pence, had given him a shilling, taking the boy's promise that he would bring the change to the hotel. Hours passed by, and the boy did not return. Very late in the evening a mere child came to the hotel, and asked, "Are you the gentleman that bought the matches frae Sandie?" "Yes." "Weel, then, here is fourpence out o' yer shillin'." Sandie canna come. He is verra ill. A cart ran over him, and knocked him down, and he lost his bonnet and his matches and yer seven pence, and baith his legs are broken, and the doctor says he'll dee; and that's a'." And then, putting down the fourpence on the table, the poor child burst into great sobs. "So I fed the little man," said the gentleman, "and I went with him to see Sandie. The two little things were living almost alone. Their father and mother were dead. Poor Sandie was lying on a bundle of shavings. He knew me as soon as I came in, and said, 'I got the change, sir, and was coming back and then the cart knocked me down, and both my legs are broken; and oh, Reuby, little Reuby; I am sure I am dying, and who will take care of

you when I am gone?' What will ye do? I took his hand, and said I would always take care of Reuby. He understood me, and had just strength enough to look up as if to thank me. Then the light went out of his blue eyes.—Selected.

FRAGMENT GATHERERS.

"Gather of the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost."—John 6:12.

DEAR HOPES:—If you had been of the disciples of Jesus when he worked the miracle of feeding the multitude, and he had bidden you help to gather of the fragments that remained, "that nothing be lost," would you not have cheerfully and carefully obeyed him? There is a way of ascertaining whether you would have obeyed him or not. It is by seeing whether you now try to obey him. I wonder if you are now all of you fragment gatherers. Surely you ought to be. If I could spend a whole day with each of you, and see just exactly how you live, what time you rise, and how diligently or carelessly you attend to your several duties, and what kind of a spirit you show to those around you, and how you feel and act toward the poor that live near; and what you do with the pennies that are given to you. If I could thus see all of your acts for a single day, I should be able to say very correctly whether or not you are fragment gatherers. There are different kinds of fragments to be gathered, and you are the young disciples, who should be actively engaged in the work. Attend now while two or three of the kinds of fragments you should be gathering are spoken of.

Fragments of time, dear Hopes, are before you; gather them up. Do not allow them to be wasted. Minutes are fragments of time. How many of them did you waste this morning in bed? Suppose you go to your bedside now and try to pick up the fragments of time you have left there, could you find them? If you lose half an hour, you drop thirty fragments from that day's slice of time. Can you gather those dropped fragments of time. O no, if you once drop them they are lost, you can never gather them up again. Be careful that you redeem the time, knowing the days are evil. If you lose an hour of time every day, in a single week the minute fragments amount to four hundred and twenty, and the second fragments thus lost amount to twenty-five thousand and two hundred. Why, here are twelve basketfuls of fragments at least, lost every week. If you had them now all before you, how long they would last you. How much you might learn in them, or how much good you might do with them. Remember them in your hours for play. Enter into and enjoy your recreations, but in your hours for study or work, lose no time. Engage, then, earnestly in the duties before you, and you all have odds and ends of time that you might improve to great advantage. You have enough of these every week to enable you always to have your Sunday School lesson well studied. There is not one of you that should ever say to your teacher as an excuse for not knowing the lesson given you, I had not time to learn it. Not time! Why you have time for everything that God requires of you. You waste more time perhaps than the wise Franklin had when an apprentice boy in which to acquire his knowledge; for he used to save the fragments of candles, and use them in the fragments of the night in his search for the treasures of instruction. You have time for study, time for work, time for play, time for carrying food to the hungry or clothing to such as you may know to be in need. You have time for reading God's holy word every day. Do you read it, or do you lose the time. If you lose it, another fragment lost. You have time for prayer, for his blessing and guidance. Time for the improvement of your mind, and time for the improvement of your heart. Time for everything that is rightly demanded of you. Only you must "gather up the fragments that nothing be lost." You might attend to all your regular duties and pleasures of the day, and then gather up for God,

or for the learning of his will, the fragments that remain.

Be careful, then, of your fragments of time. Gather them up in the morning, gather them up through the day, gather them up in the evening. Gather them up now, in the morning of your days, and you will find in after life that you have saved full twelve baskets of time fragments, which afford you comforts and joy, the loss of which many now sadly mourn.

Dear Hopes, you are fragment gatherers or losers. Think of these things, and see what you can do for your own good, and the good of others, by gathering the fragments that remain. Endeavor to make the very best use of all of the gracious privileges that a God of love now surrounds you with. Let nothing be lost. Have hearts of love and hands of love for the wants of the needy you may meet with. The pennies you can earn, or that may be placed at your disposal, let them not be dropped in the drawer of the confectioner, but gather them up and give them to the Lord, and I assure you he will bless you, and you will feel the truth of the Savior's saying, "It is better to give than to receive." May God help you all to improve the time, and all "work while the day lasts, for the night cometh wherein no one can work." Let us, both young and old, "gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost." May God bless and help us all to think of these things and profit thereby, is the prayer of your sister in Christ.

T. C. HARVEY.

THINK AS WELL AS READ.

ALVEN had the name of being a great reader. He devoured books, as we say.

"I don't see how you can bear, Jesse," he said one day to a friend, "to pore over these dry histories so much. I believe you have read them half a dozen times."

"No, only twice, Alven; but I read very slowly, you know."

"I can't do that. I go right through a book, and then have done with it."

"Do you remember what you read?"

"I should hope not. My head would be too full of lumber by this time if I did."

This was the plan the two boys pursued. One read rapidly everything that came in his way. The other devoted an hour or two every day to a few choice books, which he read slowly and thoughtfully. The result was that, as they advanced in years, Jesse was far readier with his knowledge, and possessed a far greater fund of that which is valuable. Alven's mind became more and more like a sieve, and his reading was of no practical service.

You may bring loads of grain into the barn, yet if it is not winnowed thoroughly, it will never do to make into wholesome bread. Thought is the winnowing machine to make our reading of service to us.

Think over and talk over what you read with others, and you will find it the best way to impress it firmly upon the mind.—Selected.

EDITH'S BEST BIRTHDAY PRESENT.

"HENRY, I wish you would give me a dollar or two," Mrs. Harris said to her husband, as she stood in the hall way, helping him on with his overcoat.

"What for?" he asked, in a tone which was not encouraging.

"To get a doll for Edith. To-day is her birthday, and I would like to surprise her."

"A dollar for a doll! What extravagance! Besides, Edith is too old for a doll."

"Why, Henry, she is only ten, and she is so fond of her old one."

"Can't help it; I can't afford it; you're enough to ruin any man."

"Henry," the wife said, indignantly, "you could afford it, and a great many other things, if you would let Jones' liquor saloon alone."

The man winced. "You're always harping on that," he returned, going out and shutting the door violently. But he knew what she said was true.

"Papa, papa!" a childish voice called, and Edith flew across the lawn.

"You naughty papa, going away without a kiss for me, and on my birthday."

The frown on his face faded. He stooped and kissed her."

"Here," he said, putting his hand into his pocket and drawing out a silver half-dollar, "give this to your mother, tell her it is all the change I have. She may get what she likes with it."

"What did he mean?" the child asked later, as she handed the money to her mother.

"I wanted to get a wax doll for your birthday present, but—

"Oh, mamma," Edith interrupted, delighted.

"Papa can't afford it. He has given this to buy a present instead. What shall we get with it?"

"I don't know, mamma. I do want the dolly so much."

"Yes, dear, but you can not have it now. I will tell Santa Claus to bring you one Christmas."

"Well," with a sigh, "I guess I'll take a book."

"Fifty cents will not buy much of a book."

"What will it buy?"

"You might get a game, or a set of tin dishes, or a pocket-book, or a box of candies, or some new hair ribbons, or a scrap-album."

"Oh, mamma! I'll take the scrap-album."

"Very well, when you return from school this afternoon, I will go with you, and you may choose one."

But when Edith returned home from school, her mother said: "Little girl, your papa sent me home more money, so I have bought your birthday present for you."

"Is it a doll, mamma?"

"Ask me no questions, and I'll tell you no lies," Mrs. Harris answered, laughing.

"When will you give it to me?"

"When your father returns."

You can easily guess Edith was impatient for the return of her father. While she is waiting shall I tell you how he came to send the extra money home to his wife?"

With his wife's reproaches still in his memory, and his child's kisses yet warm on his lips, he did not enter a saloon on the way to his store, but about ten o'clock, being thirsty, he went out to Jones' liquor store, and called for his usual dram.

While the bar-tender was preparing it, the liquor dealer's wife came in, and stepping up to Mr. Jones, said in a loud voice: "Sam, I want twenty dollars to buy a doll for Katie."

"Twenty dollars!" he answered, good-humoredly, "isn't that a good deal to give for a toy?"

"Yes, but the child has set her heart on one with real hair and a kid body, and I want to get one all dressed.—It is too much trouble to bother dressing it."

Without another word, Mr. Jones opened his pocket-book, took from it a roll of bills, counted out the twenty dollars and handed them to his wife, saying, carelessly:

"I forgot to order the ducks to roast for dinner; have Jim stop at Blander's and order them, and tell him to be sure and send nice celery, and some apples for sauce."

"Yes, I will. By-by!" and she turned and went out to her carriage.

Mr. Harris looked after this richly-dressed woman, not half so sweet-looking nor so lady-like as his own wife. She gave some order to the driver and entered the carriage, and the handsome vehicle, with its prancing horses and gold-mounted harness and liveried coachman, drove out of sight.

Then Mr. Harris came to himself. He placed his glass of liquor upon the counter untasted, laid beside it the price which was due for it, and went out of the dram-shop saying to himself;

"I have tasted my last drop of intoxicating drink."

Thus the man who had resisted the tears and prayers of his wife and the entreaties of his little daughter, came to himself at sight of the richness and luxury which his money was helping this liquor dealer to enjoy.

Mr. Jones indulged in carriage rides; he must walk.

Mr. Jones dined on duck and celery and apple-sauce; they were glad to get corned beef and cabbage.

Mr. Jones' wife dressed in silk and velvet; his wife had to be contented with the plainest apparel.

Mr. Jones' daughter played with twenty-dollar dolls; he had refused to spend one dollar that his darling Edith might have a birthday gift. Henceforth his money should be given to his wife and children. He went to his store, and writing a note to his wife inclosed in it a five-dollar bill, and calling a boy, bade him deliver it immediately. And at night, when he returned, Edith's mother handed her a beautiful wax-doll, with golden hair, and blue eyes that would open and shut, and all dressed in white, with a pale blue sash.

"Oh, mamma, it's perfectly lovely. How happy I am!," she said, kissing her mother.

"Here is my birthday present, daughter," her father said, handing her a slip of paper.

"What is it, papa? A letter? Won't you read it, mamma?"

Then in a voice which trembled, the happy wife read:

"I hereby solemnly promise that I will never touch another drop of liquor which intoxicates so long as I live, God being my helper.

"JOHN HARRIS."

"Oh, papa! papa! papa! papa!"

That was all Edith said, but her father knew by the tears which sprang to her eyes, by the close clasp of her arms around his neck, by the kisses she rained upon his face, that she was the happiest little girl in the world, and that his birthday present of a Temperance pledge had made her so.

All this happened six years ago.

You can well believe Mr. Harris' money does not longer go to provide luxuries for liquor dealers, when I tell you that last Saturday Edith was sixteen, and when she came down to breakfast in the morning, she found beside her plate, in a pale blue satin case, a lovely gold watch and chain, a birthday gift from her father and mother.

BEAVERS AND THEIR HOUSES.

WHAT queer little things beavers are! What strange houses they build! They make a sort of cabin of branches of trees and mud. The mud answers nicely for mortar.

They have large, strong teeth. When they are cutting the branches for use they gnaw them off with their teeth. They make the sticks just as nearly the same length as they can. They dig up the mud with their paws, for they are great diggers. When they are ready to build their cabin, they use their flat tails just as masons use a trowel. With it they spat and smooth the coat of mud as they put it on.

The beaver's tail is very short, and well adapted to this purpose. As the wall of the cabin rises higher, it is hard for the builder to reach the top. What do you think he does? Why, he props himself up on it and goes on with his work.

These little creatures lead an idle sort of life during most of the summer months and keep by themselves; but the last of August they form into companies and begin to cut down their timber.

The beavers always select a place for building close to a stream of water. To get to the entrance, they must go down under the water. In order to keep the water over the doors just high enough, they make a perfect dam. This dam is also built of branches and mud. For fear the branches might move and get out of place, they fix stones upon them, sometimes of large size, to keep them down.

Do you see how they can understand all this? If

they did not have a dam, the door of the cabin might be closed up with ice if the water got low in the stream in winter.

In this cabin there are two little rooms. They are shaped like an oven. The beavers live in the upper one, and in the lower they store away their food. They eat the roots and branches of different vegetables in the winter. They often lay up food in very large quantities.

This wonderful little animal is about three feet long. His tail is eleven inches long. He uses it as a rudder in swimming, as well as a trowel. This rudder, with his web feet, enables him to swim much faster than he can walk.

So you see that God gives to every creature certain tools to do his own work.—*Selected.*

A LITTLE HERO.

A BOY in the town of Weser, in Germany, playing one day with his sister, was alarmed by the cry of some men in pursuit of a mad dog. The boy saw the dog running toward him, but instead of making his escape he took off his coat, and wrapping it round his arm he boldly faced the dog; and holding out the arm covered with the coat, the animal attacked and worried it until the men came and killed the dog. They asked the boy why he did not run and avoid the dog. "Yes," said the little hero, "I could run from the dog, but if I had he would have attacked my sister. To protect her I offered him my coat, that he might tear it."

Letters from the Hopes.

RICH HILL, Bates Co., Missouri,
September 20th, 1881.

Dear Hopes:—I will try to write a letter to the paper for once, and as it is my first, I will do my best. I will tell you about the place that I live in. It is very hilly, and houses set all over it, and tents pitched wherever people think best to set them. The town is a very fine one for the time it has been started. It is about three-miles from the works. I feel very lonesome out here, for there are no hopes to talk with, nor any church to go to. I like to be where I can see them. I have often thought that I would write a letter to our little paper, but have never done so until now. I often hear people talking about the Mormon Church, and whenever I hear them, I tell them they are not Mormons. I tell them they are Saints. This is a very bad place for the chills and a bad place to get water. Well, little hopes, I will bring my letter to an end, by asking an interest in your faith and prayers, that I may be counted one of the worthy ones in His kingdom, and one to meet you one and all where parting will be no more. Brothers and sisters, let us each one be counted one of the worthy ones, one of his who lives above us, and watches over us.

Your brother in the love of Christ,
THOMAS S. HOLMES.

WEST OAKLAND, California,
September 24th, 1883.

Dear Hopes of Zion:—Some time ago twelve of our Sunday School children were baptized; O what a blessing is a Sunday School. I love it, for there I was taught how to guide my bark between the rocks of this rugged life, so that now at sixty-four years of age, I can look back at my history with pleasure. A dear little sister wrote to the *Hope* a while ago, saying, Let us so live that we may not look back at our acts with regret. Noble girl, I will pray that you may do so. In the Sunday School I made the same resolution, and I will tell the Hopes what helped me to carry it out these last fifty summers. It was to always mind that the outside of a drinking shop was the best side, and never quench the spirit of prayer under any circumstance whatever. Yours in hope,

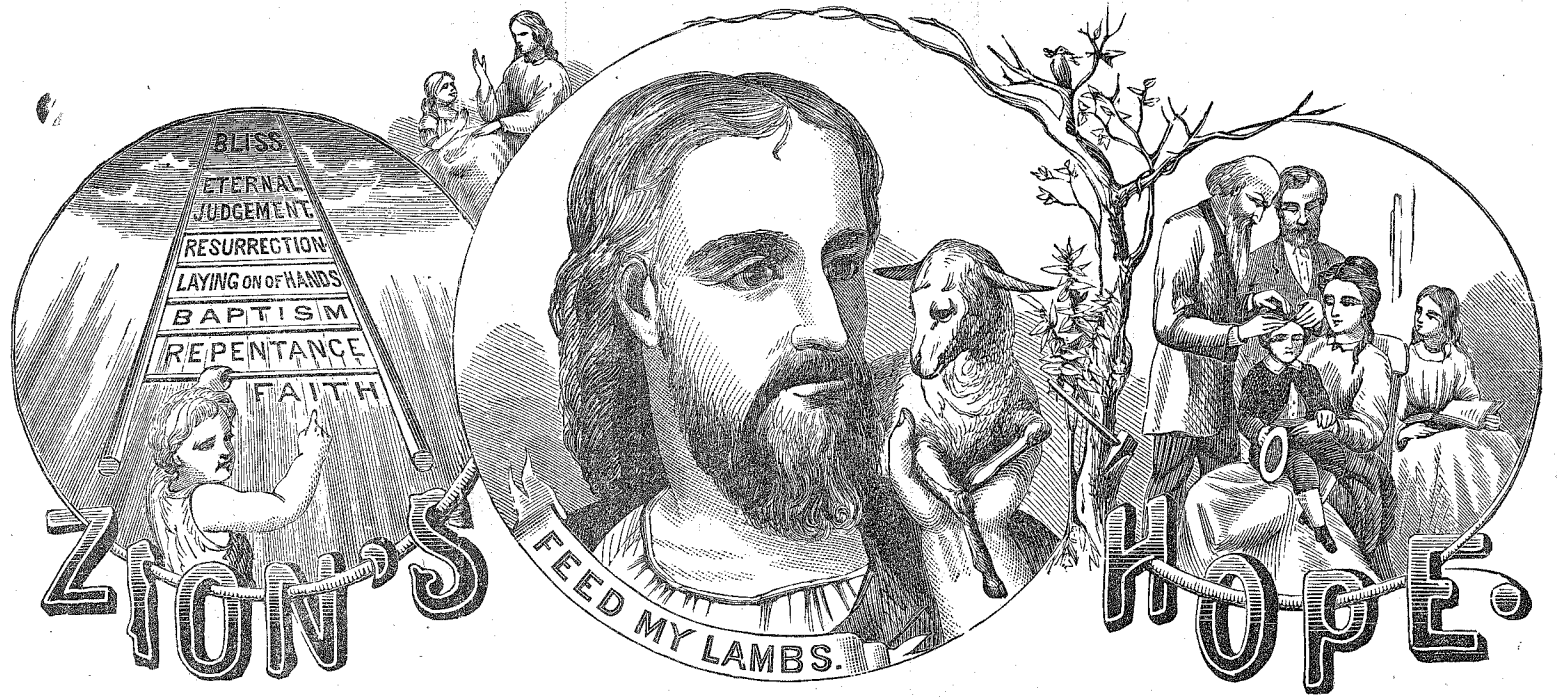
J. W. V.

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

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No. 9.

HOME.

Home's not merely roof and room,
It needs something to endear it.
Home is where the heart can bloom,
Where there's some kind voice to cheer it.
What is home with none to greet,
None to welcome, none to meet us.
Home is sweet and only sweet,
When there's one we love to greet us.

Selected.

WHO ARE HOPES?

IT HAS been customary to regard all the children of the Saints as Hopes of Zion, and so they may and should be regarded until they arrive at the age when they know right from wrong, unless some special reason exists for not so regarding them. When, however, they arrive at the age of accountability, when they know pretty well when they are doing wrong and when they are not, then a dividing line should be drawn between those who are true hopes, and those who are false ones.

It is not every child that can claim Saints as its parents; not every child that is baptized and confirmed into the church; not every one that after such baptism and confirmation, speaks and sings and prays in prayer meeting that is a true Hope. No, dear little readers, we must look more searchingly into character than these simple inquiries alone will enable us to do, before we shall know the true Hopes. I will give you a few test rules, and then you must try yourselves by them. Do not fail to apply the tests I shall give you, and if any shall find that they are not true Hopes, let them at once begin that life that shall make them such. It is unpleasant to discover our error, and find anything about us that is not true and right; yet such discoveries, if they lead as they should do to a better and holier life in the future, will be of eternal benefit to all who make them.

The first test I shall give you is this: The child that generally and willfully disobeys his parents, is not a true Hope of Zion. Remember, I do not say that you cannot claim this title because you occasionally disobey through the weakness of your childish nature, but if you disobey the greater part of the time, knowing that you are disobeying, then unless you cease this wicked practice, you cannot hope to be of use in building Zion, you cannot hope to inherit Zion, you are not true Hopes of Zion. You should all remember, that no amount of going to Sunday School or meeting, no amount of baptism or confirmation, will make you good children and true Hopes, if in your daily actions and practices you are bad. Upon the kind of life you live depends your salvation.

The second test is this: The child that is not kind to its brothers, sisters and playmates, is not a true Hope. Selfishness is a great sin. To withhold from those around us, that we may possess everything ourselves, is awfully wicked. Unkindness of children to children, is the result of selfishness. "God is love," the scriptures say, and in order to dwell with him in Zion we must possess this same principle to a great extent, that dwells in him in all fulness. If we are selfish, and consequently unkind, we have not the love of God in us, and therefore are not true Hopes of Zion. Many other tests might be given, but we will wait for our little readers to apply these before giving them others.

AMMON.

NOVEMBER.

IF ALL the year was summer, or winter, or fall or spring, how tired we should become of it. But it is not so. Every day we go just so far from one season, and towards another. Thus by constant change we are brought from the warmth of summer to the cold of winter, and then from the cold of winter to the warmth of summer again. While on this journey we pass the midway stations, which we call spring and autumn. We are just now in the latter, and in that part of it we call November; and so we cast about us to see what there is of peace and pleasure, to be drawn from November earth, and air and skies.

True it is not so sweet a month as May; but do not forget to remember in this connection, that it is not so bitter as January, if it is right to call any month bitter. It has sometimes days of surpassing loveliness, when the sun shines for a while with a glow and heat, that almost make one think he is trying to turn the course of our journey and take us back to summer before we have reached and passed through winter. His glorious rays bathe hill and vale in a flood of light, and the hungry earth seems to drink them in with an almost greedy appetite, as though it did not always expect to be so bountifully provided.

There are also some very beautiful moonlight nights in November. The heavens are clear as crystal, full of bright twinkling stars, and seem so very calm and sweet, that we would be inclined to think they never could storm and bluster, and rage and roar as they sometimes do.

The days in November are quite short, but the nights are correspondingly long; so the slice taken from the day is added to the night, and nothing is lost. In this we discover one manifestation of a great law of God, which I wish all the Hopes to think about, after I have stated it to them.

This is sometimes called the law of compensation; but most of you will understand it better when expressed in some other way. It is the provision our Heavenly Father has made for making up to us losses we cannot avoid, and for compelling us to lose something, when we do not comply with the laws by which we might retain possession of it. If we break the laws of health, we must suffer a loss of health, because by our observance of those laws, we might have retained possession of what we by our transgression lose. On the other hand, if while in the proper discharge of duty we lose anything which it is proper and right for us to have, then God in some way, either in time or eternity, will make up to us this loss. This law, which exists always and everywhere, makes it very necessary for us to do all that we ought to do, and nothing that we ought not to do; for in either case we are the losers.

The long evenings of November furnish ample opportunities for study, and thereby the growth of the mind for the brain is like a plant, if you properly cultivate and care for it, it will grow luxuriantly, but if you neglect it, the weeds will spring up around it and impede its growth, making it crooked, deformed, and dwarfed. Do any of our little Hopes wish to have minds of this kind? If not, gather around the table after the evening's work is done, with whatever books or papers you have, and that it is proper for you to have, and spend a portion at least of the long November evenings in useful study. By so doing, you will soon acquire a thirst for useful knowledge; and when this is obtained, studying will be as pleasant to your mental appetites, as drinking cool water when you are very thirsty is to your physical appetites. How many of the Hopes will try this course for November, and tell us how they are progressing at the end of that time.

BOYS AND GIRLS.

GO WHERE we will, we are sure to see them. There never seems to be any scarcity of them in any community. At every place where we go we see them. In every condition of life, in every degree of poverty or wealth, from the little ragged, barefoot, playing in the street, to the proud little son and heir of the millionaire. From the half starved daughter of Lazarus, to the dainty and much petted daughter of Dives, all are simply designated boys and girls.

Now there are bad boys and good boys, and there are bad girls and good girls; and to some of these boys and girls, we wish to say just a few words. To the boys we say, Don't chew tobacco and smoke cigars just because men do those things and you wish to be like them. We assure you that

there is nothing manly in such practices. Don't swear and use obscene language because your elders do so. Remember that many of your elders are not as good as they should be. If you wish to imitate them, (and you must do so to a great extent, for we are all creatures of imitation), be sure to copy their virtues and not their faults.

To the girls we say. Please don't spend all your time in front of the looking-glass. Remember that cultivation of mind is of much more importance than mere personal beauty or adornment. We like to see you dressed nicely and becomingly, but do try now and then to think of something besides fine apparel. And whatever you do, don't read trashy novels instead of reading the Bible, or some other religious book. And books serve to while away an idle hour, but pray tell me how much you learn from their perusal. Read books that will improve your minds and morals, and you will be sure not to regret having read them in after years. And take care that your conversation be not too frivolous. Remember that, in the words of Proctor:

"Words are mighty, and are living;
Serpents with their venomous stings;
Or bright angels, crowding round us,
With heaven's light upon their wings.
Every word has its own spirit,
True or false, that never dies;
Every word man's lips have uttered,
Echoes in God's skies.

W. H. BROWN.

LEO, THE DOG.

FORD Boner may live to be a very old man—he is "going on" fifteen now—but it is likely that he will always recollect what occurred on a certain dark evening in August, two years ago. Ford's father and mother were traveling in Europe that summer, hence Ford, who was all the rest of the year a boarding-school boy of the first water, spent his vacation at his Uncle Pepper's country place.

Ford's chief companion from day to day, as he scrambled among the rocky spurs, was Leo. Leo was a Scotch greyhound, Major Pepper's particular pet. Now one curious trait of his did equal honor to his head and heart. He had been bought at Black's Hollow, a village—if a store, which was also a post-office and six or seven dwellings, can be called a village—about two miles further up the road, among the mountains. Regularly, once or twice a week, would Leo slip off in the morning for a whole day's visiting with any four-legged playmates whose society he had formerly relished at Black's Hollow. On such occasions Ford had to ramble on the heights alone.

Now Amzi Spinner, Major Pepper's hired man, had a brother who kept the post-office and store at the Hollow. As soon as Amzi discovered Leo's trick of going so frequently thither of his own will, it seemed good to him to teach the dog to carry a letter there with safety and dispatch, whenever told to do so. Amzi would tie his missive securely about the bright-eyed little dog's neck, and say in his Yankee drawl:

"Naow, Leo, you jest make tracks for the village, double-quick. Do you understand? That letter'd ought to git to the store. Be off."

Leo would leap away, barking joyfully, and in an hour return to seek Amzi in the field or barn, collared with an answer from Lot Spinner. In this way the dog became, in a limited sense, the messenger and postman of the family when occasion prompted, and a very quick and faithful one. It was the last Thursday in August, when Major Pepper, finishing his second cup of coffee at breakfast, exclaimed to his wife. "There, Helen, I forgot to tell you last night that if you want to go to the town in the phaeton with me to-day, and give this afternoon to picking out those carpets, it'll suit me capitally."

Aunt Pepper laughed. "Why does a man always choose just the wrong day of all others?" she said merrily. "Amzi and Mira (Mira was Amzi's wife and Aunt Pepper's cook) wanted to go to New York

to-day to attend to that wedding—her sister's you recollect. They started early (at 4 o'clock) for the station, and I don't expect them back until long after we're in bed to-night. I can't leave the house and Ford to take care of themselves."

"Oh, yes, you can," laughed Uncle Pepper. "Ford might go along, if it wouldn't be a hot and stupid day in town for him, we shall be so busy. Leave him a good luncheon, and let him keep house by himself for once. Leo will help him. You wouldn't mind it, eh Ford?"

Ford laughed, too, and said that he rather guessed not.

"We'll not be later in getting home than six o'clock, I suppose," said Aunt Pepper, reluctantly consenting.

"Oh, dear, no," replied the major, "and Ford will have a fine appetite for a late dinner."

A half hour later Ford and Leo, the one with his hand and the other with his active, if unimportant tail, waved major and Mrs. Pepper good-bye from the broad piazza, and then turned themselves about to begin the work of passing a jolly day together. Ford did not like to leave the house for any length of time.

A wooden swing he was contriving in the garden, the arrangement of his collection of Indian relics, and a letter to his room-mate at the school—one Harry North—took up all the forenoon.

This latter, or letter business was still on hand, and Ford was scratching away at it in the summer-house, when Leo suddenly growled. Then he sprang up, barking violently. A strange gentleman was leisurely drawing near the pair of friends. Ford rose and stepped out of his retreat.

"I beg pardon for interrupting you, sir," began the stranger, very pleasantly, "but are your father and mother at home to-day?"

"My father and mother are in Europe, sir," replied Ford; "but—"

"Ah—oh—I see," continued the civil stranger. "I had forgotten that my old friends, Major and Mrs. Pepper, had no children. Is your uncle at home?"

"I'm sorry, sir," replied Ford, "but they have both driven to town this morning, and will not be back till evening. Be quiet, Leo!" for Leo persisted in showing his teeth, and making sundry impolite noises, not to say growls, while he eyed the polite new-comer very much as if he had been a snake.

"A fine dog that," remarked the stranger, carelessly. "Well, since I am unlucky enough to miss your uncle, could I see that excellent man he employs here, Amzi—Amzi—dear me, I can not just remember his name." The strange gentleman had a clear, rich voice. He was by the way, a stout, well-made young man, with a dark cravat.

"Sorry again, sir," replied Ford, but Amzi and Mira are away, too, until late this evening. It just happens so. Couldn't I take your message for uncle? Leo, be still, I tell you!"

"You're very kind, my dear boy," said the unknown gentleman, looking at his watch and backing out of the summer-house gracefully, "but I won't trouble you. I should prefer riding over from my place to-morrow evening. Please tell your good uncle that Mr. Alexander Kingbolt, he will remember my name, called on business, and will see him to-morrow evening, if possible, at eight. Good by." And Mr. Alexander Kingbolt, whistling sweetly "There's one more river to cross," stepped into a light buggy standing without the gate. Another gentleman sat in it, and the two rode away, talking rapidly.

The afternoon shadows grew long; the twilight closed in; Ford and Leo sat together, the boy with his hand on the dog's head. Both began to feel somewhat lonesome, at least Ford did. Why in the world did not the phaeton come toiling up the steep mountain road? Halloo! a white owl fluttered across the lawn into an acacia.

Ford had long desired to ascertain that particu-

lar owl's private address. He dashed after it, and Leo bore him company. Up through the dark garden, bird, boy, and dog sped. Presently Ford slipped and fell. He uttered a cry when he rose, and found that he could put his left foot to the ground only with a pain that sickened him, so severely had his fall strained it.

Very slowly and painfully Ford limped into the garden again, his unlucky foot feeling more miserable every step. All at once he looked through the trees and saw lights in the dining-room of his uncle's house.

Major Pepper and Aunt Helen were back, doubtless much disturbed to know where in the world Ford and Leo had gone, or since what hour of the day.

As he drew nearer the closed shutters he caught the sound of low, strange voices, the faint clink of a hammer. Could it be possible that anything was amiss? Ford was frightened, but prudent.

"Leo," said he very softly, but almost sternly, to the dog, whose ears were on the alert too, "lie down!"

Leo obeyed.

Forgetting his painful foot in his breathless excitement, Ford crept down along the back of the house. The voices came clearly from within.

"And we'd better be quick about it," somebody was saying.

A robbery it surely was. Ford turned the blind and looked within the dining-room. A lamp was lit. The safe where Major Pepper usually kept his papers and any large sum of money he happened to have in the house for a day or so, was rolled out to the middle of the room. Over it leaned a tall, well-dressed man, impatiently directing another man who knelt before it, and was working at the old-fashioned lock with some tools he had evidently brought for the purpose.

Ford caught sight of a profile, and the sound of "One more river to cross," whistled very gently. The man working at the safe door was Mr. Alexander Kingbolt. An exceedingly frightened boy was Ford Bonner.

"So, then, they can not possibly get over the bridge?" said Mr. Kingbolt, plying his chisel.

"All the planks are up and hid away till we go down, I tell you," replied the other, "and a red lantern hung across it."

"The bridge," Ford knew at once, must mean a narrow, rough structure across the stream just before the road from town wound up the mountain.

"They're likely on their way around by the other one. It'll take them till midnight.

There was a pause. Then said Mr. Kingbolt, out of breath, "Where do you suppose that boy and the dog are?"

"Lost on the mountain, I dare say. But if they come back before we get through, we can fix them somehow."

Ford slipped from below the window. The boy understood all. Many houses in the town had been robbed lately. The "gang" had in some way learned that Major Pepper was occasionally obliged to keep large amounts of money in his lonely country house. They had chosen their day carefully, made or else altered their plans that very morning, thanks to Ford's own politeness in answering Mr. Kingbolt's question. By a trick they had sent Major and Mrs. Pepper around by their longest route for home. The whole thing was a hastily, but cleverly, planned scheme. And Ford could do nothing—alone; the nearest houses in the village two miles up the mountain; his swollen foot!

Had he forgotten Leo? The thought darted into his confused mind like a flash. He leaned forward into a ray of light, and gently drew out his pencil, and the envelope, still undirected, in which was his letter to Harry North. He managed to control his excitement and terror enough to scrawl upon it:—

"There are burglars in our house. Come quick, somebody. "FORD BONNER."

The envelope was secured by Ford's shoe-string

to the grayhound's neck. "Be very quiet, Leo," he kept whispering, almost beseechingly, as he led the dog as well as he could down the far side of the garden, along the fence, and some distance up the road, lest Leo should bark.

"Quick, Leo! to the post-office—to the post-office!" he cried, tremblingly, pushing and pointing the dog off.

Leo refused to go. He did not understand all this mystery. Ford felt for a stick and shook it at him. Leo bounded away silently up the steep. Ford fell, half sat down, on the grass.

He never knew how long it was before he was started from his stupor by hearing stealthy steps approach down the road. He strained his young eyes to make out a dozen tall figures moving noiselessly toward his hiding place. They were the astonished men from the village, roused from their circle of gossip around the stoop of the store by Leo's advent and extraordinary excitement.

The letter had been discovered at once by Amzi's brother himself, who, like the rest, with stockings drawn over his boots, headed the party. Ford intercepted them and made his hurried explanation.

"Stay here," said Lot spinner, "till we call you."

They leaped the garden wall. A few minutes later Ford heard shouts, and the sound of a gun or two, and a struggle on the house piazza.

"They've got 'em!" he exclaimed, delight and relief getting, the best of his long fright and pain.

And so they had; for when Lot Spinner came up and carried the boy down to the house, "Mr. Alexander Kingbolt"—afterward put into jail as Dennis Leary—his comrades and their tools were all secured under rude guardianship together.

Ford joined in the cheers of him, when at eleven o'clock Major and Mrs. Pepper rode hurriedly up to the brightly-lit house to hear the end of the story which the village people of the mountain had stopped them, hurrying toward home, to tell. Soon after arrived Amzi and Myra, more explanations and much more ado made over Ford and Leo than either of them relished.

"The scamps would have got away with a couple of thousand dollars, Ford," exclaimed the major again and again. "It was some money that a man was to call here to get to-morrow morning."

So much for a brave boy's coolness and an obedient dog's intelligence.—*Harper's Young People.*

PRAYER.

Beloved Hopes:—My little friends,
That we the love of God may share;
I want to write to you again,
To talk about the Lord and prayer:
Prayer is the key that God has given,
To set the gates of heaven ajar,
To guide aright your youthful lives,
That you may gain admittance there.

I trust, my dear young friends, that you have all read the Lord's prayer, and that many of you have committed it to memory, and oftentimes repeated it, while on your knees, before retiring to rest. For beloved little Hopes, yes, and big ones too, when we do so in a right spirit, it is pleasing unto Our Father who art in heaven. You will find "the Lord's prayer," in Matthew 6: 10-15.

Let us see how much there is in it, or in other words, how much ground it covers. But to do this we will have to analyze it. We will have to divide it into nine parts, and then we will write a paragraph and verse for each part, with references to some Scripture text, or texts, harmonizing with the same. Please turn to your Bible and see. By doing this you will become more familiar with the Scriptures.

Part 1st. "Our Father who art in heaven." Then we have a Parent in heaven, to whom we can go when in distress. O glorious thought, and thrice glorious privilege. It was this Father who art in heaven, before whom Daniel kneeled three times every day, to pray, in sight of his enemies, when he knew that for so doing he would be cast into a den of hungry lions. But God sent an angel to shut the

lions' mouths. Will the Hopes please read Daniel 6: 10-24. They will there learn why Daniel was cast into the den of lions; how God saved him, and what became of those wicked men that laid this snare for him; also read Daniel 3: 13-25. To see how the three Hebrew children, who were cast into a furnace of fire, were delivered, because they dared to trust in and pray to this Father in heaven. O how thankful we should be that we have such a heavenly Father to go to.

2nd. "Hallowed be thy name." Yes, we will hallow, reverence and adore the name of Our Father who art in heaven above every name in heaven or earth.

3rd. "Thy kingdom come." We here pray for his kingdom to be established on the earth, that all who love God may become citizens thereof.

4th. "Thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven." Do we realize, dear Hopes that this part of the Lord's prayer is an individual work; that we each one must try to keep all the commandments of our Heavenly Father, and with his help answer our own prayers, and by so doing entice and encourage others to do the will of God?

5th. "Give us this day our daily bread." Why not ask for a year's bread? Because the Lord wants his people to be a praying people. He delights to answer the prayers of his Saints. If we are faithful and humble before the Lord, we will go to him every day on our knees, and ask him for those things that we need. Our prayer is then equivalent to saying, Give us day by day our daily bread.

6th. "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us." Here my young friends, is the hardest part of the Lord's prayer. Do you, my young Hopes, when any of your associates have insulted or abused you; when they have lied about you, and tried to injure your character; when you young man, (or boy), double up your fist, and threaten what you will do to them when you get a chance; or you young lady, or girl, when you threaten what you will do to them; when you say, "I can tell as much, and as bad about them as they have about me," "I will pay them in their own coin, interest and all," and you set about doing so. I say do you realize what you are asking the Lord to do to and for you, when you kneel before him and say, "Father forgive me my sins, (trespasses), just as I have forgiven those who have lied about, insulted and abused me?" O how few of us do as Jesus did when he was nailed to the cross and said, "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do."

7th. "And suffer us not to be led into temptation." This is from the Inspired Translation, and it harmonizes with what James says, James 1: 13, 14. He says: "Let no man say when he is tempted, I am tempted of God: for God cannot be tempted with evil, neither tempteth he any man. But every man is tempted when he is drawn away of his own lusts and enticed." The above is the same in both versions of the Bible. Now I venture to say, that there is not a boy, or girl, who is old enough to read the *Hope*, but what can tell which is the most correct; to pray God "to lead us not into temptation," or, to say, "Suffer us not to be led into temptation."

8th. "Deliver us from evil." The Lord is as able, and as willing, to deliver us from evil, if we will keep his commandments, and daily seek in prayer; (that is pray to him every day, as Daniel did), as he was to deliver Daniel, and his brethren.

9th. "For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever, Amen." Do you, my beloved Hopes, want to share with the Savior this kingdom, this power and this glory? If you do, you must live for it. You must so live, that you never need fear to kneel before the Lord, saying:

("THE LORD'S PRAYER.")

Our Father, who art in heaven, (a)
Who made the earth and sea; (b)
May all the Hopes thy laws obey,
And reverence only thee. (c)
All hallowed be thy sacred name, (a)
Our father and our friend; (d)

Let all the Hopes, thy praises sing,
Thou God, the great I Am. (e)

Thy kingdom come o'er all the earth, (g)
Till all shall bow to thee; (h)
Thy gospel may the Hopes espouse,
From all their sins be free. (i)

Thy will be done on earth the same, (g)
As it is done above; (j)
That all the Hopes, who keep thy law,
May dwell in Jesus' love.

Lord give the Hopes from day to day, (k)
Their raiment and their food; (l)
Teach them to love and honor thee,
The only great and good. (m)

Forgive their sins, as they forgive (n)
All those who them deride;
That all who seek thee in their youth, (o)
May in thy love abide.

O suffer not temptation, Lord, (p)
To lead the Hopes astray;
For Satan tempts each child of thine,
Thy laws to disobey.

Deliver them, thou God of love, (p)
From every evil snare.
We plead with thee that Zion's Hopes,
May be thy special care.

For thine, O Lord, the kingdom is; (r)
Thy cause we will defend;
Thine the power, and thine the glory, (r)
For ever, and Amen.

UNCLE W R.

(a) Matt. 6: 10. (b) Psalms 95: 5. Isaiah 45: 18. (c) Psalms 89: 7. (d) Prov. 18: 24. (e) Exodus 3: 14. (f) Matt. 6: 11. (h) Isaiah 45: 23. (i) Acts 2: 38. (j) Psalms 50: 4. (k) Matt. 6: 28-34. (l) Matt. 6: 12. (m) Luke 18: 19. (n) Matt. 6: 13. (o) 1st. John 2: 28-29. (p) Matt. 6: 13. (r) Matt. 6: 15.

MAPLEWOOD MANOR.

BY PERLA WILD.

CHAPTER XXIX.

ADDIE did want to stay at the Manor on that particular night, but wisely followed duty rather than inclination. Mr. Rumsey had been very restless and uneasy during the afternoon, she had noticed. He gave free rein to his handsome blacks, and they went whirling over the smooth road at breakneck speed.

"Dear!" exclaimed Addie presently, "Do drive a little slower. My head is dizzy, and I've almost lost my breath.—There can't be such a hurry, I'm sure."

"There is cause for hurry," he replied, drawing the line a little tighter. "I expect Lawyer Black early this evening on important business. He is probably waiting for me now."

There was a pause. "Isn't it nice, to think that dear Mrs. Bell is Arthur's wife? so strange, too. Just like a romance."

"Humph!" sneered her husband. "Too much of a romance to be easily credited. Their story can scarcely be explained clearly."

"What do you mean?" she cried with bright questioning eyes. "What part of it is not explained, pray?"

"It's very strange, indeed, that she didn't know his name, being in the same school with him, Mrs. Rumsey. What cause had he for concealing his true name?"

"None," replied Addie. "This is how it happened: There chanced to be another Arthur Russell in the same school. Several awkward blunders occurred in consequence, and so the Professor began to call our Arthur, Arthur Bell; Bell being his middle name. And the students fell into the same habit. Mrs. Bell—or rather Naomi, had only been there one term, and hearing him addressed Arthur Bell, supposed that to be his name. When he found that papa would not tolerate his marriage with a poor girl, he was so disheartened that he felt as if he did not care to be known by the family name. So she never knew, and they were married over a year, before their strange separation. Isn't that clear enough?"

"It may be for you," Mr. Rumsey said, and so the subject was left.

A few days after this, Arthur and Naomi drove over to Heatherglade. Hagar sat on the front steps

weeping. She sprang up exclaiming, "Oh Mrs. Bell—Mrs.—Mrs. Russel I mean, I'm so glad you've come! Do come in. We're in such trouble." And she fell to weeping again.

"What is the matter? Hagar!" asked Naomi.

"O everything," answered the girl. "You'll have to attend to your team yourself, Mr. Arthur. There's no one here but Mrs. Addie, and the master and me. And she is sick, and he is dreadful bad." Tears and sobs again. Naomi was out of the buggy in an instant. Arthur drove to the barn.

"Come into the kitchen, Hagar, and tell me what has happened," Naomi said soothingly. "We can help you perhaps."

"O no, ma'am, no one can," Hagar answered, sitting down helplessly in the first seat she found. "It's too dreadful, altogether. Poor Mrs. Addie is sick—oh, so sick. I must tell you, so that she won't be worried trying to talk about it.—No, you mustn't go to her now, she fell asleep a bit ago, and she needs rest, poor thing.—You see that night we came home from the Manor, there were two strange men here and the lawyer, and they stayed a long time with master. And next day he went to town and came home—oh Mrs.—Bell—Russell I mean, how shall I tell you?—He was drunk. And he did talk and act awfully.—He swore at the cook, and she took offense and left next morning. The kitchen girl went next, and the chamber maid, and so on; all left in a day or two. The master stormed and raged fearfully, and offered me my wages, saying I might go. But I wouldn't leave my mistress."

"Why didn't you come and tell us—tell her parents?" interrupted Naomi.

"Mrs. Addie wouldn't permit," Hagar said. "I begged of her to go to her father's but she said no, she had married him, and she must bear it. Last night he came home drunk again, and told her she had no home. That this place did not belong to him.—I don't just know how it is, but the money he has been using was left in his care for a young lad in England. The boy is of age now, and they've been hunting for Mr. Rumsey a long time—the officers, I mean. He was a friend of the boy's father, Mr. Rumsey was. And the boy's guardian, and he came away out here, thinking no one where he came from would find him. He said he was afraid, when he first found the Russells here, that he would be found out, but he never told them about the boy, and Mr. Russell had been in this country so long he didn't know—then Mr. Rumsey thought he was safe. Now he tells Mrs. Addie that he is sure her father informed on him, and he hates her for it. Poor dear, it's enough to kill her. She hadn't got quite well and strong since her sickness, you know, and this is so hard that she is almost as bad as ever again. Oh he talked terribly to her."

"Where is the rascal?" cried Arthur, coming in at the moment. "I'll horsewhip him if I have strength enough."

"O sir he deserves it," replied Hagar. "And a child could handle him now, he's helplessly drunk. They are going to take him as soon as Mrs. Addie gets better. They've taken all the horses, and the doctor was here a while ago and looked at the master and mistress, and said they were both in danger. The master likely to lose his mind, and Mrs. Addie her life. He said he would go to the Manor himself and send some one here. He went the river road, so you didn't see him, I suppose."

When Addie awoke her mother and Naomi were sitting near her, one reading, the other knitting.

"How still it is," she murmured. "I had such a peaceful happy dream. It seemed that everything was quiet, there was no more trouble. Ralph was sober, and those dreadful men were gone, and all at peace again."

"It is true, dear," Mrs. Russell said, smoothing Addie's tumbled tresses in the old mother fashion that had so comforted the little wayward daughter in years gone by. "All is quiet. Mr. Rumsey is very nearly sober—very peaceable. The doctor is

with him. And he says, Addie, if you will be very good and sleep well to-night, he hopes you may be able to go home with me to-morrow."

Addie turned her face away. "O mamma, mamma, I"—and she began to tremble with nervous excitement. "There, there, now. You are to be very quiet or you will never go. Positively that, my child. There is no cause for anxiety or grief now. It is not as bad as we feared at first; there is to be no action in the case at present. The young Englishman has gone away. Arthur and Naomi will stay here and take care of the house till you are better, while you are to go home with mother and get well and be your own bright happy self again." Addie closed her eyes silently, but the tears bedewed her wan cheeks. Naomi began to read aloud in a softly modulated tone, and the weak, suffering girl wife sank into a peaceful sleep.

SIX MILES TO SCHOOL.

How many school-boys would be contented and jolly if they had to walk six miles to school and six miles back every day? Yet Sir Titus Salt, the founder of the model manufacturing town of Salt-aire, used to do it when a boy of nine years.

The village in which this young Salt lived could boast of no other educator than a woman, who kept a school. As the parents of a number of boys wished to give them a classical and commercial education, they sent their sons to a school six miles distant, kept by a clergyman.

The boys started early in the morning, carrying their dinners with them, Titus's being an oat-meal cake and a kettle of milk. In winter he had often to go in the dark mornings and milk the cow himself for his daily supply.

But the lads never thought of complaining of the length of the journey. It was a bracing "constitutional," and they made the road ring with their cheery voices. They would rendezvous at an appointed time and a certain spot. Those who were in time wrote their names on a piece of slate. This was put in a well-known hole in the wall, that the late-comers might see who had been punctual and gone on their way.

So far from doing them any harm, this daily journey strengthened the boy's constitutions and developed their bodies. When Titus became a man he had a working power which enabled him to do a large amount of labor with slight fatigue.—*Selected.*

Letters from the Hopes.

IONE, Amador Co., Cal.,

October 7th, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—I call you dear because you are all dear to me; and although I have not seen many of you, I expect to see you in the future. When I read your letters speaking of the goodness of God, of his love and kindness to you, and of your desires to serve him, I feel as though I was already acquainted with you. And I will call you hopes of Zion because we are all hopes of Zion, we have hopes of an inheritance in Zion, and a place in the Celestial Kingdom of our God. To this end let us ever strive and pray.

I was surprised when my eyes fell on the correspondence page of last number, to see that there were no letters. For a long time a lively interest has been taken in the correspondence page. I think some of the writers are partly discouraged, because some of their letters have not been printed; but remember, dear hopes, when Bro. Stebbins was assistant Editor, a writer said he would "not try to write any more," and neglected to sign his name, and the Editor said, "If he wanted to become a writer for the *Hope*, he must not quit writing, but keep on trying." One or two of my letters have not been printed; but I was as thankful to our good Editor as though they had been. If my letter was not worthy to be in the *Hope*, I would not wish to see it there. If we make too many blots we can write it

off again. If we pray for the Spirit's aid, and are careful not to write anything contrary to the faith of the Church, our letter will surely be in print.

Your brother in Christ,

EDWIN T. DAWSON.

SANDWICH, Ill., Oct 8th, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—I have been a reader of *Zion's Hope* from its rise, and O how I did welcome the first that came to my hand. Its contents were good, and as interesting as at the present time. I would not have you think that I am not interested in the many letters, for I am, and all the good it contains. And for this cause I have started a list of names and moneys, that *Zion's Hope* may become a weekly paper. I would like to have gotten a longer roll of names. But I think when you read this one you will try and get a longer one, and by Christmas or New year's, our request may be granted. I will be brief and close with a passage of Holy Writ: "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, and the knowledge of the Holy is understanding." Prov. 9; 10.

Affectionately,

AUNT RUTH.

We, the undersigned, readers of *Zion's Hope*, petition that said paper may become a weekly, and hereby subscribe for the same as follows:—Lizzie Fletcher, 10c. R. H. Dennis, 40c. Ira W. Allen, 25c. Henry Norris, 25c. Jennie Cox, 10c. Eliza Cox, 10c. Hannah Salsbury, 25c. Clayton G. Bradley, 10c. Encie C. Dillon, 25c. Ella Salsbury, 10c. Dot Blair, 25c. Israel Rogers, 25c. Henry Fisher, 25c. Mrs. A. D. Wallace, 25c. Wm. A. Pease, 10c. Katy Rogers, 10c. Total \$3,10.

KEELER, Mich., Oct. 6th, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—This is the first time I have written to you. I was baptized the first of September, by Bro. C. Scott. I am eleven years old. In answer to Uncle W. R.'s question. It was Peter he told to feed his lambs, and then his sheep. John 21: 15-17. I would be glad to see the *Hope* a weekly.

Pray for me,

MAUDE ROBERTSON.

Editorial Chat.

Aunt Ruth Dennis, of Sandwich, Illinois, wishes us to inform the readers of the *Hope*, when it was that the *Hope* was first published.

The first number was issued July 1st, 1869. For a year or two before the *Hope* started there was a column, or two of the *Herald* used for the children; and it was this that gave rise to the *Hope*.

Uncle W. R. is sick and confined to his house. He requests the Hopes one and all to pray for him, that he may regain his health. He believes many of the Hopes love him, and will pray for him when they are requested by him to do so.

SUNDAY SCHOOL REPORT.

Statistical Report of the Bethlehem Sunday School for three months, ending September 30th, 1883. Total number at last report 65. Present number of officers and teachers 9. Average attendance of officers and teachers 7. Number of scholars 57. Average attendance of scholars 35. Total number of officers, teachers and scholars, 75. Average attendance of officers, teachers, and scholars 42. Books for the use of the school 107. Books in the library 95. In the treasury last report \$13.23. Total income since last report \$16.38. Expenditures since last report \$15.35. Leaves a balance in the treasury \$14.26.

JOHN GROOM, Supt.

EDWARD BETTS, Sec'y.

WEST BELLEVILLE, St. Clair Co., Ill.

Bro. Joseph Smith:—By request of the Sunday School, we send the above report to be published in *Zion's Hope*, so that all the young hopes may see how we are getting along.

Yours truly,

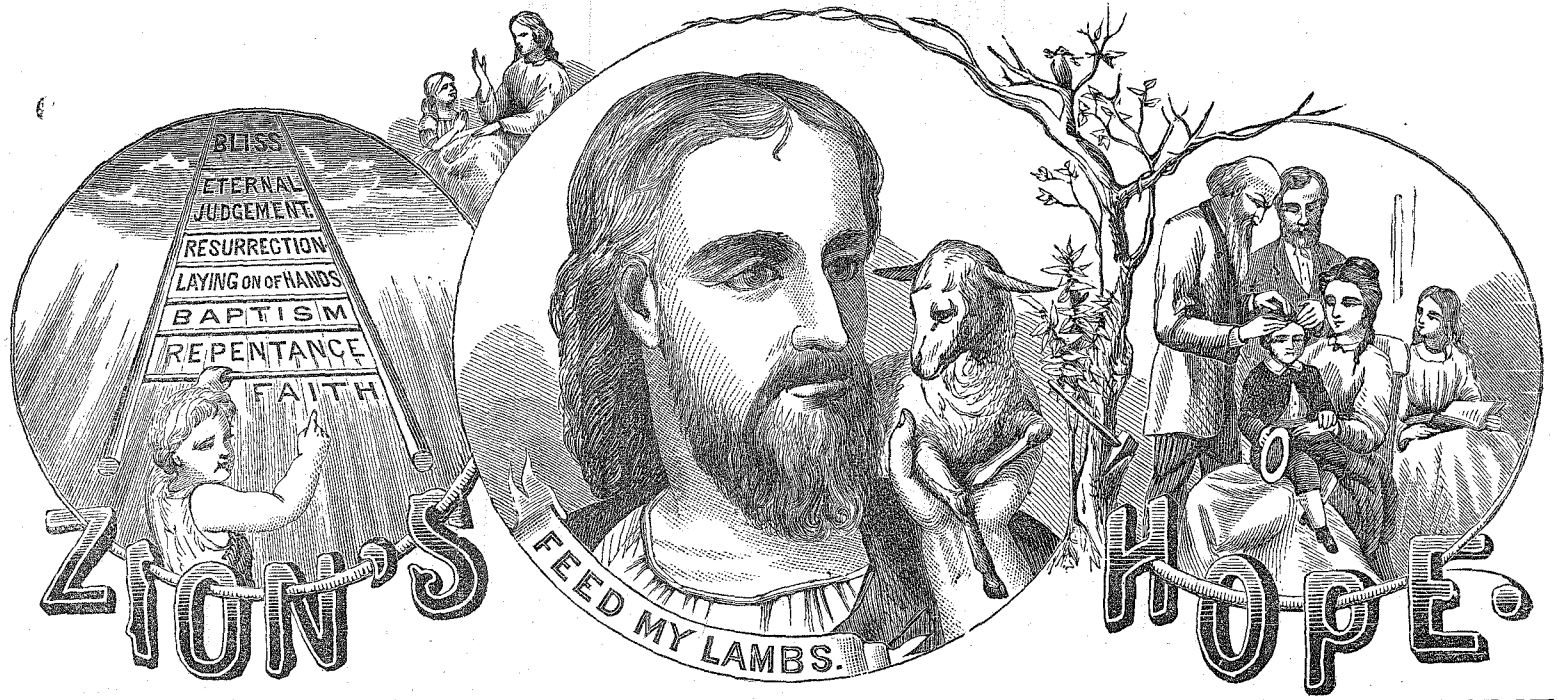
EDWARD BETTS.

THE SAINTS' HERALD:

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

A PRAYER FOR HEALTH.

O Lord, my God, wilt thou forgive,
A Repentant and weeping soul;
Remove from me this dread complaint,
And make this sickly body whole.
Show mercy, Lord, my sins forgive,
My body heal, and let me live.

The power is thine, Lord, if thou wilt
Thou canst remove this skin disease;
At thy rebuke it will depart,
Thou canst my aches and pains relieve.
Show mercy, Lord, my sins forgive,
My body heal, and let me live.

At thy command the widow's son,
Though dead was to his friends restored;
No power, O God, can stay thy hand,
Lord grant me faith to trust thy word.
Show mercy, Lord, my sins forgive,
My body heal, and let me live.

Lord, if thou wilt but hear my prayer,
To grant me health and strength again;
I'll consecrate my life anew
To thee, thy cause, and thy dear name.
Show mercy, Lord, my sins forgive,
My body heal, and let me live.

I love thy cause, I love thy name,
But oft my sins do me beset;
The frailties of the human mind,
Oft tempt my heart thee to forget.
Show mercy, Lord, my sins forgive,
My body heal, and let me live.

I've often had thy Spirit, Lord,
For which I thank thy holy name;
By it I know thy gospel's true,
That Christ will come to earth again.
Show mercy, Lord, my sins forgive,
My body heal, and let me live.

Yea, let me live, that I may show,
By deeds of love, by words of truth;
That I may teach thy little lambs,
To serve thy cause whilst in their youth.
Show mercy, Lord, my sins forgive,
My body heal, and let me live.

Thou knowest I love thy little lambs,
To them I write, for them I pray;
Help me to teach the Hopes thy word,
To guide them in the narrow way.
Lord, grant me health and strength again,
I ask of thee in Jesus Name.

I send my love to all the Hopes of Zion, and ask
them to pray for Uncle W. R. C.

MAKE YOUR OWN SUNSHINE.

DISCOURAGEMENT too often overtakes those whose lives pass in the petty details of commonplace existence. The mother, whose narrow round of duty confines her to the range of two or three rooms; the primary teacher, whose life passes in the monotony of the school-room; the mechanic, whose days are filled with activity that never varies—these typical

individuals find it hard to keep buoyant, hopeful, fresh, and resolute. But this is just what they must do, or dwindle into ciphers. Of all things, when the mood of discouragement overtakes one, he should think of anything and everything else than his own troubles; and more than this, he should take measures at once to follow new currents of thought and feeling. Sometimes the mood is purely the result of bodily conditions, and requires for its cure sleep and exercise in the open air, or a change of diet, or a simple waiting till it passes away itself. When it springs from causes not connected with the body, then the cure must be spiritual or intellectual. An intensely interesting novel, visitation among the poor, constant intercourse with fresh minds, change of scene, travel, the study of science new to the patient, that will absorb the brain and keep it from consuming itself, is good medicine. The world is full of sunshine and beauty. "It is right, meet, and our bounden duty, that we should open our hearts to all the soothing, healing, invigorating influences of the sky that bends over us in unchanging love—that balmy air, the happy chirrup of innumerable insects, the ten thousand voices with which Nature speaks to him whose ears are open to receive her gentle teachings!"

MAPLEWOOD MANOR.

BY PERLA WILD.

CHAPTER XXX.

WELL, they took Addie to the Manor, but it was a long time before she regained her health. And when she did, she grew discontented. So with the small amount of property that really belonged to her husband, a humble home was secured, for she would have it so,—and her personal effects removed there, and Addie set up housekeeping again, but in a much different style than at first.

Mr. Rumsey was not exactly crazy, but he was so weak in body and mind that he was little more than a child. Old age and a constant and increasing habit of drinking had reduced his strength so far that the blow had nearly felled him to the earth. Of course no action was brought against him, in such a state of health, as it was evident his days were few at best. He stayed with his physician in Linden some weeks, but when Addie had made ready her little home, she went for her aged husband. The doctor argued in vain with the pale, thin, careworn little woman. He declared she was going beyond duty. She ought not to burden her young life with such a weighty care. It was not right, nor reasonable.

"He is my husband, doctor," she replied, "for better or for worse."

"Nonsense girl, his mental condition will free you from him. You"—

"Nothing but death," she interrupted. "I am his wife and it is my duty to care for him unless he becomes violent and dangerous."

"Oh, there's no danger of that," the doctor hastened to say. "He will doubtless remain in this same apathetic state while he lives. If he should rally—his mind become clear and active—it would be to die almost immediately."

Addie had her own way as she usually did, and settled down to the dull monotonous and most distasteful life which lay before her. She made the plain cottage that had been the home of the Clausin's, a real little snuggerly with her beautiful furniture which papa had given her on her wedding day,—arranging everything with taste and skill—Hagar would not leave her mistress, and with little Dilly's help they managed the small affairs of the household well.

When it was all done, Addie laid herself down on her own little sofa, and looked around to see if this were home. Her home, and she the ambitious Addie of less than a year ago, who had married for wealth and position—and her reward had come speedily. She buried her face in the soft azure pillow as if to shut out thought. A quick step, and a gust of snow laden air, and she looked up to discover Burt, with his hat set low on the back of his head, standing in the middle of the room.

"Asleep, were you Auntie Ad? Well, you better shake yourself wide awake, for I've something to tell you."

"Don't speak so sharply, Burt, please," she entreated. "Mr. Rumsey is taking his afternoon nap and you'll disturb him."

Burt glanced at the thin bent figure of the feeble old man by the window, his head resting on one hand.

"Sleeps sitting up, hey?—Well, mamma—no grandma Russell has made up her mind to have a jollification next Thursday, and wants you all to come. It's Thanksgiving you know, and"—

"What do you mean by jollification, you young rascal. Mother is not going to do any such thing. She is probably going to have a dinner with roast turkey, pumpkin pie, and so forth," was Addie's response.

"Exactly, my most aged and demure auntie," Burt explained. "And wont that be jolly, I'd like to know?—And they want you all to come, do you hear and comprehend?"

"I'm very sure to hear," Addie answered, "unless

I'm deaf as a post. You might have spared yourself the trouble of coming all the way here, with such shouting as that.

"It's no trouble to me to trouble other people, I assure you," replied Burt.

"I should think not, Burt, but you may tell them that I'm not coming. Hagar and Dilly can go if they choose to, but I shall not. I'll spend my Thanksgiving day at home. For I know I'm not thankful. I shall do what I know to be right, no matter how unpleasant it may be. But I don't feel thankful, and fully content—yet. I'll get reconciled after a while.—No, I'll not come. I'd rather stay here with him, "looking toward Mr. Rumsey.

"O fie, Ad. what's the use being so foolish? Might as well come and enjoy yourself," said Burt.

"I shouldn't enjoy myself if I did go," replied Addie.

Burt turned toward the door. "It's capital coasting outdoors. Wish I'd brought my sled, I'd taken you out for a ride. You stay in the house so much you've got the blues." He met little Dilly on the threshold bearing a heavy pot of chrysanthemums. She bowed, and stepped aside with "good day massa Burt. But he only gave her a disdainful glance, and passed on.

Half an hour later, poor Burt was lying helpless and suffering and penitent, on the sofa in the sitting room at the Manor. On his way home from the cottage, he had fallen from a rock he had tried to climb, the ground was icy,—and broken his leg. Dilly, going to the spring for water, had heard him call, and finding he could not rise, had run all the way to the Manor, to get some one to come for him.

"That nigger's got more sense than I have, Burt moaned, tossing his arms about and trying to get in an easy position in his misery. "Yes and more heart than I thought. I think a boy that's had as good teaching as I, ought to be ashamed to treat a dog as I did her."

Dilly had hastened back to Addie's, as soon as Archie Kent and Mick O'Harra placed the unlucky boy on the sled, and started for home with him; and told the story in her simple, awkward fashion, to Addie and Hagar.

"Why didn't you come here, Dilly," asked Hagar; "it was nearer than the Manor."

"Yes, course it was," she replied. "But de pore boy said hed done gone an' broked his leg, an' den I knowed dere ought be sumfin done fer him right off. Kase de ole massa I was with in Californy, was a sort ob a doctor, an' I hearn him say a broked limb oughter be fixed jest as quick as ever it could be, 'fore it got swelled. That's why I runned to de Manor first."

"That reminds me," said Addie, "you never told me of your life in California, nor about your parents, nor how you came to leave there with my sister."

"O, if you'd only seed how I lived, you'd think I'd want to leave," cried Dilly. "I was libbin, wid a doctor man, as I tole ye, an' he jest looked on—a nigger as no better dan a runaway dog, he did, suah, missus.

My mammy'n daddy was awful good to me, but I dunno whar dey be, only daddy's dead so I hearn, and I dunno whar pore mammy be gone. 'Spect I nebber see her 'gin," and the little girl sighed. She was pretty, although the Afrcan blood was visible in feature and complexion. She saw Mrs. Rumsey was waiting expectantly, and the little girl went on. We libbed so nice and happy in old daddy's cabin till one time a man comed, an' he talked to mammy kind ob cross, an' she would'n swar to sumfin he wanted her to, an' he freatened her an' went off. Den one mohnin' he comed and stoled me when I was out do, an' toted me off wid him, and den to Californy, an' I nebber got back till Missy Victory brought me. We hearn dat daddy died, an' den de man dat took me went off an' lef' me, an' a ole doctor man took me in out ob de street, but he beated an' swored at me all de time most. De man what tooked me off was a kind ob

gypsy man, an' he'd married mammy when she was a young gal, an kase she was purty—you see she was part white an' purty as a pictur, kase I seed her portrait, I member."

"What was the man's name that took you off Dilly," exclaimed Hagar excitedly.

"His name was Noah King, I seed it on his trunk lots ob times," said Dilly.

"Oh—oh Dilly, Dilly! you are my half sister. Your mamma is mine," and Hagar clasped her arms about Dilly in tearful rapture.

DORE.

WE present the following brief account of the life and achievements of Paul Gustave Dore, a German painter, to the Hopes, for the purpose of encouraging any among them who may have an inclination to become portrait painters. You will see that this great man before he was twelve years old, had developed a wonderful facility with the pencil, and at a very early age contributed sketches to some of the popular illustrated papers of his time. The directing of all our energies to one purpose, and following up the work continually and persistently, will accomplish wonders.

Portrait painting is among the most delightful and refining occupations. The ability to put upon canvass in the form of pictures, the flowers and beautiful birds, the lovely landscapes and towering mountains, and the faces of our dear friends and relatives, so that they may be hung in our houses and gazed upon whenever inclination leads us to them, is much to be desired. But few of the great poets, artists and philosophers of the world, have come from among the rich, and those who are called great. Nearly all of them have come from among the poor, and have had to struggle with want and care, while they have been producing those master pieces of poetry and art, which have made their names famous. Poverty, and what is called low degree in life, are not bars to salvation, nor effectual hindrances to the accomplishment of great things in the arts and sciences. Children of the light, that is those who understand and obey the gospel, are best fitted for the accomplishment of great and good things, if they but bend their energies to the work. The gospel work includes everything good. The Latter Day Saints, and this of course includes all the true Hopes, are commanded to seek knowledge out of every good book. To search into the history of nations, and acquire a knowledge of countries. Indeed the commandment is so broad, that it comprehends all true science and philosophy. Will not the Hopes, as their years accumulate, and the days rapidly roll on, bringing them to manhood and womanhood, heed well this command. Seek to become skillful in whatever you undertake. Envy nobody the possession of ability and skill superior to your own, but strive to equal the good and truly great. Do thoroughly whatever you undertake. Become familiar with one thing before you march on to form an acquaintance with another. Herein is one of the secrets of success.

Paul Gustave Dore was born in Strausburg in January, 1832, and received his early instruction in the lyceums of that city and of bourg. Before he was 12 years old he had developed a wonderful facility with the pencil, and at a very early age he contributed comic sketches to the *Journal Pour Rire* and other popular newspapers. His education was completed in Paris, and while still a schoolboy his work was recognized as giving more than ordinary promise. His first great work, however, was produced during the period of the Crimean war, and was illustrative of battle scenes. He exhibited "Les Pins Sauvages," "Le Lendemain de l'Orage," "Les Deux Meres," and "La Bataille d'Alma," in 1855; and "La Bataille d'Inkermann" in 1857.

Dore was, in fact, an early developed wonder. He could draw when a child, and when success came to him it came with a rush. Before he was 25 he had illustrated Rabelais and the "Coutes Dro-

latiques" of Balzac, and had given reign to his wild and fantastical humor in a series of grotesque yet powerful drawings illustrative of the legend of the Wandering Jew. In rapid succession followed his illustrations of Montague (1857), Taine's "Voyage aux Pyrenees" (1859), Dante's "Divina Commedia" (1861), Chateaubriand's "Atala" (1862), "Don Quixote" (1863), "Paradise Lost" (1865), the holy Bible (1866), Tennyson's "Idyls of the King" (1866-'67), and La Fontaine's "Fables" (1867). It is by his illustration that Dore's highest excellence as an artist will be recognized, and "Don Quixote" and "Dante" were magnificent efforts.

Dore was a most versatile genius, and although not as successful in color as in black and white, some of his figure pieces were of considerable merit. In addition to those already named, his most noticeable works in oil were the "Paolo and Francesca di Rimini"; the "Gambling-Hall at Baden-Baden"; the "Neophyte" (1863); the "Triumph of Christianity"; and his most ambitious group, the "Christ Leaving the Praetorium," an immense picture, covering a canvas thirty by twenty feet, which was exhibited in London and elsewhere. Dore was a tireless and indefatigable worker, and is said to have executed not less than 50,000 designs. He had a gallery of his own paintings in Paris, another in New York, and another in London, where, his "Christ's Entry into Jerusalem," "The Flight into Egypt," "Spanish Peasant," "Mont Blanc," and other works were shown. At the Paris exposition in 1878 he exhibited a colossal vase, ornamented with 150 figures. One of his latest works was a sculptural group, "The Prize of Glory," a young hero dying beneath the kiss of glory. He was decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honor Aug. 15th, 1861. At the time of his death he was engaged on a series of illustrations of Shakspeare, and among his latest labors must be included his Poe's "Raven," now in press. He was a sculptor as well as a painter, and had just finished his monument to the elder Dumas, which is considered as one of the finest works of art produced in this century. M. Dore was never married.

THE DIGNIFIED MONKEY.

WILLIE would stop anywhere to see a monkey and his funny tricks. When those miserable-looking foreigners came about with the red-jacketed and jaunty-capped fellows, who swept with a cunning little broom, danced on a small table, took off their caps and bowed like gentlemen, and performed all sorts of tricks, Willie was always overjoyed, and would almost empty his pockets of pennies for the fun of seeing the monkey jump for them and put them in his pocket. When he grew to be a man he still had the same liking for the cute, knowing animals, and was interested in their performances. When he was in London he, of course, visited the Zoological Gardens—or the Zoo, as they call it there—and although there were animals of all kinds, from all quarters of the globe, he was most entertained in the home of the monkeys.

And what kind of a house do you think they had? Why, nothing more nor less than a real crystal palace—a house made all of glass, about 200 feet square and sixty feet high. In it were several large trees, and monkeys of all kinds and all sizes were frisking about, climbing the trees, swinging from the branches, hanging by their tails, jumping across from one tree to another, chasing each other in all directions, and having the best time possible. Of course, the monkeys could not feel at home away from trees, and, if there had been a large forest in which they could climb and chatter, they would doubtless have been satisfied. I said there were all kinds of monkeys in this glass house, and you know there is a great variety even of the smaller sizes. They had been brought from Asia and Africa, and the forests of tropical America. There were howling monkeys, with pointed heads and bearded faces, which make night hideous with their fearful noises; there were little olive-green, wild-eyed monkeys, which sat

back in some quiet corner, and grinned slightly at the antics of the boisterous ones; there were reddish-brown monkeys, with long hair and beard, and dismal, blue-black faces; there were jet black monkeys, which swing so much by the tail from the trees that they are called the spider monkey; there were monkeys with short, bushy tails like squirrels; there were others with long, slender caudal appendages, sometimes much longer than their bodies; there were some pretty, gray monkeys, with well formed hands, who are great climbers, and others with the four fingers, and no thumbs. There were olive-brown monkeys, with a black crown like a monk's cap, above their eyes, and so called Capuchins, after the monks of that order in Italy.

There were other fierce-looking fellows with claws, who eat meat as well as vegetables and insects, like the others. There were narrow-nosed monkeys from America, and great broad-nosed fellows from Asia; there were proboscis monkeys, with noses several inches long, and faces that resemble foxes; there were short-legged and long-legged monkeys, and several of the King monkeys, which have long, coarse, flowing hair on the head, their bodies shining black and their tails pure white; and there were green monkeys with white bands over their heads.

They all looked so knowing, and played so many good tricks on each other, that it was very amusing to watch them. Most of them were very lively and playful, but we noticed one old fellow, very large and stout, with yellow hair and gray, shaggy beard, who looked upon the frolics of the others as though he thought they were a wonderfully silly set of monkeys, and he, off in his corner, would sit up in the most dignified manner possible, with an air of conscious superiority, glancing occasionally at their sports, and then turn away in disdain, as though he thought to himself: "What frivolous creatures these are, to spend all their time in frolic and play, while my mind is occupied with high and mighty thoughts about our race and its wonderful development and future possibilities. We shall one day rule the universe, just as these men, who are only a little in advance of us, do now."

Two frisky little fellows, who seemed to appreciate the situation, chattered to each other, and seemed to plan to take down this old fellow and make him laugh in spite of his dignified manner. Then, looking very knowing, they stole up softly behind him, each bit him on the ear and jumped quickly back. But old Mr. Dignity did not deign to look around, not he. He would pay no attention to such trifling creatures; his great thoughts were not to be interrupted by them! They stood behind him a moment or two, then, winking to each other, crept up slyly again and pulled his long hair. Still he took no notice of these juvenile intruders, any more than if a fly had lighted on his Majesty. They chattered away to each other behind him, and soon walked quietly toward him and bit his ear with considerable spite and fierceness. That was carrying a joke a little too far, and, as quick as thought, the old fellow's great hand was lifted, and he gave them such a broadside across their faces as sent them squealing to the top branch of one of the trees. I guess no monkeys ever made quicker time on a climbing expedition.

They were still sitting there, chattering away to each other, putting their hands up to their hurt faces and saying all sorts of hard things about old Mr. Dignity, and planning to bring him to grief in some way, when we turned away and left them.—

I HAVE never known a boy who was a faithful attendant at Sabbath Schools, to go very far astray. But alas! many there are who desert these church helps and benefits, so, of course, are led into evil without delay.

THE despised of some people are the looked-up to of others. Were it not so, the little ones of the earth would not be able to hold up their heads under the contumely of the great ones.

THE SWEETS OF LIFE.

It is always right to seek after good things, and try to avoid bad ones. To enjoy as much as possible the sweets of life is our duty; to avoid its bitter things is also our duty.

Some people with more pretended piety than real goodness, have instructed their children to regard everything connected with the world as evil in itself. They have taught them, that to take pleasure in anything around them is wicked, and that the flowery earth, the sweet moon and grand sun, are not intended to yield us any happiness.

It is very desirable that the Hopes should be better and more correctly instructed upon this very interesting topic the sweets of life; and that they should learn as early as possible that it is not only their privilege, but God's will that they should drink deep draughts from all the fountains of real pleasure. Just here you must be very careful, or you will get a wrong understanding. We say you should take all the *real* pleasure you can, not any *false* pleasure. So the question to be answered is, What is the difference between real and false pleasure?

The source of greatest joy is the spirit of God. Hence you can see at once, that anything that tends to rob you of that spirit, tends to destroy your real pleasure. There will not be much difficulty in convincing the Hopes that admiring, loving, and taking pleasure in the works of God, will lead us nearer to God; just as looking upon the works of a dear friend or relative, in the shape of a painted landscape, or a piece of lovely needle-work, will draw us nearer to that friend or relative. To love God's works, is to love him. And as a rule, real lovers of nature, are pure in thought, word and deed. Did you ever know a person who loved flowers and music for their own sake, whose heart was bad? On the other hand, did you ever know one who could find no pleasure in the strains of music, or the beautiful designs and colors of flowers, who possessed refined feelings, noble thoughts, and holy desires? The older Hopes may be prepared to answer these questions now, and the younger ones should begin to observe people with a view to being prepared to answer them after a while.

We say, then, that you should admire and love the beautiful things around you, and like the busy bee, about which you have all doubtless been told, that extracts honey from every flower, you should draw the sweets of life from every-thing that possesses them. Enjoy the bed upon which you sleep, the food you eat, the clothes you wear, the flowers of your garden, the rolling hills, the gentle valleys, the sweet blue sky, the grand heavens, studded with stars, and bright with moonlight, for this is the will of God. But forget not, that in all things you will have to give a strict account to the Judge, and that whatever you do that takes away from you the light of God's Spirit, is wrong.

While seeking for the sweets of life, you should also seek to find out, and so far as you can, understand the useful parts of the things you observe. The flower does not grow for beauty alone. From the time the moisture of the ground and the heat of the sun begin to swell the seed, so that the life germ wrapped up safely within it may come forth, there is a well defined object in view, which is the development of the plant for whatever use it is devoted to, and the production of seed for the coming season's planting. The thought of this two-fold object, accomplished by its growth, will greatly increase the pleasure we will receive from the contemplation of any plant. How valuable, dear Hopes, is the lesson thus taught us. We may be beautiful in looks and not useful in actions, and hence not very greatly to be admired. Each one of you, that is able to read these words can do something useful every day, and if you do so, your papa and mamma will think your sparkling eyes and curly hair ten times more lovely than when you sit idly by, without lifting your little hands for the performance of useful deeds.

You may ask what usefulness is, and I will tell you. Everthing that makes our whole life sweeter, holier, more like angels and God, is useful. Those who are old enough to weigh the effect of actions, may safely test all their life deeds by this rule. It is the standard of goodness found in the gospel, stated in a simple form. Its observance will lead to more precious treasures than the richest gold mine; for it will guide to the real sweets of life. Obedience to God's commands makes everything brighter and lovelier.

Seek the sweets of life through obedience to God's commands and by the light of his spirit drink in from all his vast creations those blessed joys, which none but souls in fellowship with God can know. Wear Cheerful faces and be kind in heart and you yourselves will be among the sweetest of the sweets of life.

Letters from the Hopes.

PLANO, October 23d, 1883.

Dear Hopes.—This is the first time I have written to the *Hope*. I am trying with the rest to do what is right, but I know I do wrong many times. But I try to do better next time. I am eleven years old, and was baptized two years ago last December, by Bro. F. G. Pitt. All of our family belong to the church. We have a good Sunday School here. I have a good teacher, sister Annie Smart. I like to go to Sunday School, because I learn something new every Sunday. I am trying my best to do right.

Yours in Christ,

AGGIE WHITE.

CHEYENNE, Wyoming Territory,
October 22d, 1881.

Dear Hopes.—After I left Conference I went to the states. At Omaha what did I find? I saw there a wind-mill drawing water by wind. It brought up a bucket at a time and emptied itself and no one touching it. "Praise the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me praise his holy name."

It made me think of our well in the village I was born in. This was a place called Aldenham, England. It seemed to me when I was a child that the only dangerous place in our village was our well. My mother would say, "keep away from the well."

It looked so dangerous to me. It was very deep and the lids were very heavy, and the bucket was very large. How many times I have seen two women, one on each side of the well, drawing up a bucket of water with all their power. Did I see two women at the wind-mill exerting all their power to draw up a bucket of water? No, I saw the water flowing by the power of the blessed wind. Where did that wisdom come from? Our Heavenly Father; for he has set up his kingdom in these the last days and it is a glorious kingdom. It is no more to be thrown down. Those old dangerous wells are the devils wells, and have their mouths wide open to catch all they can, for the mouth of the old well is very large. Is the mouth of the well at the wind-mill very large? No, there is no room for you to fall in there and be lost.

We may say, "Darkness covered the earth and gross darkness the minds of the people." The devil has reigned for the last sixteen hundred years, and all his works have been to destroy. If he can catch you in one of his wells, that is one of his nets. He knows that you must have water, and that is one of his ways of catching you.

I cannot help thinking of that old dangerous well when I was a child. But when I came to the land of light and freedom what did I see? I saw a neat little well with two buckets, one helping the full one up. Our old well only had one bucket, and we had to pull very hard to get that up. We must praise our Heavenly Father for his goodness to us. When I see the great light that the Lord is blessing men with, it looks like I have lived in the past when he said, "Who is the Lord

that I should obey his voice. I know not the Lord."

Gross darkness has covered the earth and the minds of the people. Who is the cause of this darkness? The Devil. But the Lord is impressing upon the minds of many men in our day great light. He has set up his kingdom and in his kingdom there is great light. Let us see how much light the Devil had in his kingdom for the last fifteen hundred years. He would hardly let us have a candle. One of his great lights was a rush light. It was the meanest of all lights. It looked to me when a boy that the last light of the Devil had come. I am sure he ought to get out a patent for that. If you should light three of them at once you could not tell whether you were black or white.

When a boy I used to see a poor man come to my mother's house with what he called matches, and he was called the poor match man. He had bundles of long sticks dipped in brimstone, and I can assure you they were dipped good; for there looked to be enough brimstone to light up that whole place in good shape. The Devil had plenty of that to show and the poor match man got his living by selling brimstone.

The best way my father had of getting a light when I was a boy, was by the use of a large steel made in the shape of a horse-shoe. Next came a large flint and the tinder box. We had to burn old rags or scorch them, to make the tinder many times. I have lain in bed many times when my father would rise in the morning to get a light, and the old flint and steel would go click clack, and my little eyes would see the sparks fly, and I would hear my father say, "This tinder is damp; mother, make some fresh tinder to-day." Many times he could not get a light, and then he would go downstairs to see if he could not poke out a spark of fire from the ashes. If he could not do this, then he would look to see if there was a smoke at our neighbors; and if he could see any, he would go there and get a light. When he would get a light there was enough brimstone to set us all a-coughing. When we think of the trouble we had in those dark days to get a light, how we ought to praise the Lord in these days. Many times I have heard my father say what shall I do, I cannot get a light.

What do we see to-day? Take one of our nice matches and strike it, and we have a light instantly. Do men give our Heavenly Father the praise for so great blessings? No, they praise Professor so and so. It was the Lord who impressed this great light upon the mind of man. But they do not render the Lord God of Israel the praise. Man's mind is so dark as to think that this is all done by man alone. Let us praise the Lord with all our souls for his goodness in these days, when we can read the news from around the world every day at our breakfast tables. Men have praised professor Morse, and have given him lots of medals to hang on him, but do they praise the Lord for so great a blessing as this? No, neither will they speak good of his name. The Lord blessed us with Brother Joseph, the Martyr. What did they say of him? Away with him, we want nothing from him. He did not come the right way for them. If he had sprung out of the Presbyterian Church, or some other popular church they would have accepted him. The Redeemer of the world did not come in the right way to suit the religious world of his day. He was born in a stable and cradled in a manger. They had no room at the inn.

Do men praise the Lord for the blessings of steam power, by which we pass through the earth so swiftly from one city to another? No, they praise George Stephenson, because the Lord showed him steam in the tea-kettle. But we find the Lord let our forefathers make these tea-kettles for seventeen hundred years. Did he show them light on steam power? No, he kept them all in darkness.

There was a day when he would not let them have a wagon to ride in. O how he has blinded the minds of the children of men, and kept them in bondage. He had the Children of Israel in bon-

dage till the Lord raised up Moses; and he had the world more or less in bondage till the Lord raised up Joseph Smith the prophet. Then we hear of steam power. Then we hear of telegraph. Then we hear of the speaking trumpet set up in the offices of the land, by which those in these offices can hear news from all parts of the city. It is what they call the telephone. Then came the hearing and speaking trumpet combined, and the electric light. Who does all this? Does Edison? Man cannot see an inch before his nose. O if men would look up to heaven and cry unto God, and praise his wisdom and his holiness.

UNCLE JOHN EAMES.

LAMONI, Ia., Oct. 25th, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—I have just been reading the *Hope*, and thought that I might write a few words to interest some of you. This is my third attempt to write for the *Hope*. I am but a little girl, so don't expect anything very instructive.

At our last Sunday School I was reminded of an inscription, that I saw on a blackboard, the Sunday previous. The blackboard was in a school-house not more than five miles from here, where a sectarian Sunday School had been kept up all summer, until of late it had died. The inscription written on the black-board, was as follows, "Sunday School died for want of energy." What do you suppose it was that reminded me of this inscription at our own Sunday-School. I will tell you. It was a reasonably fair day, and there was a very small attendance, especially on the part of the teachers; for only a few of the teachers were present. I thought of the inscription and said in my mind, "Will our own Sunday School die a death like the one that once had flourished, and now because of the want of energy had died a natural death? I hope not. I hope that all the teachers in Sunday School will be prompt, thus encouraging the younger members of the school to be prompt. For in Sunday School, great good can be obtained in training the young in the way they should go. Pray for me, that my life may be for the good of Zion's cause.

Your Sister.

AUDIE SMITH.

ALMA, St. Clair Co., Ill.

October 21st, 1883.

Dear Hope:—I will try to write a letter to the paper; and as it is my first I will do my best. I will soon be seventeen years old. My father and mother, and my oldest sister and I belong to the church. We were baptized by brother George Hicklin. Brother Springer has been here this week preaching. We have good meetings and Sunday School here every Sunday. I have three brothers and four sisters. I love the work that we are engaged in. I love to go to meeting and Sunday School. I want to be faithful in this glorious work, for I know it is the true work of God. Pray for me, and I will do the same for you.

LAURINE CLAYTON.

INDEPENDENCE, Mo.

October 14th, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—First I would say that to-night our district conference closes, and saints part with that peaceful spirit, and with that hope which cannot be attained only through obedience to the gospel of Jesus Christ. May the Spirit of Truth prevail throughout our district, and throughout the entire church, is my prayer.

Hopes of Zion, we have a work to do. Let us do it with a will. We have the power of the adversary to contend with, and this is not all. We have to contend against our natures; for we read, that "the natural man is at enmity toward God." Then knowing as we do that in the last days the powers of the adversary will all be combined to overthrow the cause of Christ, and to wreck the faith and the hope we have obtained through obedience unto the gospel; therefore let all who have named the name of Christ, be firmly united to contend against

the power of the foe. Let us tell the world that we have enlisted in the cause, because we believe it to be true: and having believed it to be true many have labored that they might receive a witness to the truthfulness of it. And many have received this witness, for which we give God the praise. The order of Sunday's Conference in the forenoon was: Bro. A. H. Smith preached; Text, "Is there anything in a name." It was an able discourse and proved to my mind more clearly the necessity of every thing being done in the name of Jesus Christ. Afternoon a prayer and testimony meeting, Bro. Lanphear presiding, and we were blessed with that spirit which bringeth peace. In the evening Bro. Joseph Luff addressed the assembly, and by the power of the spirit he ably defended the cause. Thus closed the conference. All parted feeling that we had been fed on spiritual food.

As ever, in hope,

B. J. SCOTT.

HOOVER, Nebraska,

October 15th, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—As it is the first time I have ever written to the *Hope*, I do not know as I will interest you very much. We do not have preaching here very often; but I hope the time will soon come when there will be a branch here. I will try and answer the question in the *Hope* of October the first. Uncle W. R. wants to know who it was that Jesus told to feed his sheep and lambs. It is in the twenty-first chapter of St. John, 15, 16, 17 verses. I will not write it down, for fear my letter will be too long. I will close, hoping that if we cannot meet on earth, we may live faithful, and meet where there will be no sin. Pray for me that I may be one of those who shall sing praises in the world to come. I am your sister in Christ,

ALICE HILLMAN.

BLUE HILLS, Mitchell Co., Kans.,

Oct. 21st, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—It is with pleasure I take this opportunity to write a few lines to our little paper. It has been raining a little all day, but we went to meeting. There were only five there, but we had a good meeting. We have prayer meeting every Sunday at two o'clock in the afternoon. Bro. Parson and Bro. W. D. McKnight were here last Sunday. Bro. Parsons preached Saturday night, Sunday, and Sunday night. Good preaching, and we would like if they could come again.

I am ever your sister in the gospel,

CASSIE ANDES.

SCRANTON, Kansas,

October 30th, 1883.

Uncle Joseph and little Hopes:—I am ten years past, the 15th of last January. We have no Sunday School at present. I do not belong to the church yet, but I intend to join when I get older. I have four little sisters, three old enough to go to school. We lost our dear papa. He died the 20th of August. He had the typhoid malarial fever. He was sick four weeks. Bro. F. Lofty preached the funeral sermon. He is a splendid preacher; but he preaches too much plain truth for some. There are many who will not endure sound doctrine.

I will close with love to all the Hopes.

MARY E. CHAPMAN.

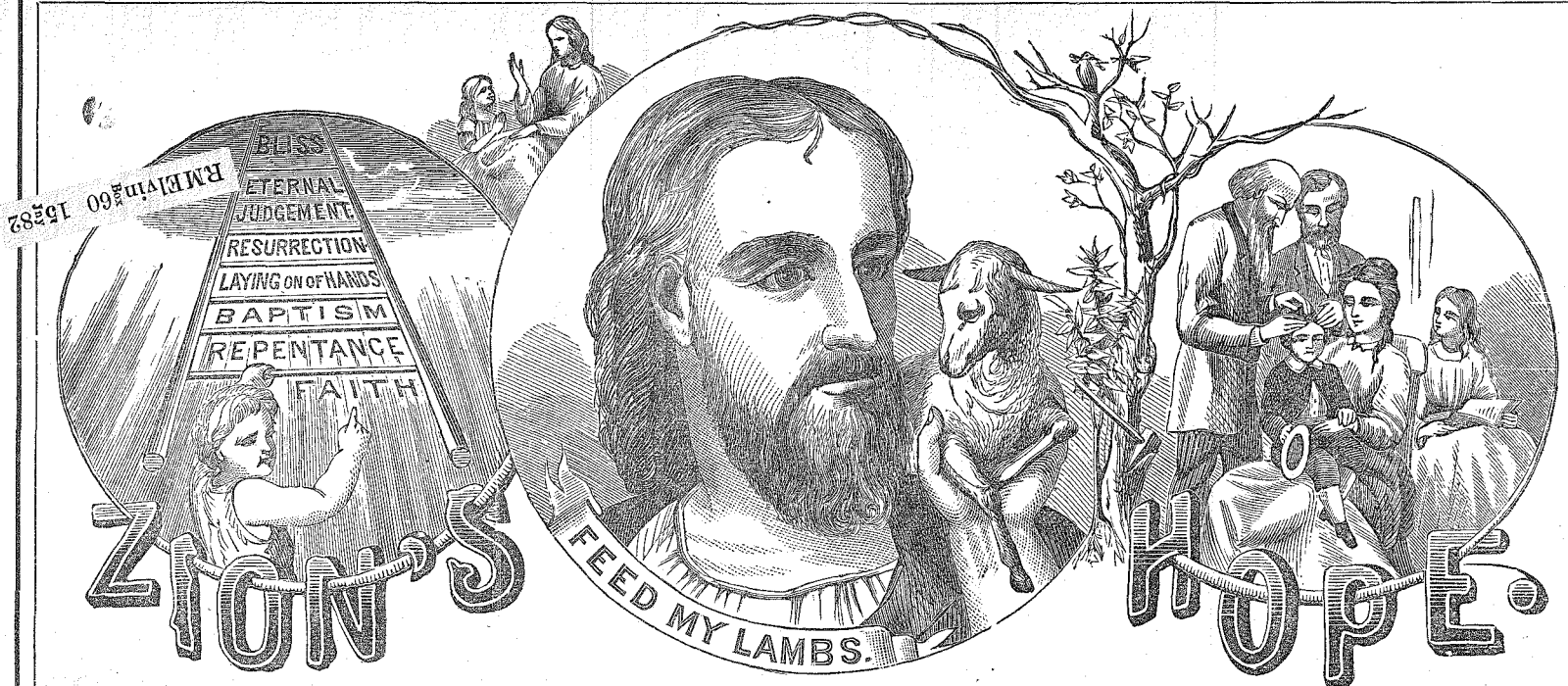
WISDOM.—The chief properties of wisdom are to be mindful of things past, careful of things present, and provident of things to come.

THE SAINTS' HERALD:

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

GOOD AND BAD SORROW.

SELECTED AND REVISED BY SR. S. A. ROSE.

Dear little Hopes of Zion:—Perhaps some of you do not know the difference between good and bad sorrow. Many little boys and girls often ask, "Is it right to be sorrowful, when they are found out in doing wrong. Let us examine. Paul says: "Examine." "Prove all things." Prove what is acceptable to Jesus, our great Redeemer.

A little boy I shall call Jerry, did not like to study very well. He did not like to sit down and patiently work out his sums on the slate. But he did like to have the answers right; because he wanted a good mark.—So what did he do? He used to steal a "Key" from the Master's desk, and copy the answers to his Arithmetic lessons. A "Key" is a book with answers in it. When Jerry was found out, the Master talked to him very seriously. The boy said he was sorry. The more rude ones of his School-mates twitted him with it, they often called him "Old Steal Key," and Jerry felt sorrow at that. Did he now go to work and get his answers by his own study and labor? No. He got another Key, and hid it at home in his red trunk, where nobody could find it, and copied the answers and brought them to school. So you see Jerry's sorrow was only for being found out;—the sin of stealing and deception, he cared nothing about. That kind of sorrow leads to no amendment. It does not make better, but rather worse. Jerry was only more shy and deceitful the next time. So you see, when a person is only sorrowful because he is found out in doing wrong, that is not a good Sorrow. Do you think it is dear Hopes?

Another boy away at school, had a nice large cake sent to him from home. He did not say, I will share it generously with my companions. No, he ate four large slices, and put the rest in his trunk. It made him sick. His room-mate and bedfellow was up all night with him; nor could he go to school next day. Oh! said Morris to himself, what a fool I was to eat so much cake at once. All the time he lay in bed he was so sorry. Not because he had been so stingy, but because his gluttony had made him sick. When he got well, he ate the rest more slowly, but he ate it all himself. That, dear Hopes, was not a good sorrow. It led to no improvement. Like the first, it was sorrow, for the consequence of a fault, not for the fault itself. These kinds of sorrow, the Scriptures say, are unto death; and make people worse instead of better. And all who go on in this way must die in their sins.

Eddy Mason was on the pond skating one day. Eddy was a good skater, and could beat the other boys in skating matches, and this he liked to do. One day his strap broke, just as he was ahead of a dozen boys or more, and he had to stop. Eddy was angry with his straps, and he swore. Oh, to think he took God's Holy name in vain.

"O! Eddy," said a little fellow near him, "what would your mother say if she knew that? O wouldn't she feel sorry?"

"Yes," said Eddy, after a minute, in which he had time to think; "yes, she would, and O, I would not grieve my dear mother for a pound. No, not for a hundred pounds."

"She can't hear on this pond. How'd she know it?" cried another rude boy.

"I promised my mother I would not swear," said Eddy, "and 'tis no matter whether she hears or not; I know and God knows whether I have kept my promise or not; and I know how sorry she would feel to know I swore, and did not keep my promise to her." Eddy slung his skates over his shoulder, and left the ice. His fun for that day was completely spoiled by sorrow for his sin. Eddy's sorrow, you see, made him consider and repent, and I feel sure he will try hard not to swear again. That was a good sorrow.

Now I will tell you a better one still. A mother went past the door of her little girl's room one night, and heard her weeping piteously. "Ella, my child," said her mother, going in, "what is the matter; are you sick?"

"No, dear mother," said Ella, "I am not sick, but oh! so sorry."

"What for, my daughter?" asked her mother.

"O Mother," said Ella, "I fear I have grieved my dear Savior, and O I am so sorry. To-day when father told me to do some things, I had 'I won't' in my heart. I did not feel like minding father. Our Savior never felt 'I won't, in his heart. He loved to do his Father's will. Mother, I want to be more like Jesus."

See, dear Hopes, Ella's tears were tears of penitence. She was sorry with a godly sorrow,—a sorrow that will bring her nearer, and nearer to Jesus, and make her more and more like him. That is the best kind of sorrow; a sorrow that grieves over our faults, because they displease the great and blessed God, and grieve the tender, loving heart of our Redeemer. This godly sorrow, or true repentance, is "unto life;" because it leads to a constant desire to do better. It is the very root of all true improvement. It brings us nearer and nearer to Jesus, who is our light, our joy, our all, our life. Children sometimes say, they don't know what re-

pentance means. Repentance is turning from our faults and sins.

Beloved Hopes, you see there are different kinds of sorrow. May you all seek to have that which is "unto life, and not to be repented of." Strive above all things to exercise it. Don't read this and lay it aside carelessly, thinking, O, 'tis only a story, it is not for me. It is for all who read it. So please read carefully, and examine whether your sorrow is a good or bad sorrow. Whether your repentance is "unto life," or "unto death."

PUZZLES FROM THE BIBLE.

A DIALOGUE FOR FIVE GIRLS.

Mary.—What can we do to amuse ourselves this evening, girls? The inclemency of the weather forbids us from having recreation outside.

Sarah.—Let's tell puzzles; that will be amusement, recreation, and instruction, and won't disturb any one in the house.

Annie.—That's just the thing. I propose that we each give one in turn, and the rest shall guess it, or give it up. You begin Jennie, if you please.

Jennie.—I shall give you one from the Bible, and I will make a proposition that we all do the same, or else pay a forfeit.

What is that Jennie? asked little Mamie who had heard the conversation.

Bertha.—You keep still Mamie, while we tell puzzles. A forfeit is something given, if we do not make good the proposition.

Sarah.—The Bible! I did not know there were any puzzles in that.

Jennie.—Yes there are; and when you have heard mine you will all think of plenty of them. We won't have any forfeits; it is too much like gambling. Now I will begin. There was once an image that had none of the five senses, thinking, seeing, smelling, tasting and feeling; and yet it saved the life of a great king by lying?

Bertha.—How could it lie if it could not speak?

Mary.—And how could an image save any body's life? The Bible says, "They that make them are like unto them, so is every one that trusteth in them."

Sarah.—I can guess that. It was when Saul wanted to kill David, and Michal took an image and laid it in his bed, and made Saul think he was sick, so that he had time to get to a place of safety.

Bertha.—But that was Michal that hid, and not the image.

Jennie.—I said by lying—lying in bed mean.

Bertha.—O, but that is not fair.

Mary.—Yes it is; anything is fair that is true.

I have one, here it is. What great warrior invented lanterns, and his soldiers carried them?

Annie.—There's nothing in the Bible about lanterns surely.

Jennie.—You'll have to tell us that, we can't guess it.

Mary.—Why it was Gideon. When he went against the Medianites, he gave his soldiers empty pitchers with lamps inside of them; and those were the lanterns.

Annie.—Pshaw! I know one a great deal better than that. "Out of the eater, came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness."

Jennie.—If I recollect rightly, I believe that is what is called "Samson's Riddle."

Bertha.—O! I can tell that. Let me have my Bible. Here it is: "What is sweeter than honey? and what is stronger than a lion?" Judges 14: 18.

Sarah.—Now I will give you one. What five men went into their graves to save their lives, and then came out of them to be hanged, and then were put back again?

Mary.—I can tell that. We read of it in the Sabbath School, not many weeks ago. It was the five kings that hid in the cave of Makkedah. Joshua had them taken out and hanged, and then put back again into the cave where they had been hidden.

Annie.—What made you guess it?

Mary.—Because Sarah said five men. It was almost like the man who told his friend, if he would guess how many oranges he had in a bag, he would give him the whole five.

Bertha.—Well here is one you can't guess. Who was Noah's husband? That's a puzzle.

Sarah.—Noah's husband! his wife, you mean.

Bertha.—The Noah I mean was a woman.

Jennie.—Did not Noah build an ark?

Annie.—We'll give it up.

Bertha.—She was one of the daughters of Zelophehad, and married her cousin. You will find an account of it in the last chapter of Numbers and 11th verse.

Sarah.—I wonder if little Mamie who's been there all the time, can give us one?

Mamie.—Yes! Mother taught me one to say at Christmas, but it is in poetry.

All the girls.—Well, let us hear it Mamie.

Mamie.

"There was once a herald all radiant and bright,
And covered with raiment of glittering light;
Who pointed in silence the way to the spot,
Where the greatest of monarchs was laid in his cot.
"The palace was lowly, the cradle was rude,
But angels around it in reverence stood;
And the monarch, though only an infant, was born
'Ere the mornings stars sang in Creation's glad morn."

Bertha.—I know that one. I know what the herald was. It was the star in the east, that led the way to the manger where Christ was laid; and he was the Monarch that was a babe in Bethlehem, yet older than the world.

Annie.—That is the best of all. Now before we all go home, let us sing "Brightest and Best."

THE INFANT SAVIOR.

"Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where the infant Redeemer is laid.
"Cold, on his cradle, the dew-drops are shining;
Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Savior of all.
"Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Eden and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?
"Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure:
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor."

WM. STREET.

The heart is a crystal palace; once broken, it can never be mended.

Who would venture on the journey of life if compelled to begin at the end?

TRUTH.

COWPER, one of the sweetest of English poets, said:

"The only amarantine flower is virtue,
The only lasting treasure, truth."

If you should erect a building leaning to one side, so that it would soon fall to ruins, you would be in error. If you should erect one perfectly upright, so that it would stand firm, in spite of winds and storms, you would be in truth. From this simple illustration, you can see the relative value of truth and error.

If you wish to reach London, England, and in order to do so, take the shortest and best route, you are guided by the truth. But if you go west when you should go east, or south when you should go north, you are guided by error, and your journey, to say the best that can be said, will be long and disastrous; and if you ever reach the place to which you wish to go, it will be after years of useless suffering and toil.

Truth will lead you to safety, success, and consequent happiness. Error will take you into danger, failures, and consequent misery.

How important then that you should know the truth. As it is important for him who sails over the broad and stormy ocean, to know the rocks and shallows, that he may guard against them; and the ports of safety, that he may know where to find refuge from the tempests; so is it important for those who travel the journey of life, to know its dangers, and its places of refuge, so that they may be able to avoid the one, and in times of need, repair to the other.

But from whom shall this great lesson of life be learned? Who among men has traveled all over the field of human experience, so as to be able to describe it with sufficient accuracy for the purpose we have in view, namely, traveling it with perfect safety, and so far as possible, without going unnecessarily out of our way. In looking over the history of mankind, we are forced to answer, not one. No man, by human experience alone, has been able to give us the desired information. After all that man can do for us, much of the journey is left obscured, and if we undertake to travel it, we but leap into the dark.

Some one who comprehends the whole journey of life. Who knows all our weaknesses and woes, all our past actions and our future possibilities; who can look upon the picture of life as we look upon the picture on the wall, and see all its dark and bright parts at once, must give us the information for which we yearn. He alone can provide us with the chart and compass of life by which we may with certainty direct our course to the heavenly port. Filled with love for man, and possessed of boundless knowledge and power, he is the best guide humanity can have. His love moves him to save. His power enables him to save. His counsel therefore is the way of salvation. His revelation is the guide to happiness. The information which will lead us correctly in traveling the journey of life,—it is the truth.

We do not intend to convey the idea to the hopes that no truth has ever been made known to the world, but by the direct revelation of God. This is not true. There is a light in the mind of man, God given of course, because man is the work of God, which operates in the discovery of many truths pertaining to this world and its surroundings, without the direct influence of the Holy Ghost. But the way to God and final happiness and glory, it never has found out. To this task it has always been unequal; because that which is no greater than time, cannot extend into eternity. The mind of man is bounded by the things of time, it can not therefore, without the inspiration of God's Spirit, reach out and take safe hold of eternal things. The intellectual power possessed by man, by which he understands many of the things of earth and time, is itself a gift of God, hence we may truthfully say, that all knowledge comes either directly or indirectly, from God.

We wish also to call the attention of the Hopes to the thought contained in the following maxim.

"Truth is truth, where'er 'tis found,
On Heathen, or on Christian ground."

The Bible should not be read with a view to finding something by which to establish a belief already conceived in the mind as true; but for the purpose of ascertaining just what God's word teaches, whether that is in accordance with our already formed opinions or not. In this same spirit should every claim presented to us, be investigated; and the truth wherever found should be received, and error wherever found, rejected. It is just as wrong to reject truth without investigation, as to receive error after investigation. Both are wrong, and should be guarded against.

THE KITCHEN OF OUR LIVES.

We entered the other day a costly dwelling. Its exterior was richly and elaborately painted. The door and window frames were very richly adorned with wide, heavy mouldings. We were ushered into the parlor, and there remained during our visit. Its furniture was costly and grand. The floor was covered with the richest Brussels carpet. Mahogany furniture of all desirable kinds was tastefully arranged, so as to produce the most charming effect upon the beholder. The richest tapestry hung upon the windows. The walls were adorned with costly oil paintings of the grandest scenes of the old and new world, which were set in frames ornamented with gold. The lady of the house was dressed in the finest silk, her husband in the best broadcloth. I went away delighted with the house and its inmates.

Sometime not long after this I had occasion to call at this same house. I rang the door bell and waited but no one came. Finally I stepped around to the kitchen door, and was admitted by the servant girl and by her seated in the kitchen. It was a dark, dingy looking place. The shutters were closed, but enough light was admitted through the open door, to reveal the situation. The windows were covered with a mixture of grease and dust. The curtains were torn and smeared with dirt. The chairs were marred, broken and filthy. The table was covered with dirty dishes, and the stove with dirty kettles.

The servant called the lady of the house. She reluctantly appeared. Was she dressed in silk. No, she was not expecting company, so she did not think it necessary to be dressed up. The character of the material of which her dress was made I shall not criticise. But what shall I say of its condition? Torn, ragged, dirty, shapeless thing.

Can any of the Hopes imagine what my thoughts were as I went away from this house this time? Study a few moments, and then read on.

I thought the parlor of this house represented one side of life, we will call it the parlor side. And the kitchen represents another side, which we will call the kitchen side. In the keeping of this house you will notice one fatal error. The parlor was kept clean and nice; the kitchen filthy and untidy. Whereas, the kitchen should always be clean, whether the parlor is or not.

The parlor side of life, is that which is open to view. The part the world at large is permitted constantly to look at. The kitchen side is secluded, dark, hidden from all except a few.

Some people are all smiles when out in plain view before the world. They are then exhibiting the parlor side of life. When they are at home, or secluded anywhere, they are all frowns. They are then displaying the kitchen side of life. When they are at church, angels' smiles could not be brighter; when at home, satan's frowns could not be darker. They are in the parlor of life at church, in the kitchen of life at home. If they are bright and smiling anywhere, it ought to be at home. If they must be dark and frowning anywhere, it ought to be away from home. The kitchen of life, like the

kitchen of the house, should be clean and bright, whether the parlor is or not.

Now, my little readers, I am ready to ask you a few questions, the force and meaning of which you will see, if you have carefully read and pondered upon, the foregoing. Do you keep both the parlor and kitchen of life clean and tidy? If not, do you keep either of them so? If either, which one? In other words, do you act nicely when a great many people see you, and naughtily when only a few or none see you? When at home in the kitchen of life, do you smile sweetly and speak kindly to your dear mamma, papa, brothers and sisters? Do you help to bear their burdens, as you expect them to help to bear yours? Or are you cross, selfish, peevish, unwilling to share your playthings, your candies and nuts, with your family associates?

If after carefully considering the last question, you are in truth compelled to answer yes, then you have great need to brush out the kitchen—the kitchen of your lives. The windows should be cleaned to let in heavenly light. After everything that is out of place has been put in place, and the room has been thoroughly cleansed and purified, then you won't feel bad if somebody does come around to the back door, and get a peep into the kitchen. It will bear investigation, and it will be a great recommend to you, in the estimation of all good and sensible people, that you keep your kitchen clean.

STORM AND SUNSHINE.

EVERY rising cloud is a cause for grief and fretting with some people. If it rains a little too much they scold and fret and make for themselves a vast amount of trouble. If it is dry for a short time they sing the same song. The weather but seldom suits them; and when it does, they hasten to find fault with something else, so as not to be defeated in what seems to be their settled purpose, to fret about something. These people are all storm and no sunshine.

Another class will endure anything without fretting. It may rain in torrents, and for days and weeks; or it may continue dry so long that vegetation dies and dust comes in clouds, almost choking them, and yet there is a brightness about their faces, that speaks of goodness within, and of a settled purpose to be cheerful, let come what may. These people are all sunshine and no storm.

Which will the Hopes try to imitate? Will they have frowning brows, stormy looking faces, and scolding, fault finding tongues like the former; or will they be bright and cheerful and sweet like the latter? Will they get up in the morning to fret and tease and worry their poor mammas; or will they come with smiling faces and sweetly prattling tongues, to make papa and mamma rejoice that they have such dear, good natured children?

THE POWER OF GENTLENESS.

THE following gives an account of a circumstance which shows the wonderful power of kindness:—There is a little girl six years of age, a daughter of Mr David Thomas, who lives on the borders of a pond which supplies water for the furnace works at Weare River, who has a most wonderful control over a class of animals hitherto thought untamable. For a year or two past, the little girl has been in the habit of playing about the pond and throwing crumbs into the water for the fishes. By degrees, these timid creatures have become so tame as to come at her call, follow her about the pond and eat from her hand. A gentleman went down there a few days since with his daughter to see the little creatures and their mistress. At first the fishes were deceived, and came up to the surface of the water as the gentleman's daughter approached; but in a moment they discovered their mistake, and whisked away from the stranger in high dudgeon. Their own mistress then came up and called, and they crowded up, clustering about her hands to receive the crumbs. She has besides, a turtle or tor-

toise, which has been maimed in the leg. This creature lives in the pond, and seems to be entirely under the control of the little girl, obeying her voice, and feeding from her hand. We have just returned from a visit to the pond, and have seen the little bright-eyed girl sporting with her obedient swarms of pickerel, pout, and shiners, patting them on the head, stroking their sides, and letting them slip through her hands. She has her favorites among them. A pout which has been marked on the head in some way, and the turtle we spoke of, are remarkably intelligent. A more beautiful instance of the influence of kindness and gentleness can hardly be found.

LINES TO CHILDREN.

Sitting weak, and quite unable
To do work of any kind;
Oft I'm led in meditation,
Or reflections of the mind.
Oft I think of those around me,
Oft of those I can not see;
And of these, the precious children
Of the saints appear to me.
For it seems that I can see them,
Scattered here and there about;
Some in town or noisy city,
Some in country place without.
Some across the briny ocean,
In far distant places dwell;
Where the herald of the gospel,
Did the good old story tell.
Some are young and pure as angels,
Some are getting older still;
But are striving, e'en in childhood,
To obey the Master's will.
Some are youths and blooming maidens
Who have named the Savior's name;
Others have the same neglected,
Though we would not chide or blame.
But would gently, kindly urge them
To accept the gospel plan;
For without it, free salvation
Is not proffered unto man.
Yes, the tender hopes of Zion,
Have my sympathy and care;
For I know the many dangers,
Which beset them every where.
There are many snares and pitfalls,
Close beside the narrow way;
Many things to tempt the thoughtless,
And to lead young hearts astray.
Only just outside the pathway,
Ugly boulders also lie;
And it is not safe to walk there,
One will stumble by and by.
Oh, we need to be so careful,
Ever striving day by day;
Ever watching, every praying,
While we walk the narrow way.
'Tis a dreadful thing to wander
From the path of life and peace.
Those who run should never falter,
Nor once let their efforts cease.
Let the aim be up and onward,
Keep the one great prize in view;
There's a blessing worth possessing,
When the race of life is through.

CARRIE A. THOMAS.

THE LAST NIGHT OF SODOM

WORDS are all odd things, and if not very carefully used, they are very dangerous things. But of all the words of the English Language, none have a more solemn and awful import, than the word last, as it occurs in many connections in the Bible. We shall only notice its vast import as it occurs in one of these connections, in this article; and others in future articles.

In Genesis somewhere, I will leave you to find where, the Lord foretold that he would destroy Sodom, a city whose inhabitants had become very wicked. They continued to live on in their sinful practice, until they had come to the last day of their existence. How solemn and awful are the thoughts that come to us, as we contemplate this last day, and this last night.

The climate of the country where this city was located was mild and sweet. It was the land of the olive and the vine. Its inhabitants lived luxuriant-

ly no doubt, upon this the very last day of their earthly life. The little children who romped and played in the sweet twilight of that land where flowers are ever in bloom, little thought that it was the last time they should romp and play upon that loved spot, the place of their birth, and the home of their infancy and childhood. Their gleeful shouts are heard for the last time. The rocks on the oppositeside of the river, will echo no more the sounds of their childish mirth. It is their last play-time.

The sun, as it sank in the west, looked for the last time upon that fair city. It will rise to find it a heap of ruins. The moon is smiling upon it for the last time, it will never see it again.

At last the city becomes quiet. The hum of busy life ceases. Sodom's wickedness is complete. The cup of her iniquity is full. Her people have sinned their last sin, wasted the last moment of earthly time in which they might have repented, lived their last day and gone to sleep their last night. O what a mountain of meaning this little word has, when viewed in this connection. Stillness reigns over this wicked city, and naught but the waterfall, or the sound of some passing animal or benighted footman can be heard. They are not approaching their last day nor their last night, but their very last second. Soon fire from heaven will be reigned upon them, and they will be destroyed, while yet in their wickedness.

The Hopes should never allow themselves to be frightened into obedience to God, by the fear of death; but trifling away the very last moment in which that which ought to be done has been done, should be very earnestly and carefully avoided. This suggestion is of daily use. That which you have an opportunity of doing to-day you may never have an opportunity to do again. It may be with you in a limited degree, as it was with these Sodomites, your very last moment for the performance of that work. You may meet some one in drooping spirits, to whom a kind word may be a golden treasure. Neglect not to speak it; for it may be the last you will ever be permitted to speak to him. Wipe away the tears of the sorrowing to-day, for you may never have the opportunity to do so again. Speak for God and for Christ to-day if wisdom dictates; for you may never have the opportunity of speaking for them to the same individuals again. Every moment has its proper work. If not done then, it may never be done. Neglect it not, it may be your last opportunity.

Letters from the Hopes.

GRAYSVILLE, Ohio,
October 31st, 1833.

Dear Hopes:—To-night is Halloween, the night of which Burns, the Scotch Poet says:

The ould guidwife's weel hoodet nits,
Are round and round divided.
And monie lads and lassas fates,
Are on that night decided.

Perhaps many of the little Hopes do not know when Halloween night comes. The last night of October is Halloween. I wonder what great events will transpire e'er another Halloween night. Many of your number may be called away by death. Perhaps many who are dear to the Hopes, and some who try to make their little paper interesting, may be summoned thus. Will those who remain be faithful at posts of duty. I hope so, and that many more will be added to the fold of Christ's Lambs.

Now, little Hopes, and some of the big ones too, I want to gently remind you of what you have been doing; for perhaps you did not think,—Oh, don't look so serious. I think I see many blue, black, and brown eyes, raised in wonder, plainly asking, what have we been doing? Only neglecting the little Hope, and making it hard on the kind guardians, who have so much work on their hands. 'Tis hard work for them to keep it in full dress, and without much borrowed clothing. This is only to

remind you in love of your duty to your little *Hope*, which you have all professed to love, and wanted to come weekly. Now think of it, a weekly *Hope* would take as much more clothing. Perhaps some of you were discouraged a little, because some of the big *Hopes* competed for and took the prizes which ought to be left for the children. All the older *Hopes* can do, they ought to do as a labor of love, and duty, for the encouragement of Christ's Lambs. So don't be discouraged little *Hopes*, but do your duty. Every one has his own work to do, and every one's work will be tested. Send in your letters which interest the little *Hopes*, and any true instances of interest and moral. Many of the uncles, aunts, brothers and sisters, and other contributors who have given instruction, and moral lessons of interest in the past, have not written for the *Hope* for a long time. Where are you this Halloween Night.

"Among the bonnie, winding banks,
Where doon rins wimplin clear
Where Bruce once ral'd the martial ranks,
And shook his carrie spear.
Some merry, friendly cuntra folks
Togather did convene,
To burn there nits un pace there stocks
And houd their nits Halloween."

Wherever you are, don't forget winter is coming; don't forget the *Hope*. Give it some warm, good clothing; help the kind Editor in his generous labors of love; for the lambs of Christ's fold. May God bless you all, and give you grace to take the whole armor on, 'ere another Halloween.

Your sister in Christ,

SARAH A. ROSE.

RED OAK, Montgomery Co., Iowa,
November 11th, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—As there is no church of our belief here that I can go to, I thought I could not spend the time better, than by conversing a few moments with you. I have been reading the *Herald* and *Hope*, and I feel much edified. It is almost like hearing a good sermon. Let us strive to do the will of our Heavenly Father, so that when we are done with the trials of this life, we may receive the reward that is promised to the faithful. Who can tell me what the Pharisees and Sadducees believed in? The Savior says: "Woe unto ye Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites; for ye are as graves which are not, and the men that walk over them are not aware of them." Where may this be found?

What did the Lord tell Moses to command the children of Israel?

In what mount did the Lord speak to Moses concerning the children of Israel?

In what wilderness did the Lord speak to Moses after the children of Israel had come out of Egypt?

What command did the Lord give unto Joshua?

How old was Moses when the children of Israel came over Jordan?

Who was Moses' father-in-law?

Ever praying for the welfare of Zion, I remain your sister in Christ,

JULIA F. HILLS.

PLATTSBURG, Clinton Co., Mo.,
Nov. 18th, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—Since the piece headed "Spending Time," was written, our dear daughter has passed away from this world of sin and sorrow. Oh, dear *Hopes*, this is a great trial to me; for as the poet says, "She was like a sunbeam through our dwelling." While we mourn the loss of our dear loved daughter, we are blessed with a knowledge, that if we live as faithful as she did, we shall meet her again, and never, never part. She was a kind and dutiful daughter, always striving to do something for our comfort, firm and steadfast in the faith. Near two weeks before she died, she told us that her work was done here. When asked if she thought she was going to die, she said, "No, ma, I do not think so; but I know it." But said she was not afraid to die. She told us where she wanted to be buried, and said she wanted Bro. Wm. Lewis to

preach her funeral. Her request was granted. Bro. Lewis, Roberts, and other Saints came, pleading with God for her life. She would seem better for a while, but still insisted that she knew her work was done; and said we should be willing to let her go home. Oh how hard it was to give her up. Dear *Hopes*, you have received the last piece from her dear hands. Look over them, and see if her words in life do not correspond with her death.

Yours in grief,

ANN SUMMERFIELD.

MAYFIELD, Illinois,
Nov. 8th, 1883.

Little Hope Readers:—If mine and sister's letter will please you, as the letters in our little paper do us, we will be glad we have written this. Little sister wrote a letter two years ago, and I will write this. We are but little girls and live on a farm. There are many interesting things that we are surrounded with, that would please little children. We go to school one mile from home. One of your ministers was here a few days ago, Mr. Patterson. It was a rainy day, and he staid here one night. We liked him very much. *Hope* he will come again, and hope it will be pleasant. None of our folks belong to the church; but we take your little paper, and like to read it; but some of the stories are so long, we forget the first of them. We love little stories, but mamma likes the long story, so I think you do right to try to please every one.

We remain your little friends,

LIZZIE and DELIA CALHOUN.

INDEPENDENCE, Jackson Co., Mo.,
Nov. 1st, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—This is the first time that I have tried to write to the *Hope*. I was seventeen the eighteenth of October. I have been here four or five weeks. I have belonged to the church seven years, the 19th December. I was ten years old when I was baptized. I have five sisters and two brothers. My oldest sister, and papa and mamma, and myself belong to the church. I have been trying to do better. *Hopes*, pray for me, that I may be a better member of the church. I go to Sunday School every Sunday, I love to go to church. I go to singing school every Thursday night, and have a good time. I love to read *Maple Wood Manor*, and the rest of the pieces in the *Hope*. Pray for me. Ever your friend in the true church of God.

Good bye.

GEORGE LEE.

GILMORE CITY, Nov. 2d, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—As you are all dear ones to me; for I have one dear *Hope* that belongs to this band. He is sick and not able to write, I will write for him. He has not been expected to live. I had the doctor come and look at him. He said it was blood poison, the worst case that he ever saw. He left a great lot of medicine, but he took very little. He wanted to be healed by the power of God. I watched him day and night. Sometimes I thought he was breathing his last; but through the goodness of God he is recovering. He has been almost poisoned to death. He was administered to seven times, three times by Elder Whiting, Elder Sailsbery; four times by Elder N. Stamm. He said that he would live, but it would take a good while for him to recover. He has strong faith in God. I think his faith and the oil has saved his life. He wanted to live, but he said if it was God's will for him to die, he was willing to die. I hope and pray, that all *Hopes* are ever willing that God's will be done. He is very patiently waiting on the Lord. He finds that it is blessed to wait on the Lord. He is not out of danger. He wants all the little and big *Hopes*, to pray for him. He has been a very sick boy. Hoping that you will remember us in your prayers.

Written for George by his mother,

A. C.

STEWARTSVILLE, Missouri,
Nov. 18th, 1883.

Dear Uncle John:—Your last "chat" encouraged me very much, and I feel firmer in the work. It has good instructions in it for the little *Hopes*. I am nearly ten years old. Uncle John, your whole letter is full of instructions for me, all except swearing, chewing tobacco and drinking intoxicants; for that is not nice for your little pets anyway. I love to hear you talk about the work. I like to go to Sabbath School, and learn about God and his children.

Respectfully yours,

EVA SMITH.

SANDWICH, Ill.,
November 16th, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—To day I received my welcome little paper, and I first turned to the last page to read the letter budget. Was disappointed in not finding more letters, but welcomed what came, and hope many of the little as well as the big *Hopes* are making preparations to send letters on by Christmas and New Year; and not only then, but for the year round. Once or twice is good, but better every month. I don't know what would encourage our loved and honored Editor, more than to hear that we are prospering in Zion's cause. To hear us speak of our joys and griefs; for they seem to be closely united, though so different.

With you I am trying to walk the straight and narrow path, which leadeth unto life. It was in my infant days when I first sought my Savior; but many have been my ups and downs. Perhaps, dear *Hope*, you are asking how I found the evidence of my acceptance of the one thing needful. I will tell you. I was wondering, and thinking, and praying to know why God could not give me the same consolation that he gave to others. And suddenly a still, small voice spoke: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." My heart responded, "Lord, I do believe," and from that moment a load seemed to be moved, and I felt to praise the Lord. Dear brothers and sisters, I ask your prayers, that I may ever remain in the gospel of Jesus Christ.

Affectionately,

AUNT R.

SUNDAY SCHOOL REPORT.

Report of Latter Day Saints' Sunday School at New Port Branch, Southern California District, from January 1st, 1883, to September 30th, 1883. Total number of scholars January 1st, 1883, 52, and 6 teachers. Total number of scholars September 30th, 1883, 52, and 6 teachers. The total number of attendants to September 30th, is 1223, making an average of 34. The total number of verses spoken by the school is 254. N. W. Best, Superintendent, P. H. Betts, secretary.

Bro. Joseph Smith:—By request of the Sunday School, we send the above report to be published in *Zion's Hope*, for the benefit of all the little *Hopes*.

Yours truly,

STEPHEN PENFOLD, Assistant Supt.

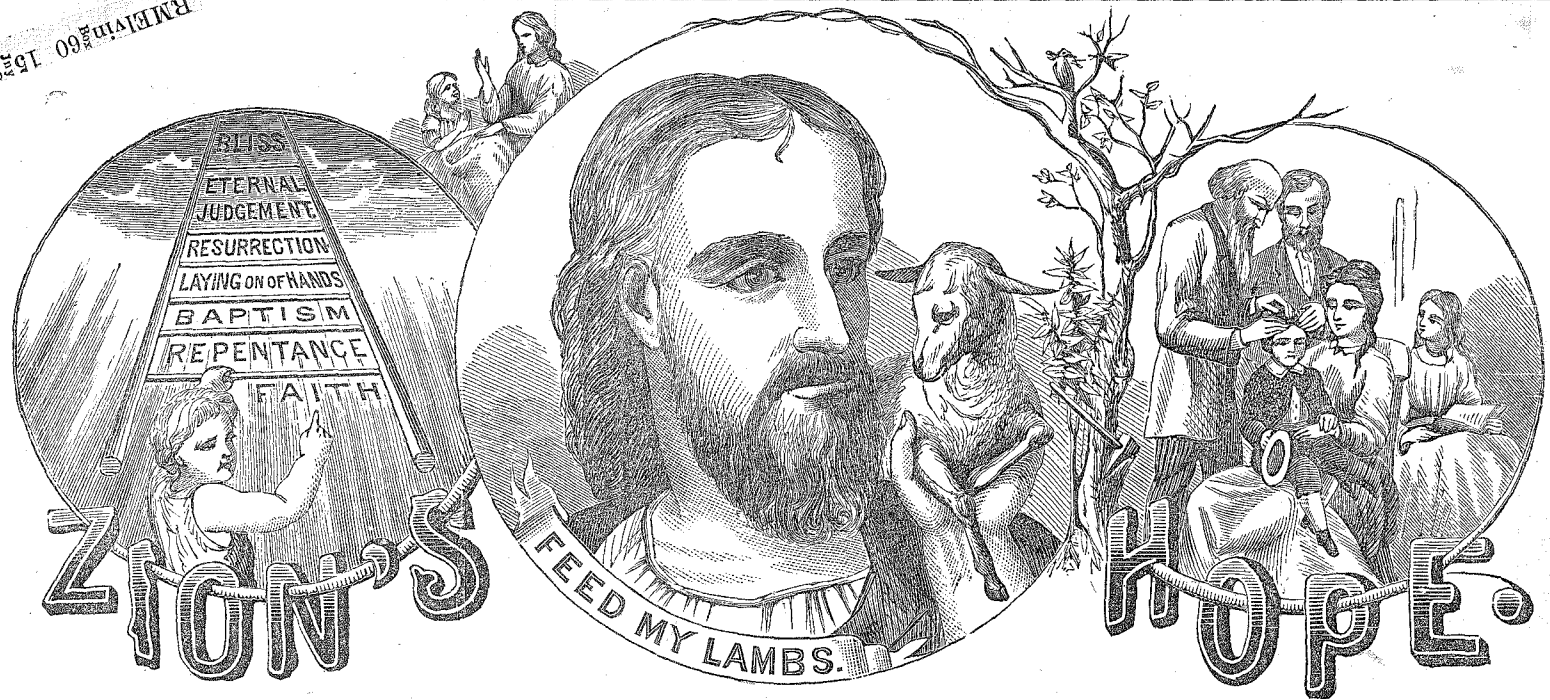
SWEET little Meg came into her Sunday School class one morning, her eyes filled with tears, and looking up into her teacher's face, said: "Our dog's dead, and I guess the angels were real scared when they saw him coming up the path, for he's awfully cross to strangers."

THE SAINTS' HERALD:

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

MERRY CHRISTMAS TIME.

Old Christmas is a merry time,
Despite the fog and frosty rime,
When all the broad green fields are clad with snow:
For friends that have been long apart
Now meet again with loving heart,
Where yule-logs blaze, and ruddy cheeks do glow.

Our walls are decked with holly green,
And berries all of rosy sheen,
And mistletoe where lasses loiter nigh;
And what is more than this, we see
Young faces there so full of glee,
And looks of love, and bright, glad, laughing eye.

No tear shall start, no thought be sad.
Now every heart is warm and glad,
The bells ring out with ever-cheery chime;
And now the clear young voices raise
A chorus with the yule-log blaze
That burns so bright at happy Christmas-time.

Tho' frost may harden all the ground,
The simple joke, the merry round,
And tales that tell of cunning fairy lore,
The frolic and the games at play
Make winter night like summer day;
The song, like gentle ripples on the shore.

Come on, old winter, with your cold,
Hard, frosty front so stern and bold,
Snow-covered fields and icy brook and rime,—
We'll give you greeting glad and true,
And bear the worst that you can do,
Because you bring us merry Christmas-time.

SPENDING TIME.

Dear Hopes:—I will try to write a few lines for our paper. I fear you will not be edified much; nevertheless, I will cast in my mite. The subject upon which I wish to write is spending time.

How often we hear the expression made by young people, and sometimes by older ones, too, "Just to kill time." Killing time consists in an hour spent among rough companions, whose rude jests at first shock the hearers; but by constantly hearing, the real shock wears off, and no harm is suspected, until at last those who at first were only hearers, become participants in the low language. This is truly "killing time." How much better it would be for our young men to shun these things; and instead of acquiring evil habits, store the mind with useful knowledge. "Killing time" sometimes consists in spending precious hours in reading dime novels, filling the mind with many things that are unreal, creating a restlessness and general dissatisfaction with one's surroundings. How much better, if instead of killing time, the young would strive to make life happy and enjoyable. All have lives to live, and it is not only the making of a choice, but also the adhering to it, which distinguishes those lives. It is not only the forming of a

resolution, but also in carrying of it out. How many have earnestly resolved to live lives of usefulness, and soon forgotten the resolution, and engaged in 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 youth-time crowded full of noble deeds will always bring a contented old age. Noble deeds do not consist alone in doing some great things from which millions may derive benefit; but also in catching the moments as they fly, planting in some heart seeds of kindness, that will grow up bright flowerets, making a life happy. In shedding the sunlight of a smile, that will perhaps brighten a desert of gloom and unhappiness in some heart. These little acts of kindness may not be noticed extensively, but they will count methinks in that last great day, more than some of the deeds that the whole world laud.

From your sister in the gospel,
SARAH ANN SUMMERFIELD.

CHRISTMAS.

"On Christmas eve the bells were rung,
On Christmas eve the mass was sung;
That only night, in all the year,
Saw the stole'd priest the chalice rear.
Then opened wide the baron's hall,
To vassal, tenant, serf, and all;
Power laid his rod of rule aside,
And ceremony doffed his pride.
The heir, with roses in his shoes,
That night might village partner choose.
All hailed, with uncontrolled delight,
And general voice, the happy night
That to the cottage, as the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down.
England was merry England, when
Old Christmas brought his sports again."

The lines refer to a time in the history of England, when Christmas was celebrated with great pomp, and also with great joy, for upon that day the poor mingled with the rich, and felt for the time almost equal to them. Upon that day also, the rich opened their houses and feasted the poor, and acted, as it would have been well for them to act the whole year.

Christmas has been quite generally regarded as the day on which Christ was born, and though doubts have been entertained and still are as to this being true, yet it brings to our minds the same happy reflections and joyful thoughts concerning the birth of our Savior, as it would if we actually knew it was his birthday.

As this is what we may term the Christmas number of the *Hope*, let me call the attention of the Hopes to a few of these happy thoughts and reflect-

ions. Upon this day there entered the world the "One mighty to save" "full of grace and truth." When a dear friend approaches our home, whom we very much desire to see because of our love for him, how glad we are; but if in addition to this he comes to bring us that which will make us free and therefore happy, O how sweet his coming is.

Christ is our loving friend. For this reason we should be glad and rejoice at the thought of his birth or coming into the world. But not only this, he also came to bring the truth, obedience to which will make us free from sin. Did you ever think of what a terrible condition slavery is? Suppose you were shut up in a dungeon, where no light could reach, no kind voice could speak to you, no refreshing breezes blow upon you, no flowers bring you rich and sweet perfume, and no delightful music could salute your ears, would you not long for freedom? And should the roof of your dungeon be removed, and a heavenly messenger descend and give you the privilege of walking forth, would you not ever afterwards, with joyful songs and anthems, celebrate the day when he came?

Such to the world is Christmas day. It was in the bondage of sin, in a dark and awful dungeon. Christ came and brought the truth, through which the world may be made free. O joyful day, happy, blessed hour, when he came. As the bursting forth of cooling springs in a desert land, or the dropping of the rain upon a parched plain, so was the bringing of the truth to the sinful world. To bring this truth was the great work of Christ. To obey it should be the constant aim of man. If you view the work of Christ in this light, you will understand more easily its great design.

Truth is born of God. It is like a stream, the source of which is the throne of God. Delightful stream flowing from heaven to earth, to wash us from our sins. Do not expect to be washed from your sins in any other way than in this stream of truth. Christ came to bring this truth. He died to establish it. He rose from the dead that it might be triumphant. He lives in heaven to guard and protect it, that through its wondrous power, souls may be saved.

Sing then and be joyful upon Christmas day. Remember him who came to save you, and be glad because he came; but do not forget, that in order to receive the great blessing which he came to bestow, you must obey him. Do not expect to climb the light, from which you may view the glories of the celestial world, without trying. Do your very best to obey God in all things. In his gospel work is everything that is good. Make his work your all in childhood, and you may rest as-

sure that great blessings will be showered upon your heads. Remember God while you are young. Call upon him in secret. In the groves and byways pray unto him, and in times of need strength will be given you, and heaven's joys will surround and bless you when your steps become feeble and your eyes dim with old age. We wish you all a MERRY CHRISTMAS.

A CHILD'S CHRISTMAS PRECAUTION.

SOME little folks in Bangor, Me., who had seen pictures of Santa Claus standing on the balcony of his North Pole residence, keeping a lookout with a big spyglass for good and naughty children, had been growing somewhat anxious on the subject at the near approach of Christmas, when, says the *Whig*, a day or two ago, a bright-eyed midget of four years, who had been gently chided for some fault, was observed tugging away to remove the screen that closed a disused fireplace in the sitting-room. Just as she had succeeded and stepped upon the hearth, her mother asked her what she was doing, when she naively replied: "I'm going to climb up chimney and take away Santa's spyglass. I try to be good, but I can't all the time, and I don't want him spying around so."

THE BIRTHPLACE OF JESUS.

On the morning of the twenty-eighth of last April I mounted my perverse and ill-mannered steed at the Pools of Solomon for a ride to Bethlehem. The Pools themselves are certainly as old as the time of Pontius Pilate, and possibly the portions of them which are hewn from the solid rock may date back to the days of Solomon. For the first mile we picked our way over the loose stones beside the aqueduct which carried the waters of the Pools to Bethlehem. It is about as wide and as deep as an ordinary millrace in America. Down at our left was the very small but very fertile vale of Urtas, with its fruit trees and vegetable gardens, a sort of oasis of verdure between two bare limestone declivities. Far beyond stretched the desolate Valley of Etam toward the Frank Mountain and the wilderness of Judea.

As we approached Bethlehem, we struck into well-cultivated fields, and the barley was ripening. Comely women passed us on the bridle path, some of them wearing a veil like that of Ruth, which is capacious enough to hold "six measures of barley." During the harvest season the farmers sleep in the fields overnight, as they did in the days of Boaz. It is said that they still retain the salutation mentioned in the Book of Ruth: "The Lord be with thee!" and "The Lord bless thee!" As we rode through several barley-fields, later in the day, I noticed a most striking verification of the parable of the sower. The traveled path was so narrow that some handfuls of grain from the sower's hand must have lodged on the beaten track and been trodden under foot of men and beasts. There were several patches of rank and angry thorns, which had thoroughly "choked" out the barley. In the "good ground," which was fertilized by the wash of lime from the adjacent hills, the grain was yielding its twenty or thirty fold. Agriculturally, limestone and water are the salvation of the Palestinian valleys and lower hill-sides. I can easily credit all that the Bible affirms both as to the fertility and teeming population of the Holy Land in those days when reservoirs and cisterns were on every hill-top and terraces lined every declivity.

Bethlehem is the most beautiful and thrifty town in modern Palestine, and it is the one in which the population is almost entirely Christian. Mussulmans are scarce in the little city of David. Not over three hundred are to be found in a population of five thousand. Most of the people belong either to the Latin or the Greek churches. German Protestants have opened a small school, with thirty or forty pupils. The Bethlehemites are an industrious folk, with a considerable Yankee skill in the

manufacture of various ornaments and "notions" out of olive-wood, mother-of-pearl, and coral. Some of our readers will remember the tasteful articles which they had on sale at the Philadelphia "Centennial." It is said that they brought back over seventy thousand dollars in solid cash. If Palestine were under British or French rule for a single generation, there would be several more Bethlehems between Dan and Beersheba. The detestable tyranny of the Sultan is a perpetual *malaria*.

The sun was blazing down fiercely as we rode through the narrow streets of Bethlehem, passing several new and bright-looking buildings, to the Latin Convent. A jolly monk gave us a cordial reception, permitted us to get a good rest on the divans of a long cool apartment, and set before us a lunch of bread, fruits, honey, and a bottle of native wine, which remained unopened. Dudley Warner says that the wines in that convent are decidedly calculated to promote total abstinence.

After lunch the courteous monk led us through several passages into the choir of the celebrated Church of the Nativity. We descended by a flight of sixteen steps into the crypt, and found ourselves in the chapel, which is forty feet long, sixteen feet wide, and ten feet high. The pavement and walls are of marble and the apartment is lighted by thirty-two lamps. Upon one side of the chapel is a recess, and in its pavement is set a silver star, around which is the famous inscription "*Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est.*" [Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary.] The recess is brilliantly lighted with fifteen lamps. The traditional "manger" was carried away to Rome, long ago. From this gorgeous subterranean chapel the monk conducted us by an underground passage to a grotto, called the "Chapel of St. Jerome." We entered this with genuine veneration. Here that grand and devout old scholar spent about thirty years of his useful life (from about 390 A. D. to 420), and here he translated God's Word into the valuable "Vulgate" version. Among all the saints in the Romish calendar, Jerome is the noblest and the saintliest.

From the crypt we ascended into the nave of the "Church of the nativity," the *oldest Christian structure* on the face of the globe. Built by the Emperor Constantine, about the year 330, there is strong evidence that the nave, with its eleven columns of reddish limestone and antique pavement, is a part of the original edifice. The six capitols of the columns are Corinthian and on each one is engraved a cross. A whole chapter might be written about this delightfully venerable structure, within whose walls Baldwin the Crusader was crowned king, on Christmas Day, A. D. 1101.

"Were you not disgusted with all that foolery of a marble-lined grotto, with its silver lamps, and smoking incense, and monkish tales?" my readers may inquire. Yes, I was disgusted with the overlaid gewgaws and monstrous impostures; but *underneath that Church* of the Nativity I firmly believe that the infant Jesus was born. I believe that in some portion of that rock was the subterranean stable which witnessed the original Christmas glory. Probably Joseph and Mary lodged at the khan which stood on the ground once owned by the family of David. Justin Martyr, in the second century, says that Jesus was born in a grotto in Bethlehem. Origen confirms it. The conscientious and careful Jerome sought out the exact spot, and selected his cavern or cell so as to dwell close by the birthplace of his Lord. The tradition is unbroken, and *no rival spot* has ever been indicated. Bethlehem has not been besieged, and torn to fragments, and built over again and again, like poor Jerusalem; so that the weight of argument is almost overwhelming in favor of the site now covered by the ancient church, and I feel an assurance that last April I saw the spot on which Christianity broke from Heaven into this dark and sin-cursed world.

From the roof of the convent the outlook is glorious. To the north is David's Well, and beyond lies Jerusalem. Away to the east are the verdant fields

in which the shepherds watched their flocks on that original Christmas night. The hills, the rocks, and the valleys are the same that reechoed the angelic songs when the skies above Bethlehem were filled with celestial melody. The star hung over those very heights. The glory of the Lord shone on those limestone cliffs which we climbed that April day, and through that atmosphere floated the midnight Christmas song: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace among men in whom he is well pleased." No monkish lies or legends can rob the Christian world of its beloved Bethlehem.—*Selected.*

MAPLEWOOD MANOR.

BY PERLA WILD.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Poor little Dilly could scarcely believe the truth. For three years she had been a wanderer—nobody's child, and had thought her life here was a heaven on earth and the happiest that could be. To find a sister and learn where her mother was, seemed too good to be true. The joyful news almost overcame her.

"But you haven't told us how sister Vic came to find you," Addie said at length.

"Why you see, Missus Addie," Dilly replied, "I was libbin' wid dat doctor man, an' he sent me one mohnin to get the milk, an' I hit my toes agin suffin' an' down I tumbles an' spills de milk an' brokes de pitcher all to flinders. He seed me frew de winder,—kase I was almost home,—and oh! Missus Addie, but he war mad! He runned out an' flew at me awful. He was poundin' me wid his cane till I spected I'd die right dar, when Missy Victory she comed along an' tole him to stop dat right off. Fust he swored, den frettened, but she kept a sayin' he'd got to leave me be or she'd hab him 'rested,—an' turned to go back toward town "which was close by, and he up an' said I oughtn't been a nigger, an' 'twas nobody's business, kase I was his nigger anyhow. She said I wouldn't be his, berry long if he didn't use me better, an' den he up an' sed 'Take de good for nuffin' darkey an' took care on her, den, I don't want her, anyway.'" An' I shet my eyes an' prayed de great God to let me go away from him, or die. An' He hearn me, kase Missy Victory tooked me right away wid her, an' de ole doctor man didn't say noffin' more, but gapped after us till we got round de corner. Fust she was goin to send me to some big ins'tution, but I begged her to let me stay wid her an' work for her as long as I was good, or else she got tired ob me. Dat's how I got here."

"But, Hagar, how is it you did not know this little girl was your sister before this time?" questioned Addie. "I don't understand it all."

"Of course you don't," Hagar said. "I never saw Dilly till she came to the Manor. My father, Noah King, was a spanish gipsy. He was very handsome and could be very fascinating if he chose. He saw my mother and took a fancy to her pretty face and then married her because she had some property left to her by her old master. She was a slave once. When he found he couldn't get it, he went away a long time. I was a bit of a baby when he left, and when he came back I was old enough to remember his coming, and how poor mamma cried and took on when he carried me off. She thought he had a right to because he was my own father. He was mad because she wouldn't give him a lot of money, which she couldn't, as her property was in land, and the like. When she found he was going to take me away, mother begged him to leave me and she would give him a deed to her land and all;—but he was too mad, and didn't believe she meant it, either. He told me all about it the last time I saw him, and how sorry he was he hadn't left me and took the property. He grew tired of me, and left me with some good people who had no children. They kept me and sent me to school till the kind lady died, and then I came to live with you, Mrs. Addie. Dilly's father

was a mulatto that she married afterwards. He was good to mamma as long as he lived. I wrote to her and she wanted me to come and stay with her. I expect I shall go some time. Now that Dilly is found I expect she will be very anxious to have us come right away."

Poor Burt had a serious time. Restless and active, he fretted under his close confinement.

"Oh dear! I want to get up. Let me turn over, any way. Where's mamma?"

"Here I am dear." Naomi answered kindly, coming nearer. I've been here all the time you slept."

"I wasn't asleep at all," he said shortly, "Only keeping still. But I can't lie here. I believe its a year since I've laid here in this awful old place. It's enough to kill anybody. Dear, why don't mamma never come in,—my grandma, I mean. She don't care if I do have to lie here forever, I guess."

Grandma came of course. Every one tried to please him and lighten his trouble in every possible way. But he was determined not to be satisfied. Now grandpa came in with a letter for Naomi.

"Where is it from! Who wrote it?" cried Burt.

"From D," answered grandpa, "but who wrote it, I can't say, I didn't open it."

"From your uncle Max, dear," Naomi said, presently.

"O, I'm glad," he explained. "I want him. Do please write for him at once. He's got to come. I shall die, if something doesn't happen. I'm most crazy, now. Will you write, or wont you? He must come, I tell you."

"Come, come, my lad, your'e fretting too much," said Grandpa, stroking the boy's tumbled curls, "This never'll do. Dr Busby says your'e in a good deal of danger if you don't try to calm yourself more. Your fever is rising again, I see. Come, be patient and brave, my boy. We'll have you up again and off to D. to school yet, if you try to bear your trouble and wait."

"I don't want to go to school—don't want anything—that I can get," he replied with trembling lip.

"We will telegraph for Max, if you really want him to come," Mr. Russell said.

Burt's eye's brightened. "You can't. There's no station nearer than Linden."

"Here dear, drink this and try to compose yourself and take a little rest and we will do every thing that can be done." And Naomi gave him a quieting draught, and sent Elsie to sit by him and read, while the others left the room.

He awoke at sunset, weak and languid, after a long sleep, yet nervous and restless still.

Grandma was beside his bed. "Well, my son, your'e feeling better, I hope. You must cheer up and be brave. Archie Kent has just returned from Linden with good news for you. He sent a dispatch to Max and was fortunate in getting a reply in an hour. Uncle Max will be here the day after tomorrow. He has appointments for preaching to-night and to-morrow night."

Burt sighed wearily. "I don't know as I shall live that long. I think I'm almost gone."

Grandma soothed and encouraged him. There was no danger, apparently, only of a long confinement if he worried too much. "But I can't wait so long, mamma,—Why don't Ad. never come to see me. Don't anybody care for me, I know."

"Addie has been here as often as she could," Mrs. Russell answered. "Mr. Rumsey is very bad, and she can't leave him."

"I thought Hagar and Dilly's mother were coming," he said presently.

"She has come, Burt," grandma said. "Archie brought her from the station to-day. She intended to get a house in Linden for her girls and herself, but Addie can't spare them now and wants her to,—Aunt Peggy, they call her—to help till Mr. Rumsey is better."

"Dear! she must have a strange taste, to stay there with an old crazy man and three darkeys," and Burt's face twisted into a very disagreeable gri-

mace. But he was weak and suffering, and had lain in the same position for weeks.

Max came. And his coming worked wonders in more ways than one. Burt's restless spirit was quelled, his fever allayed, and rapid improvement began. And Ralph Rumsey became sane as other men.

"Strange!" muttered the old doctor. "I don't understand it. Such a marked change in these three patients, and this boy says it's all through this young man's coming here," shaking his gray head doubtfully.

"Nothing strange at all," cried Burt. "Uncle Max cast the uneasy devil out of me, the bad spells out of papa Arthur's head, and the crazy spirit out of Mr. Rumsey. They used to in Bible times, didn't they?"

The old doctor stared at the boy. "Yes, I suppose so. But how did he do it? I don't understand."

"No, of course you don't, Dr. Busby. Nor you can't, unless you're a Mormon. You see Uncle Max has been spending his time for several years in preaching and trying to make people understand that God is just like he was in old times. That He has just as much to do with people now as then. He has given uncle faith, so that when he put his hands on our heads and prayed, and asked God to cast out the bad things that troubled us,—why it was done.—Don't you see?" Burt's young face fairly glowed as he talked.

"No, I don't see, nor I don't believe a word of such nonsense. Why boy this is all a fancy. 'Twould starve all the doctors in Christendom, if everybody adopted such a doctrine as this." Burt laughed, he couldn't help it, the doctor looked so puzzled, and spoke so excitedly.

"Well, well," he said presently, after staring vacantly at Burt for some moments in silence, "I might as well take my departure. There's no more use for me here." And Dr. Busby took up his medicine case and went out, leaving Burt alone. How he did enjoy telling the family of the doctor's visit, when they came in soon after for evening prayers.

Ralph Rumsey perfectly rational, but weak and languid, lived a few weeks longer, and died peacefully, blessing his angel wife, as he called her, and Max, whom he had so despised,—with a full belief in God's mercy and power, and resignation to his will. Addie was persuaded to go to the Manor a few days after her husband was laid in the grave, but she could not content herself there, and returned to the little cottage, taking Victoria with her.

"Vic, you are growing thin and cadaverous. You look as though something troubled you," Addie said, lying on her own little sofa gazing idly at her sister.

"Nonsense, Addie," replied Victoria. "I'm in the best of health. And what is there to trouble me?"

"Well, you're getting old, any way. And old maids ought to be thin and angular. And something should trouble you, if it doesn't," Addie said most decidedly. "You've acted foolish and unreasonable quite too long. Its time you came to your senses."

A thump at the door and little Johny came bounding into the room. "Say Auntie Vic, Mr. Max is out here. He's goin' away in the morning and I coaxed him to come out and play with me a little while. I called him Uncle Max and said I wished he was my really uncle, and he said he did, too. I said 'Do,' and he said he couldn't, 'cause you wasn't willing. I said I knew you wouldn't care, 'cause we all liked him ever so well. Then he said you didn't, and he wouldn't talk no more about it. So I told him to wait a minute till I come in here, but he don't know I told you. Now, Auntie, you do like him, don't you? He's ever and ever so good. And you will let him be my uncle, wont you, please? He's Burt and Elsie's uncle, and I guess I can have him as well as they can. Mayn't I?"

Addie laughed, and Victoria blushed in dire confusion at the child's foolish yet innocent entreaty.

"Tell him she's willing, Johny," cried Addie. "She is, she is;—silence means yes,—tell him to come in here, I want to see him, and you get your sled and take Dilly out to coast with you a while; that's a good boy. And he shall be your uncle, for sure."

Away scampered Johny, shouting "goody, goody," and Max entered shortly after, rather hesitatingly.

Victoria rose to leave the room, then sat down again nervous and embarrassed, as Addie taking Max's hat and motioning him to be seated, remarked, "Johny is a capital little manager, Max. He has pleaded your cause so eloquently that you are sure to win.—Excuse me, please, I think I'm needed in the kitchen." And she left the room.

When Max went away the next, it was with a lighter heart, and a promise to return in a few weeks. And very soon after he came again, the old family carriage was once more driven to the rolling river, the occasion being the sweet, solemn ordinance of baptism. The day was warm, bright and spring-like, though in mid-winter. The water rippled and sparkled in the happy sunlight as if rejoicing in the power of doing service to God in blessing mankind. This time it was Arthur and his two lovely children who had determined to set out in the better way.

Mrs. Russell gave Arthur her hand as he came up from the water with a burst of tearful emotion. "Thank God for this, my boy. Will He forgive me so long putting off a known duty?" she murmured.

"Yes, mamma dear," whispered Addie close beside her. "Go forward, and I will follow." So there were five instead of three buried beneath the waves of baptism. And a happier family never lived, than the one which met in the grand parlor of the Manor that evening for confirmation service.

Archie and Louisa had been members of the church for years, and Naomi, Victoria and her father. Now they were all doubly united.

Some of the neighbors came in out of curiosity, and went home wondering, and thoroughly interested in this strange new doctrine. Could it be that the Bible taught such things as this young Mormon elder proclaimed? Were we to expect the gifts and blessings to follow the willing believer now, as in the days of Christ and the apostles? "We must read for ourselves," they said, "as this minister exhorted us to do, and see if our Bibles contain such wonderful things."

And they did read, and to some purpose. For in another year's time a goodly congregation could be numbered in that place. The matter troubled Mick O'Harra seriously. He studied a good deal without counseling any one, then one day he met Elsie coming up the drive from a ride on Minnehaha, singing gaily as if he never had a care,

"My father and mother were Irish
And I am Irish too;—"

adding in the next breath, "and firm Catholics, too, and so was I a week ago, but I wont be tomorry, if Mistor Max will help me to be a Mormon.—Do ye really believe he will. 'Cause, ye see Miss Elsie there's nobody to look after me in the wide worruld but the blessed people here." Of course they were all willing as Elsie kindly assured him they would be, and the next day he was admitted into the gospel fold, while the following day Max and Victoria were quietly married.

(Concluded in our next).

A PRETTY CUSTOM.

ONE of the prettiest of Christmas customs is the Norwegian practice of giving, on Christmas Day, a dinner to the birds. On Christmas morning every gable, gateway, or barn-door is decorated with a sheaf of corn fixed on the top of a tall pole, wherefrom it is intended that the birds shall make their Christmas dinner. Even the peasants will contrive to have a handful set by for this purpose, and what the birds do not eat on Christmas Day remains for them to finish at their leisure during the winter.

SANTA CLAUS.

Oh, Santa Claus! when in your wanderings, to-night
You find any small stockings, dainty and white,
Pour into their depths a wealth of bright toys,
And fill to the brim childhood's fast-fleeting joys.
The shadows come quickly, the days are so brief
Of innocent trust and untutored belief.

And Santa Claus, Santa Claus, if you should find
A dear little stocking I have in mind,
Bearing the print of a dimple or two,
Oh, Santa Claus, Santa Claus, what would you do?
What would you say to the wee precious thing?
And what in its depths would you hasten to fling?

Would you think of its mate and bewitch the small
pair,

And say that, Whoever these stockings shall wear,
Shall nevermore walk in the shadows of pain,
Nor hear the low cadence of sorrow's refrain;
Nor stand in the chill of fame's mountainous mist,
By affection forgotten, by love all unvisited.

Fair beauty, bright genius, gay wealth and strong
power,

Oh, Santa Claus, Santa Claus, with these would you
dower,

The dear little baby I have in my mind,
Whose stockings, perchance, in your rambles you find;
Would these be your gifts—the glory of earth,
The torchlight of pleasure, the revel of mirth?

The gray silken masks that pale envy and care
Delight in the world's masquerading to wear!
Oh, Santa Claus, Santa Claus, I pray you come nearer—
No child to its mother could ever be dearer
Than this one of mine; and I ask for her more
Than anything kept in your glittering store.

I ask that her life may ever be blest
With a sweet, trustful faith that God's ways are the
best;

I ask for her, rather, the rare gift of peace
Than any poor honors of time or of place;
For patience is better than sensorious ease,
And gifts that instruct than poor toys that please.

And if more I may ask for the child of my soul
I would ask that a good angel ever control
Every thought of her heart, every deed of her life,
That out of all waiting and sorrow and strife,
A lesson may speak so loud as to find
The ears that are deaf, the hearts that are blind.

A lesson of patience, a mystery of peace,
A pean of triumph that never shall cease;
Then, Santa Claus, Santa Claus, if you should find
A dear little stocking I have in my mind,
You may think of its mate and bewitch the small pair
With an answer of love to a mother's fond prayer.

—Selected.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STORY.

There were once two little bears who lived in a
cave in the woods.

Papa Bear had been killed by a hunter, and his
skin made into a coat, which the hunter wore while
killing other bears.

Mamma bear accepted this hard fact, but the lit-
tle bears never gave up hoping that he would come,
and they used to watch for him at the window
every day.

One day when they were watching, they saw two
little boys who had come into the woods for berries.
Their baskets were about half full, but some dispute
had arisen, and the luscious fruit hung ungathered
while the two boys fought—boxing and scratching
one another in a manner too shocking to be de-
scribed.

"O, Mamma Bear!" they cried together, "do come
and see; here are two of those dreadful creatures
you call boys—they are fighting terribly."

"Don't stand and look at them, my darlings,"
said Mamma B.; (the children sometimes called her
Mamma B.); "evil communications corrupt good
manners."

"What does that mean Mamma B.," asked the
little bears.

Now Mamma Bear did not like this question, for
she did not know exactly what it meant herself.
But she managed to say, "It means, my dears, that
if you like to stand and watch boys and girls when
they are quarreling and fighting, you will soon get
to be as bad as they are yourselves."

At this both the little bears put their paws up
over their faces, and cried, "O, Mamma B.!" for
their feelings were dreadfully hurt by this compari-

son. "O, Mamma B., we *couldn't* be so bad! never,
never!"

"I hope not," said Mamma B., kindly; put when
I was a little bear, my mother used to say, some-
times, that her children were as cross, as boys and
girls."

"O, Mamma B.!" cried the little bears again.
"Boys and girls are dreadful creatures, aren't
they?"

"Men and women are dreadful creatures," said
Mamma B.; "and though their babies are very gen-
tle and playful at first it will not do to trust them.
Human nature soon begins to show itself. Men
often kill, not to get their food, or defend them-
selves against their natural enemies, as bears do,
but for the *pleasure* of killing. Besides they kill
each other; and that, you know, bears very seldom
do."

"But we kill lambs and calves, Mamma dear,"
said one little bear, proudly; "I have killed a
chicken myself!"

"That was for your natural food," said Mamma
Bear, beaming upon him fondly. "The most intelli-
gent animals are those which, like bears, eat both
meat and vegetables. Men are *almost* as intelligent
as we are; but they never will be truly wise, until
they learn to live in peace with each other, as bears
do."

Before the little bears went to bed that night,
their mamma taught them this little hymn:

"Let boys delight to scold and fight,
For 'tis their nature to:
Let naughty children scratch and bite—
All human beings do.
"But little bearies, never let
Your angry passions rise;
Your little paws were never made
To tear each other's eyes."

When the little bears could recite this perfectly,
they went to sleep with their paws around each oth-
er's necks, resolving that they would never, never
quarrel, for fear that they might sometime get to be
as bad as boys and girls; and their mamma could
not but feel grateful that they were so docile.—*Sel.*

ABOUT DOLLS.

DOLL, the name of an imitative baby used as a toy
for girls, is said to be a contraction of Dorothy, the
diminutive of which is Dolly. Todd says the word
may have been adopted from the old French *dol*,
trumpery, a trick; or it may be an abbreviation of
idol. Another author says that perhaps it came from
the Dutch *dol*, stupid, senseless. Dolls, as children's
playthings, are of greater antiquity than many may
imagine. They are traced back to their "probable"
first appearance in puppet shows. Whether in the
torrid, the temperate, or the frigid zone, equally
among Africans and Esquimaux, the doll has long
been a plaything. The practice of sending them
from France to foreign countries was of very early
date. In the royal expenses for 1391 figure so many
"livres" for a doll sent to the Queen of England; in
1466, another sent to the Queen of Spain, and in
1577, a third to the Duchess of Bavaria. Henry IV.
writes in 1600, before his marriage to Marie de Medi-
cis: "Frontenac tells me that you desire patterns of
our fashions in dress. I send you therefore some
model dolls. The majority of women remember
in their childhood of cuddling and comforting a
doll, and unconsciously learned to make and man-
age the dresses of their pets, and often prescribed
medicines for fear their dolls would be liable to
colds.

At one period the manufacture of dolls was al-
most limited to the Netherlands. These old Dutch
babies, as they were called, were made of wood,
with faces of plaster of paris, rudely painted, the
cheaper kind having arms and legs of wood. Within
the last forty years the manufacture has greatly im-
proved, and large numbers of dolls are made in the
United States. Still there are large importations
from France, Germany, Switzerland and the Tyrol.
There are many sorts of dolls—wooden, gutta-percha,
sewed, waxen, etc. The

prices range according to these classes, the first
being by far the cheapest, as also the most ordi-
nary. In fact, the price can easily be run up to
almost any extent. A few years ago a doll was for
sale in New York, dressed in white silk—the cost
of the robe being fifteen dollars. It had on a corset
and a bustle, and three embroidered skirts. It had
stockings of silk and exquisite shoes. It had a
shawl worth twenty-five dollars, a handkerchief
worth two dollars, a fan that was a miracle of ele-
gance, a lace covered parasol, and a gold chain
about its neck. The eyes would move and wink at
pleasure. The price was one hundred and fifty
dollars.

A vast number of gutta percha and India rubber
dolls are made in the United States. Some of these,
preserving the natural dark color, are in considera-
ble request among girls "of African descent," but
the great number of these gum dolls are painted.

Dolls' eyes constitute a curious and difficult de-
partment of doll-making. They are two kinds—the
cheap and the costly. The cheaper dolls' eyes are
simply small hollow glass beads or spheres, made
of white enamel, and colored black or blue, without
any attempt at variety or effect. The better kind of
eyes, called "natural eyes" by the makers, are made
in the same manner, so far as concerns the glass or
enamel, but the iris is represented by a painted or
stained ring. The introduction of wires and mech-
anism to make the eyes move and wink was a great
improvement.

A speaking doll was invented by a London work-
man, who after nine years of experimental trial and
failure, succeeded in making his doll utter two fa-
vorite words, "mamma" and "papa." One of these
dolls was sent to St. Petersburg, where there is a
sort of mania for mechanical curiosities. When
the doll arrived at St. Petersburg it was discovered
that, having been injured on the way, it had lost its
speech. It was placed in the hands of an ingenious
Russian doll-maker, but it was beyond his powers
to make it speak. So, at enormous expense, the
English inventor was engaged to proceed to St.
Petersburg and repair his work.

In the world's fair of 1851, held in London, there
were several doll stalls, Madame Montanri
eclipsed all competitors, and was specially men-
tioned by the jury as follows: "It consists of a series
of dolls, representing all ages, from infancy to
womanhood, arranged in several family groups,
with suitable and elegant model furniture. These
dolls have the hair, eye-lashes and eye-lids sepa-
rately inserted in the wax, and are in other respects
modeled with life-like truthfulness. Much skill is
also evinced in the variety of expression which is
given to the figures, in regard to the ages and sta-
tions which they are intended to represent."

Letters from the Hopes.

TIFF CRTX, (Cave Springs), Mo.,
October 10th, 1883.

Dear Editor of Zion's Hope:—I drop you a line to
say I am here on a visit, to see my mother, sister,
and family, in the Church, a distance of some sixty-
five miles, mostly on foot and alone. The old lady
wants the *Hope* for herself and family, although
she is old in years, sixty-seven, yet young in the faith
of the latter day work. She has found several who
are anxious to hear again and more of such doc-
trine as Bro. D. H. Bays gave them some eight
years ago. I talked with several, and find them to
be in earnest. But had no time to preach to them,
but promised to do so in the near future. I visited
the Cinica Agency the day they were paid off and
saw many of the Lamanites. Some would like to
hear our claims. They are mostly quakers, and as
I was anxious to attend our conference, I had no
time to preach to any body, save in the way of dis-
tributing tracts and family conversation, as I expect
to return again, if the Lord will.

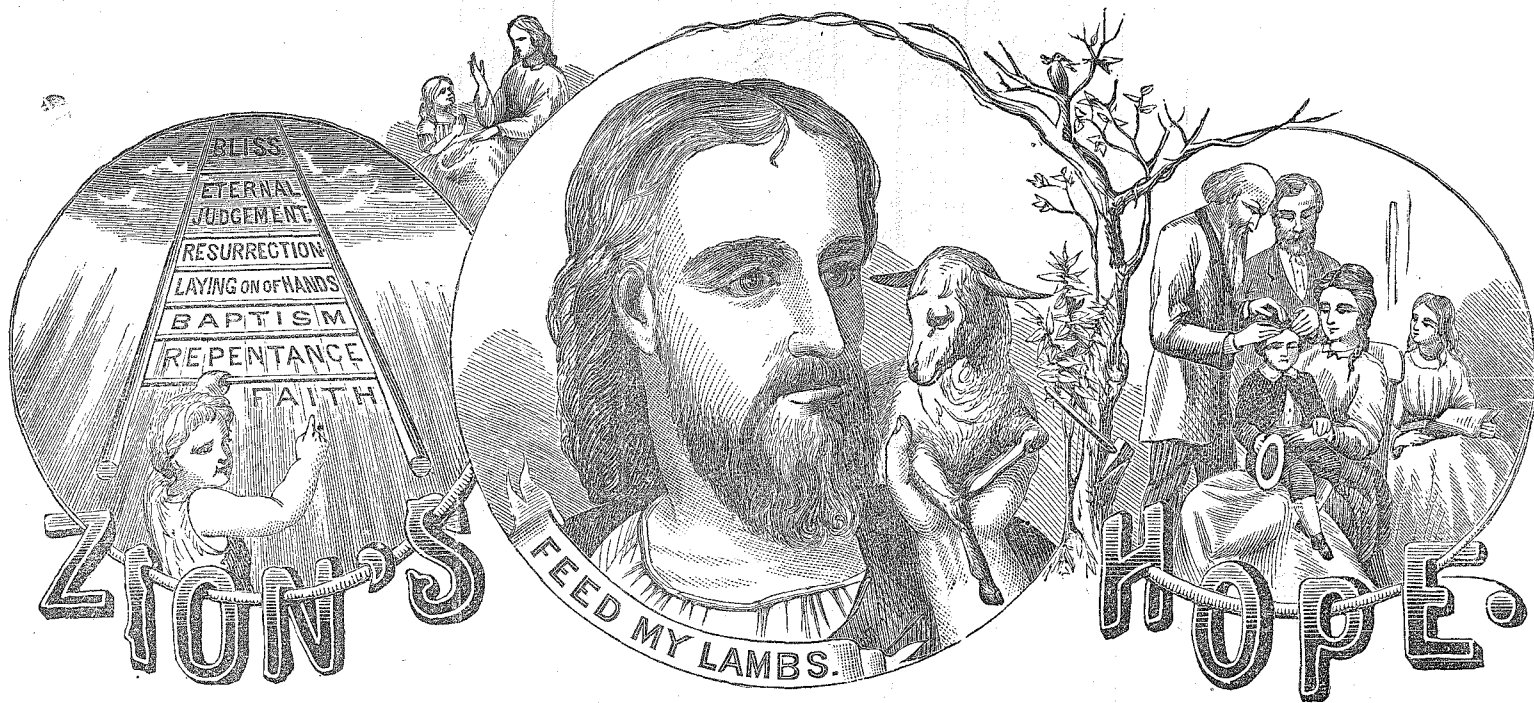
AN OBSERVER.

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

Vol. XV.

LAMONI, IOWA, JANUARY 1, 1884.

No. 13.

WAKEN! CHRISTIAN CHILDREN.

Waken! Christian children,
Up and let us sing,
With glad voice the praises,
Of our new-born King.

Up! 'tis meet to welcome,
With a joyous lay,
Christ, the King of Glory,
Born for us to-day.

Come now to seek Him,
Children though we be;
Once He said of children,
"Let them come to me."

In a manger, lowly,
Sleeps the Heavenly child;
O'er him fondly leaneth,
Mary, mother mild.

Far above that stable,
Up in Heaven so high;
One bright star out-shineth,
Watching silently.

Fear not then to enter,
Though we can not bring
Gold, or myrrh, or incense,
Fitting for a King.

Gifts he asketh richer,
Offerings costlier still,
Yet may Christian children,
Bring them if they will.

Brighter than all jewels,
Shines the modest eye;
Best of gifts, He loveth
Infant purity.

Haste we then to welcome,
With a joyous lay,
Christ, the King of Glory,
Born for us to-day.

Selected by David Wight.

THE LAMB'S BOOK OF LIFE.

Beloved Hopes:—Have you all applied the test rules given in November 1st *Hope* by Ammon, by which tests you can know whether you are true or false Hopes? I often wonder how many of those who are called Hopes can bear testimony that their names are "in the Lamb's Book of Life." All you who are so blessed as to have the assurance, that your name is written in the "Lamb's Book," have a work to do to assist other little children, that they, too, may have their names written in Jesus' Life Book; for, dear Hopes, there are many little children, who have not saints for parents, nor the privilege of your little paper, *Zion's Hope*, in which children are instructed how to get their names written in the "Lamb's Book of Life."

I will tell you of a bright little boy named Harry. One Sabbath afternoon his mother was reading to him about the "Lamb's Book of Life," which the Apostle John tells us about. She told Harry that the Lamb is Jesus Christ, and he writes all the names of those who love him and do his will, and become his children by asking him to write their names in his "Book of Life." Then said his Mother, "Harry, is your name in the Lamb's Book of Life?" Harry's eyes grew very earnest as he said: "No dear mother, but it will be there to-night." And that very evening, when Harry knelt down

for prayer with his other brothers, his mother heard him say; O, dear Jesus, now I am thine, please write my name in your life book, and help me to keep it there. So, dear Hopes, don't you think Jesus loves to hear such prayers from those he calls his Lambs? And when the dead small and great come to stand before God, and the books are opened, then will all the true Hopes find their names in letters of gold, in the Lamb's Book of Life. I hope all you who can bear testimony that your names are in the Book of Life, will earnestly try, every day, to live as true Hopes should, whose names Jesus is keeping with such tender care and love. And all you, who have not your names in the Lamb's Book of Life, remember that the Bible says: "Whosoever was not found written in the Lamb's Book of life, was cast out." (Rev. 20:15.) So dear children, all who do not know sure whether their names are in the Lamb's book of Life, please resolve, as did Harry, "It shall be there to-night." Our dear loving Savior is gathering names every moment for his precious book. Hear him say, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God." (Mark 10:14).

With a prayer that many who are not now pure, may soon be enabled to bear a true testimony that their names are written in the Lamb's Book of Life, I close. Your friend and sister, in hope of eternal life,

SARAH A. ROSE.

SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES.

DEAR HOPES:—I hope you will not lightly read this and then think no more about it, but carefully read and think and act upon it. In my last I wrote about fragment gatherers. I sincerely hope that you will remember, that we should waste no time. I wish to impress upon your minds how important it is that you should search the Scriptures. The admonition of our Savior was while ministering here, "Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and it is they that testify of me." It is they that teach us of a crucified and risen Savior; that teach us to turn away from every thing that is evil, and to serve the true and living God, and Jesus whom he has sent. We should not only read the Bible, but the Book of Mormon, which contains precious teachings, and also the Book of Covenants.

Don't spend your time reading novels; for as surely as you do, you are wasting precious fragments of time. Strive to be spiritually minded, for to be carnally minded is death, while to be spiritually minded is life eternal. The more you search the Scriptures, the more you will grow in grace and knowledge of the truth; and you can always find

something new and instructive. Their pages glow with truth divine. We should daily search the Scriptures. They admonish us of our duties, fill our souls with joy.

Dear Hopes, if there is one of you, which I hope there is not, that will carelessly read the Scriptures, or lay them aside for novels, don't do it any more but heed the admonition of your Master, "Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and it is they that testify of me." If you do not gain a knowledge of the truth, what excuse can you have when you come to render an account of all your deeds. Can you be excused if you have his law, and do not learn from it? Will you not be indeed the losers? Then let us as we see the day of Christ approaching, be up and doing, have our lamps trimmed and burning, with plenty of oil within, that when the midnight cry shall come, "The Bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet him," we may be ready, and not be shut out from the marriage supper of the lamb.

O ye young Hopes, be ye spiritually minded, that you may receive life eternal. Be not conformed to this world. Walk not after the flesh, but walk after the Spirit, that your names may be written in the Lamb's Book of Life, never to be bottled out. Be kind to one another, be faithful in discharging every duty. Wherever duty calls go, and strive to overcome every evil. May the God of heaven bless you in your youth with his Holy Spirit, that you may be always guided in the straight and narrow path that leads to life eternal. Strive every day to read a portion of God's word, and treasure its teachings in good and honest hearts. Pray much, that you may be kept from all the evils in the world; for wickedness abounds, and we need to watch over our words, our thoughts and our deeds. May each one, young and old, strive to do the will of God, that all may abide forever. Try searching the Scriptures, and see if you are not more abundantly blessed with God's Holy Spirit, and feel happier than ever before. May the angels of the Lord, encamp round about all of God's people, and keep them from all the snares of the tempter, is the prayer of your sister in Christ,

S. C. HARVEY.

KIRTLAND, O. Nov. 13th, 1883.

THE HUDSON RIVER.

It was early in September, 1609, that Sir Henry Hudson, in the Dutch ship, Half Moon, passed Sandy Hook and cast anchor in the Bay of New York. He found Indian villages sprinkled along the shores, and many birch canoes were gliding from point to point. Some of them immediately approached the vessel, and the Indians, in the most

friendly manner, and apparently without the slightest hesitation, came on board. They were dressed, often very tastefully, in garments of deer skin, very softly tanned, and decorated with fringes and plumes of gorgeously colored feathers.

A party from the ship landed on the Jersey shore. They were very hospitably received by the natives. Another party of five was sent to the north. The rude sailors were probably guilty of some gross outrage. As they were returning, in the gloomy twilight of a rainy evening, two birch canoes, rapidly paddled, and containing in all twenty-six men, approached them. As soon as the canoes came within arrow shot, a volley of arrows was discharged into the boat, which killed one man and wounded two others. The Indians, apparently satisfied with their revenge, did not repeat the volley, which would have been fatal to all, but turned back and disappeared in the rapidly gathering darkness.

This night passed quietly. The next morning several canoes from another part of the bay, approached the ship. The inmates of the canoes were apparently unconscious of the hostile encounter of the preceding evening. In the most friendly manner they came on board, bringing corn, tobacco, and furs for sale. Treacherously Hudson seized four of the most prominent of them and held them as hostages, imprisoned in his cabin. One succeeded in effecting his escape, and, leaping overboard, swam to the shore.

After a sojourn of nine days in the outer bay, the Half Moon weighed anchor, and, passing through the Narrows, entered New York harbor. These waters had never before been plowed by any craft larger than a birch canoe. The next morning, September 12th, Hudson commenced his memorable voyage up the river, still retaining the hostages he had so unjustly seized. Here and there a small Indian village was seen, with the smoke of its fires curling up through the forest. For two days the ship crept slowly along, with scarcely breeze enough to fill the sails.

On the third day, a strong southerly breeze sprang up, and all sail was set. Through enchanting scenery the little vessel ploughed the waves of the unknown river, till at night, the anchor was dropped amid the grand and gloomy cliffs of the highlands. The next morning a dense fog covered the river. The Indian captives succeeded in forcing the cabin window, and leaping out, swam ashore. Upon reaching the land, they raised loud shouts of indignation and defiance.

At Catskill, a large flourishing Indian village was found. The natives were very friendly, and came freely on board, bringing food and furs. Hudson does not appear to advantage in these transactions. He was very suspicious of treachery. To ascertain whether the natives were plotting against him, he adopted the foolish expedient of getting the chiefs intoxicated, hoping thus to throw them so off their guard that they would divulge their secret. He invited several on board, prepared a very palatable drink of rum, water, and sugar, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing them all intoxicated. But these artless men had no secret to divulge. One of them, at length rolled senseless on the floor. The rest, in great alarm, thinking that he had been poisoned, took to their canoes. In the morning they returned, and finding their comrades well, in gratitude made Hudson several presents.

Hudson had sailed up the river, hoping somewhere to find a passage through to the Pacific Ocean. Having reached a point several miles above the present city of Hudson, and being disappointed in this expectation, he commenced his return. Slowly descending the stream, they came to the point where Castleton now stands. Here there was a small village, over which an aged and very venerable priest presided.

The good old man took Hudson ashore, and led him by the hand to his humble abode. Here he was sumptuously entertained upon corn bread, roasted pigeons, and a fat puppy. He was cordial-

ly invited to spend the night there. As the suspicious man could not conceal his fears that treachery was intended, the natives, in heroic pledge of their good faith, broke their bows and arrows and cast them into the fire.

The next day the ship descended the river about thirty miles, and anchored near the head of Manhattan Island. A single canoe came off from the shore. Hudson's eagle eye perceived among those in it one of the captives whom he had so unjustly seized. He was alarmed, and would allow none of them to come on board. The Indians had no opportunity to tell their story. According to the narrative which the white men have transmitted to us, two canoes, full of warriors, came under the stern and discharged a volley of arrows against the ship. They were as harmless as if they had been thrown against Gibraltar's rock.

The fire was returned with bullets. These deadly missiles filled the canoes with the dead and the dying. The panic-stricken survivors paddled quickly to the shore. Soon after a group of several hundred Indians was seen on a point of land, near which the ship passed as she floated down the stream. A cannon-shot thrown among them killed two. The rest fled to the woods.

Descending a few miles farther, another canoe was seen filled with Indians. It was assumed that they were to attack the ship. A well-directed cannon ball demolished the canoe and killed several of its inmates. The terrified survivors swam to the shore. After these not very valiant exploits, the Half Moon continued her voyage down the river six miles, and anchored off Hoboken. Here Hudson remained wind-bound the next day, "and saw no people to trouble him."

The next morning, just one month after his arrival at Sandy Hook, he weighed anchor for the last time, and pushed out into the broad Atlantic. His mutinous crew compelled him against his wishes to return to Europe. Sailing eastward, for four weeks, without seeing land by the way, on the 7th of November, 1609, he cast anchor at Dartmouth.—*Selected.*

MAPLEWOOD MANOR.

BY PERLA WILD.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Time passed serenely and happily with the inmates of Maplewood Manor. Max abroad, and Victoria at home, wielding a power and influence for great good; she by her exemplary, and truly charitable manner of life, and by the strength and encouragement her faith and prayers insured him, doing much toward furthering the purposes of God's pure and beneficent plan of salvation. The lapse of years was scarcely perceptible, save in the increasing stature of the children, as now we find them once more grouped in the favorite sitting room, as Elsie enters,—a maiden of fifteen years,—small, graceful and modest in her violet like beauty.

"Wake up Grandpa, dear," she exclaimed to Mr. Russell, who was dozing before the fire. "Here are two letters for you, and I think one is from Burt."

Now Burt had been attending at D. for the past year, where Addie was teacher, and George Randolph principal.

Grandpa aroused himself at once and picked up his spectacles which had fallen upon Bunch's curly back, and proceeded to read aloud the lengthy narrative, which was from Burt, a rambling, schoolboy account of life at the academy, ending with "Holiday vacation is close at hand. Remember Christmas morning at 7:30, a tall, dignified looking professor—a wee black eyed Schoolma'm,—and a long legged, short bodied stripling of fifteen,—will leave the train at Linden, and shiver around the old cracked stove in the depot, till some one from the Manor comes in pitiful compassion and bears them away. Don't fail, for I feel as if I wouldn't sleep a wink, nor eat another bit of boarding-house fodder, till I see the dear old home again. I always knew it was the best, jolliest place in the world, but the full

reality of the fact, never dawned so brightly on my raptured vision as it does now. Yours hurriedly,
BURT.

P. S.—Four hours later. O, O, O! I've made a discovery! It's a profound secret, but I know all about it. I suppose I'd ought to keep still till we get there, but there is such a thing as a false notion of honor, I think. Now, don't say I ought not to betray confidence, or something like that, for there's nothing of the kind about it. They didn't know I heard. They were talking—George and Ad.—(there, I forgot the 'uncle' and 'aunt, in my excitement), in the school-room to-night after school, when all the students—save my lucky self—were gone. I had made a miserable failure with my algebra, and aunt Ad. lost all patience and ordered me to take myself to some secluded corner and revise and correct my lesson—or something of that sort. I pleaded undue exhilaration, and heightened pulse in consequence of joyful anticipation,—but she steeled her heart against my beseeching glances, and banished me. I therefore repaired to a little cubby room opening off the school-room, a little cosy for the use of teacher and student when occasion required,—and sitting down by the window, I laid my offending algebra on my knee—closed; my pencil and pad on the floor behind my chair, and resting my elbow on the friendly chair arm, I gave myself up to—idle dreaming. I couldn't master that perplexing task of x's, m's, and n's,—pluses, minuses and 'sich,'—and she ought to have known it. Just now—with my head full of vacation prospects,—how could I? how could any one? And besides, it is Friday P. M., the last day of the term.—Well, I sat there till school closed and the bustle was over; there was a short, but ominous silence, followed by—what, do you think? May the shades of all staid professors and demure little widows defend us!—but there was actually a love scene in that room beyond me, only shut off by a flimsy curtain, whose accommodating folds permitted the ambient air to waft the thrilling cadences freely and fully to my delighted hearing. But the strangest part of the story is, that I never suspected there was anything of the kind going on. To think that the whole plan has been laid and carried out, and within three days of verification, and right under my vigilant eye, too,—and I never knew it. I tell you, they're a couple of sly ones. I don't think they are very ardent, however, or I should have noticed it in their manner. They did not talk very lover-like, but they talked business, I assure you. And this is what it amounted to: They—*are-going-to-get-married-Christmas-sure.* They intended to write and tell you folks, all about it. But one was afraid and the other one dare'n't, as I've heard the boys say, and so no one knew but Uncle Max. George—there it—is again!—how can a boy in such a flurry of mind as I am laboring under, be expected to remember these empty titles. Well, uncle George, it seems, wrote to uncle Max, and he will be there to tie the double true lover's knot, in a quiet, unpretentious manner. That is the only part of the affair which I don't approve of. I think a wedding is a wedding, and it always should be celebrated. But aunt Addie said she wouldn't have any display at all. There was enough of that to satisfy the vanity of a lifetime, when she married Mr. Rumsey, she told uncle George. She isn't going to have anything special, not even a new dress, nor a dinner. That's going a little too far, I think. What will a wedding be without a dinner. Now I speak for a cake and a turkey with about four quarts of dressing.—But I must close, it's time to shut the building, and I must be out of it, and mail this as I go to my boarding house. Tell Bunch and Andrew Jackson I'm coming.
B. R.

O, I forgot to explain that I'm doing the whole family a great favor, by 'telling tales out of school.' George and Addie want you to know, but dread to tell; and such a startling event should be shadowed beforehand, so I thought to break the news gently.

Bye, bye, BURT."

Every one was taken by surprise, on hearing Burt's letter, but no one seemed to be displeased. Max had written that he would be there on the morrow, but had said nothing of the coming event, supposing it was already known at the Manor. And now, by common consent, all else was laid by and preparations begun for as sumptuous a feast as could be arranged on such short notice. Two hours before night, and until past midnight did the work go on, every one entering into the business with joyful readiness. Even Johnny, now a sturdy boy of eight, made himself really useful, and four year old Baby Beth made a 'great show of 'helping make pies an' cakes,' which consisted in patting a dingy bit of pastry into divers shapes, and dotting it with cloves and raisins.

Next day was bright and sunny, and by nine o'clock all signs of the extra 'fixing' as Johnny styled it, were cleared, evreything in its usual order, and the family grouped about, the ladies engaged in some light work, and no one evincing by word or look that anything out of common was expected, when the looked for carriage drove up to the front door.

Max, George, Addie and Burt were duly and joyfully welcomed, and the excitement of greeting was scarcely over by the time the midday meal was served, which was an ordinary repast, with only a plain pudding minus of plums, for dessert. Burt seemed to be brimming over with joyousness, but kept quiet on the momentous subject, since Archie took him aside soon after the arrival, and charged him not to mention a word of Addie's secret, and also permitted the boy, by grandma's consent, to take a survey of the delicious good things.

Addie and George were both nervous and uneasy all the afternoon, dreading to broach the all engrossing topic, and Max, warned by Victoria, said nothing. Just at twilight, one and another of the female members of the household left the parlor, till only Addie remained, with little Beth asleep in her arms. Max had gone out to the barn with Archie and Arthur, and George thought this a favorable moment. He spoke very low to Mr. Russell, so low that even Addie could not hear. And they were surprised to note in what manner he expressed his reply.

"Yes, yes, to be sure," he said. "If your'e both agreed, no one should object to such a reasonable proceeding. Bide here, and I'll go and summon the ladies."

None save the two immediately concerned, displayed the least surprise. And they were really astonished, when Mrs. Russell and the younger ladies entered the room dressed in their best and sat quietly down. The gentlemen came in presently, and at a word from George, Max stood up and began to explain.

"Never mind that," exclaimed Mr. Russell benignantly. "Supper is waiting, I believe. Proceed to business."

So, laying the sleeping Beth on the sofa, Addie smoothed the wrinkles from the over-skirt of her plain drab cashmere, and arose beside George who was waiting.

When the ceremony was over, and a simple heart-felt prayer offered by Max for the peace and happiness of the newly united pair, Mrs. Russell bade them all to the dining room where a fresh surprise awaited the young couple. They stared at one another, and then looked around in blank amazement, when they beheld the rich and delicate feast so daintily spread before them. But when she opened a parcel that lay beneath her plate, and recognized the keys of Heatherglade House, Addie's eyes filled with tears, and mamma hastened to explain how they knew. George shook his finger at Burt, and laughingly threatened him, while the boy muttered, "That's all there is of human gratitude, any way. But for me, there wouldn't be a single nick nack for supper."

But Addie turned the bunch of keys over and over in bewilderment. "They are yours, dear," papa Russell said, "to have and to hold. The deed

only waits transference. Then your once beautiful home will be yours again. I talked of buying the place last year, but completed the purchase a few weeks ago. I intended you should have it sometime, but didn't know you would get a professor to manage the establishment for you.—O, that's nonsense, child," he went on as she began about "unpleasant memories," "you'll soon get over that; I'm sure. We expected you for vacation, but didn't expect you were deserting your pupils entirely, you sly puss. But come, supper is growing cold." "Papa," said Addie presently, laying down her fork, "George has saved a little sum, and I have the Clausen farm, and we"—

"The money you'll need to improve Heatherglade," papa interrupted, "the farm will sell for what it cost, and I'll take the money which shall be drawing interest, with another thousand or two similarly invested, waiting for Victoria and Max, when he shall get too old to travel, and they want a home nest all their own. Tut, tut, not a word of gratitude from any of you. That is best shown by actions."

Addie insisted that Victoria should live at Heatherglade with them.

"And you'll need good old Aunt Peggy and her girls to keep the great house in order," added Mr. Russell. "They'll be glad enough to go with you, and they'll have to vacate the Clausen cottage if I find a buyer for that place, as I expect to do in a few days." Addie looked at him inquiringly.

"I received a letter yesterday from Jonas, our 'yankee boy,' you remember. Well, his adored Polly Ann has at last consented to come West, and he wrote that he wanted to settle near the Manor, which he says is the most glorious place on earth, or will be when Polly Ann is here. That little farm will suit him, I'm confident."

Burt had been unusually quiet, but now he turned to Elsie. "Everything is just as nice as can be, I suppose. But too much of anything gets monotonous, I think sometimes. This affair is all in the family. If I were old enough to marry, I believe I'd prefer a change. Wouldn't you?"

Elsie smiled mischievously "As I'm not old enough, I can't say what I would think. Perhaps your ideas will change by the time you are old enough." Anybody can think, you know," chimed Johnny Kent, contentedly munching a bit of bride's cake. "I do sometimes. But I don't think I ever shall get married, 'less I can stay here, because there's no place in the world half so nice as Maplewood Manor."

"Course not," echoed little Beth, as she daintily nibbled the crisp tender meat from the 'wish bone,' "Everybody knows that, and I don't know why they don't all come here. 'Cause the bestest place is Maplewood Manor."

(The End.)

Letters from the Hopes.

PLANO, ILL., Nov. 23d, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—I dreamed on the night of November twenty second, that grandmother, father, mother, my sister Katie and my-self, were in the front room together, when there was a voice heard, as it seemed, high up in the air. It said: "The watch dogs shall come, and then the chariot" The voice did not sound like a human voice. It rang out on the air like a silvery bell. Grandmother went away into her room, and covered up her head with the bed-clothes, mother told her to come out, but she said she did not want to see it. Then mother asked father to come out and see it, but he did not come.

But mother, Katie and I went out and sat on the door step, and it seemed so light and pretty all around, although I knew it was night. The grass was green and fresh, no weeds any where. (I suppose I noticed there were no weeds, because our lot is full of cockle burs and, it seemed nice to see in their place nice green grass). There were no dead leaves, nor sticks nor stones. The fences were whole, not a board missing. The road was very

straight and smooth, and every thing seemed new and perfect.

Then we looked in the sky and pretty soon we saw in the north-eastern part two dog's heads, and that part of the sky grew very light, almost as bright as lightning. The dogs came out of the sky, and one came into our yard, and sat down by us close by the step. The other went down the street and went into sister Johnson's. They were very large, savage looking dogs; but we were not afraid of them. Mother laid her hand on his head, but not a word was spoken. Then we looked up again at the sky. It was still very bright and pretty. Soon we saw two horses' heads come out, and then the chariot. The horses seemed to draw the chariot, though it gleamed like gold. It came to the ground about a rod south of the rail-road. Then it came up by our house, and we went out and looked in. It was lighted so prettily, and seemed full of light, and had wine and victuals in it. A man was there, but I don't remember much about him, for the chariot seemed so bright. Mother handed a pitcher out, and he put wine in it. Then drove around the corner; we watched until he turned toward the church. The sky still remained very bright. I thought, (I don't think I heard any one say it), but it seemed they were getting ready for the Lord's Supper. Then I awoke, and thought I would have been glad to have dreamed longer, and maybe Christ would have come.

From your young sister,
AGGIE WHITE.

EAST TILBURY, Kent Co., Ont.,
December 9th, 1883.

Dear Hopes of Zion:—As this is Sunday evening, I thought I would write a few lines to the readers of the *Hope*, which comes to hand every two weeks full of good news, for I feel that every one of us should try to help build up the Master's cause, and not leave the burden on a few. I like to read the *Herald* and *Hope*, for there is much instruction to be gained, and they are very interesting.

Dear Hopes, every *Herald* and *Hope* has a lesson to be learned, and we should heed the lesson, and follow Jesus, though we have many trials and temptations to lead us astray. But if we are faithful in keeping his commandments, and watchful unto prayer, He will help us, and bring us out more than conquerors. Then let us be up and doing, and have our lamps trimmed and burning, and be prepared to meet our Lord and all his dear saints in Zion. I feel to rejoice in this glorious work, and I thank my Heavenly Father, that he has brought me to see and obey this glorious gospel. My sister and I were baptized about two years ago. We had a branch organized about the same time.

I am your sister in Christ,
MARY WRIGHT.

CENLERVILLE, Iowa,
December 2d, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—I have just finished reading our welcome paper, the *Hope*, and thought I would try to write a few lines to you. It is over a year since I wrote to the *Hope*, and in that time we have had many joys and sorrows, and much to be thankful for. One of the sorrows, dear Hopes, was the affliction of my brother Russell. He was taken sick the 19th of August, 1882, and suffered greatly until the latter part of April, 1883. The cause of his suffering was a bone disease, and an abscess in the right knee, which terminated in the leg being amputated close to the body. This, dear Hopes, was a hard trial to us all; but how thankful I feel to God that he spared his life. I am also thankful to the Hopes, both young and old, for the many prayers offered in his behalf; for without the prayers of the saints and goodness of God, he could never have recovered. The Doctors did not think he could get well. But though this affliction was a sorrow to us, it must surely work for our good, if we love and serve the Lord. For this is God's promise, and his promises are always sure and unfailing, if we do our part.

I hope we will all give heed to the good instruction and wise counsel contained in the *Hope* and *Herald*. I think the *Hope* is always full of the best reading for both old and young; and if we remember its teachings, how often they would help us to overcome temptations, and to do acts of kindness.

I was sorry to hear of the death of our young sister, Sarah A. Summerfield. While reading her mother's letter, I wondered how many of us were as ready and willing to die as she was. Let us follow her example, be firm and steadfast in the faith, and strive to make those around us happy; and then like her we will not fear death.

Since I wrote to you, my oldest brother David has been married to sister Alice Angell, of West Belleville. They are living at Cleveland, Lucas county, Iowa. My two sisters older than myself, are both married, and living in St. Joseph, Mo. I have three brothers and two sisters younger than myself.

I was pleased to see the report of the Bethlehem Sabbath School in the *Hope*; for that was the first Latter Day Saint Sabbath School I attended, and there I became a member of the church when eleven years of age, which was eight years ago last June.

Dear Hopes, Christmas will soon be here, and the New Year will soon commence. Let us make firmer resolutions to do better next year than we have this one, and try harder to keep them. I wish you all a Merry Christmas, and a Happy New Year. Let us ever remember, that "a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold."

Your sister in Christ,
MAGGIE ARCHIBALD.

NAUVOO, Ill., Dec 2d, 1883.

Dear little Hope.—This is the second time I have written to you. I hope our little paper will become a weekly. I like to read the stories and the letters of the little Hopes. There is conference in Burlington. I would like to have gone, but I could not.

Respectfully yours,
MAGGIE BABCOCK.

CLEAR LAKE, Steuben Co., Ind.,
December 2d, 1883.

Dear Hopes.—I would not have you think I have forgotten you, but by this would remind you that I am still striving, and trust I do so lawfully. It certainly is very encouraging to me to hear from the little Hopes, all over the land; and I feel the same Spirit while reading their letters, that prompts them to write. We certainly are all of the same Spirit, as Christ commanded we should be, else we would not all write or speak the same thing.

Dear Hopes, let us continue in the work we have started in, for truly it is a work that is well worth every moment of our time. Let us each improve on the talent given us, however small it may be; for nothing more will be required of us than we are able to perform. Christ said "Take my yoke upon you, for my yoke is easy, and my burden light." How many of the Hopes can say with all truthfulness, that they have found the burden of Christ, or the Christian warfare, a light and easy task. I for one must say I find it a daily warfare; for having the things of this life to contend with, in connection with the burden and yoke of Christ, I find many times that they are very heavy; and were it not for the help he has promised us through his word, and his assistance in every time of need, I would have laid down the armour e'er this, and said it is too heavy for me to bear. But as long as he will answer my petitions, so long will I strive to serve him, however hard the task may be.

I will answer (or try at least) a few questions given in last *Hope* by Sister Julia Hill. The first, Where are the words found, "Woe unto you Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites; for ye are as graves which are not, and the men that walk over them are not aware of them." Luke 11: 44. Second, What did the Lord tell Moses to command the children of Israel? The answer may be found in Exodus 3: 14. 17.

Third, In what mount did the Lord speak to Moses concerning the children of Israel? Mount Horeb. Exodus 3: 1. Fourth, In what Wilderness did the Lord speak to Moses, after the children of Israel had come out of Egypt? The wilderness of Sinai. Exodus 19: 1. Fifth, What command did the Lord give unto Joshua? He commanded him to lead the Children of Israel across Jordan. Joshua 1: 2. Sixth, How old was Moses when the Children of Israel came over Jordan? He was one hundred and twenty years old when he died, and they did not cross Jordan until after his death. Deuteronomy 34: 7, for his age, and Joshua first chapter tells when they crossed Jordan. Seventh, Who was Moses' father-in-law? Jethro. Exodus 3: 1.

Now, little Hopes, let us put all our mites together, so that by the time the old year has rolled into eternity, and the new one is here, we can have our paper a weekly; for indeed it would be a great comfort to me; and I am willing to do whatever may be required of me to make it so.

I remain as ever your sister in gospel bonds,
ELLA A. HOUSMAN.

STEWARTSVILLE, Mo.,
November 20th, 1883.

Dear Hope.—I will write you a few lines while I have time. I have just gotten home from Sunday School. This is my first letter, but I hope it is not the last. I am nine years old, and my sister is eight, and brother is one. I had a blessing the other morning. I saw a little girl standing by our bed. I thought that her hair was made of gold, and her dress was gold, and in her hands was a gold Bible.

I remain your sister in Christ,
ANNA IDA SMITH.

SAN BERNARDINO, California,
November 30th, 1883.

Dear Hopes.—This is the second time I have written. We have not had any preaching for a while, but we have prayer meeting. We expect brother Glaud Rodgers to be with us soon. I do not belong to the church, but hope I may some day. I am twelve years old. I like the story of Maplewood Manor, and hope it will be continued. I would like to see the *Hope* a weekly.

CONNOR NORTH.

EAST TILBURY, Kent Co., Ont.,
December 9th, 1883.

Dear Hopes.—I thought I could not improve my time better than by writing a few lines to the *Hope*. As this is the first time I have written, I will do the best I can. Dear Hopes, I am trying to keep God's commandments, and walk in that straight and narrow path, which leadeth unto life; and I hope you all are doing the same. I like to read the instructions that are given in the *Hope* and *Herald*. We should be very thankful to our Heavenly Father, that he has brought us to see the light of this glorious gospel. I will close this time by sending my love to all the Hopes. I remain your sister in Christ,

HANNAH C. WRIGHT.

HUTCHINSON, Colorado,
December 9th, 1883.

Dear Hopes.—I see by the letter of sister Summerfield, that one of your number has been called to leave this world of trial, to try the realities of the life beyond the grave. She was one of the little lambs that I loved, for I believe that she was a child of God, and an heir of heaven. I hope and pray, that we who are left behind, will live a life so pure and holy, that we may meet her in the sweet by and by, where parting will never come, and that monster death will not be allowed to come and take away those that we love so dearly. I feel to sympathize with the parents of this dear Hope, and pray that they may be comforted, in this the hour of their bereavement. Yes, dear Hopes, let us all pray to God to comfort them, for he is able to console those who mourn. Ever praying for the prosperity of *Zion's Hope*, I remain your brother in Christ,

JAMES KEMP.

BENWOOD, West Virginia,
December 10th, 1883.

Dear Hopes.—This is the first time I ever attempted to write to our little paper. I hope it won't be the last time. I am nine years old. I do not belong to the church yet. My mother and two sisters belong. My father is dead. He was an Elder. We have a good Sabbath School in our new church. Brother Sinten is the superintendent. We are going to have a Christmas Tree here on Christmas Eve. Brother J. Frank McDowell has been with us since August, and he left here the sixth of this month. We miss him very much. He has done a good work in this place.

Your friend,
AMELIA N. EBELING.

Tosco, Livingston Co., Mich.,
December 9th, 1883.

Dear Hopes.—I write to you for the first time. I like to read the letters in the *Hope*. My mamma, older sister and brother, belong to the Latter Day Saints. I was baptized last August, by Bro. Cornish, when he was in Webberville. I am trying to serve God, and do what is right. We have no branch here, but hope we soon will have. I live on a farm ten miles from mamma. The people I live with, belong to the M. E. Church. They are very kind to me. I wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Pray for me.

From your brother in Christ,
JOHN BILLINGSKY.

RIVER SIOUX, Harrison Co. Ia.,
December 19th, 1883.

Dear Hopes.—I thought I would write a few lines to you. We have no Sunday School here. We have meeting here every Sunday. I wish the *Hope* would become a weekly. I like the story of Maplewood Manor. I believe that this is the work of God that we are engaged in. I love to go to meeting, and hear the word of God. I want you to pray for me, that I may be faithful to the end. I wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. I am ever your sister in the gospel of Christ,

LAURA JANE BRADFORD.

RIVER SIOUX, Harrison Co., Ia.,
December 16th, 1883.

Dear Little Hopes.—I don't belong to the Church, but I am going to join when I get old enough. I am a little girl, only five years old. I can't write for myself. One of my sisters writes for me. I love to hear them read the *Hope*. I love the little and big Hopes.

SARAH ANNA BRADFORD.

RIVER SIOUX, Harrison Co., Ia.,
December 16th, 1883.

Dear Hopes.—I am eleven years old. I belong to the church of Jesus Christ. This is the first time I have written to the *Hope*. I am going to day-school. The teacher is a woman. Her name is Gump. I read in the third reader, and study the primary speller, and first part of arithmetic. I like the Maplewood Manor. It is snowing fast to-day. I like to go to meetings, but I didn't go to-day. I like to read the letters in the *Hope*. I wish it was a weekly. I will close wishing you all a Merry Christmas, and a Happy New Year. I am your sister in Christ,

ADA STELLA BRADFORD.

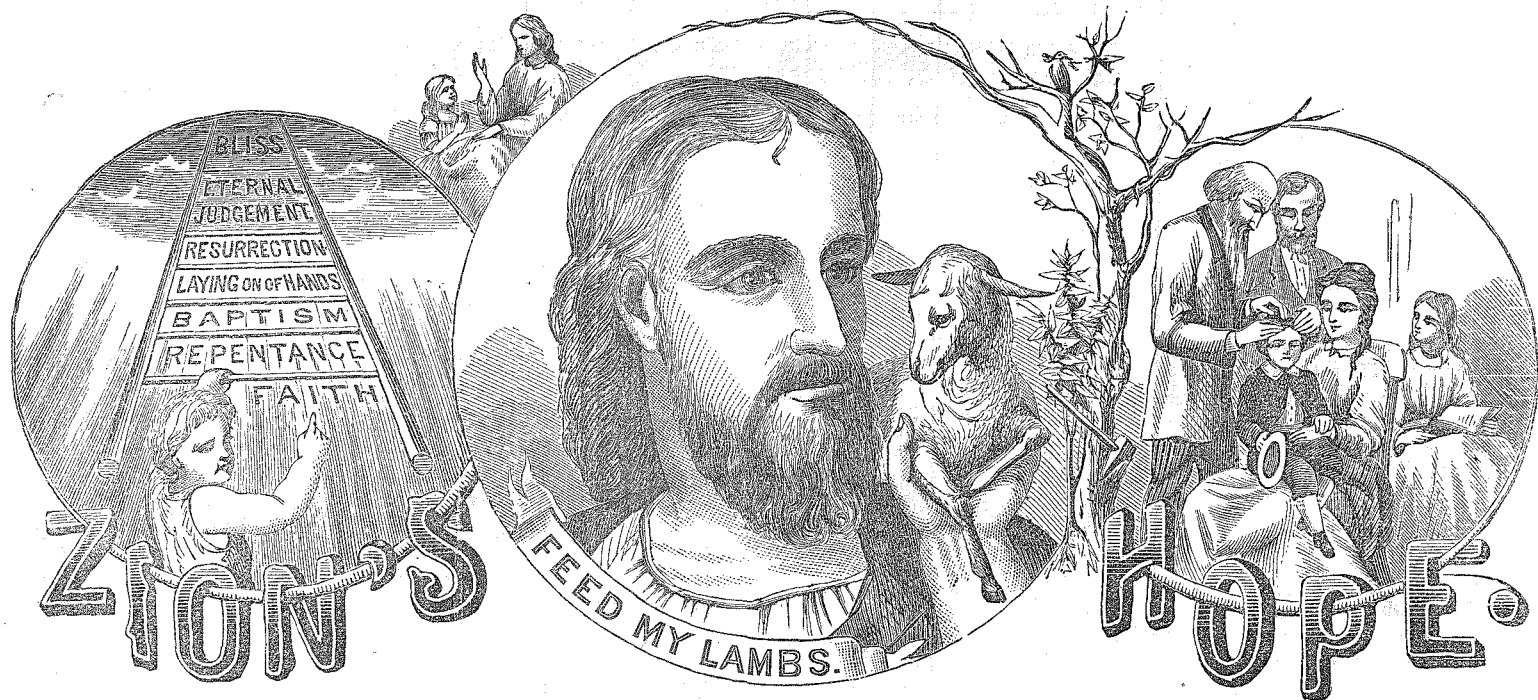
Intemperance deprives men of prudence the greatest of virtues, and precipitates them into the midst of disorders.

THE SAINTS' HERALD:

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

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No. 14.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

Gently she lays on the cradle bed,
Her infant sweet and mild;
With a look upon her face which said,
God bless my darling child.
With an ardent wish that in future life,
No sorrow may ruffle its brow,
No danger lurk in the busy strife,
Or to the tempter bow.

She soothes the little troubled heart,
And wipes away all tears;
No time or space her love could part,
But strengthens with the years.
Tis like the sun in yonder sky
Unmoved, firm-fixed, unchanged;
Though clouds may gather ever nigh,
It's brightness still remains.

See the joyous prattler running,
The many playful tricks it's done
Seems a hundred times more cunning
Than to any other one.
Innocence o'er the face is beaming,
A placid look and sparkling eye,
But woeful horrors round her stealing,
To think that child could ever die.

Then when her lingering years are spent,
And calmly bows her head;
She prays that Angels may be sent;
To guard the path they tread
'Twas God implanted in her breast
That tender, loving care;
Then in the peaceful realm of rest,
She will have honor there.

C. ACKERLY.

LETTER FROM SISTER EMMA.

Dear Hopes:—I thank Sr. Sarah Rose for her gentle reminder that the *Hope* was being neglected. And I find myself on the list that must plead guilty, though my interest in the paper has not been abated in the least. I like many others I suppose, am apt to think, since the paper always comes well filled with good, interesting matter, that there is nothing more needed. But if some one did not take the time from his other duties, and furnish our readers with pleasant stories or scripture puzzles, or good advice, the *Hope* would soon become uninteresting. So let each begin again to do better.

I am some disappointed, not to have obtained more subscribers in Nova Scotia, still am glad there are some. The children here as elsewhere, are much pleased with its contents. There is only one "real Hope," in Nova Scotia, so I will give you her name. "Eva Newcomb." Some have taken hold of the first round of the ladder, and are thinking about the third. Two little girls wished to be baptized a few months ago, but their fathers thought they were not old enough to know what they were doing, though one was eleven and the other thirteen, and very quick of understanding for

their years. It presented a sad picture to my mind, as if I saw the parents of those children comfortably seated in the kingdom of heaven, thanking God, their Heavenly Father, that he had permitted them to enter, and while they rejoiced in their happy condition, their children came to the door, and asked to be admitted. The loving Savior says, Yes, you may come in, "suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not," for outside are dogs, and they that work abomination, and they that love and make a lie. But the parent comes forth and says, No child, you must not come into the kingdom, you are not old enough to know all that is going on in here, and you might do something that would not be right. Then I ask the question, do the parents know all that pertains to the kingdom? are there any that know aught except it is taught them? Are there any so perfect that there is no fear of their doing wrong? When is the best time to bend the twig? while it is young and tender or when it gets a strong growth. Truly our Heavenly Father is more willing to give good gifts to them that ask him, than earthly parents are to give to their children. I think it is a fearful responsibility for parents to keep their children out of the church, or to neglect to assist them to come in, first to teach them the principles, then encourage them to obey. But it is hard to become sufficiently purged from the old leaven, to understand that keeping the commandments of God, and doing them is being religious. May God grant his spirit to enlighten our understanding, that at the judgment day we may be found blameless.

TELLING MOTHER.

A CLUSTER of girls stood about the door of a school-room, one afternoon, engaged in close conversation, when a little girl joined them and asked what they were doing.

"I am telling the girls a secret, Kate: and I will let you know, if you will promise not to tell any one as long as you live," was the reply.

"I won't tell any body but my mother," replied Kate. "I tell her everything, for she is my best friend."

"No, not even your mother! No one in the world."

"Well, then I can't hear it; for what I can't tell my mother, is not fit for me to know." After speaking these words, Kate walked slowly and perhaps sadly away, yet with a quiet conscience; while her companions went on with their secret conversation.

I am sure that if Kate continued to act on that principle, she became a virtuous woman. No child of a pious mother will be likely to take a sinful course if Kate's reply is made a rule of conduct. As soon as a boy listens to conversation at school,

or on the playground, which he would fear or blush to repeat to his mother, he is in the way of temptation and no one can tell where he will stop. Many a man, dying in disgrace in prison, or on the scaffold, has looked back with bitter remorse to the time when first a sinful companion gained his ear and come between him and a pious mother.

Dear brothers and sisters, if you would lead a christian life, and die a christian's death, make Kate's reply your rule; "What I cannot tell my mother is not fit for me to know." For a pious mother is your best friend. If you have no mother do as the disciples did, dear Hopes, go to Jesus and tell him what is in your hearts; he loves you better than the most tender parent.

E. L. W.

LETTER FROM UNCLE JOHN EAMES.

Dear Hopes:—I hope you are all well. I pray my Heavenly Father to bless you.

I wish to write you a few of my childhood's thoughts and experiences. As my father was very poor, while I was very young I was sent to scare the birds off of a half acre of wheat just sown. This small farm was owned by a Mr. Cox. This field was only two acres, and there was a high thorn hedge all around it, except the five barred gate, and this gate was filled with white thorn-brush. Inside of this field was my prison. This field was three quarters of a mile from my mother's house, and I was so young that she had to take me to the field. Then Mr. Cox would unlock the gate and let me in, and tell me to cry out, away birds, away! I had a pair of wooden clappers to take in my hands and rattle to scare the birds away. I said as poor Job said, why was I born in this prison. I was crying almost all day, and this was a new kind of noise, one the birds had not heard. One day was a year to my feelings; and Mr. Cox would come at noon and unlock the gate, and take me to his house to eat my dinner. Often I had not much dinner to eat. My mother made me a little white dinner bag to hang around my neck, and you know it hung so close to my mouth, that I was tempted to eat most of it. It was a great help to keep me from crying. When I thought it was almost noon, I would wipe my eyes, so Mr. Cox could not tell I had been crying. He would give me an hour for dinner, and that was plenty of time for the amount I had to eat. Then back to the prison I went, and there I had to remain until my mother came to take me home.

I have often wondered since what my mother's profit was, as my wages was only six pence per week, which is only twelve and a half cents. Mr. Cox gave me only one meal a week, and that was

Sunday's dinner; and near the end of the week I longed for Sunday to come, as they had apple dumplings, of which I was very fond.

People called me Jack the bird stoner, and I remember well that the first story I ever told was about a dead robin which I found in the field. That night my father went to the public house, and I went with him; and the men said, Here is Jack the bird stoner. How many birds have you stoned to death? I said one. They said, what kind of a bird? I said a robin. In my next I will tell you more of my experiences while with Mr. Cox.

Now, Dear Hopes, let me ask you to pray to your Heavenly Father in secret. Brother Joseph Smith, who died as a martyr, went to the woods to pray the first time to our Heavenly Father, to ask what Church to join. He had read James first chapter and fifth verse: "If any lack wisdom let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him." We read in the 26th chapter of Matthew and 29th verse: "And Jesus went a little farther, and fell on his face and prayed: 42d verse. "And he went away the second time and prayed; 44th verse, and he left them the third time and prayed." Our Savior went alone to pray, and dear Hopes, I wish you to do the same. You know the blessed Lord says, "They that seek me early shall find me."

CHEYENNE, Dec. 6th, 1883.

THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

THE Hippopotamus is termed by naturalists a *pachydermatous*, or thick-skinned animal, which has hoofs and does not chew the cud. Its presence is now confined to the remote districts of Africa. It is called by resident Africans a sea-cow. It is a powerful and uncouth animal, the average length of the male from the end of the nose to the tip of the tail being 14 feet, sometimes reaching 17 feet; the females are much smaller. The girth of the body is nearly equal to its length. It has an enormous stomach, capable of containing five or six bushels of vegetable matter, with neck and head of mammoth size, protruding so far in front of its fore legs as to produce the appearance of an unbalanced body. Its legs are short and stout, and its height at the shoulders between 5 and 6 feet.

The animal spends most of its time in the water, in an apparent state of enjoyment, or it wallows in the mud, leaving the rivers chiefly at night, to feed on the succulent grasses on their banks. It is also fond of ocean bathing, at the mouths of the rivers which are its home. Its movements upon land are awkward, but in the water graceful and rapid. Naturally peaceful and inoffensive, if wounded, and especially if in company with its young, it becomes very savage. A herd of these animals is never dangerous except when a canoe passes through the midst of it when all are asleep, and some of them may strike the boat in their terror. As a rule the hippopotami flee on the approach of man.

When under water these beasts have a habit of "blowing," forcing up a column of water about 3 feet high. In swimming the females carry the very young calves on their necks, but they are careful not to expose them to the aim of the hunters, and when they rise for air, usually manage to hide behind or beneath the cane brakes.

The hippopotamus is hunted for its flesh, teeth and skin. The flesh is eaten by the natives, the teeth have been used by dentists in making artificial teeth, and the skin makes the toughest and strongest leather.

A few specimens of this animal have been captured when quite young, and carried to London, finding a home in the Zoological Gardens, where, we believe, a baby hippopotamus was born a short time since. One or two small animals have been brought to this country, and exhibited in menageries.

It is probable that with the spreading influence of commerce and civilization in Africa, the remote area in which this monster loves to roam will be

gradually restricted, until the race shall become extinct, as the noble buffalo is becoming on our western plains, and as other wild animals have passed away at the approach of civilized man in various parts of the world.

It has never been satisfactorily settled whether the hippopotamus of the present day is the behemoth of the scriptures, though many writers are inclined to the opinion that the two are identical.

READ CAREFULLY, REMEMBER WELL.

SOME LITTLE FOLKS.

There are some little folks that we never can please,
They fret about trifles, they trouble and tease,
Full of discontent, even at play;
Till their friends are worn out, and are heartily glad
When bedtime is come, and each lass or lad
Is quiet, and out of the way.

There are some little folks so good-tempered and sweet,
That to see their bright faces is always a treat,
And their friends can quite trust them, they know;
They amuse themselves nicely with some plan or play,
Take care not to worry, or get in the way,
And are welcome wherever they go.

A THOUGHTLESS WORD.

Oh, many a shaft at random sent,
Finds aim the archer little meant;
And many a word at random spoken
May soothe or wound a heart that's broken.

A NEAT LITTLE GIRL.

Little miss Tidy
Is neat as a pin:
She wipes her feet neatly
Whene'er she comes in.
She folds her clothes smoothly
When going to rest;
Of all little girls,
She's the nicest and best.—*Selected.*

ANECDOTES OF THE ELEPHANT.

At London Adelphi twelve or fourteen years ago a female elephant was the most applauded player of the time. The animal marched in procession, knelt down at the waving of the hand, placed the crown on the head of the true prince," uncorked and drank several bottles of wine with decorum, supped with her stage companions around her, and made her obeisance to the audience.

In the "Philosophical Transactions" a story is related of an elephant having such an attachment for a young child that it was never happy unless the child was near him. The nurse was accustomed to place the cradle between his legs. He became at length so accustomed to this that he would never take his food except when the cradle with its occupant was present. When the child slept he used to drive off the flies with his trunk, and when it cried he would rock the cradle backwards and forwards till the child was put to sleep.

An anecdote is told of a certain elephant, who was called the Pangul, or fool, but who vindicated his claim to a different title in a somewhat singular manner. He had refused to bear a greater weight than was agreeable to him while upon the march by constantly pulling the burden off his back. By this conduct he enraged a quartermaster of the brigade, who threw a tent-pin at his head. A few days after, when the elephant was going out of the camp to water, he overtook the quartermaster on the road, and seizing him with his trunk, he lifted the helpless man high into the boughs of a tamarind tree, and placing him among the branches, left him to scramble down as best he could.

A female elephant belonging to a gentleman in Calcutta was ordered from the upper country of Chotygone. By some misfortune she broke loose and ran off, the keeper's story about losing her was not believed, as it was thought he had sold her; so his wife and children were sold, and he was put to work on the roads. Some time after having been ordered to assist in the capture of some elephants, he was certain he saw the long-lost animal in a herd they were about to attempt to capture. Regardless of the risk he ran, he walked forward to his old

friend, who immediately knelt down to allow him to mount, which he immediately did, and rode back in triumph to his companions. We are happy to say that the man got back his family and character, as well as his freedom, and annuity in recompense for his suffering and intrepidity.

M. Philippe gives the following wonderful anecdote: He one time went to the river at Gza, near which a large ship was being built, and where there was a large yard full of planks and beams for the purpose. Some men tied a rope to the ends of some heavy beams, and gave the other end of the rope to an elephant, who carried it to his mouth, and, after twisting it round his trunk, drew it without any conductor to the place where the ship was building. But what surprised M. Philippe most was that when any beam obstructed the way of his own beam, this elephant raised the end of his own beam, or edged it forward, as the case might be, so as to clear the obstruction that lay in his way.

USEFULNESS.

TO BE of use ought to be the great great aim of life. He who waits to do a great thing at one time, will never be able scarcely to do anything. Usefulness in its proper sense, has a human and a divine side. God works in and through human instrumentality, and if he foreordains the end, he will always, as well, foreordain the means, to accomplish that end for a wise and good purpose. God has ever magnified the individual rather than the crowd. He aims largely at reaching Mary Magdalene, Pauls, Nicodemuses, and Corneliuses.—His work is largely carried on through individual instrumentality. God places a very high estimate on comparative trifles; hence, he that is faithful in little will be faithful in much. All history both sacred and secular, has everywhere been demonstrative of this fact, and under the ruling of Divine Providence. Phillip was preaching in Samaria, and some suppose was doing a great work, when God mysteriously saw otherwise, and sent him into the desert in search of an Ethiopian. Forty years a shepherd's life on the part of Moses, and accustomed to forty years with Kings, Queens, and court officials, and cultured society, seemed a novel preparation for anything great in the future. But God did not think so; and perhaps in the very station and situation of life he was making himself familiar with something that would be of use to him as the leader of the children of Israel. We are not to despise the day of small things.

About fifteen years ago, previous to your humble servant's being baptized in Fall River, Providence sent one of his servants into the New England states, to warn the people from going to Utah, and to set up the gospel standard of the Reorganization on the way. Not very much has been said about him since then. But a score of branches and hundreds of good members and servants of the gospel, have proclaimed the old old story; and all this can be traced directly to the little seed which this lowly servant of God, (Bro. Gillen) cast by the way-side in the Eastern States upwards of fifteen years ago. Not many years ago, a man was galloping on horse-back down the bank of a New England river, in the dead of the night. He had a mission to perform, and that was to inform the sleeping dwellers in a number of small manufacturing towns further down the stream, that the great dam, or reservoir, was going to burst its barriers. The horseman as he sped along, trampled myriads of flowers under foot, but he had nothing to say about botany. He rushed by scores of projecting rocks, that were rich in stories of prehistoric ages; but he had nothing to tell about geology. Over his head the starry host was marshalled on the bright canopy of heaven, as they had been before, and from the foundation of the world; but the man had nothing to say on the subject of astronomy. He had just one mission, and that was to tell the people of their danger; and how to escape it; he had not time to devote his mind to another subject, however important it

might be, or however fascinating to other minds. What an important lesson is here given. Whatever we have to do, let us do it with our might.

It has been said by a philosopher that the true education for boys is to "teach them what they ought to know when they become men." What is it they ought to know?

"To be true, to be genuine.

To be pure in thought, language and life—pure in mind and body.

To be unselfish, to care for the feelings and comforts of others; to be polite, to be generous, noble and manly.

To be self-reliant and self-helpful, even from early childhood. Teach them that all honest work is honorable, and that an idle useless life of dependence is disgraceful.

Begin each day with prayer.

Be diligent in reading your Bible, and try to learn as many verses by heart as you can.

Be in earnest in your books, and strive to understand what you are learning. Remember the words of Solomon, "Get wisdom, and with all thy getting get understanding."

Be kind to your fellow-scholars, but don't let them lead you astray. When they ask you to do a bad thing, learn to say "no"

Avoid bad company—the ruin of so many.

Be gentle and obliging to your brothers and sisters, and all with whom you come in contact.

Cultivate a kindly disposition, obey your parents and teachers, and be very strict in your adherence to truth. Attention to these things will make you good, happy and useful children."

BRO. WM. STREET.

WISE SAYINGS OF WITTY LITTLE ONES.

A short time ago, a little child, in the Isle of Wight, about nine years of age, was dying, when its mother said to it, "You'll soon be an angel."

The little one looked up, and said, "No, I'll be a saint!"

She said this because she had been told by a lady, that the saints were nearer the throne than the angels, and because she was a happy little saint, looking to Jesus, and expecting to be near Him in heaven.

Two little girls were saying their prayers prior to being tucked in for the night. When both had finished, the younger of the two climbed on mother's knee and said, in a confidential but triumphant whisper, "Mother, Clara only asked for her 'daily bread.' I asked for 'bread and milk.'"

After a great snowstorm a little boy began to shovel a path through a large snow-bank before his grandmother's door. He had nothing but a small shovel to work with.

How do you expect to get through that drift? asked a man passing along.

By keeping at it, sir, that's how replied the boy.

A lady returning home later than usual, found her little girl three years old, in bed. The latter was asked: "Lillie, have you said your prayers?" "Yes." "Whom did you say them to, Lillie?" "There wasn't nobody here to say them to, so I said 'em to God."

One day a little boy was playing with his toys, when at last he said, in a quiet tone, as if giving utterance to that which was passing in his own mind, "I so happy! I so happy!" On his mother inquiring what it was that made him so happy, he said, "I been thinking Jesus up in heaven love me. I love Jesus so much. Jesus love Harry."

It was in the family of a well known Doctor of Divinity in Boston. For some reason there had been a slight delay in the usual prompt payment of the quarter's salary; and the pastor and his wife, unmindful of the presence of a small philosopher of

five years, were planning household economies until the money came in. Suddenly the little maiden remarked with great seriousness, not unmixed with disdain, "Now, papa, I'll tell you what I should do. I should give my people plain prayer-meetings till they paid me that money!"

A little grandson of Mrs. Andrews was attempting to build a three-legged stool, when he looked up to her and said:

"Grandma, does God see everything?"

"Yes, my son," she replied, "God is everywhere and sees every act of our lives."

"Well, said the boy, "won't he laugh when he sees this stool."—

ANDROCLES AND THE LION.

A LATIN author named Aulus Gellius, who flourished 130 A. D., relates, in his entertaining 'Noctes,' that there was a certain slave named Androcles, well known to the frequenters of the Roman arena, who was so ill treated by his master that his life became insupportable. Finding no remedy for what he suffered, he at length said to himself, "It is better to die than to continue to live in such hardships and misery as I am obliged to suffer. I am determined, therefore, to run away from my master. If I am taken again, I know that I shall be punished with a cruel death; but it is better to die at once than to live in misery. If I escape I must betake myself to deserts and woods, inhabited only by beasts; but they cannot use me more cruelly than I have been used by my fellow creatures; therefore I will rather trust myself with them than continue to be a miserable slave."

Having formed this resolution, he took an opportunity of leaving his master's house, and hid himself in a thick forest some miles distant from the city. But here the unhappy man found that he had only escaped from one kind of misery to experience another. He wandered about all day through a vast and trackless wood, where his flesh was continually torn by thorns and brambles; he grew hungry, but could find no food in this dreary solitude. At length he was ready to die with fatigue, and lay down in despair in a large cavern which he found by accident.

Androcles had not lain long quiet in the cavern before he heard a dreadful noise, which seemed to be the roar of some wild beast, and terrified him very much. He started up with a design to escape, and had already reached the mouth of the cave, when he saw coming towards him a lion of prodigious size, who prevented any possibility of retreat. The unfortunate man now believed his destruction to be inevitable, but, to his great astonishment, the beast advanced towards him with a gentle pace, without any sign of enmity or rage, and uttered a kind of mournful noise, as if he needed the assistance of the man.

Androcles, who was naturally of a resolute disposition, acquired courage from this circumstance to examine his monstrous guest, who gave him sufficient leisure for that purpose. He saw, as the lion approached him, that he seemed to limp upon one of his legs, and that the foot was extremely swollen. He took hold of the wounded paw as a surgeon would examine a patient. He then perceived that a thorn of uncommon size had penetrated the ball of the foot. The demeanor of the lion encouraged Androcles to endeavor to extract the thorn, an operation which was speedily and successfully performed.

As soon as the beast found himself thus relieved, he began to testify his joy and gratitude by every expression within his power. He jumped about like a wanton spaniel, wagged his enormous tail, and licked the feet and hands of his physician. Nor was he contented with these demonstrations of kindness; from this moment Androcles became his guest; nor did the lion ever sally forth in quest of prey without bringing home the produce of his chase, and sharing it with his friend.

In this savage state of hospitality did the man continue to live during the space of several months. At length, wandering unguardedly through the woods, he met with a company of soldiers, who apprehended him, and was by them conducted back to his master. The laws of Rome being very strict against slaves, he was tried and found guilty of having fled from his master, and, as a punishment for his crime, he was sentenced to be torn in pieces by a furious lion, kept many days without food, to inspire him with additional rage.

When the destined moment arrived, the unhappy man was exposed, unarmed, in the midst of a spacious area, enclosed on every side, round which many thousand people were assembled to view the mournful spectacle.

Presently a dreadful yell was heard, which struck the spectators with horror; and a monstrous lion rushed out of a den, which was purposely set open, and darted forward with erected mane and flaming eyes, and jaws that gapped like an open sepulchre. A dread silence instantly prevailed. All eyes were directly turned upon the destined victim, whose destruction now appeared inevitable. But the pity of the multitude was soon converted into astonishment, when they beheld the lion, instead of destroying his defenceless prey, crouch submissively at his feet, and fawn upon him as a faithful dog would do upon his master. The governor of the town, who was present, then ordered Androcles to explain to them this unintelligible mystery, and how a creature of the fiercest and most unpitiful nature should thus in a moment have forgotten his innate disposition, and be converted into a harmless and inoffensive animal.

Androcles then related every circumstance of his adventures in the woods, and concluded by saying that the very lion which now stood before them had been his friend and entertainer in the cavern. Every one was astonished and delighted with the narrative, and to find that even the fiercest beasts are capable of being softened by gratitude and moved by humanity; and they unanimously entreated for the pardon of the slave from the governor of the place. This was immediately granted to him; and he was also presented with the lion, who had in this manner twice saved the life of Androcles.

WHY AN APPLE FALLS.

"Papa," said Lucy, "I have been reading to-day that Sir Isaac Newton was led to make some of his great discoveries by seeing an apple fall from a tree. What was there extraordinary in that?"

Papa.—There was nothing extraordinary; but it happened to catch his attention, and set him to thinking.

Lucy.—And what did he think about?

Pa.—He thought by what means the apple was brought to the ground.

Lu.—Why, I could have told him that—because the stalk gave way, and there was nothing to support it.

Pa.—And what then?

Lu.—Why, then, it must fall, you know.

Pa.—But why must it fall?—that is the point.

Lu.—Because it could not help it.

Pa.—But why could it not help it?

Lu.—I don't know—that is an odd question. Because there was nothing to keep it up.

Pa.—Suppose there was not—does it follow that it must come to the ground?

Lu.—Yes, surely.

Pa.—Is an apple animate or inanimate?

Lu.—Inanimate, to be sure!

Pa.—And can inanimate things move of themselves?

Lu.—No—I think not—but the apple falls because it is forced to fall.

Pa.—Right! Some force out of itself acts upon it, otherwise it would remain forever where it was, notwithstanding it were loosened from the tree.

Lu.—Would it?

Pa.—Undoubtedly! for there are only two ways in which it could be moved: by its own power of motion, or the power of something else moving it. Now the first you acknowledge it has not; the cause of its motion must therefore be the second. And what 'tis, was the subject of the philosopher's inquiry.

Lu.—But everything falls to the ground as well as an apple, when there is nothing to keep it up.

Pa.—True—there must therefore be a universal cause of this tendency to fall.

Lu.—And what is it?

Pa.—Why, if things out of the earth cannot move themselves to it, there can be no other cause of their coming together than that the earth pulls them.

Lu.—But the earth is no more animate than they are; so how can it pull?

Pa.—Well objected! this will bring us to the point. Sir Isaac Newton, after deep meditation, discovered that there was a power in nature called *attraction*, by virtue of which every particle of matter, that is, everything of which the world is composed, draws toward it every other particle of matter, with a force proportioned to its size and distance. Lay two marbles on the table. They have a tendency to come together, and if there were nothing else in the world they would come together, but they are also attracted by the table, by the ground and by everything besides in the room; and these different attractions pull against each other. Now, the globe of the earth is a prodigious mass of matter, to which nothing near it can bear any comparison. It draws, therefore, with mighty force, everything within its reach. Do you understand this?

Lu.—I think I do. It is like a loadstone drawing a needle.

Pa.—Yes; that is an attraction, but of a particular kind, only taking place between the magnet and iron. But gravitation, or the attraction of the earth, acts upon everything alike.

Lu.—Then it is pulling you and me at this moment.

Pa.—It is.

Lu.—But why do not we stick to the ground, then?

Pa.—Because, as we are alive, we have a power of self-motion, which can, to a certain degree, overcome the attraction of the earth.

Lu.—I think, then, I begin to understand what I heard of people living on the other side of the world. I believe they are called antipodes, who have their feet turned toward ours, and their heads in the air. I used to wonder how it could be that they did not fall off; but I suppose the earth pulls them to it.

Pa.—You think correctly. Meanwhile, think how far the falling of an apple has carried us?

Lu.—To the antipodes, and I know not where.

Pa.—You may now see what use may be made of the commonest fact by a thinking mind.

Letters from the Hopes.

AUDABON, Minn.,
December 12th, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—I am glad to see so many of the Hopes willing to help make our little paper a weekly. I wrote you once I would give a dollar to help make it a weekly. I will still give it, and if there is another list of names published in the Hope, who are willing to help make it a weekly, please let my name be with them for one dollar. I wish you all a Happy Christmas. As ever your little Hope,

ARRA A. WAY.

SOMONAUK, Dec. 19th, 1882.

Dear Hopes:—It is the Sabbath, and the white snow is falling. The beautiful green is covered with its winding sheet, an emblem of death; and with it the passing year is drawing to its close. How many of us are preparing for the great change we must meet. Perhaps this year will be the clos-

ing one of our lives. These bodies, clothed with vigor of life and health, may sicken and die, and be clothed with the habiliments of the cold and silent grave. Are we living in the way to be prepared should our Master call for us. How many of us the past year have been called to resign a loving father, a dear mother, or perhaps a brother or sister dear. If so dear Hopes, it is but a little while at longest, before we shall meet all again in that bright and better land, if we and they shall have been faithful. Therefore, let us be ready, "for in an hour ye think not, the son of man cometh." Matt. 24: 44.

Our Sabbath School at Sandwich, closed two weeks ago to-day. I felt sorry to have it so. I am a warm friend to the Sabbath School, and consider it one of the stepping stones to usefulness in the church. I read somewhere in holy writ, "Train up the child in the way it should go, and when it is old it will not depart from it." I wish my little brothers and sisters would search for it, and tell me where it is found. Am glad to hear that you love the Sabbath School. Who were the first martyrs for Jesus? I wish you all a Happy Christmas.

As ever, your loving friend,

AUNT RUTH.

CLEVELAND, Lucas Co., Iowa,
November 23d, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—It is the first time I ever wrote to the Hope. I go to Sunday School every Sunday. Brother J. C. Christensen is the Superintendent. The attendance is from seventy-five to a hundred. We have a nice Sunday School. They are talking of having an entertainment on Christmas Eve, and are going to have an arch or a tree. We have Sunday School in the morning, prayer meeting in the afternoon, and preaching in the evening. The members of the branch here are about two hundred. Brother George Spencer is the presiding Elder of the branch. My father and mother are members of the church, and I was baptized the fifth day of December, 1882. Five of us were baptized the same time. I was ten years old, and now I am twelve years old. I wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Your sister in bonds,

MARY DELLER.

IONE, Amador Co., Cal.,
December 9th, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—And dear brother George, whose kind mother wrote for him. I pray for you, and hope you are well now. That you may often write to the Hope, exhorting and expounding to us, that your life may be of service to the cause. I believe that when a person is so remarkably spared, it is for good, to bring about good, and to God be all the praise.

Your brother in Christ,
E. T. DAWSON.

ARMSTRONG, Kansas,
December 16th, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—I was eleven years old last August. I have been baptized about two years. We have a nice little church. The saints are few in number, but I trust the time will soon come that many will unite with us. I love the Hope, and would rather lose my supper than miss reading the stories and letters it contains. I am in the Fourth Reader at school. I wish you all a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year. Pray for me and I will do the same for you.

BESSIE JOHNSTONE.

BUCHANAN, Tenn.,
December 9th, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—As I have never written to you, I thought I would write a few lines, and hope it will not be the last time. I like the Hope very much, and would like to see it a weekly. We have meeting every first Sunday. My mother, myself and sisters belong to the church. I was baptized nearly three years ago, by Bro. Foss, and have tried to live as near right as I could; but know I do wrong many times. Dear Hopes, if we never meet here, let us try to live so we may meet where parting is

no more. Let each one write a few lines every month, and try to make it interesting. I will close by asking you all to pray for me, that I may hold out faithful.

Your sister as ever,

ADA A. ROBERTS.

RAWDON, Nova Scotia,
December 2d, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—This is the first time that I have tried to write to the Hope. I was thirteen the seventeenth of September. We had a nice Sunday School this Summer. It was the first Sunday School of Latter Day Saints in Nova Scotia. We had a nice concert the second of November, we nearly all recited poetry, and repeated verses from the Bible. Father and mother belong to the church. I am not a member of the church, but I hope to be some day. I remain your friend,

ALMIRA WOOD.

RIVER SIOUX, Harrison Co., Ia.,
December 16th, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—I like to read the letters and the pieces in our little paper. I have been a member of the church of Jesus Christ for six years. How nice it would be, if every one could see the true work of God, and obey it. The Lord said, "Blessed is he that is persecuted for my name's sake." How careful we would be if we knew that there was a recording angel always standing by us, and noting down every word that we say.

Where is it found, where they sent handkerchiefs, or aprons to the sick, and they were healed. I have been healed in the same way. We have no Sunday School here now, but we had one here last summer; and my teacher offered a prize to the one that got the most verses, and I got the most. I got two hundred and twenty-five. The prize was a nice book. I go to day school, and study reading, writing, third part of arithmetic, geography and spelling; and my teacher's name is Flora Gump. I wish our little paper was a weekly. I want you all to pray for me, that I may hold out faithful to the end. I wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. I remain as ever, your sister in the gospel love,

NANCY EVELINE BRADFORD.

STUART, Deer Lodge Co., Mont.,
December 22d, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—I thought I would write a few lines to the Hope, for I feel that I would like to help it. I would like to see some of the brethren come out here to preach. I go to Sunday School every Sunday. I belong to the church, and my brother and sister also. I would like to see all the little Hopes, but I don't think we shall see each other in this world, but hope to meet in the other. I hope that all the little Hopes will pray for me, and I will pray for them. I remain your sister in Christ,

MARGARET H. HARRIS.

A GOOD NAME.

Children, choose it,
Don't refuse it;
'Tis a precious diadem
Highly prize it,
Don't despise it;
You will need it when you're men.

Love and cherish,
Keep and nourish;
It's more precious far than gold;
Watch and guard it
Don't discard it;
You will need it when you're old.

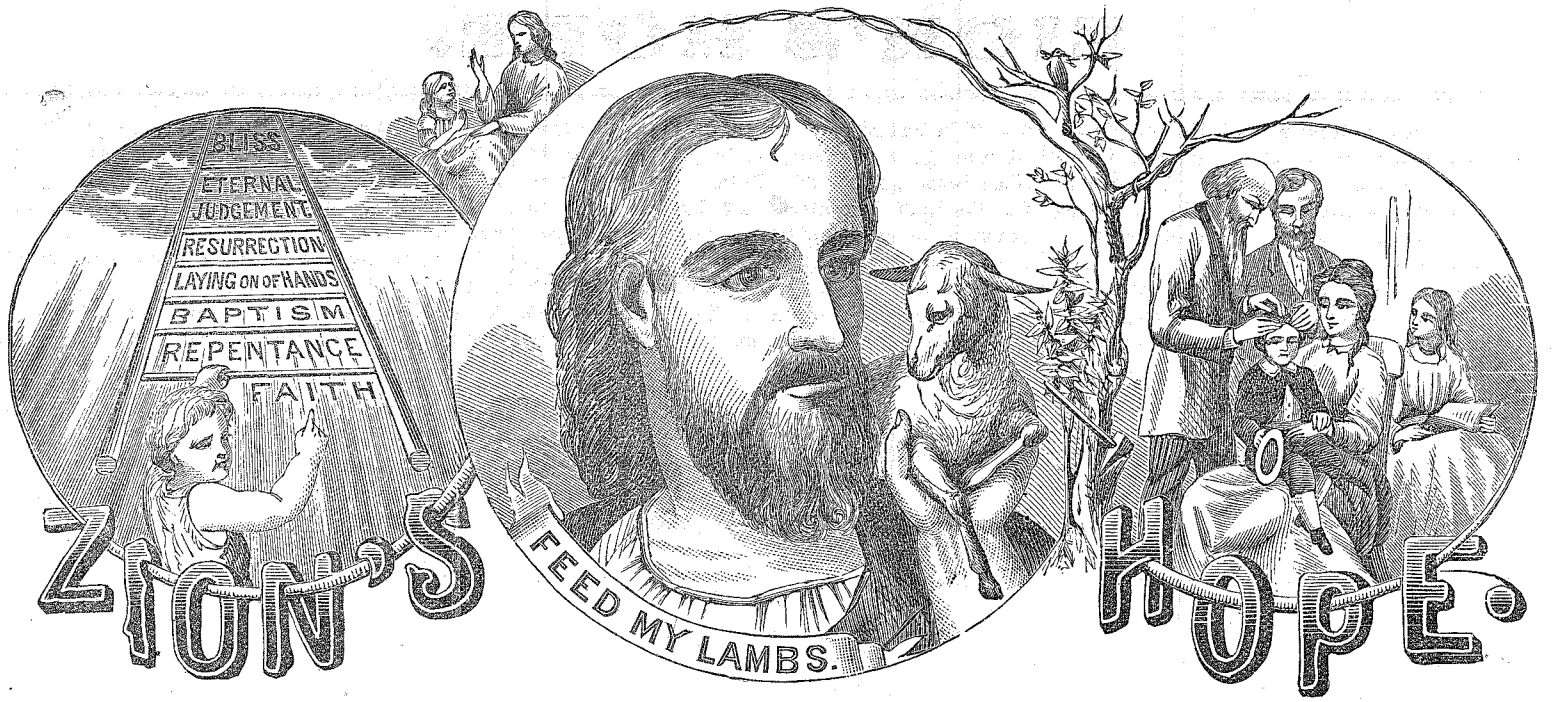
✂ Dates on address labels changed next number. ✂

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

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No. 15.

A FEW THOUGHTS ON THE SMALL LETTER "I."

As I lay musing on the couch,
O'er the present follies and the past;
Thoughts that thrilled my soul with hope,
Crept silently o'er my mind at last.

Not a sound could be heard, but the gentle breeze,
And ticking of the friendly clock;
While the silvery moon shone through the trees,
And earth appeared a lovely spot.

What lustrous scenes, what tranquil hours,
When all the daily work is done,
To gladden the heart, like tiny flowers
By genial influence of the sea.

With mingled thoughts of joy and grief,
Of scenes endured in other days,
That little "I" gave great relief,
With all its brightening, cheering rays.

It stands in wisdoms stately form,
The dot seemed like a human eye;
Saying, watch thyself, and do no harm,
For snares will in thy pathway lie.

Be true, be fixed, for truth and right,
Whatever others do or say;
When mortals' deeds are brought to light,
For only thine you'll have to pay.

Then light burst forth upon my view,
It seemed that I could then behold
That eye so constant, kind and true,
And purer than the finest gold.

Saying, "All that obey and do my will,
Though earth may shake and waves may roar,
I'll be their strength through every ill,
Till the sun shall rise and shine no more.

"I'll watch their feet, and draw them nigh,
My love extends to great and small;
My vows are true, I can not lie,
Through my own Son they'll conquer all."

LAMONI, Iowa. C. ACKERLEY.

THE KING'S SERVANT.

By the Author of "Jessica's First Prayer."

CHAPTER I.—OUT OF MY COUNTRY.

IF IT would do anybody good to hear my story, they are welcome to it. I'm too old to be of any use as a guide; but maybe I can still be useful as a finger-post, that points the way folks should follow.

I married out of my county; my people said out of my station. For my father held a small farm: the squire's lady had seen that I learned to read and write, and do fine sewing; but my husband was only a handloom weaver from the north, a man that could weave and sing right well, but never cared much for the inside of a book. But he was true and faithful to the backbone, till I learned from him something of his faithfulness, and knew it was the same as Abraham's, who was called the

father of the faithful. Words that were always on his lips were "Faithful in little, faithful in much;" and it seems to me now he is gone, those words are my chief comfort.

It was a daring thing to marry so far away from one's own people in those days. There were no railroads, and the coaches were too dear for us, even the outside of them, where in summer you were covered with dust, and nipped with frost and wind in the winter. Transome and me did not once think of taking the coach after we were wedded. The canal ran almost straight from my village to his: and though the journey took us the best part of three days, and he was winning no money, it was the cheapest way of traveling. It seems to me, when I shut my eyes and think of it, as if it had all been in some other world, when Transome and me were young, and the warm sunny days were full of light and brightness. The boat floated slowly, slowly along the canal, while we walked together till we were tired, gathering the blossoms from the grassy banks, or we sat on the boat, plucking the water-lillies up by their long roots. How gently we were rocked as the water rose beneath us in the locks! I can hear the rush and gurgling of the water now! And with my dim old eyes shut, I can see Transome looking upon me with a smile such as I shall never more see again, till I behold his face on the other side of death's dark river, smiling down upon me as I reach the shore. Ah! there are no times now like those old times!

It was in the cool of the evening he brought me to his house, standing on the brow of a low hills with what he called a clough, and I called a dingle, full of green trees and underwood, running down to a little sparkling river in the valley below. We could see far away from the door, and feel the rush of the fresh air past us, as it came over fields and meadows. The cottage was an old one even then—built half of timber, with a thatched roof pitched very high and pointed, and with one window in it to light our up-stairs room. Down-stairs was one good sized kitchen, with a quarried floor, and the loom standing on one side. Not a bit of parlor or spare chamber, such as I'd been used to. I knew Transome thought often of that; but the place grew so dear to me, I ceased to care about any parlor. As for the garden, we worked in it all our spare time, till many a passer by would stop to look at the honeysuckle, and travellers' joy climbing up the wall, and hanging over our window in the roof; and at the posies in the garden, the hollyhocks, and roses, and sweetwilliams, which made the air all sweet with their scent. After a while, when father and mother were dead, I forgot my old home; and it

seemed as if I had never dwelt anywhere else, and must dwell there till the end of my days. Nothing happened to us; nothing save the birth, and the short short, short life of a little child of ours, our only child, who died when he was seven years old, and could just read to his father at the loom. It was that year the sky began to grow grayer, and the wind to blow more chilly about the house. Transome was ten years older than me, and he began in some way to feel his age, now the boy was gone. And as time went on things became duller and duller; and his rheumatism grew worse and worse, till he had to give up his loom, and at last he could do little more than work out the rent by being odd man for our landlord, who knew he could trust him with untold gold.

But all this while the country side was changing even faster than Transome and me. The railroads had been made, and machinery invented, and all the little villages were turning into towns as if by magic. There had always been a few mills along the course of our little river, but every year more and more sprang up with their tall smoky chimneys, and streets were made, and houses built, until the dingle itself became a row of straggling cottages, creeping up towards our pretty homestead. Perhaps it was because I belonged to another county, and spoke in a different fashion, but none of the country folk about there ever took heartily to me and I always felt shy with them and their rough ways. Transome himself was a quiet man, and never cared to make many friends; so we dwelt like strangers among our neighbors, up in our thatched cottage, which was as different from the new red brick houses about it as we were to the factory people living in them. But I never felt strange with children, nor they with me. So when Transome was laid up from his work, I opened a little dame school for the lads and lasses living in the houses down the dingle. They soon flocked to me like chickens at the cluck clucking of an old mother hen, till I might have filled my kitchen twice over. But my outside number was thirty, and as they paid me threepence a week each, Transome and I managed to get along—what with him working out the rent and me taking in fine sewing from the ladies of the town.

Transome was always proud of my learning, and now he was glad for me to earn money in that way, instead of by washing, as many a woman has to do when her man is ailing. But he did not like little ones as I did; they bothered him, he said, and he never knew how to manage them. So after a while whenever he could not go to work, he liked better to lie abed up stairs, till the evening school was

over, than sit in the chimney nook listening to the hum of their lessons, which always sounded in his ears like a score of hives swarming. I used to be afraid he would be dreary and sad in those long days, while I was as busy as could be down stairs. But he said he had thoughts come into his head that he could not put into words, for he had always been a man of few words, fewer than any I ever met with, and as he got older they became fewer still. Maybe he'll know how to tell me those thoughts of his when we meet in heaven.

CHAPTER II.—A NEW SCHOLAR.

I have only one thing to tell you about my little school; the only one strange thing that happened to me all the years I kept it.

It had been a sharp frost in the night, so sharp that the panes in the window, little diamond-panes, were frosted over with so many pretty shapes that I almost wished they could stay there always. I quite wished that the children were there to see them. When I opened the door all the great, broad sweep of country stretching before me was lightly powdered over with snow, and long icicles hung like a ragged fringe to the eaves. If the dingle had been there, how sparkling and beautiful every tree and shrub would have shone in the early light! But the last bit of the dingle was gone, and a new, red brick house stood at the end of our garden. Still the low bushes about our place were silvered over, and glittered in the frosty sunshine, which they caught before it reached the houses below.

I had overslept myself that morning, for the night before I'd been poring over a book that had been lent me, till my candle burned down in the socket, and left me in the dark. I could not put that book down; it stirred my heart so. But now I began to feel as if I'd been wasteful, for candles were not plentiful with us, nor money to buy them, though I was loath to blame myself. At any rate I was behind time, and I could not tarry at the door but must hurry more than usual in getting breakfast over and redding up the kitchen in time for school. Inside the house the place seemed dark and dreary, and everything was cold to the touch of my fingers. I began to think of how ailing Transome was, and how the frost would bite him. He had not been to work for a fortnight, and the rent was running on all the while. The rent was my heaviest care. As long as that was paid, it did not matter much to me what I had to eat and drink, so that we made both ends meet, and kept out of every man's debt. But Transome's pains had been very bad all night; and I knew well he could not go out in such a bitter frost, if the rent was never paid.

Well! I was down-hearted that morning; and I felt as if I could not afford to put more than a spoonful and a half of tea in our little black teapot, which stood simmering on the hob. I'd been in such a glow over that book the night before, it seemed as if it made me all the lower that morning. I had wanted to be doing some good in the world; trading for the Lord, so as to offer Him something more than my mere day's work, which seemed to be all for myself and Transome. But now the glow was gone I felt what a poor old creature I was, and that I could do nothing at all extra for Him.

"Ally!" I heard Transome calling from the room up stairs, "are yo' asleep again! Aw'm fair parched wi' drought."

The floor between that room and the kitchen was nothing but boards and beams, so I could hear if he only turned over in bed. I had no need to stir from the fire to answer him; I only raised my voice a little.

"Coming, coming in a minute," I called back, "the tea's in the pot, and's only standing to get the strength out."

"Aw nivir see such a lass for a book," I heard him mutter to himself; "hoo forgets all when hoo has a book."

That was quite true. But hearing him say it to himself, and him in such pain, was ten times worse

than if he had rated at me. Ay! I'd been selfish, all in my glow of wishing to do good in the world. What better good could I do than attend to the duties the Lord had given me? He had given me Transome to nurse, and take care of, and wait upon, and I'd sat up late in'o the night, and overslept myself in the morning, while he was parched with thirst and racked with pain. Then there was the school; and the clock was pointing to not far from school-time, and me nothing like ready. If I could not fulfill these little duties, how could I ask the Lord to set me a greater one?

I poured out Transome's tea, and carried it up stairs. He did not seem in the best of tempers. But I took no notice of his contrariness: for how could he be cheerful when he could not lift his hand to his mouth, and I had to feed him with every morsel and every sup he swallowed? At last he smiled upon me, a very little smile, and bade me go down to my own breakfast. I had hardly time to eat it, before my scholars came trooping up from the dingle; the mischievous little urchins bringing with them icicles hidden under their jackets, which soon melted and trickled down in pools on the floor. I had need of patience that morning.

After the water was well wiped away, I sat down behind my table in the chimney-nook, with my Bible and a Catechism, a Hymn-book and a primer before me. There were four benches across the floor beside a small one at the end of the loom, where I put my best scholars, because they were out of my sight there. All were full, till there was scarcely elbow-room; and much care and thought it gave me how to scatter the most troublesome of them among the good ones, like the tares and the wheat growing together until the harvest. Not but that I could have picked out the tares well enough; but I knew it would never do to let them all congregate together. Maybe the Lord knows it is better for the wicked themselves to be scattered about among the good; so I set the tares about side by side with the wheat, but kept them all where I could have my eye upon them.

The snow was beginning to fall pretty thickly, with large, lazy flakes drifting slowly through the air, for there was no wind, when a boy near the door all at once broke in upon a spelling-class, that stood in a ring before me.

"There's somebry knockin' at th' door," he said, in a loud voice.

It must have been a quiet knock, for I had not heard it; but then my hearing was not as quick as it used to be when I could hear the bubbling of the river below the dingle. Besides the lads and lasses were all humming their tasks. I told the boy to open the door; and he jumped up briskly; glad to put down his lesson-book, if only for a minute. Still when the door was open I could see nothing but the large flakes floating in, and the children catching at them.

"Eh? but he's a gradely little chap!" cried the boy at the door in a tone of surprise.

"Tell him to come in," I called, bidding the class make way for our visitor.

Well, well, I never saw such a beautiful boy before nor since. He was about seven, but rather small and delicate of his years. His eyes were as blue as the forget-me-nots that used to grow along the river-side; and his brown hair was sunny as if it had a glory round it. Somehow, I thought all in a moment of how the Lord Jesus looked when He was a blessed child on earth. The little fellow had on a thin, thread-bare sailor's suit of blue serge—so thin that he was shivering and shaking with cold, for the snow had powdered him over as well as everything else. He looked up in my face half smiling, though the tears were in his eyes; and his little mouth quivered so he could not speak. I held out my hand to him, and called him to me in my softest voice, wishing it was as soft as it used to be when I was young.

"What are you come for, my little man?" I asked.

"I want to come to your school," he said, almost sobbing; "but I haven't got any money; and Mrs. Brown says you'll not have me without money."

"Who is Mrs. Brown?" I asked, feeling my heart strangely drawn to the child.

"She's taking care of me," he answered, "till father comes back. Father'll have lots of money when he comes home. But he's been away a long, long while; and nobody's kind to me now. Sometimes Mrs. Brown says I must go to the work-house. Father brought me a parrot last time he came; but it flew away one night while I was asleep, and nobody ever saw it again."

I felt the tears start in my own old eyes as he spoke, and all the scholars looked to me as if there was a mist in the room.

"Poor boy!" I said. "And where is mother?" I might have spared him the question if I had thought a moment. His little mouth quivered more than ever, and the tears slipped over his eyelids, and ran down his cheeks.

"Never mind!" I said hastily, and drawing him near to me, closer and closer till his curly little head was on my bosom, "you shall come to school, my little lad."

Yet before the words were off my tongue, I began to wonder how it could be managed. There was not a spare inch of bench, not even at the end of the loom, where my best scholars sat. Only the day before I had refused steadily to take in a boy for fourpence a week; ay! sixpence a week his mother offered me if I would only have him, and keep him out of mischief. Besides there was Transome laid up, and the rent running on, and sixpence a week ready for me if I'd take it. Still, it would cost me nothing to teach the child, and it came across me as if the Lord was saying, "This is what you can do for me!" Yes, this was the extra work I had set me to do. After that if anybody had offered me five shillings a week to send that child away to take another, I could not have done it.

"I'll be sure to pay some day," said the boy anxiously; "when you've taught me to write I'll write and ask father to come home quickly. He went away in his ship a long while ago; but he's sure to come home if I write him a letter. So I want to make haste and learn. May I begin this morning?"

"You shall begin very soon," I answered, ready to laugh and cry together at his eager way, and his belief that his father would come back if he could only write him a letter; "tell me what your name is."

"My Father's Captain John Champion," he said, lifting his little head proudly, "and my name's Philip; but father calls me Pippin, and you may if you like. Mrs. Brown calls me all sorts of names."

"Creep in here, Pippin," I said, making a place for him close beside me in the chimney-nook. There was barely room for me to stir; but the little lad kept so still and quiet, with his shining eyes lifted up to me, and his face all eager with hearkening to what I was teaching the other scholars that I did not care about being crowded.

There was a small, low chair of Willie's, my only boy who was dead, that was kept strung up to a hook in the strong beam by a bit of rope. It was a pretty chair, painted green, with roses along the back, and many a time my scholars had admired it. But no child had ever sat in it since Willie died. When morning school was over I climbed up on one of the benches, in spite of my stiff limbs, and unfastened it. The tears stood again in my eyes, for I fancied I could see my boy sitting in it by the side of the fireplace, and watching me while I was busy about my work. But I dusted it well, and set it down just in Willie's own place in the chimney nook, where Pippin was still quietly squatting on the floor; for he had not run away the moment school was over, like the other children.

"There!" I said, "that's your seat now, my little lad. It belongs to my Willie who's been in heaven these twenty years waiting for me and father. Nobody but a good boy ought to sit on a chair that belongs to him, now he's an angel."

"I'm going to be a good boy now, and an angel some day," said the child, smiling up into my face. "The Lord help him and me!" I said to myself, as I put the room to rights after the lads and lasses, "it's not that easy to be good."

(To be continued.)

MY MOTHER.

Often into folly straying,
Oh, my mother, how I've grieved her;
Oft I've heard her for me praying,
Till the gushing tears relieved her;
And she gently rose and smiled,
Whispering, "God will keep my child."

She was youthful then, and sprightly,
Fondly on my father leaning,
Sweet she spoke, her eyes shone brightly,
And her words were full of meaning;
Now, an autumn leaf decayed,
I, perhaps, have made it fade.

But whatever ills betide thee,
Mother, in them all I share;
In thy sickness watch beside thee,
And beside thee kneel in prayer.
Best of mothers, on my breast
Lean thy head and sink to rest.

Selected.

WHICH FALLS THE FASTEST.

An ounce weight and a ton weight of iron will fall down a pit with equal speed, and in equal time. Until about three hundred years ago all the learned men in the world disbelieved and denied it. Galileo, an Italian, taught the contrary to the popular belief. The University of Pisa challenged him to the proof. The leaning tower of that city was just the place for such an experiment. Two balls were obtained and weighed, and one was found to be exactly double the weight of the other. Both were taken to the top. All Pisa looked on, and crowds of dignitaries were confident that young Galileo, the obscure and despised, but honored and immortalized now, would be proved to be in error. The two balls were dropped at the same instant. Old theory and all the world said that the large ball, being twice as heavy as the less, must come down in half the time. All eyes watched, and lo! all eyes beheld them strike the earth at the same instant. Men then disbelieved eyes, and repeated the experiment many times, but each with the same result. The little ball was big enough to destroy a theory two thousand years old; and had it been as little as a pea it would have destroyed it just as well, or even more quickly.

But how was this? Did not the earth draw down the large ball, which was double the weight of the smaller, with double the force? Yes, truly, but in drawing down the large ball there was a double force of resistance to be overcome, and as the two forces acted in a given proportion on the less, the velocity of the two was equal, though in bulk they were unequal. Let us suppose that there be two wagons, one with a load of five tons, and the other ten tons, and with that unequal horse-power—should not their speed be equal, though their weight is unequal? No; there must be a double horse-power to draw the double weight to obtain equal speed. Let a ten-pound weight and a one-pound weight fall to the earth at the same time, and the earth must draw down the heavier weight with ten times greater force than the other, that they may have equal speed, and it does so. A ton weight of iron and an ounce weight, leaving the top of a pit at the same instant, would therefore at the same instant fall to the bottom.

SABBATH SCHOOL REPORTS.

Report of the Deloit Sunday School, for the quarter ending December 16th, 1883; Total number of officers 6, teachers 4. Total attendance of officers 31, teachers 29, female pupils 141, Male pupils 92, visitors 116, all 409. Average attendance of officers 3.1, teachers 2.9, female pupils 14.1, male pupils 9.2, visitors 11.6, all 40.9. Total number of verses learned 119. Penny collection 81cts. The following officers and teachers were elected for the next

quarter. Superintendent N. L. Hunt. Assistant Superintendent A. G. Myers. Secretary C. J. Hunt. Treasurer Mrs. Nora Myers. Teacher for Bible class No. 1, J. T. Turner. Class No. 2, Geo. Myers. Class No. 3, Rosa Goff. Ever wishing success to the Sunday School work,

I remain, yours respectfully,

C. J. HUNT, Sec.

Report of Clear Lake Sabbath School for three months, ending Jan. 1st, 1884. Average attendance of scholars, 41. Average attendance of teachers and officers 5. Average attendance of scholars, teachers, officers and visitors, 50. Books in library, 50. Papers, *Zion's Hope*, 8. Song books in use by the school 25. Verses committed to memory 313. Cash received \$1.47. Cash on hand \$2.79.

H. A. LORDS, Supt.
G. F. STROH, Sect.

Report of Calvary Sabbath School, for ten months ending Jan. 6th 1884. Total attendance 932. Average Attendance 22. Total number of scholars 668. Average 16. Total number of boys 264. Average 6. Total number of girls 404. Average 10. Total amount of collections taken \$5.70. Average 13cts. Paid out \$5.70.

MARY E. MCGUIRE, Sec.

Letters from the Hopes.

BENWOOD, West Virginia,
January 1st, 1884.

Beloved Hopes:—I take the pleasure to write a few lines to our little paper, as this is New Year's Night; and also the first time. My mother belongs to the church, and my sister and myself. I was baptized by G. T. Griffiths, in the month of June, and I was thirteen years old in April. We have a nice little church here, and a nice little Sabbath School. Our Sabbath School begins in the morning at half past ten, and saints' meeting at two in the afternoon, and when there is an Elder here, there is preaching. I am the youngest in this branch. We had a very nice time Christmas Night. We had a Christmas tree and treat also. Brother J. F. McDowell and Brother Ellis were with us at our conference, but they left the sixth of December. We had Brother Shinn with us also.

Yours in the bonds of Christ,

BETTIE L. GILL.

SHELBY, Dec. 26th, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—As you have not heard from me, or any one else in this branch lately, I thought it my duty as one of your merry little band, to help in filling out the column for letters, as I do not want to be numbered among those who fail in doing their duty, too many already are taking that path. But, dear Hopes, let us make some allowance for such. They may have many troubles and trials that we do not know of, as this world is full of such. Therefore, let us not try to make the burden heavier and the way darker. But instead of that, try to lighten their burdens and go before our Heavenly Father, asking him to help the weak and erring ones, that they may be prepared to leave this world of care when called away. There is not one of us that knows what time our spirits may be called away, is it not very needful, then, that we should at all times be prepared, for great changes take place in short periods of time. When I last wrote to *Zion's Hope* all nature seemed bright and gay, for the earth was robed in its green garment, and the air was filled with fragrance from various buds and blossoms; while the birds making a happy little choir, flitted from bush to tree. But now things are changed. Mr. Jack Frost has made his appearance, and the earth no longer wears its green robe, but instead a white one. The air is now filled with snowflakes instead of sweet fragrance, and the voices of the birds are still. They have flown to the sunny south, where no chilling blast can pierce their downy coats. But why is this, you may ask. Be-

cause God being so good and merciful, so designed it. He gave to the robin, wren, swallow, and many other birds too numerous to mention, the instinct and knowledge when to flee from the cold and freezing winds of the north.

Young and old Hopes, do not forget, that this year, 1883, is nearly closed. But glance back and see if you have overcome some of your imperfections, and if you have led a better life than in the previous year. If not, my advice is, embrace the opportunity that is about to be given, for a new year is coming. Let us all try to drop as much of our slang talk, by-words, wrong actions and evil companions, as is possible the coming year.

I see by our last *Hope* that Maplewood Manor has closed, and I think the closing in this case as sweet as the beginning. I hope that Sr. Perla Wild will give us a New Year's gift, by favoring us with another piece, similar to the one just ended. I wish you all a Happy New Year. From your sister,

CARRIE NUTT.

BENWOOD, West Virginia,
New Year's Night, 1884.

My Dear Hopes:—I have taken the opportunity for the first time to write to your little paper, and I hope it will not be the last. I am a member of the church, and praise God for leading me into the truth. We have a Sunday School here. Sunday we had sixty-eight present. Our school is advancing rapidly. We had a nice Christmas Tree Christmas Night. We have been having church here. Brother G. Griffiths has been preaching and intends continuing this week. I teach a class in Sabbath School of seven little girls when all there. I hope God will lead them into the truth. I hope and pray that I may continue faithful unto the end. I remain your sister in Christ,

MARY S. GILL.

RIDGWAY Harrison Co., Mo.,
December, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—I have thought for sometime of contributing my mite for the *Hope*. This is the Sabbath, and a beautiful day it is, too, for the ninth of December. I sometimes wish I could have the privilege of attending Sunday School, and though I have not, I hope I may have sometime. I appreciated the piece entitled "Fragment Gatherers," very much. Dear Hopes, are we using those small, but precious fragments of time which each and all of us find every day, as we should?

I think one way of wasting our spare moments, is by reading such books as will never benefit us, nor increase our knowledge. The commandment is to "seek knowledge from good books." I was very much interested in "Maplewood Manor." I think it was a splendid piece. Let us be firm and steadfast in the cause while we are young, that we may be firmer as we grow older. Let us lay up treasures in heaven, "For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." Your brother,

DAVID WIGHT.

CARLINGFORD, Ontario,
December 23d, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—It is my first attempt to write to you. I am eight years old, and I have three brothers. Well, Christmas is drawing near, which we all look forward to with pleasure, and celebrate as Christ's birthday, with feasting. But mother says it should be with prayer and fasting. I will close, with my kind love to you all.

ARTHUR RIDLEY.

No. 3882 Pleasant st., FALL RIVER, Mass.,
December 1883.

Dear Brother Joseph:—We want to let you know that the Saints here had a first-class time Christmas day, clouds deterred them not. Brn. Potts, Gilbert, Leathers, Joseph McKee and others, from long before sunrise were doing their best singing. Doors of chapel open from six p.m., to a well filled house. Good opening remarks by Brn. Potts and Gilbert. Tip top music, Bro. Granger doing his

part in that department; and recitations well sweetened with musical sugar of sweet sounds. Two well filled trees were divested of their fruit. After refreshments were over think nearly an hour was spent in gathering the fruit into the various garner of young, middle aged and older persons. Toys and toilet articles; good articles and droll ones, useful and ornamental. All seemed contented. Takes about a year for the fruit of a Christmas tree to mature. What species of tree does it belong to?

Yours in hopes of a happy future,

NON PLUS.

STEWARTSVILLE, Mo.,

Dec. 29th, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—I thought I would write to you and wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. We have a good Sabbath School here. We have from fifteen to twenty pupils in the little class. The old folks have a man teacher, and the other classes have lady teachers. We had another fire here the other night. It burned seven business houses and one dwelling.

Dear Hopes, let us strive to keep the Lord's commandments. Commence with the new year. There is no one like the Lord. Let us be like Harry, have our name's in the Lamb's Book of Life. I hope our little paper will soon become a weekly.

EVA SMITH.

CARLINGFORD, Ontario,

December 23d, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—It is with pleasure that I write you again. I am far from our own Saints' Sunday School, and I go to the Methodist Sunday School. We are going to have a Christmas to-morrow night. I am twelve years old past. I am not baptized yet. My father and mother are both in the Church. You must not expect big things from me, or anything interesting; but pray for me that what I do may be in Zion's cause. I wish you a Merry Christmas, and a Happy New Year. Pray for me.

Yours, truly,

S. T. RIDLEY.

NEW BEDFORD, Mass.,

Dec. 30th, 1883.

Dear Brother Joseph:—By request I send you the programme of the Christmas Concert held in Providence Rhode Island, Dec. 25th. We had a very good time, everything passed off pleasantly. The most notable recitation was by Sister Annie Siegrist, entitled, "We are comforted." The rest of the children acquitted themselves nobly. The singing was excellent. The parents and friends were, I believe, very well pleased. There were two large trees loaded with presents, and all the children were made happy. The officers and teachers of the Sabbath School were encouraged by the promptness of the scholars. May the blessings of God attend them is my prayer.

I remain your Brother,

WM. H. W. MARSLAND.

PROGRAMME.—Opening, "A Welcome to all." singing 102 Wreath of Praise, by school. Reading of Scriptures Matt. 2nd chapter by Bro. F. A. Potter. Opening prayer by Bro. F. A. Potter. Singing "Golden Bells," 153, Wreath of Praise, by school. Recitation, "We are comforted," by Sr. Annie Siegrist. "Fly away, pretty moth," by Albert Moore. Singing, "Christmas tune," 155 Wreath of Praise, by school. "Christian Child," dialogue, by Jennie Miller, Emma Miller, and Ethel Cadwell. Recitation by Edna Toombs. Recitation by Lulu Toombs. Singing "Jesus is calling for thee," 104 Wreath of Praise by school. Recitation, "Little Bessie," Jennie Humphry. Recitation, "Dying Orphan Boy's Dream," by Olive Howes. Dialogue and song, "Rock of ages," by Florence Moore and Laura Eukars. Recitation, "Papa's Letter," by Ethel Cadwell. Recitation, "The Robins," By George R. Yerrington. Dialogue, "The Fisher Boy," by Florence Oatley, Olive Howes and Bessie Bond. Recitation, "Lost," by Mabel Miller. Recitation, "Boy's rights,"

by Roscoe Oatley. Singing, "Jesus the Sure Foundation," 90 Wreath of Praise, by school. Recitation, "Station Agents Story," by James Johnson. Recitation, "What we live for," by Lena Howes. Recitation, "A Ship is sailing oer the Sea," by Ervis Howes. Singing, "Gently down the stream of time," by five girls. Recitation, "Boys wanted," by Herbert Johnson. Song, "Hear the story of the Bells," by Rosa and Eddie Dambrouch. Recitation, "Little Frankie," by Frank Potter. "Harmonica," Solo by Mr. Sween. Recitation, "Ruth's Prayer," by Lena Uphoff. Duet, "Gypsy Girls," by Florence Moore and Laura Eukars. Singing in German, "Little Drops of Water," by Hugo Arnold. "Harmonica," Solo by Mr. Sween. Recitation, "Twenty five proverbs according to alphabet," by Hugo Arnold. Recitation, "Christmas Eve," by Addie Potter. Recitation, "Little Ralph," by Laura Uphoff. Recitation, "Going Home," by Maudie Hawks. Recitation, "Grandma's spec's," by Ruth M. Sheehy. Song, "Little Drops of Water," by Nellie Young. "Harmonica," Solo, by Mr. Sween. Reading, "How to cure a cold," by Bro. Henry Greely. Singing, "Gather around the Christmas tree," 150 Wreath of Praise, by School. Distribution of Presents. Remarks by Bro. F. A. Potter. Closing Hymn, "Give thanks all ye people," 144 Wreath of Praise. Concert in charge of Superintendent, Bro. A. J. Perry. Organist, Bro. G. A. Yerrington. Leader of Singing, Bro. William H. W. Marsland.

INDEPENDENCE, Mo.,

Jan. 4th, 1884.

Dear Hopes:—As it is the first time I ever wrote to the Hopes, I will not try to write much. I do not belong to the church, but hope I will. My sister wrote a dream that I had. I go to Sunday School Sundays. I had a very nice time Christmas. We had a ship, and I was one of the sailors, and Freddie Pitt was the other. Brother Andrew Cox is superintendent. He is very kind and good to all of us. My sister teaches our class. We have a very nice time. When we are obedient, and pay good attention, earn a prize ticket with a verse on it.

Respectfully your friend,

DON SMITH

BENWOOD, West Virginia,

December 29th, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—This is the first time I ever attempted to write to our little paper. I hope it will not be the last time. I am thirteen years old. I do not belong to the church. My father and mother belong. We have a good Sabbath School at half past ten on Sundays. Saints meeting at two, and preaching at night when there is an Elder here. Mother is at preaching to-night. Brother G. T. Griffith is preaching. We had a nice Christmas tree at our Sabbath School Christmas night.

I still remain your friend,

EMMA J. HUMES.

SCRANTON, Osage Co., Kansas,

Dec. 24th, 1883.

Uncle Joseph and Little Hopes:—I will write a few lines to the Hopes. It is very nearly Christmas. I wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. The Saints are laying the foundation for their church. I love to read the letters in the Hopes. I have some uncles and aunts in the church, and some out of the church; but I would like to see them all in the church. Pray for me, that I may grow stronger in the faith, as I grow older. I will close with love to all the Hopes.

MARY E. CHAPMAN.

KEOKUK, Iowa,

Dec. 31st, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—This is the first time I have ever written to you. I am twelve years old. I would not have you think I have forgotten you. I was baptized a year ago last fall. I am trying to keep God's commandments, and walk in that straight and narrow path, which leadeth unto life, and hope you are all

doing the same. I like to read the *Hope*. I hope all will have their name's on the Lamb's Book of Life. I for one will try to have mine there. Mamma, papa, my brother, sister, and myself, were baptized. We all go to Sunday School every Sunday. I like to go and hear of the words and commandments of God. I remain your sister in Christ,

LOTTIE FERGUSON.

PINCKNEYVILLE, Ill.,

Dec. 23d, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—It is with pleasure I write to you for the first time, but I hope it will not be the last. I am nine years old. I have not been baptized yet, but I intend to be. There is no branch here. Papa and mamma are the only Saints here. The people here are prejudiced against our faith. I have one sister thirteen years old. I wish you all to pray for me. May we all live so as to gain a home in heaven.

From your little friend,
GRACIE FLOWER.

PINCKNEYVILLE, Ill.,

Dec. 23d, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—It is with pleasure that I write to you. This is the first time I have written to you, but I hope it shall not be the last. I was baptized three years ago. I would like to correspond with some of the Hopes. I am nearly fourteen years old. I go to school and study, fifth reader, third part Arithmetic, geography, history, writing, spelling. I wish you all to pray for me.

Your sister in Christ,

LAVINIA FLOWER.

INDEPENDENCE, Mo.,

Jan. 2d, 1884.

Dear Hopes:—I thought I would write a few lines to you, as I have never written to you before. I will be ten years old the first day of March. I go to Sabbath School. My sister Vida is one teacher, and Miss Mamie White is another. She teaches my class. We have meeting in the morning, afternoon and night. I go to church in the morning, and sometimes in the afternoon. Mamma went last Sunday, and Brother Pitt preached. We had a very nice sermon. We had a good time Christmas. I got some very nice things. We had a ship and two sailors. One was my brother Don, and the other was Freddie Pitt. Pray for me.

Your sister in the Church,

EVA GRACE SMITH.

GILMORE CITY,

Dec. 31st, 1883.

Dear Hopes:—This is the last day of the year, and I thought I would write a few lines to our nice, neat little paper, that I love so well. I will send in all the money I have to pay on the *Hope*. I do wish that it was a weekly paper. It is a welcome visitor to me. Pa is talking now of leaving here in the spring. He is going to try to get a farm down near Lamoni. Then pa has to leave his farm here. Dear Hopes, I was very sick. I thought I would die. Ma did too, but I had strong faith in God. Bro. Stamm is preaching here. He feels strong in the work. He preaches with much power, almost raises himself off the floor. I want to be a good boy, so I can live with God's people on this earth, by and by.

Your brother in the faith,
GEORGE CHATFIELD.

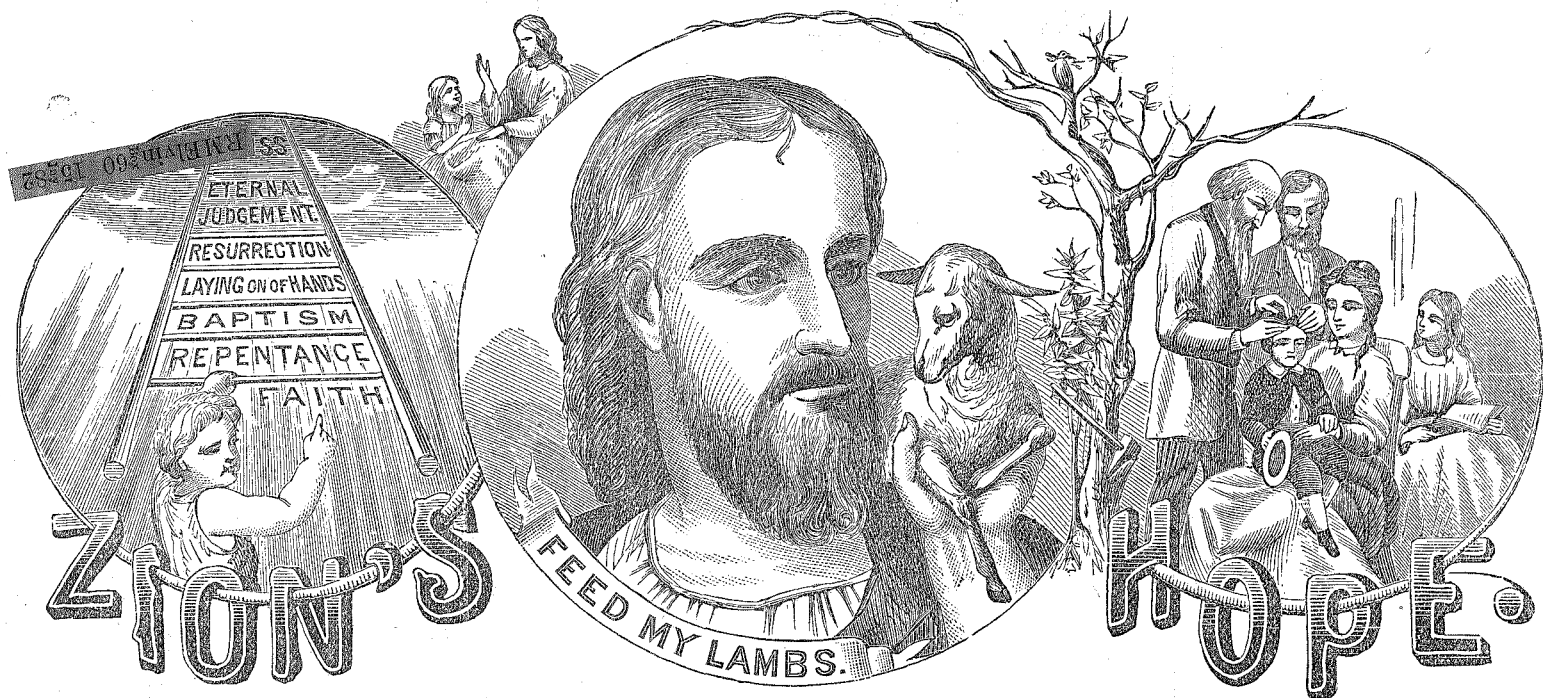
A little four-year-old was at one of our photograph studios having her picture taken. The artist said, "You must keep your mouth shut, my dear, and your eyes open," as the little miss showed a decided inclination to open her mouth and close her eyes. But on being instructed she braced up, and after a few minutes wonderingly asked, "Now what shall I do with my nose?"

THE SAINTS' HERALD:

Published every Saturday, at Lamoni, Decatur County, Iowa, by the Board of Publication of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ; Price \$2.50 per year. Joseph Smith, Editor.

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

VOL. XV.

LAMONI, IOWA, FEBRUARY 15, 1884.

No. 16.

THE SNOW.

CHILD—

O where does it come from, the beautiful snow
That sails down the still air, so peaceful and slow?
See, mother, these flakes—how like feathers they fly—
Do they drop from the wings of the angels on high?
See, here's one just lit on my hand—do you know,
Dear mother, whence cometh the beautiful snow?

MOTHER—

My child, do you see the gray clouds rolling by?
How they spread their dark banners all over the sky!
They are born of the mist, they're exhaled from the deep,
And rain, snow, and hail, are the treasures they keep.
When God ope's the windows of heaven, they fall,
As his blessings and mercies, alike upon all.
As from dark clouds the whitest of treasures take wing,
So from troubles the brightest of pleasures may spring.

CHILD—

How beautiful! mother, the hill-tops grow white,
And the gems on the trees shine like stars in the night,
When the sun through the clouds sets the earth all aglow,
And ten thousand ice diamonds flash light from the snow.
Flake follows on flake to the dark flowing river;
One moment they stay, and are then gone forever.

MOTHER—

'Tis thus, my dear child, with earth's beautiful things,
We but see the bright glance of their delicate wings;
We think like Manoa'h the visions are won,
We gaze like Manoa'h, and lo! they are gone;
For Time, like the river bears quickly away,
The beautiful treasures we cherish to-day,
Nor gives us surcease from the losses we sorrow,
For our hopes of to-day are its trophies to-morrow.—*Sel.*

THE KING'S SERVANT.

By the Author of "Jessica's First Prayer."

CHAPTER III.—A STRANGE ADVERTIZEMENT.

In the evening after school was over, and I'd helped Transome to get up and come down stairs, and had settled him quite comfortably in his own chair out of all draughts, I told him about my new scholar.

"Why, my lass!" he cried, "aw do believe as it's oud measters own nephew? He'd a gradely fine lass for a sister, and hoo wedded beneath her, like thee Ally. Captain John Champion was na' captain o' one o' the bettermost sort o' ships; and oud measter swore 'at he'd never forgie' her."

I coaxed Transome to tell me all he knew about it, though his words were as scarce as silver. He had seen the little lad's mother scores of times before she was married, when she was living with her brother, our landlord. But when she had died, or how her poor child came to be living in our town, he could not tell.

"Transome," I said, as I poured out his tea, "if God had asked me what I wished for as he asked Solomon, I'd have chose to have written a book."

"Eh! but aw niver did see sech a woman for a book! he said again, looking across the table at me with such a pleasant look that I could not keep myself from going round to kiss him. He was sore changed since we came home together along the canal, and picked flowers from morning till night; but I loved him as much, ay! ten times more now than then.

"If I could write a book," I went on, as I sat down in my chair, "I'd write one that would prick our old master's heart to the quick."

"Eh, lass! it u'd take a pen very long, and very sharp to prick his heart, he answered."

"Yet," I said half to myself, "he's a church member, and takes the sacrament; he's chairman, at the meetings. If that boy belonged to me, and me rollin' in riches like him, I'd give him the best schooling in all England. I suppose he's too proud to forgive his poor dead sister for marrying below her."

"He's a gradely rich man," said Transome, shaking his head gravely, "and aw reckon he can afford to have his likes and dislikes."

"No," I answered, "the Lord hasn't made any one rich enough for that."

"Aw were wrung," he said, "rich and poor are all alike to Him; but that's hard to mind, Ally."

Well! to go on with my story. Pippin came to school for nigh upon twelve months, never missing, morning or evening. I got so used to him being close beside me in the chimney-nook that I should not have been myself if he was away. Never, no! never had I such a scholar as him. He learned as if he was hungry and thirsty for learning, and could never have enough. Many and many a question he asked that I could not answer, any more than if he had been a little angel come from heaven to learn all about this world. I used to wonder how Mary answered the questions the blessed child Jesus would be sure to ask her. What little I knew I taught him; but I soon saw he would be quickly beyond me. He was like a young bird with unfledged wings nestling under my care for a little while; but soon his wings will be strong enough to carry him away, and he would fly out of my sight, and think no more of me than a bird thinks of last year's nest, left in the branches of a tree. As soon as he could hold a pen, or make an *a*, and a *b*, he was wild to write a letter to his father. And many a letter he wrote, and directed them all "To father, Captain John Champion on the Sea." Even Mrs. Brown had not the cruel heart to tell him that his letters could never, never find his father.

But one night, when Transome and I were sitting quiet in the firelight—as usual, I heard a low rap at the door. Now it was an understood thing that

none of the scholars were to come to the house of an evening, lest they should disturb Transome, being, as I said, a silent man and not used to children's talk since Willie died. I opened the door by a hand-breadth, and who should be breaking the rule but Pippin himself? There he stood panting as if he had been hunted up the hill. The cold air was rushing in upon Transome through the open door, and as the boy could not find his voice to speak, I drew him inside. His handsome face was crimson, and his eyes were glowing and sparkling with excitement. I took him up to the hearth, and poked the fire into a blaze for Transome to have a good look at him.

"This is Philip Champion," said I.

Transome put down his pipe, and wiped his glasses on his sleeve before looking at him.

"He favors his uncle," he said, as the boy faced him; "but he's the born image o' his mother, poor lass!"

"I've come to say good-bye," cried Pippin, all eagerness and excitement; "I'm going a long way off to-morrow by the train—to London."

"Going to London!" I repeated in amazement; "is your father come back, Pippin?" I could not get rid of the notion that his father would come back some time, and that helped the boy to be so fond of me.

"No," he said, sorrowfully; "Mrs. Brown's sure he'll never come home now. So I'm going away."

"But where to?" I asked, drawing him within my arms to the very front of the fire. I felt my heart very heavy all at once; and the cold wind, whistling round the house, made it chilly even at the fireside.

"Why," he answered, squeezing my arm to his side, "it's partly because you taught me how to write letters. Just read this up, loud, Mrs. Transome."

He drew a crumpled bit of printed paper out of his little pocket. But I could not read the small print without my glasses, which were at the end of the mantel-shelf. When I had found them, and lit a candle, I smoothed out the bit of paper, and read these words—

"A Lady wishes to adopt an orphan, the child of respectable parents, and will provide for the maintenance and education of the same. A boy preferred, who must come for three months on trial. All expenses paid. Address: E. D., G. P. O., London."

"Well?" I exclaimed, more puzzled than before. "I wrote to her out of my own head," said Pippin, "and she's sent money for me to go to London to-morrow."

"I never heard of such a thing!" I cried. "Don't

you know any more about her, Pippin my dear child?"

"No," he said. "I wrote of my own self, and she's sent money for me to go. Only if I don't do for her, you know, I'm to be sent back in three months; and Mrs. Brown says she doesn't know who's going to have me, for she can't. She says I must go to the union, and that's a dreadful place."

"Ay, so it is," said Transome, whose eyes were fastened on the boy.

"Couldn't you have me?" he asked, coaxingly, and putting his little arm around my neck. You're kinder to me than anybody else. Don't you let me be sent to the union—please don't."

I looked across at Transome, and his face looked happy and pleasant, and he nodded his head at me. We had lived together so long there was no need for him to speak. It was as much as if he had said, "Ally, my lass! do as thee likes!" It was getting harder work than ever to win bread for him and me; but I could not bear to think of my clever, bonny boy being sent to the union; and his uncle rolling in riches.

"Yes, yes, my laddie," I said, "if you come back we'll find a corner for you, and a morsel to eat, and a sup to drink. The Lord, He'll provide for us all. But she won't send you back; the lady in London is sure to love you, if she hasn't a heart of stone."

"But I must come back some time to pay you," answered Pippin. "I'll not forget it, never. So I've brought you a bit of money father gave me long ago. That's all I've got now; but I'll pay you lots when I'm a rich man."

"That's reet and honest, lad," said Transome, "faithful in little, faithful in much."

It was naught but a small foreign coin, with a hole bored through it, and hung on a blue ribbon, like coronation medal. But it was all Pippin had, and he would not take it back again, so I put it away carefully into a small box, where I kept a curl of Willie's hair, and the little Testament he had learned to read in.

"It's earnest money," I said. "The Lord will know when to give us the rest."

So we bid Pippin good-bye, not without tears even in Transome's eyes, though he was growing too old to shed tears at little things. And I stood to watch him, in spite of the searching bitter wind blowing over the brow of the hill, as he ran down the street until he was fairly out of my sight. That night I strung up Willie's chair again to the ceiling.

(To be continued.)

LITTLE JIM.

"He saved others, himself he cannot save."

Among the few survivors of a wrecked ocean steamer was little Jim, a lad about fourteen years of age. While wandering along the beach to see if any of his friends were among the rescued he found two little children who were lost from their parents, and crying and calling for them. The heart of the generous boy was touched with pity for the shivering, frightened children. He took off his own coat, wrapped it around them, and held them in his arms till they went to sleep. Then he watched them till morning. Leaving them asleep, he went to seek their parents. Fortunately he found them; directed them to their children, and went on to seek for food and shelter for himself. As soon as the parents found their children, and supplied their wants, they went to seek the noble boy, who had cared for them during that dark night. After a long search they found him, but beyond the reach of any human aid. Little Jim was dead. It is enough that the servant is as his Lord. The parents, clasping the hands of their little ones, knelt and kissed the cold face of the dead, saying tenderly and reverently, what was once said of the Master in derision, "He saved others, himself He cannot save." But this is the language of unbelief. He whose faith was perfect, who knew as God knows, once said, "He that will lose his life for my

sake and the gospel's, shall find it unto life eternal."

Viewed with our finite sense, it seems hard that little Jim should die. He should have lived to become a good man, perhaps a savior upon Mount Zion. He should have turned many to righteousness, and made the world better for his having lived in it. But he who knows the end from the beginning, who said, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends, said also, "It is enough, come up higher." Never until every secret thing is brought to light, will it be known how many have followed the Master, even to prison and to death. How many of the truths that make us free were bought with the stripes and bondage of their early advocates. How many of the roses that make this earth so beautiful, spring from the graves of the forgotten dead. "He saved others, himself he cannot save."

MORMONIA.

THE NOSE OUT OF JOINT.

I was a spoiled and petted thing,
And "Baby" was the name
By which my mother called to me,
Till little brother came.

I used to have a cradle-bed
Just made to suit my form,
Where sweet I slept "all by myself,"
So nice, and snug, and warm.

And gentle nurse would walk with me
In summer time, where flowers
Of red, and white, and purple hue,
Bloomed in their fragrant bowers.

When neighbors called and asked to see
"The Darling," I was brought,
And many a nut and sugar-plum
My eager fingers caught.

I had my little "party" scenes,
And pleased I used to be,
For every toy my father brought
Was always brought for me.

And yet I am not jealous now,
Though times are not the same;
I had no mate to play with me,
Till little brother came.

Although he has the cradle-bed
That used to be my own,
Yet when I wake at morning now,
I do not feel alone.

For well I know one little heart
My childhood's joy partakes—
One little mouth will share my meal
Of slighted "thimble cakes."

He knows the language of my lips,
When fain I would command
Some pleasure which our good mamma
Nor Nurse could understand.

And many a time his finger points,
In our sweet walks together,
To some bright flower I had not seen
Or bird of shining feather.

I would not be without him now,
Though times are not the same;
I had no brother dear to love
Till little "Edwin" came.—*Sel.*

TONGUES IN WANT OF A BRIDLE.

IT WAS a splendid morning for Sabbath School—bright, dewy, sparkling, just the morning when children sing most heartily,

"God is love; his mercy brightens
All the path in which we move,"

all the pulses of their feelings beating time with the music of the hymn. But when the hymn was over, it was a very hard morning for little boys to be quiet. A stranger offered the usual prayer. It was a simple, child-like prayer; one in which every young heart present could breathe its own loving thanksgiving to the Heavenly Father, asking new blessings for Christ's sake. Many did so, some did not. Charley West punched Ned Adams, to tell him about a new peg top he had bought the day before—"reg'lar stunner, sir"—"hums like forty bumble bees!" Ned wanted to trade for it right away; and so the two boys whispered and laughed together, till the prayer was almost ended, and the closing "Amen," was about all that they distinctly heard.

When Miss Ballard opened her Bible and looked around her class, one by one, as she always did before commencing, as if to see what they thought, and how they felt, and whether they were ready to study the holy book, Ned and Charley had a little consciousness of wrong-doing, which made them turn away and busy themselves with their question books.

But the lesson was interesting, they had learned it well, and Miss Ballard had so much to tell them about it, and so many questions to ask about which they had never thought before, but which they found new pleasure in, studying how to answer, that they quickly forgot both their embarrassment and their misconduct. By and by, quite too soon, the five-minute bell before the close of school rang, and the class began reluctantly to put away its books, when Miss Ballard said; Boys did I hear some of you whispering in prayer-time?" Nobody answered, but Neddy and Charley felt their embarrassment fast returning. "Do you know who it was that made the prayer?" she asked again, looking directly at the two boys. "No, ma'am," replied Charley, immensely relieved to hear a question which he dared answer. "It was a gentleman that didn't ever come to the school before." "He's got gray whiskers, too, and on the top of his head," added Ned, in some confusion. "Yes, I know," replied Miss Ballard. "It was my father. He is a very good man, and very dear to me; and it grieved me sadly that my own boys, whom I love so much, should show him such disrespect while he was praying for them, and trying to help them to pray." Two of Miss Ballard's "own boys" looked very much ashamed by this time, and the rest of the class were staring at them, quite shocked. "Do you know to whom my father was praying?" asked Miss Ballard seriously. A small boy down at the other end of the bench said, in a soft, timid whisper, "God." "Yes," continued the lady earnestly, "I have two fathers; and this dear Heavenly Father, to whom our prayers go up, I love the best of all. He is so high that heaven is his throne; so holy that he can not endure the sight of sin; yet so loving and gentle that he bends and listens for the voices of little children's prayers. Dear boys, can you bear to sin against my blessed Heavenly Father—your Father too?" Sorrow gathered in the faces of the two boys as their eyes followed the motion of their teacher's hand, pointing upward, while she spoke; and not a word was spoken until the small boy at the foot of the class asked pitifully, "Won't God forgive them, if they don't never do so again?" Miss Ballard assented. "And you'll forgive us too, won't you, dear teacher?" begged Ned, tears in his eyes. The forgiveness came quickly, and the two scholars never needed it again for that fault.

ROSA A. GRAHAM.

GUARD YOUR LANGUAGE.

DID ever a reader of the *Hope* hear, or use such phrases as the following.—"O isn't that awful putty." "Isn't that apple awful sweet," etc? Do you think that such expressions are correct? "I don't know," says the careless child. Let us see. Anything that is awful, gives us feelings of awe, dread, or fear. Does anything that is pretty or sweet, give us such sensations? Certainly not; but the reverse sensations of pleasure. "Isn't that splendid?" "Isn't that magnificent?" are phrases too often misapplied. That which is splendid is brilliant, and that which is magnificent is both brilliant and grand in its appearance; so do not apply such phrases to trivial objects, for it lessens their strength when properly applied. There is no sin in using such language, but it shows that the speaker is very careless, or very illiterate. We have heard even teachers indulge in such language, and those who mimicked the aged, who used the ancient style of contracting the words her own and our own, into her'n and our'n, instead of saying hers and ours, as is in present use. It is wisdom for all persons to use only such words as they understand, and not

sneer at the language of others, until they know why it is wrong, and then we think they will refrain from it through self respect.

Now, my little reader, I want you to resolve, and carry it out, to each day learn the proper use of some word, and thereby you will acquire an ornamental and useful accomplishment. A good way to begin, is to correct all errors in your own speaking, that you notice in others. If you do not understand the reason why a sentence or word is not used correctly, consult the opinion of some older person, or a dictionary. Wish to speak with all the readers of the *Hope*, but good bye till some other day.

AUNT ALMIRA.

WISE SAYINGS OF WITTY LITTLE ONES.

A CHILD'S ADVICE.

LEAVING home this morning for the office we kissed our little four-year-old good-bye, saying to him;

"Be a good boy to-day."

He somewhat surprised us by replying:

"I will. Be a good man, papa."

Sure enough, we thought. We need the exhortation more than he. And who could give it more effectually than this guiltless prattler? The words of the little preacher have been ringing in our ears all day, and whether we wrote letters or editorials, pacified an irate correspondent whose letter could not be published, or pruned down a too lengthy report, we seemed to hear the sweet child's voice saying:

"Be a good man, papa."

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

A little girl, who had been very observant of her parents' mode of exhibiting their charity, being asked what generosity was, answered, "It's giving to the poor all the old stuff you don't want yourself."

It was a very pretty reply made by a little girl to the statement she heard made that our Savior was never seen to smile. "Didn't He say, 'Suffer little children to come unto Me?' And they would not have come unless He had smiled."

A PIG STORY.

Dear Hopes:—I will tell you a short, true pig story. I am a farmer's wife out here in Kansas. A year ago last June my husband had some little pigs; and as it was cold and rainy weather, the pigs all died but one. I told him to give that to me, and I would raise it. I taught it to drink milk, and in two or three weeks it would follow me all around the place, or to the neighbors. If it happened to see me go, it would pull at my dress. Want me to pet and scratch it. It finally got so annoying, that my husband made me a pen to put him in. I kept it there until it was big enough to turn into the yard with the other hogs and pigs. Last week my husband sold it for me, as he had grown to be a good sized hog, weighing three hundred and fifty nine pounds, alive. It was to be my free-will offering to the Church, and with it I was to do what good I could. Yesterday I sent the money as follows: To a sister in need in California, as a Christmas present, four dollars. To Bro. Joseph to send the *Hope* to a little girl in Michigan, for six months thirty cents. To help make the *Hope* a weekly, five dollars. Also towards building the church at Lamoni, or wherever he thought best, five Dollars and six cents. Little Hopes, how much did the pig bring me?

Yours in bonds,

MRS. EMELINE I. DAVIDSON.

THE MAGNETISM OF KINDNESS.

THERE is great difference in the magnetic power of men, some attract, others repel, what this attractive power and this negative power of repulsion is, is not easy to define. There is much in the air in personal presence, which conveys the idea of warmth or coolness, it is the expression of the eyes that attracts or repels, hence it is that the instinct of animals always induces them to look in the eye, as the indicator of the heart; the expression which they discover there gives them encouragement or fills them with alarm. The rapidity with which animals thus discover the disposition of men towards them is remarkable. The dog likes to be familiar, and is made happy by the smallest favors, notice is esteemed a favor, and a kind word is encouragement, he delights in placing his head on his master's knee, and as he does this he always looks him directly in the eye. If the expression is kindly there he wags his tail and expects a caress by word or stroke of the hand; if on the contrary, he discovers he is not wanted, his tail drops, he withdraws his head and retires. Horses are encouraged or disheartened in the same way.

It is interesting to watch the varying expression of dogs, horses, and small children in sympathy with men as they look each other in the face.

What is it in the eye that enables brutes to read our feelings towards them so correctly and so quickly? It is the language of expression, this kind of language is not peculiar to man and beast in their communication with each other, brutes read and understand each other in the same way.

It is not the expression of the eye alone that gives confidence, kind words and kindly acts are for the the most part fully appreciated by all domestic animals. However kindly one may look, if he speak to them in harsh tones of voice or treat them unkindly, his pleasant look alone will not inspire confidence.

Animals both domestic and wild, draw their conclusions from all the attendant circumstances, and act accordingly, and with so little delay that whatever they do seems to be induced by impulse. In the gratification of their appetites and passions all animals are doubtless influenced by instinct, but in other respects who can say they are not directed in what they do by the exercise of reason. We know they have the faculty of memory, there are many instances recorded in which animals have manifested so great a degree of intelligence, as to preclude the idea that they are destitute of the power of thought.

But the object of this communication is not to discuss the question of instinct or the reasoning powers of animals, but call attention to the wonderful influence which kindness exercises over them. It seems to give them so much pleasure to receive manifestations of kindness, it is remarkable that we who have them in our care, do not more frequently find pleasure for ourselves, in giving pleasure to them. Who is not pleased at manifestations of confidence, come from whence it may, even the birds of the air will gladly give their confidence by placing themselves in our power, if we will only show ourselves worthy of their confidence. If we show ourselves friendly they will seek the protection which friendship gives and build their nests in the bushes near our houses, pick crumbs from the window sills, and from the hand when friendship has strengthened by long acquaintance.

WHAT THREE LITTLE CHILDREN DID.

A boy not over eleven years old, whose pinched face betrayed hunger, and whose clothing could scarcely be called by that name, dropped into a carpenter shop on Grand River Avenue the other day, and after much hesitation explained to the foreman:

"We want to get a graveboard for ma. She died last winter, and the graves are so thick that we can hardly find her's no more. We went up last Sunday, and came awful near not finding it. We thought we'd get a graveboard, so we wouldn't lose

the grave. When we thought we'd lost it, Jack he cried, and Bud she cried, and my chin trembled so I could hardly talk."

"Where's your father?" asked the carpenter.

"Oh, he's home, but he never goes up there with us, and we shan't tell him about the board. I guess he hated ma, for he wasnt home when she died, and he wouldnt buy no coffin nor nothing. Sometimes when we are sittin' on the doorsteps talking about her, and Jack and Bud are cryin,' and I'm remembering how she kissed us all afore she died, he says we'd better quit that or we'll get what's bad for us. But we sleep up stairs, and we talk and cry in the dark all we want to. How much will the board be?"

The carpenter selected something fit for the purpose and asked:

"Who will put it up at the grave?"

"We'll take it upon our cart," replied the boy, and I guess the graveyard man will help us put it up."

"You want the name printed on, don't you?"

"Yes sir, we want the board white, and then we want you to paint on that she was our ma, and that she was forty-one years old, and that she died on the 5th of November and that she's gone to heaven, and that she was one of the best mothers ever was, and that we are going to be good all our lives and go up where she is when we die. How much will it cost sir?"

"How much have you got?"

"Well," said the boy as he brought out a little calico bag and emptied its contents on the bench, "Bud drew the baby for the woman next door and earned twenty cents; Jack he weeded in the garden and earned forty cents, and he found five more in the road; I run on errands and made kites, fixed a boy's cart and helped carry some apples into a store, and I earned sixty-five cents. All that makes a hundred and thirty cents, sir, and pa don't know we've got it, cause we kept it hid in the ground under a store."

The carpenter meant to be liberal, but he said: "A graveboard will cost at least three dollars."

The lad looked from his little store of metals to the carpenter and back, realized how many weary weeks had passed since the first penny was earned and saved, and suddenly wailed out:

"Then we can't never, never buy one, and mother's grave will get lost."

But he left the shop with tears of gladness in his eyes, and when he returned yesterday little Bud and Jack were with him, and they had a cart. There was not only a headboard, but one for the foot of the grave as well, and painter and carpenter had done their work with full hearts, and done it well.

"Ain't it awful nice—nicer than rich folks have?" whispered the children, as the boards were being placed on the cart; won't the grave look nice, though, and won't ma be awful glad?"

Ere this the mother's grave has been marked, and when night comes the three motherless ones will cuddle close together and whisper their gratitude that it cannot be lost to them even in the storms and drifts of winter.

HEN AND CHICKENS.

WHAT child, familiar with the domestic hen and chicken, ever stops to think of the origin of this bird? Yet the hen is a historical character, and for thousands of years doubtless has been a valued servant of man. We are told that the hen was originally a native of Asia, and like most other Domestic animals, has been improved by the crossing of various breeds.

It is a curious fact that the beautiful variegated colors frequently seen in the domestic fowl have been obtained through the process of civilization, as the wild hens do not vary greatly in their plumage.

The habits of the hen exemplify the virtues of industry, patience, and affection. But few species of the animal creation do as much for man's comfort. Rising early and retiring at dusk, she is never idle

save when hatching out her brood, or driven to shelter by inclement weather.

There is no pleasanter sight to the lover of rural scenery, than a hen surrounded by her young brood, all busily and intently engaged in their work. They carefully scan every inch of ground in their path, the mother clucking constantly to keep the juveniles within easy reach. From the very first day that they leave the egg they are ready to pick for themselves, yet they doubtless require a good deal of instruction as to suitable food. Sometimes the little ones encounter a large beetle or other bug. Then there is fun in the family circle!

A single hen has been known to produce 250 eggs in a year, a task involving an immense amount of work in the collection and digestion of a great variety of food, and its concentration into the nutritive egg. This, however, is an extreme performance, the number annually laid by the ordinary breeds scarcely averaging 50 eggs to each hen.

The hen is very motherly and affectionate in the care of her chickens. From the hour when the process of hatching commences to that when her young are prepared to shift for themselves, she never shirks from her task, but devotes herself to it with the utmost patience. Like all the duties prescribed by nature, it is a pleasure as well as a burden. Hens are a source of profit, if well cared for. Their presence about our habitations is an agreeable feature of out-door life. They should be treated kindly; and often, when their acquaintance is cultivated, they become very tame and friendly.

The study of the habits and dispositions of domestic animals is a very interesting one, which usually leads the observer to a higher appreciation for and kindlier treatment of such animals.

Letters from the Hopes.

CLEVELAND, Lucas Co., Iowa.

January 13th, 1884.

Dear Hopes:—I have never written to you before but hope this will not be the last time. I like the *Hope* very much, and would like to see it a weekly. We have meetings here every Sunday. My mother, father, brother and myself belong to the Church. I was baptized one year ago last December, and have tried to live as near right as I could, but know I do wrong many times. Dear Hopes, if we never meet here, let us try to live so we may meet where parting is no more. Let each one write a few lines every month, and try to make the *Hope* interesting. I will send a puzzle, for some *Hope* may find the answer to it.

AAAAA HHH E PPT Z NN.

Place these letters in their proper places, and you will find a Scripture name. I will close by asking you all to pray for me, that I may hold out faithful.

Your sister, as ever,

MARY E. TANNER.

INDEPENDENCE, Jackson Co., Mo.,
January 3d, 1884.

Dear Hopes:—I will write you a dream I had not long ago. I dreamed it was snowing, but the snow did not apparently fall to the ground. I went out, and as I was passing down the steps, leading from the door to the pavement, I saw that the house was marble, and the grass was green as far as I could see, and in the yard there stood a grave with a cross at the head, and the Bible lay open on a block of crystal. The book was also crystal. I could not tell what part of the Bible it was, nor could I read anything. Going up to it, and passing my hand over it, I asked of Brother Mills who placed it there, and he answered, The Lord. It grew dark very suddenly, then light as quickly; and I saw Christ coming through the clouds. He floated through the air and stopped; just a few feet from us he stood for about a minute, and then he went back. I stood looking at the book admiring it, when I passed my hand over it as before, and it grew dark as before, when I saw him come again; but he came closer,

and went back. I repeated the act, and the same result followed as had done before; but he came so close that his brightness awoke me. I will tell you what I think it means as far as I understand. I think the house means the temple, the grave the tomb of Christ, the cross was that on which he was crucified, the block the plates on which the commandments were found. I do not understand what the Bible means. His coming three times are his birth, his recurrection and his coming the last time. I would like to understand the rest.

Your sister,

EMMA SMITH.

NEW BEDFORD,

Jan. 14th, 1884.

Dear Hopes:—I write to you for the first time. I like to read the *Hope*, and hope it will become weekly. My father, mother, and brother belong to the church. I like the story of Maplewood Manor, and am sorry it is ended. I do not belong to the church yet. Love to all the Hopes. Yours,

ELIZABETH J. TALBOT.

HYDE PARK, Pa.,

January 14th, 1884.

Dear Hopes:—This is the first time I have written to the Hopes, but I hope it will not be the last. I like to read the letters of the *Hope* very much, and I hope it will soon be a weekly paper like *The Herald*. I am thirteen years old. I go to school every day, and recite in the highest grade. We have six rooms in our school. My teacher's name is Mr. Treverton. We have no Sunday School here. We had one once, but none of the members took any interest in it, except Miss Mary Morgan, my papa and myself, so we had to give it up. We could not teach the children by ourselves. I hope we will have another Sunday School soon. I do not belong to the church, but my papa does.

Your friend,

MAGGIE GILL.

STUART, Deer Lodge Co., Mont.,
January, 19th, 1884.

Dear Hopes:—This is the first time I ever wrote to the Hopes. We haven't had any meeting here since brother Blair was here last summer. I go to Sunday School every Sunday. I enjoy it very much. I ask you all to pray for me. I remain your sister in Christ,

GUENNIE HARRIS.

STUART, Deer Lodge Co., Mont.,
January 19th, 1884.

Dear Hopes:—I like to read the *Hope*. I go to school. I am in the fifth reader. I was fifteen years old last October. I go to Sunday School every Sunday. It is very cold here. There is a good deal of snow. I wish you all a Happy New Year. I remain your sister in Christ,

RACHEL A. HARRIS.

EMERSON, Iowa, Jan. 1st, 1884.

Dear Hopes:—I will try to write to you for the first time. I like to read the letters from the little Hopes very much. I would like the *Hope* to become a weekly, so I could hear from the Hopes every week. I am a little boy ten years old, I was baptized a little over a year ago. We have prayer meeting every week, and Sunday School every Sabbath. I go as much as I can. Bro. Deuel was here last Sunday, and preached for us; and we expect him next Sunday. I try to live faithful. I ask an interest in the prayers of the little Hopes.

From your brother in the gospel,

CHARLES L. CLIVE.

SAN BERNARDINO, Cal.,
Jan. 6th, 1884.

Dear Hope:—This is the first time I have written to the *Hope*. I am twelve years old. I am not baptized, but hope to be some day. I had a merry Christmas. I did not have a merry New Year's, for I was at hard work, plowing and putting in grain for Mr. Ridley. Yours truly,

FRANK COLWELL.

EGERMONT, Jan. 12th, 1884.

Dear Little Hope:—This is the first time I have written to you. I am thirteen years old. I am sorry that the story of Maplewood Manor is finished. We don't have preaching here just now; but we have prayer meetings every Wednesday and Sunday. I hope that all will write to the *Hope*, that it may become a weekly. I remain your sister,

JANE HOWISON.

EGERMONT, Jan. 12th, 1884.

Dear Hope:—This is the first time I have written to you. My papa, mamma, brother and sister were baptized, but I am not yet; but intend to be when I am a little older. I am nine years old. I have heard the gift of unknown tongues, and the interpretation, and the gift of prophecy.

Your friend,

ANDREW HOWISON.

NEW BEDFORD, Mass.,

Jan. 22nd, 1884.

At a meeting of the members of the mount Zion Sabbath School for the election of officers for the ensuing year, the following were elected by a unanimous vote: Superintendent Bro. T. W. B. Shaw. Secretary and chorister, Bro. W. H. W. Marsland. Treasurer, Bro. John E. Rogerson. Janitor, Bro. James W. Talbot. Organist, Sr. Esther J. Smith. Auditors, Srs. Mary J. Rogerson and Harriet Hacking. The School also voted to purchase some new singing books, called the Wreath of Praise. It was also voted that the minutes of the election be forwarded to *Zion's Hope* for publication. Our teachers are Bru. John Smith and Thomas Whiting. The attendance is good, and we are striving by the help of God to push on the work in this place.

WILLIAM H. W. MARSLAND, Sec.

MT. VERNON, Ohio,

Jan. 1st, 1884.

Dear Little Hopes:—I am eight years old. I have not been baptized yet. We are expecting Brother McDowell soon. This is the first time I have written to the church. I read in the third reader. I love to read the *Hope*. We are talking of going to Iowa, papa has a brother living there, and then we will be near a branch and the Saints. I will close by wishing you all a happy New Year.

From your little friend,

NELLIE I. YOHE.

MT. VERNON, Ohio,

Jan. 1st, 1884.

Dear Little Hopes:—I am eleven years old. I have not been baptized yet. We are expecting brother Frank McDowell, and if he comes I am going to be baptized. I love to read the dear little paper. This is the second time I have written to the Hopes. I like the story of Maplewood Manor. I love to read the little letters in the *Hope*. I wish it would become a weekly. I hope brother McDowell will come. I will close by wishing you all a Happy New Year. From your loving friend,

SUSIE N. YOHE.

SUNDAY SCHOOL REPORT.

Statistical Report of the Bethlehem Sunday School, for three months ending December 30th, 1883. Total Number at last Report 75. Present Number of Officers and Teachers 8. Average Attendance do. 6. Number of Scholars 61. Average Attendance of Scholars 40. Total No. of Officers, Teachers, and Scholars 69. Average attendance do. 46. Books for the use of the School 107. Books in the Library 95. In the Treasury last report \$14.26. Total Income since last Report 67c. Balance in the Treasury \$14.93.

JOHN GROOM, *Supt.*

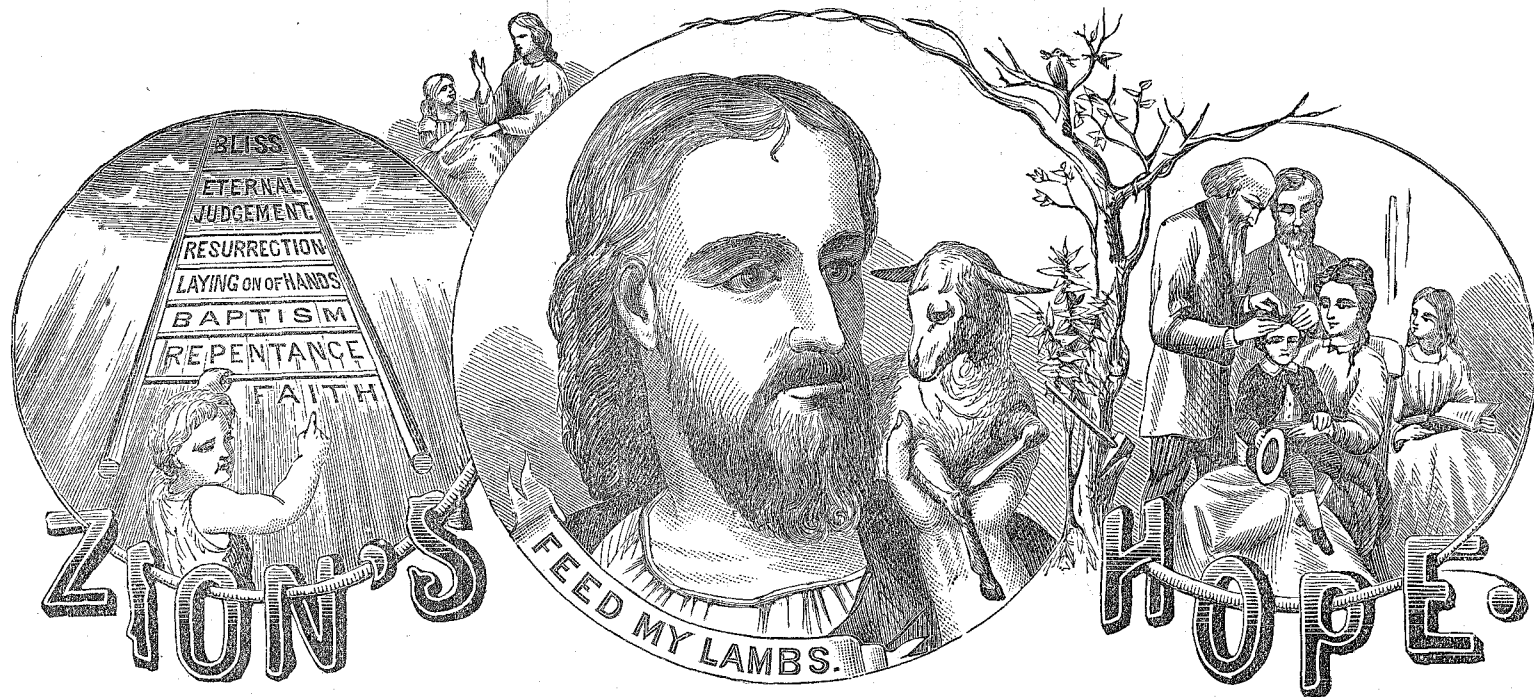
EDWARD BETTE, *Sec.*

THE SAINTS' HERALD:

Published every Saturday, at Lamoni, Decatur County, Iowa, by the Board of Publication of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ; Price \$2.50 per year. Joseph Smith, Editor.

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

THE GOSPEL LADDER NO II.

O yes, I love the Hopes of Zion,
The little Lambs of Jesus' fold;
I love to talk of gospel riches,
To be desired, far more than gold:
Treasures that are safe in Heaven,
That God through Christ to us hath given.

No robbers there, nor thieves can enter,
To mar our peace, to steal our store;
Then let us on the Savior venture,
Who trod this thorny maze before;
Eternal life will there be given,
So such as keep the laws of Heaven.

Then haste to climb the gospel ladder,
Your Savior, Christ, has done the same;
When He went down the banks of Jordan,
And was baptized in Jordan's stream;
Then let us give our hearts to God,
Nor fear to tread, where Christ has trod.

Why should we fear, beloved Hopes, to follow in the footsteps of the ever blessed Redeemer, when he has set us the pattern. Yes, dear children, he has not, like some of the potentates and law-makers of earth, made laws for his subjects that he will not keep himself; but has honored and sanctified, every law and ordinance of the gospel that he has given us to obey, by walking therein himself. It is Uncle W. R.'s purpose, to write you a series of short sermons, or gospel lessons; beginning with the one in the October, 1st, number; in that I said, that I would next write about repentance and baptism. I shall in each article quote, or refer to certain texts of Scripture, that I shall want you to get your Bible, or Testament and find for me. Then in your short, but ever welcome letters in the *Hope*; tell me where they can be found. One dear young sister, only eleven years old, and in the church only about two months, has told who it was that Jesus told to feed his lambs. God bless you sister Maud Robertson; and help you to write for the *Hope* again. Yes, and you too, sister Alice Hillman; for in the *Hope* of November 15th, I see your answer. My object in having the young "Hopes," find these scriptures for me, is to entice them to search the scriptures. The blessed Book of Mormon tells us that "Whatsoever leadeth and enticeth to do good, is of God." Surely studying the Bible is a good work; for Jesus said, "Search the scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of me." How many will write for the *Hope*, and tell me where this can be found. But, dear Hopes, shall we not honor the same gospel laws that Jesus did, by walking therein? Will some of the Hopes tell me who it was that said; "Repent and be baptized every one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ, for the remission of sins; and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost." Also,

where can be found this text, "For Godly sorrow worketh repentance to salvation, not to be repented of: but the sorrow of the world worketh death." This godly sorrow that worketh, or produceth repentance to salvation, is a sorrow for, and a forsaking of our sins; then seeking to Jesus, for aid divine, to lead a better life. May God enable you and me, and all who profess to love this Latter Day Work, to so live that we may not have that sorrow that worketh death; but that we may have that sorrow, not to be repented of, which is fruitful of that repentance that produceth life and salvation in the kingdom of our God. In my next sermon to you I will try and tell you how Jesus, who was without sin had to climb this gospel ladder, and for what purpose. God bless you all.

UNCLE W. R. C.

LETTER FROM JAMES CAFFALL.

EDITOR HOPE:—The withholding of my congratulations would not prevent, or offering the same accelerate, your progress. Nevertheless, it's a source of gratification, amid earth's turmoil, perils and changing scenes, to know, that the *Hope* still survives. The fact that the Latter Day work from its inception to a given time, in the face of bitter opposition made rapid strides, without them, and therefore that Sabbath Schools, are not essential, is, to say the least, a grave error. Every work done, or every step taken, involves a necessity for a thorough review thereof, that peradventure the rest may be more thoroughly and effectively done. A will with corresponding efforts leading to the consummation of honorable work, or heartening on prescribed duties, is most commendable. But a perverseness or persistence leading to closing the ears, and shutting the eyes against all suggestions or expostulation, because of an high estimate of self-righteousness or ability, destroys all proof of a desire, with corresponding efforts for the obtaining of heavenly wisdom and guidance. By the cooperation of superintendents, teachers, and scholars, ultimating in subscribing for, reading, studying, and practicing its teachings, heeding its suggestions, the *Hope* will prove a great help to Sabbath Schools. The thought of a desire to reach an ultimatum, involves a necessity for preparatory steps, or labor attended with care, thought, and anxiety. Our earnestness and constancy in the preparatory labor, demonstrate the purity of desires for the ultimate. It is more pleasant for young men and maidens to have reflections at the close of each Sabbath day, as a result of labor in a Sabbath School, than compunction of conscience, through the perpetration of acts which but, tend to demoralization. No work tends more to ennoble

and develop the latent talent of young men and women, than that of superintendents and Sabbath School teachers. And if our young men, and women, who have aspired to, and are now filling the God appointed position of husbands, wives, fathers, and mothers, who worked for the Sabbath Schools, have regrets, it is because they did not do more than they did; and this is not charging them with negligence or missing any opportunity to do good.

A recent effort to reinstate, or reestablish the Sunday school cause, was made in Omaha, Nebraska, with flattering prospects. The writer was called to speak on the first day of the assembling of officers and scholars. And now, as by action of the branch, the superintendent, assistant, ect., have been empowered to carry on the work. The Branch should give every encouragement, without becoming dictatorial. In consideration of the many attractions for, and the number of young people being drawn away, losing all interest in religious matters, when and wherever our young people show an interest and a disposition to do service in the Sabbath School, nothing legitimate should be left undone to encourage, and stimulate them in the good work. Age, is not always a guarantee of sound judgment, or ability to suggest and work in a superior manner to those who have not yet traveled so far down the stream of time; Nor is it always proof of the non-existence of conceit or egotism. To encourage the young in that which would lead to evil, or militate against the progress of the work, because they are young, would be an error, to say the least. To discourage them in aspiring and correspondingly laboring for that which is noble and elevating to themselves and others, for the same reason, would not only be an error, but an exhibition of indiscretion as a proof of jealousy, or envy, which none, who boast of a long experience in the Latter Day work, ought to exhibit. Let the young, who stand ready to become Sabbath School workers, be encouraged, and in a proper manner honored, and have evidence of confidence and respect, from all concerned. Some of our young men in other positions than Sabbath School workers, are making dazzling records through their faith, fidelity, perseverance and labor in the Latter Day Work. When disloyalty to the laws and order of the Church has made gaps they have filled them, exhibiting a willingness to perform heaven's prescribed duties, possessed their souls in patience, and prepared for the issue. While others have become fearful and apprehensive of consequences. If the active, live, and working young men or women, through an undue amount of zeal err, seek to correct or show their error. But speak no word, and perform no act to discourage

them because of tender years. Acts give greater evidence of discretion, caution and wisdom, that all Latter Day Saints ought to exhibit, than words. God bless and encourage the young.

The Sabbath School cause has also been revived in Council Bluffs, Iowa; so that there is reason to hope that encouraging reports will appear in your columns, of the progress of the Sabbath School cause in these two western cities. The first Sabbath School organization in Council Bluffs, was effected in 1866, and prospered well, and continued long; but finally collapsed. Efforts to revive it are commendable. There is talent, if the will power is brought into requisition, for a Sabbath School organization in Council Bluffs, that would reflect credit on the body. All Latter Day Saints, young and old should be engaged in Godly work, which will bring credit to the body—peace to the soul, and lay a foundation for future happiness.

It seems not practicable to adopt a uniform method or exercises for Sabbath Schools in the Reorganized Church. But when officials are united by frequent consultation, they may agree upon, and introduce such exercises as will interest, please and instruct their pupils; and so keep up a lively interest. The work of a Sabbath School is important, requiring study, care, caution, forethought, with some pluck, not a little patience, some executive ability, with corresponding courage to exhibit the same, for the maintenance of good order, etc. A Sabbath School is generally comprised of children of different nationalities, manners temperaments, degrees of intelligence, ages, etc. And to instruct, advise and train, so as to effect a oneness that will evidence to visitors, that a school of ten or more pupils is so acting, studying, singing, reciting, etc., as to evidence a submission to the same rules and order, requires close observation and diligent labors of officials. So that when an individual accepts the position of a superintendent of a Sabbath School, he assumes a responsibility, of which, without study and corresponding labor, he can not acquit himself with credit. And he who thus accepts, will find it very advantageous, to make other officials his confidants, and view them as compeers, counselors, or advisers. Music, vocal and instrumental, is a necessary adjunct in Sabbath Schools, in which we as a people are not so advanced as we should be. But need not, nor should we, halt in the work of Sabbath Schools, because of this lack. The reorganized Church is by no means destitute of musical talent, as most accomplished musicians are found among us. But it sometimes happens, that in a branch there are those who are sufficiently advanced in music, to make them conclude they are the best; and where a few of such are to be found, advance seems impossible. This ought not to be. All that possess talents, whether musical or otherwise, should be willing, (under proper direction), to use it for the good of the cause. Should there be three in a Sabbath School, who can touch the keys of an organ or piano with equal dexterity; and the Superintendent appoints one of the three, the other two should think the selection proper, and so manifest by a ready cooperation. And not go off saying, I'll have nothing to do with the School, and think because self does not perform at the organ, the School will go to pieces. Or if the superintendent thinks proper to call on the school to make a choice, endorsement of the choice, so made, should be given. And if a Branch wants a Sabbath School, having neither organ nor nightingale singers, start in good faith, with the less available materials, work and hope for help, it may come—if it don't, having done your best, you will hear the welcome plaudit, "Well done." Inspiring as music is, we should not let the cause lag in Sabbath School and worship, because this may not for the time being be available; and yet no laudable efforts should be omitted to secure the benefits arising therefrom. The writer has heard sweet music from young Hopes' voices, where the sound of an organ was never heard. We will always belacking in this life. But the philosophy of

life with Latter Day Saints is, (or should be), officials and Sunday School scholars included, to do the best they can, with present help striving, yet patiently waiting, for the better time.

JAMES CAFFALL.

KATIE KEEN.

Selected by Sister Emma.

Tw'as in a lonely neighborhood,
Dwelt Drunken Robert Keen;
And such a home for many a mile
Around could not be seen.
The walls were old, and daubed with mud,
And crumbling to decay,
While all around the broken door
Old heaps of rubbish lay.
The windows, stuffed with bits of rags,
And hats the worse for wear,
Were quite enough to make folks sad,
At least it made them stare.
What might have been a garden plot
If worked by spade and hoe,
And filled poor Robert's dinner pot,
Was left in weeds to grow,
Save where an enterprising pig,
Rooted among the sand—
Perhaps poor piggy thought it time
To cultivate the land.
Within the case was just as bad,
No sign of thrift was seen;
No well kept room, no cleanly board,
No house-wife trim and clean.
The ashes from the fire-place cold,
Were strewn about the floor;
Some broken dishes partly filled.
A cupboard with no door.
The floors were soiled with many a stain,
Deep sunken in the wood;
And in one corner of the room
A crazy bedstead stood.
And Susan Keen, poor Robert's wife,
With tangled, uncombed hair,
And garments sadly soiled and torn,
Had nothing fit for wear.
But saddest sight of all within,
Was little Katie Keen.
The beauty of her face was rare,
Had it been only clean.

Her soft blue eyes were full and clear,
Her cheeks were round and fair;
And o'er her forehead smooth and bright;
Hung curls of tangled hair.

Poor Katie Keen, oh what a home
For childhood's eye and ear;
The drunken curse, the angry oath,
She every day must hear.

And often on her helpless head,
Their drunken rage would fall;
And pitiful it was to hear,
Poor little Katie's call.

They were not purposely unkind,
And in their sober days
Would listen to her childish talk,
And watch her at her plays.

But never thought of teaching her
From out God's Holy word;
Of Jesus' love to little ones
Poor Katie never heard.

No Sabbath School she ever knew,
No little hymn she said;
A sad and wretched life it was
Poor Katie's parents led.

When Robert Keen wed Susan Brown,
He had a mason's trade;
And till he took to drink
He had an honest living made.
And God had given him great strength,
For all the country round;
The man to lift a heavier stone
Than he, could not be found.
And many a noble wall he built,
And many a chimney high,
Reared under Robert's active hand,
It's bold point to the sky;
But while the work of Robert's hands
Went upward strong and firm;
Tw'as sad to think his daily life
To lowest things should turn.

About a mile from Robert's home
Was Mr. Jones's "store"
Who, not content with what he made,
Thought he would make it more
By adding to his Store "a Bar."
And soon all kinds of "cheer"
Were to be sold by Mr. Jones,
From rum to weakest beer.

And Mrs. Jones, a thrifty dame,
Could make such cakes and pies,
To set in tempting window rows,
To catch the passers' eyes.
But ah! whatever cheer it brought
To smiling Mr. Jones,
'Twas little that it brought, I ween,
Within poor Robert's home.
The money to have bought them clothes,
And empty platter fill;
All found it's way, piece after piece,
To Mr. Jones's "Till."
Nor did he keep God's Holy day,
But took a bit of cheer,
So called, and spent those Sabbath hours
In drinking ale and beer.
Of the great debt Christ paid for him,
Poor Robert never thought.
Of how the ransom of his soul,
By Jesus' blood was bought,
Of the sweet joy of sins forgiven,
And trust in pardoning love,
The fellowship of Saints below,
The joy of saints above.
That blissful home above the stars,
Above the brighter sun,
Where Christ's redeemed of every age
Shall worship him in one;
Where toil shall never wear its brow,
Nor care a sigh let fall;
Where love and joy shall live and reign,
For Christ is all in all.
And so without a thought of this,
Lived Robert and his wife;
Searching amid earth's poison weeds,
To find the tree of life.
O, bitter was the end indeed,
To which their path-way led;
What fearful light shall shine upon
The dying drunkard's bed.
What thorns his fevered pillow press,
What fierce woes rend his heart—
Without a hope beyond the grave
And yet with life to part.
O saddest end to human life
Great God! that this should be,
When Christ to all mankind
Doth send salvation full and free.
But God had grace in store for him,
Light for his darkened mind;
For none so vile He cannot cleanse;
So lost He cannot find.

Within the great house on the hill,
About a mile away
From Robert's desolate abode,
Lived gentle Mary Gray.
While yet a very little child,
She learned to love the Lord;
And all her life seemed guided,
By the precepts of His word.
And as she grew to riper years,
It proved no childish whim,
For still it seemed to please her best,
Whatever pleased Him.
And oft of little Katie Keen,
She had in pity thought;
And many a little pair of shoes,
And dress for her she'd bought.
And often to the Sabbath School,
She asked for her to go;
Her parents never would consent,
But always answered no.
But since so much she gave to her,
They could not well refuse
That Katie to the "Hall" should go
Whenever Miss Gray should choose.
And so one hour of every day
She came to Mary Gray;
A happy hour it was to Kate,
The "bright spot" in the day.
She read to her from God's own word
That ever blessed story,
How Jesus came to die for us
And left his Father's glory.
And how He loved the "little ones,"
"What! little ones like me?
Did they stand round the Savior's feet
And climb upon his knee?"
Asked little Kate, who only knew—
God, as some far off one,
Who made the thunder and the storm,
And the great blazing sun,
"And dear Miss Gray, [dread:]
(And her blue eyes grew deep with childish
Oh, do you think my father knows
About this God" she said.
"I hear him curse him when he's drunk,
And if he did but know,
How Jesus loves him, I am sure,
He would not use him so.
And Sometimes, when he's good to me,
I'll tell him all you've said.

Perhaps he'll say "our Father" too,
 Before he goes to bed.
 And often times was Robert Keen's
 Sin-hardened conscience stirred,
 As seated on her fathers knee,
 She told him what she heard;
 For when he was not mad with rum,
 He never was unkind;
 And loved his child perhaps—
 As much as any one you'd find.
 (To be continued.)

THE KING'S SERVANT.

By the Author of "Jessica's First Prayer."

CHAPTER IV.—A TERRIBLE BLOW.

No such another child ever came again to my school. I had good scholars and bad ones, and they were constantly changing, old ones leaving and fresh ones coming in: but never one like Pippin.

Not one of them had his hungry brain and loving heart. He had been to me something like the beloved John was to our Lord; and now he was gone all the others seemed commonplace and at a distance from me. They could not creep into my heart as Pippin had done.

He did not come back at the end of three months. We never even heard of him. He was little more than a babe in years, and children cannot remember as old folks remember their friends. Mrs. Brown told me, when I made a purpose journey to inquire after him, that the lady had written to say he was safe and quite content, but she did not wish him to have any communication with his former home. Soon after that Mrs. Brown went away to live in Manchester, so we could ask for no more news about Pippin. I had, at times, an unsatisfied yearning when I thought of him; but, as years slipped away, I only recollect him as a child, who was dearest to me, next to my own Willie. Transome's rheumatism did not mend as he grew older and more infirm, and the burden of earning the rent as well as the living fell upon me. But times were very prosperous in the town just then, and trade was increasing every year. New mills were built along the river, and the mill-hands had constant work. Money was plentiful, and not a soul grumbled when I raised the school wage by a penny a week; the extra penny just serving to pay the rent. Now and then I was troubled within me by a talk of some grand new school being opened that would 'tice all my scholars away; but the talk never came to anything. I used to wonder at times what I could do, for I could not see to stitch fine cloth any longer, my eyes were too dim, and the stockings I knit instead did not pay me half as well, though I knit as long as there was a glimmer of fire in the grate.

Ah! I shall never, never forget that sunshiny evening early in May, when I followed my last scholar down the garden, and stood for a moment or two leaning over the wicket. The broad open land lay all before me, with a great sweep of skyline resting on the brows of the distant hills. The sky was all blue; and the yellow stoncrop on the thatch shone like gold. The withy branches were covered with soft, fluffy tufts, called goslings by children; and though the poplar tree, growing so tall and slender at the corner of the house, had no leaves yet, there were tassels of long crimson catkins hanging on its topmost twigs, and floating down when the soft pleasant spring breeze shook them a little. There were the rosemary and lavender bushes, that I had carried all the way from home when I was married, to plant under our kitchen window, and they were just coming into bud. I looked down what used to be the dingle, and thought of the primroses and hawthorn, and bluebells, that used to grow in its green and grassy nooks. It was no wonder that I could not help shaking my head a little at the ugly houses that had sprung up in their place. Yet when I turned my back upon them, and could see nothing but our own home, with the

blue sky only behind the thatched roof, I was more than content.

"The Lord knows exactly what I love best," I said to myself as I walked back up the garden path more slowly and toilsomely than when I was a young wife; "I wouldn't change it for the grandest house in all the town. Home's home, be it ever so homely."

Transome had been hearty enough that afternoon to go down to his old master's to carry the month's rent. It was not far to go, but he would be weary and worn out more than enough before he could climb up home again; so it would not do for me to loiter and tarry in the sweet air and sunshine. I hurried in to red up the house, pile away the benches, and lay the tea all ready. The benches began to feel much heavier than they used to be. "It's the grasshopper," I thought, smiling to myself: "the grasshopper shall be a burden. Yes, yes! that time'll come to me as well as poor Transome. But God Almighty, He'll help me to bear the grasshopper; for He's helped me to bear the burden and heat of the day."

But I had not put everything as it should be before Transome came in slowly, slowly dragging one foot after another, and growning heavily. Poor old man! I had not got my glasses on for fear of breaking them over my rough work, and I could not see his face clearly, but his groans went right to my heart. He had never given way so badly before, and I hastened to pull his arm-chair forward.

"Transome," I said, "is the pain so very bad this evening?"

"Ally!" he answered, in a stammering, choking voice; "Ally lass! aw've gotten a blow."

All at once his old grey head fell on my shoulder, and he broke out into bitter sobbing and wailing, like a little child crying on it's mother's bosom; only it was a thousand times more pitiful than a child, who can be hushed and sung to sleep in its worst trouble.

"What blow, Transome?" I cried; "who'd strike an old man like thee?"

"The oud measter," he said, amid his sobs; "we've got to go, Ally, to quit. He's goin' to sell th' oud place to build bigger houses on; and we're bound to quit in a month's time. Oh! Ally, my lass!"

It fell upon me that sudden I was quite stunned and dazed at first, as if, as Transome said, somebody had struck me a heavy blow. All the house-place seemed swimming round me. I could hear his sobs and groans; but I felt as if I could not understand why he was in such trouble. Then all at once it came over me, like a great wave, and all the trouble stood out clear. I felt as if the house was crumbling away. Better it should fall upon us, and crush us to death, than we be driven out of it in our old age.

That was a night to be remembered for ever. We sat down to the tea-table, but we could not swallow a morsel, or a sup, though our throats were parched and our tongues dry. Whichever way we looked all was darkness and blackness. There was no one to comfort him nor me, and no one to help. Neither had any hope of changing our master's mind. After we were gone to bed and both lay awake, making pretence to sleep, I could see no way—no way at all—out of our bitter sorrow and distress.

"Lord!" I heard Transome whisper, in the dead of the night, "only gie us strength to be faithful in little, and aw'm sure thee'll gie us much when the reet time is come."

But how could we be faithful in little, if even that little was taken from us?

(To be continued.)

WISE SAYINGS OF WITTY LITTLE ONES.

A gentleman was giving a little Keokuk baby boy some peanuts the other day. The good mother said: "Now, what are you going to say to the gentleman? With childish simplicity the little fellow looked up in the gentleman's face and replied: "more!"

JUVENILE DEFINITIONS.

A writer in a juvenile magazine lately gathered a number of dictionary words as defined by young people, of which the following seem to be genuine: "Dust—Mud with the juice squeezed out. Fan—A thing to brush warm off with. Ice—Water that staid out in the cold and went to sleep. Monkey—A very small boy with a tail. Pig—A hog's little boy. Salt—What makes your potato taste bad when you don't put any on. Snoring—Letting off sleep. Wakefulness—Eyes all the time coming unbuttoned."

One evening as the gentle summer lightning played across the northern sky, followed by low thunder, a little boy eagerly called. "Ma, come here and see the *thunder wink!*"

"Another summer evening, when a new moon was sailing amid the small fleecy clouds that lay softly on the western horizon, he said—,Ma, see, the moon has kicked the clouds to pieces!"

Twenty-five or thirty years ago, Rev. Charles G. Finney, now president of Oberlin College, was carrying on a series of revival meetings in some eastern city, Boston, we think. One day a gentleman called to see him on business. Mr. Finney's daughter, perhaps five years old, answered the ring. "Is your father in?" asked the stranger. "No," replied the demure maiden; "but walk in, poor dying sinner! Mother can pray for you."

Robbie was the only child at the tea-table the other evening, and did not seem at all pleased when the hostess, in dealing out the preserves, gave two pears to every other guest, while he got but one. He let the fruit remain untouched before him until his mother inquired, in a surprised tone: "Robbie, why do you not eat your pear?" "Do you call this a pear?" he indignantly exclaimed. "Why there is only one." The hostess saw the point, and Robbie received his rightful share.

SAYING AND NOT DOING.

Mary and her father were left at home for a few days while the rest of the family went on a visit. Some of mary's young friends came in the afternoon with a request for her to spend the evening with them. Papa came home from business not feeling very well, and looking forward to a quiet evening with his daughter. She told him of her invitation, and spoke of some special reasons why she desired to accept it. Her father did not want to deprive her of the pleasure she anticipated, and yet he did not exactly want to pass the evening alone, nor to sit up as late as would be necessary if Mary went out. So he put the matter wholly in Mary's decision, saying, "My daughter, you must do as you think best. I will not say you cannot go."

"I dont want to leave you alone, papa," said Mary—but all the same she went.

Now I do not mean to say that she did anything wrong. Her father was glad that she should have the pleasure of meeting her friends. There was nothing especial that she needed to do for him if she stayed. But she would have been company for him, and her staying would have been proof of unselfish affection.

The thing that struck me when I heard of this little incident was its illustration of the difference between saying and doing. Mary *said* she did not want to leave her father alone for the evening, and I dare say she did regret doing it. But she did leave him alone. So what she said, you see, went very little against what she did. Her actions spoke louder than her words.

This is true all through our life. We must be judged by our actions rather than by our words. It is easy to make promises and protestations, but by no means so easy to act always in just the right way. Children as well as their elders sometimes cheat themselves into thinking they are better than they are, because they talk so glibly about their right feelings—their sympathy, their affection, their desire

to be of service. But the question is not what they but say, what they do.

"I am very sorry for A—," said one, speaking of a man who had met with misfortune, and who was in pressing need of aid. "Yes," said the friend spoken to, "I am sorry for him five dollars; how sorry are you?" He did not mean that his sympathy should be mere words.

There is another matter in which we are very often tempted to let words take the place of something better. We try—is this true of you, dear reader?—to put God off with promises. We try sometimes to make fair words take the place of a Christian life. How foolish is this! We cannot deceive God. He understands us through and through. When he says to any one, "Give me thy heart," he is not deceived for a moment when the reply is, "Yes, Lord, I will," but no corresponding action follows. "By their fruits ye shall know them," is his way of judging, just as it should be ours.

Dear children, let us learn not to put mere empty talk in the place of doing the things our Heavenly Father would have us do.

THE CLEVER SPIDER.

A gentleman who was fond of studying the habits of insects, one day found a large spider near a pond of water. He took a long stick, and put the spider on one end of it. He then went to the side of the pond, and stretching out as far as he could, fixed the other end in the bottom of the pond, and left the stick standing straight up out of the water, with the spider upon it. He then sat down on the bank to watch what the insect would do. It first went down the stick till it came to the water, but finding that there was no hope of getting off there, it returned to the top. It then went up and down the different sides of the stick, feeling and looking carefully, till it found there was no way of escape at any part. Then it went once more to the top, and remained quiet for a while, as if thinking what to do. After a short pause, the insect began to spin a thread, long enough to reach from the stick to the edge of the pond; when this was done, it fastened one end of the thread to the top of the stick, and let the rest of it float in the breeze. It waited till the wind stretched the thread out towards the side of the pond. The insect then went crawling along the thread till it reached the end. After floating in the air a little while, it alighted safely on the ground, and scampered off to its home.

THE OFFICIOUS MONKEY.

Generally, when a vessel of war enters a harbor, a salute of one or more guns is fired. A man-of-war ship had once been on a long voyage, during which she had touched at several places, and at each of them, on anchoring, a gun had been fired off. No ship is allowed to fire guns when lying at the port of London, lest the firing should break the windows of the houses in the city, or startle the horses in the streets. A monkey that was on board the vessel wondered why a salute was not fired on dropping the anchor in the Thames, and made up his mind to repair the omission by firing the gun himself. Accordingly, when the attention of the crew was taken up with getting the vessel moored in the river, the monkey went to the cooking-stove, and with the tongs took out a piece of burning coal. He then ran off with it, and placed it on the touch-hole of one of the guns, which happened to be loaded. Immediately the gun went off, and the whole neighborhood was startled by the loud report of the cannon. The captain was tried for breaking the rules of the harbor, but got clear on proving that the cannon had been fired by the monkey.

Letters from the Hopes.

CRESTON, Iowa, January 27th, 1884.

Dear Hopes—It is snowing to-day. I go to school and read in the fourth reader, study arithmetic, geography, grammar, writing and spelling. We have prayer meeting every two weeks. We had a very good meeting last Sabbath. We live about one mile from Creston. It is a nice town. It has seven or eight thousand inhabitants, and has lots of railroads running through it. There is a lake and park in the western part of Creston, and quite a number of animals in the park.

Your sister in the gospel,

HATTIE A. HEAD.

NEW TRENTON, Ind.

December 31st, 1883.

Dear Hopes—I am eleven years old. I do not belong to the church, but I hope to soon. This is the first time I have written to the *Hope*. I am going to day school, and have a very good teacher. Her name is Miss Nellie Hilts. I read in the third reader, and study primary arithmetic, and spelling. I like to go to school. I like to read the letters in the *Hope*. I would be glad if the *Hope* was a weekly.

Bro. T. W. Smith was here about a month ago, and preached several times. The people were well pleased with his sermons, and were sorry he could not stay longer. We have our branch meetings once a week, when the weather will permit. Charlie, my oldest brother, was married December 19th. I have three brothers and two sisters older, and two sisters younger than myself. They all belong to the church except my two little sisters and myself. Pray for me, that I may be worthy to be baptized.

FRANK W. CHAPPELOW.

SHENANDOAH, Iowa,

January 28th, 1884.

Dear Hopes—I am twelve years old. I have been baptized four years. We have a nice Sunday School. I try to be a good boy. I go to Sunday School every Sunday. We had a nice Christmas Tree, and a very nice time. I don't go to school, but shall next term. I hope you will all remember me in your prayers. Yours in the faith,

FREDERICK MOORE.

GOOD INTENT, Jan. 20, 1884.

Dear Hopes—I need not try to tell you how glad we are to have the *Hope* come. We enjoy reading its interesting pages. I can hardly wait two weeks for its coming. I wish it would become a weekly. Let us all write and make our little paper interesting. I think Maplewood Manor is a lovely story, and Perla Wild write more. I love to read your stories.

In the last week's issue, Aunt Ruth asked where are found the words, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." It is found in Prov. 22: 6. Three weeks from to-day is conference. I hope we will have a good time. It is so nice for the Saints to meet. I trust we little Hopes will all meet in heaven. Your sister in bonds,

DAISIE M. MUNNS.

WHEELER'S GROVE, Iowa,

January 6th, 1884.

Dear Hopes—Have just returned from a visit to grandma's. Had a very pleasant time, went to meeting New Year's morning. Bro. Henry Kemp took charge of the meeting. Although they were few in number, I think the Spirit of the Lord was with us. I went to church to-day. Bro. Longbottom preached for us. Pray for me, brothers and sisters, that I may inherit that eternal rest, which God has promised his beloved saints, if they live faithful. From your sister,

CORA WOOD.

STEWARTSVILLE, Mo.,

January 26th, 1884.

Dear Hopes—I do not belong to the church yet, but hope I will soon. We have a Sabbath School and day school. I am in the fourth reader, and arithmetic. I have a sister older than myself, and a brother younger. We had an ice cream supper, and we have basket meeting every year. The last basket meeting, Brother Mark Forscutt preached. Good by.

ELLA SMITH.

DOW CITY, Iowa, Jan. 27, 1884.

Dear Hopes—I am eleven years old. I am not baptized yet, but hope to be. I was much interested in "The little woodman and his dog." My kind love to all. Pray for me.

SANFORD RUDD.

ADELPHI, Iowa,

Jan. 27th, 1884.

Dear Hopes—I was baptized on the eighteenth of December, 1883, by Bro. G. Deuel. We have prayer meeting here every Sunday. We have no Sunday School, but I hope we will some day. Bro. Deuel was with us a week, and did some preaching. We were all pleased with him, and I hope he will come back here again. It has been snowing here all day. I was thirteen years old the eighteenth of December. I love to read the *Hope* very much; for it has so many nice pieces in it.

From your sister in bonds,

HATTIE BOYER.

EMERSON, Mills Co., Iowa,

January 20th, 1884.

Dear Hopes—I do not belong to the church, but I go to Sunday School, and love to read the *Hope*, and the letters in it. I am twelve years old. I read in the fourth reader. From your friend,

SCOTT OTIS.

EMERSON, Iowa,

January 20th, 1884.

Dear Hopes—This is the first time I have written to you. I will be eleven years old wednesday. I go to school, and read in the third reader. I was baptized a year and four months ago, by Brother Elvin. I go to Sunday School, and love the *Hope*, and love to read the letters in it. I want all the Hopes to pray for me, that I may hold out faithful.

Your brother in Christ,

ZAND DAVIS.

STEWARTSVILLE, Mo.,

January 26th, 1884.

Dear Hopes—I had a good time Christmas and New Years. Christmas I got a doll, and some candy and nuts. My grandma is at the point of death. Pray for her, dear Hopes, that she may recover. She lives in California. My cousin, a young lady, is not expected to live. Pray for her, too.

From your sister in the church,

AVA I. SMITH.

LITTLE SIOUX, Iowa,

January 24th, 1884.

Dear Hopes—I love to read the letters from the *Hopes*. I do wish it would come every week. My brother takes the *Hope*. I don't know how we could do without it. I do not belong to the church, but I hope I will soon. My father, mother, sister and brother belong. I am ten years old. I do not go to Sunday School now, but we will have one in the spring. Pray for me, that I may be faithful.

HATTIE LYTTLE.

NEBRASKA CITY, Neb.,

January 1st, 1884.

Dear Hopes—I am nine years of age, and I go to Sabbath School, and to day school too. It is a very cold day to-day. I have two brothers, one older and one younger than myself. I use the advanced third reader, a speller, arithmetic and copy book. My father and mother belong to the church. I had a nice Christmas, and we had a Christmas sleigh, and Santa Claus, and we had a nice time. I also had a happy New Year; so good by.

Your friend,

JOSEPH MYER.

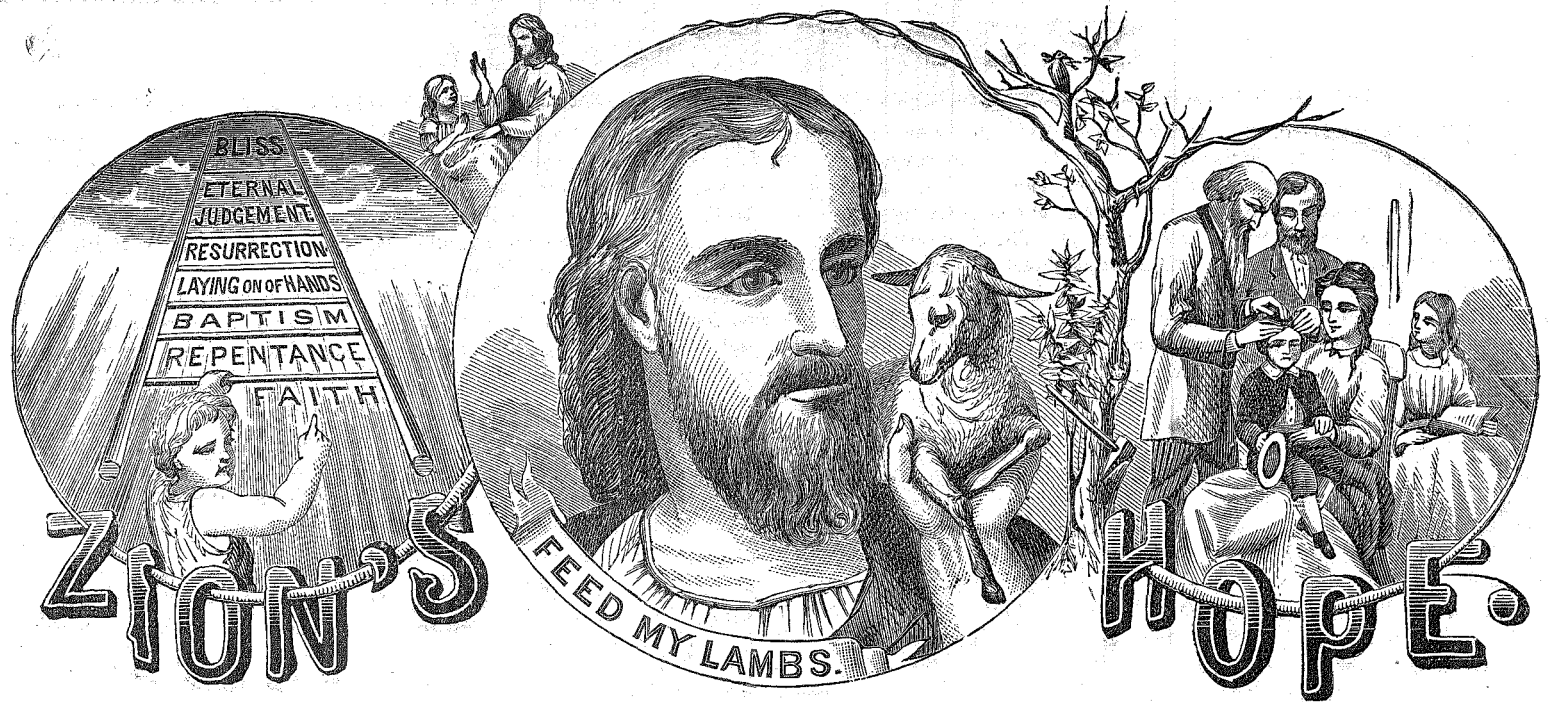
✂ Dates on address labels changed next number. ✂

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

Vol. XV.

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No. 18.

BOOK OF MORMON HISTORY.

BY MORMONIA.
NEPHI I.

IN THE first year of the reign of Zedekiah, king of Judah, there came many prophets to Jerusalem, who told the people that they must repent or their city would be destroyed, among whom was a man named Lehi, who sought the Lord with all his heart; and as he prayed he was carried away in the Spirit and thought he saw God seated upon his throne, surrounded by countless multitudes of angels, who were singing and praising God. He saw one descending out of Heaven, brighter than the noonday sun, and twelve others with him. The first gave Lehi a book, and bade him read it; and he read, "Woe, woe, to Jerusalem," that it should be destroyed, and many of its people slain, and many more carried away captive to Babylon.

After the Lord had shown Lehi so many marvelous things, he began to preach repentance to the people, and tried to persuade them to turn from their sins, and do the will of the Lord. But the Jews did not believe his warning, nor his testimony concerning the coming Messiah. They knew that God spake to Moses; but this fellow Lehi who was he?

One of the saddest errors of poor humanity is the tendency to overrate the past, and underate the present. To misconstrue the best efforts to wrong, betray and slight the best affections of the living; and keep the tenderest kisses for the cold face of the dead.

When Lehi found it was useless to reason with the Jews, and being warned of God in a dream, he left his house and all that he had, except his tents and provisions, and with his wife Sariah and his four sons, Laman, Lemuel, Sam, Nephi, went three days' journey into the wilderness by the Red Sea, and camped in a valley which they called Lemuel, beside a river called Laman.

He there exhorted his sons to faithfulness in keeping the commandments of the Lord. Laman and Lemuel were unbelieving and rebellious; but Nephi believed the words of his father, and sought the Lord with all his heart, and the Lord softened his heart, and gave him a knowledge of the truth. Then he reasoned with his brothers, telling them what the Lord had shown him by his Spirit. Sam believed and learned to love righteousness; but the others hardened their hearts against their brothers, against their father, and against God. The Lord was pleased with the faith and righteousness of Nephi, and told him if he would keep the commandments, he should be a ruler and teacher over his brethren. Nephi received this great honor, with humble love and lowliness of heart. The honor that comes from God never makes men proud.

If any religious teacher is boastful, proud, arrogant, know this dear reader, he has not received his commission from the Spirit of truth, but the spirit of error.

While they dwelt in the valley, Lehi by command of God sent his sons back to Jerusalem, to get some sacred and historic records, which were engraven on brass plates kept by a man named Laman. When the young men came to Jerusalem, Laman went to see Laban to try to get the records; but Laban was very angry; called Laman a robber, and threatened to kill him; but Laman fled and returned to his brothers. Then they went to their old home, and gathered up all their gold and silver and other treasures, and took them to Laban to ask him to give them the records in exchange; but Laban took their treasures by force, drove them out, and sent his servants to slay them, but the brothers fled and hid in the cavity of a rock; and the servants of Laban did not find them. Laman and Lemuel were angry, and spoke harshly to Nephi, and did even smite him with a rod. But an angel of the Lord came and reproveth them for their wickedness, and told them that the Lord had chosen Nephi to be their ruler. That they should go again to Jerusalem, and the Lord would deliver Laban into their hands. When the angel departed, the brothers went again to Jerusalem, Nephi and Sam believing and cheerful, the others doubting and grumbling. The others hid outside the wall, and Nephi went alone to the house of Laban. He found him lying on the ground in a drunken sleep, and the Spirit constrained him to kill him. Nephi reasoned upon the matter, till he convinced himself that it would be right under the circumstances; then he smote off Laban's head with his own sword. Then he dressed up in Laban's clothes put on his armor and went to the servant who kept the keys to go with him to the treasury and bring forth the records and carry them to his brothers without the gates. Zoram the servant of Laban, thinking it was his master, and that he meant the Jewish Elders, obeyed him. When they came to the brothers they all made a covenant of peace with Zoram, and returned to their parents who received them with joy and offered sacrifice and burnt offering unto the Lord. Then Lehi examined the records which contained the world's history from the days of Adam and Eve to the beginning of the reign of Zedekiah.

After Lehi had examined the records, he was filled with the Spirit, and prophesied many things concerning his children; and by command of God sent his four sons again to Jerusalem to bring down the family of Ishmael. They went to his house and declared to him the word of the Lord. Ishmael

believed, and with all his family went with them to the tent of Lehi. On the way, Laman, Lemuel and some of Ishmael's family, rebelled, and wished to return to Jerusalem. But Nephi called to their remembrance the many proofs they had that the Lord had led their father out of the land that they might be saved, and warned them that if they returned they would perish with the unbelievers. But they were the more angry, and bound Nephi, intending to kill him, and leave him in the wilderness; but he prayed to the Lord, and the Lord loosed the bonds from his hands and feet; and he continued to warn his brethren. Also Ishmael's wife and a son and daughter, plead for him till his brethren repented, asked his pardon, and prayed for the forgiveness of God. When they came to the tent of their father, they gave thanks to God, and offered sacrifice and burnt offering.

From chapter 2, verse 16, to the close of chapter 4, is so sacred that to meddle is to mar. It is the vision of Lehi and Nephi and the explanation. Your parents have a Book of Mormon, I hope, (if they have not ask them your very prettiest to buy one). Carefully study the entire vision. Read it when you are happy, and it will make you happier. Read it when you are sad, and it will soften your sorrows. Read it believing, and it will increase your faith. Read it when you doubt, and your doubts will be removed.

While these people dwelt in the valley Lemuel, Zoram and Ishmael's eldest daughter was married, and each of Lehi's sons married one of her sisters. One night the Lord commanded Lehi that he should resume his journey on the morrow; and when he went to the door in the morning, he found on the ground a fine brass ball with two spindles, one of which pointed the way they should go. It was not like the compass which is the gift of God to evil and good alike, and always points nearly north. It was a special gift to these people, and guided them only when they were faithful. They immediately gathered up their provisions and seeds, and departed into the wilderness, keeping nearly a south, south east direction. After four days they stopped to rest and slay food for their families. Then they journeyed many days, being directed by the ball to the most fertile portions of the wilderness. When they camped again to rest and slay food, Nephi had the misfortune to break his bow, and they had to return to their families without food; and as they were much fatigued with their journey, they suffered much for want of food. Laman and Lemuel were angry as usual, and murmured, as they always did about everything; and even poor old Lehi's faith failed, and with the

rest he murmured against God. It seems strange at first thought that Lehi should doubt, after all the evidences he had of the goodness of God; but all of us, if we would but reflect, have had as many proofs of his loving care as he had; and yet for less cause, have sometimes thought that God has dealt strangely and bitterly with us.

"Why hast thou forsaken me," is not an assemblage of words that mean nothing; but a wail of agony from a heart bruised for our sorrows, and broken for our sins. It was seemingly an unexpected blow; and it is always the unexpected blow that breaks the heart. He knew that all men would forsake him. That he must drink the cup, and bear the cross, and tread the winepress alone; but he did not think that God would forsake him. But He seemingly did, not really of course, neither does he ever really forsake any of us.

But Nephi's faith did not fail. He reasoned with his friends and foes, and went bravely to work and made a wooden bow and arrows, and asked his father where he should go to seek food. Lehi had repented of his unbelief and murmurings, and he enquired of the Lord, and the Lord bade him look upon the ball and see what was written. When Lehi read what was written on the ball, he did fear very much, and so did the rest of the company. The pointers did work according to the heed they gave to them, and the writing taught them in the ways of the Lord. It was plain to be read, and changed from time to time, according to their faithfulness.

Nephi went forth upon the mountain and slew wild beasts enough for their wants, and they were joyful, and for awhile thankful. After they had rested and obtained food, they again journeyed many days, keeping nearly the same course as at first, till they came to a place they called Nahum. Here Ishmael died and was buried; and his daughters mourned much for the loss of their father, and murmured because Lehi and Nephi had led them into the wilderness, where they had suffered so much hunger, thirst and weariness, saying that after all they had suffered, they must perish in the wilderness: and they wished to return to Jerusalem.

It is right to mourn and weep for the dead; but it is not right to harbor feelings of bitterness and rebellion. "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him," is the sublime and beautiful language of faith.

"Laman said to Lemuel and the sons of Ishmael. Let us slay our father, and our brother Nephi, who has taken it upon himself to be a ruler and teacher over us, his elder brethren. Now he says the Lord has talked with him, but we know he lies, and works many things by cunning arts, to deceive us, and lead us to some strange wilderness, that he may make himself a king over us." * * * "But the voice of the Lord did speak many things unto them, and chasten them for their sins, which caused them for a while to repent, and turn from their anger; and the Lord gave them food that they did not perish."

When they again took their journey, they traveled nearly east, till they came to a land they called Bountiful, because of its much fruit and wild honey, which the Lord had prepared that they might not perish. Here they tarried eight years by the sea, which they called Ireantum. After they had been in the land Bountiful many days, the Lord commanded Nephi to go upon a mountain, and there instructed him how to build a ship in which to cross the waters. Nephi believed and went bravely and cheerfully to work. His brethren did not believe that he was instructed of the Lord, and were unwilling to labor; and wished they had remained in Jerusalem.

Nephi believed God, and loved to serve him. He loved his brothers despite their faults, and patiently reasoned with, calling their attention to the points of similarity between their leaving Jerusalem and journeying in the wilderness, and the deliverance of the Children of Israel from Egyptian bondage, until he was so filled with the Spirit of the

Lord, that they feared to lay hands on him, lest they should be consumed. He told them that they should be no more angry with their father, but should labor and help him build the ship.

The Lord commanded Nephi to stretch forth his hand towards his brethren. He did so, and the Lord did shake them. Then they said, "We know surely that the Lord is with thee, for it is the power of the Lord that has shaken us." They fell down and were about to worship him; but he would not suffer it; but said, Worship God, and honor thy father and thy mother. And they did worship the Lord, and go forth with Nephi to work at the ship till it was finished. It was good and strong, and the workmanship exceeding fine; for Nephi often went on the mount to pray; and the Lord instructed him, and it was built according to the will of the Lord. After the ship was finished, the Lord commanded Lehi that they should enter the ship. So they gathered much provisions and seeds of every kind, and went with their families and all that they had, and put forth to sea, and were driven before the winds towards the promised land; After they had been driven by the wind many days, Laman and Lemuel, the sons of Ishmael, and their wives, began to make themselves merry, to sing and dance, and behave with much rudeness. The Saint should always try to have a glad heart and a cheerful countenance; but rudeness of speech and excessive laughter, are always sin, because it grates upon the nerves of the aged and feeble, and wounds the heart of the sorrowful; and whatever causes any of his children needless pain, is displeasing to God.

Nephi admonished them of their faults, and spoke soberly to them. But they were angry again, and said, "We will not have our younger brother to rule over us." They bound him with cord, and treated him with much harshness; and the Lord suffered it for reasons which the revealments of time have partly unfolded, and the revealments of eternity will fully unfold. "The servant is not greater than his Lord." There comes a time in the life of every Saint, when he must tread the winepress alone, seemingly forsaken of God. That time will come to you, little reader; and when it does, I hope you will bear it with the perfect faith and sweet spirit of resignation that Nephi always manifested, whether in prosperity or adversity.

But though the Lord permitted the wicked to have their own way, he spoke to them by storms and tempest, the ship being driven back for four days, till the rebellious were frightened lest they should be destroyed. Then they loosed Nephi, and he took the compass and it did work as he desired it. And after sailing many days, they arrived in safety to land, and they called it the Promised Land.

They went forth on the land, and began to till the earth. They planted all the seeds that they brought with them, and the Lord blest them with an abundant harvest; and they found in the forests beasts of every kind, cattle, horses, goats and wild beasts for the use of man; and all manner of ore, gold, silver and copper. The Lord commanded Nephi and he made plates of ore, upon which to keep the record of his people.

I refer you, reader, to 1st Nephi, chapter 6 and 7; and 2d Nephi chapter 1, 5, which teach many solemn and important lessons, which we can only glance at in our next.

(To be continued).

LETTER FROM G. S. HYDE.

Dear Hopes of Zion:—I realize that the first duty of life is to live right ourselves. The next to teach others to do likewise. If we succeed in the first, we shall not fail in the second. Jesus was the greatest instructor the world ever knew, because he lived a perfect life. He thus becomes the channel through which flows the light of God to the world.

And why is he a perfect channel of celestial light; Because he is infinitely pure. Would we do good then we must be pure. What a blessed condition it is to be pure in heart. "Blessed are the pure

in heart, for they shall see God," was the promise of Jesus. Every thing loves to associate with its own kind. If we live pure, holy lives, Jesus will delight to own us; the holy angels will have charge concerning us, and the Spirit of God will dwell richly in our hearts.

Dear Hopes, how my soul thrills with love and tenderness as I read your expressions of love for the gospel, and faithfulness to God. May the Lord bless you all with the peaceful presence of his spirit.

Yours in the one faith,

G. S. HYDE.

CLEAR WATER Neb. Jan. 16th, 1884.

THE KING'S SERVANT.

By the Author of "Jessica's First Prayer."

CHAPTER V.—THE LAST STEP.

How the days sped I do not know; but they seemed to pass by like the rushing of a river just before you come to a deep, dreadful waterfall, down which you must plunge into a flood that will drown you. Every morning and every evening carried us on to the terrible day when we must quit our old house forever. I kept my school open till the very last; for this was no time to lose a single penny I could win. There was no other house near that place where we could move to; for the lowest rent was five shillings a week; and I could never undertake to pay that. So my school would be lost, as well as our home, and I must try to begin again in a strange neighborhood, on the other side of the town, where the rents were lower. What was to become of Transome and me baffled me whenever I looked forward. He did not lie in bed any more, but sat beside me in the chimney-nook, while I taught the children, now and then stretching out his hand,—his poor hand,—crooked and drawn together with rheumatism, just to touch me. I knew after a while what he was thinking of then, though he never put it into words.

Well, we had to sell some of our goods; the old loom for one, that used to make such a busy sound in our cottage early and late. The rest we carried with us to the other side of town, into a small house, in a close, pent-up street, where the wind never blew across one's face with a sweet, fresh breath. I did my utmost to gather together a few scholars; and sometimes I had a few, and sometimes none. Transome took to sitting always at my side; and if I was away for half an hour, doing a few errands, he'd welcome me back as though I had been away from him all day. He began, too, to talk more, at times quite eagerly, as if he was afraid he might some day want to tell me something, and would not have the chance. I never knew him talk so much, as that long, dreary summer, when we were treading slowly down those steps poor folks know of, step after step, downwards and downwards, never stopping, till the last step crumbles away under one's feet, and all is lost!

We trod on the last step, and it crumbled away underneath our old feet when the first sharp touch of winter came. We had kept up till then, pawning and selling our few goods to buy bread for our mouths. But when the bitter cold came, and our blankets were in the pawnshop, and I had not a morsel of flannel to wrap about Transome's poor pained limbs, and no fire to give a little warmth to our worn-out frames, then I knew that all was lost! I was sorely bewildered and beset. Had the Lord been deceiving us all these years? Had He brought us to old age, and to the very gates of death to forsake us at last? Transome had been faithful, if a poor ignorant man can ever be faithful, to his God. If either of us had been unfaithful, it was me; and surely the Lord would not visit my sins and shortcomings upon him!

"Ally!" said Transome, one day, "bring th' book, and read me again how th' blessed Lord came to's end upo' th' cross."

So I opened my old Bible, so worn that it was worth nothing at the pawnshop; and I read aloud to him, shivering and shaking with cold as I read.

There was not a spark of fire in the grate, or a crust of bread in the cupboard. I had not a penny in the world, and did not know where to turn to find one. We had not any friends. Transome being such a silent man, and me a foreigner in that county; and all my kinsfolk were dead and gone. It was forty years since I had married away out of my county.

I was thinking all these thoughts, taking no heed of the blessed words my tongue repeated; for I had read those chapters so often to Transome, I did not need to think of them. How far even I had read I did not know, till all at once I heard Transome saying to himself—

“Scourged, and mocked and crucified! God’s own Son? That were ten times waur nor deein’ i’ th’ workhouse.”

That word stung me to the core of my heart; though in my secret thoughts I had known it must come to that. But to hear Transome say so! I threw down the Bible, and cried with a loud and very bitter cry. It seems as if I could hear myself even now; and as if I could see Transome’s thin pale face, as he looks up at me.

“Ally!” he says, “thee’rt a gradely scholar. Is na’ there a verse somewhere, ‘faithful unto death?’”

“Ay!” I sobbed, “be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.”

“That’s it!” he cried; “learn it me, Ally, as yo’ learn the little childer.”

I could not say him nay, though my heart was like to break. He caught hold, fast firm hold, of my hand, as I said it to him over and over again; him repeating it after me like the least of my scholars in our old house. It seemed hard to him; or maybe he wanted the lesson to be long, for it was growing dark in the afternoon, before he stooped saying it.

“We’ll stay one other neet,” he said. “We’ve been together many a long year. But to-morrow morn, Ally—”

There was no need for him to finish what he was saying. To-morrow we must go into the union workhouse. Nothiag else lay before us. We had fought our fight; and this was the end of it! I could not believe that it was aught save a dream; only I was cold and hungry, and so was Transome so cold and so hungry it could not be a dream.

“My lass!” he said tenderly, very tenderly, and my mind called back the sound of his voice as we came home picking flowers along the canal-side, “we mun remember as’t were God’s own Son as deed upo’ th’ cross. If thee had to see me hang, it ’ud be far, far waur nor deein’ i’ th’ union; but it would na’ be waur nor what He bore for us. No, no, Ally; God Almighty’s dealin’ wi’ us is softer nor wi’ Christ. And, Ally, His poor mother stood by to see him dee upo’ th’ cross.”

“Oh! If it was only me,” I cried, “I could bear it!”

“Ah, but thee’ll have to bear it for me,” he said, smiling on me; “it’s just the same wi’ me. If it were na’ for thee, Ally, aw could go cheerful and glad to th’ union; for aw’ve noan so long to live. But never to hear thee say ‘Good neet’ as I fa’ asleep, nor, ‘Good day,’ when th’ morn breaks, that’s th’ hurt, lass, that’s th’ hurt.”

In the dark cold night I took the few things we had left and pawned them, spending part of the money in coal and food; and thinking that with the rest we might come out of the workhouse again in the spring, and I could get a little school together once again. I bought a small store of tobacco for Transome, for I knew how sorely he would miss his pipe when we were parted. The long, long night wore away too soon; and then I went to the relieving-officer, and got an order to go into the house.

There was a glimmer of pale sunshine in the sky as Transome and me crept along the streets toward the union workhouse, feeling as if everybody we met knew where we were going. He could not drag himself along save at a very slow pace; and here and there, wherever there was a doorstep to an

empty house, we were forced to sit down and rest. Transome did not speak many words as we went along, for he was very weary with the journey; but every now and then his poor fingers clasped my arm more tightly, as if he meant to say, “Cheer up, Ally, it must come all right in the end.” But at length we reached the end, the long, blank wall, and the great black doors; and though we stood outside full five minutes, looking into each other’s face, no help came. I was forced to ring the loud, clanging bell, and we crossed over the black door-sill into the workhouse.

KATIE KEEN.

Selected by Sister Emma.

[Concluded.]

The night was dark, the storm was wild,
The wind blew fierce and cold;
When Robert in a drunken rage,
Quite fearful to behold,
Said little Kate should go for rum
Unto the village store.
Too much already he had had,
But still he must have more.
The mother in a drunken sleep,
Lay stretched upon the bed.
Too sound she slept, she could not hear
A single word he said,
Or may be in her breast had stirred
Some touch of mother-hood.
But she slept on; perhaps she
Could not save her if she would.
But pitiful it was to see
Poor little Katie’s look,
As she put on her hood and shawl;
And when the jug she took.
Her childish terror of the dark,
Made deeper by the storm;
The chill fierce wind that blew about
Her shawl, so thin and torn.
Out in the night, ‘mid cold and storm,
On such an errand sent;
Did pitying angels hover o’er,
To watch her as she went?
She struggled through through blinding storm,
Until she reached the store,
Then pausing to take breath a while,
She opened wide the door.
The crew of loafers round the bar,
All opened wide their eyes,
And even smiling Mr. Jones,
Looked up in great surprise.
“Why, really now? and such a night?
You’re a brave girl,” he said,
“But seems to me it is quite time
Such young folks were in bed.”
“I’d like to be in bed,” said Kate,
“But father wanted rum,
And since he was too drunk himself,
He said that I must come.”
And while the shop-man filled the jug,
She hovered o’er the fire,
The loafer’s making room for her,
And bidding her come nigher.
And as she laid the money down
She looked with hungry eyes,
Upon the tempting sugar hearts,
And rows of little pies.
Then, “Good night to you, Mr. Jones,”
“Good night,” she sweetly said;
Yet strange it was, those simple words
Sank on his heart like lead.
And though he bustled round the bar,
And said, “It is a shame,
To send a child out such a night,”
And said, “I’m not to blame;”
But somehow Mr. Jones’ heart
Could not feel very light;
For many a time and oft he said
“I’m not to blame” that night.
The snow reached nearly to her knees,
But still she struggled on;
The fierce wind pierced her bosom through.
Her strength was almost gone.
She thought of gentle Mary Gray,
And saw her window light
Gleam far away across the fields,
Upon that dismal night.
“Oh, dear Miss Gray,” said little Kate,
“If you were only here;”
And then she thought of Jesus,
Whom she knew was always near.
“O Jesus, pity little Kate,
And take me where ’tis warm;
I am so cold, so cold,” she said.
And wildly blew the storm.
And Jesus heard above the storm,
Above the wind’s fierce wail,

That little voice whose pleading tones,
Were smothered in the gale.
And sent his angel guard to bear
Her precious soul to him;
Up, up above the storm and stars,
Bright angels welcoming.
There, safe from touch of cold or care,
The little heart at rest;
She learns the angel children’s song,
Upon the Savior’s breast.

But now upon earth’s cold white face,
Slowly the daylight rose,
The storm was o’er, the wind had ceased,
All nature sought repose.
The morning was not far advanced
When gentle Mary Gray,
Warmly wrapped in shawl and fur
Came driving out that way.
Her heart was happy, full of love
Both human and divine;
Her pulses beat with quickened life,
The air was clear and fine.
“But Thomas, what is that?” she said,
For close beside the sleigh,
A drift just like a human form
Was stretched along the way.
The man alighted from the sleigh,
And knelt beside the dead;
And as he brushed the snow away,
His face grew pale with dread.
A loud cry burst from Mary Gray,
Her eyes grew wide and wild;
And with a check as white as death,
She sprang beside the child.
She knelt beside her in the snow,
And took the little head
So tenderly within her arms,
And hot tears o’er it shed.
The frozen hand that clasped the jug,
Told well the too true tale.
Oh! ’twas a sight so pitiful
The stoutest heart might fail.
Then with a sudden energy
Miss Mary raised her face,
And said, “Go quick for Mr. Jones
And bring him to this place.
And Thomas, mind that not a word
Of this to him you say.
Tell him Miss Gray is in distress
And wants him right away.”
Careless of cold or snow she sat
Beside the little form,
Her fur cloak wrapped around the dead,
As though to keep it warm.
Soon up came smiling Mr. Jones,
Looking so brisk and gay;
Feeling quite proud that he should
Have been sent for by Miss Gray.
Slowly she raised her from the ground,
And pointing to the dead,
She fixed her gaze on Mr. Jones,
But not a word she said.
There needed none, his guilty heart
Felt keen the conscience stroke;
Like a discovered murderer,
He felt before she spoke.
“Unclasp that little frozen hand
From off that jug,” she said,
“And look at those blue, staring eyes,
That face so still and dead.
And tell me, when before God’s throne
In judgment you shall stand,
That in the murder of this child
You feel you had no hand.
You made her father mad with rum,
You lured him to his fall;
Remember, you must meet this charge
When God for you shall call.”
For though Miss Mary’s heart was kind,
And gentle was her frame;
Yet still she never was afraid
To call sin by it’s name.
“Now, gather up that stiffened form,
Keep the dead eyes in view;
Take it to Robert in return
For what he’s given you.”
She saw him hesitate, and said
“You’ll not leave me alone,
To bear this little frozen form
Back to its wretched home?”
The driver she had sent away
To have her father brought;
She wanted Mr. Jones should see
The ruin he had wrought.
He took the little frozen thing
Within his trembling arms;
His guilty heart within his breast,
Beating with loud alarms,
And bore it to poor Robert’s home,
Whose shrieks rose loud and wild,
As in that little stiffened form,
He recognized his child.

And as this lightning stroke of death
 Flashed in upon him there,
 It gave him glimpses of his life,
 And filled him with despair.
 Grief sobered him, and Susan too,
 And long and loud they wept;
 And with clasped hands o'er Katie's grave,
 They made a vow they kept.
 Never, God helping them
 To touch the accursed thing,
 Which over human life and love
 Such wretchedness could bring.
 God's voice spoke to them in their grief
 So plain they could but hear,
 And in contrition for the past,
 To Him they now drew near;
 And asked in humbleness and trust,
 To have their sins forgiven.
 Did ever humble suppliant
 Crave in vain, such gift of heaven?
 Oh Christ, what debt of love we owe
 For the great ransom paid,
 By which our lowest human needs
 Hath but to ask for aid.
 Kind hands robbed Katie for the grave
 In dress of purest white;
 And smoothed the tangled, silken locks,
 And closed the eyes so bright.
 And cast the soiled and ragged clothes,
 Forevermore away;
 For clad in robes of white and gold,
 She walks the streets of day;
 Or by the still voiced river, plays
 Among the shining bands
 Of angel little ones, 'mid whom
 We think Christ often stands.
 And though o'er little Katie's grave
 Was raised no costly stone,
 A better monument was reared
 In her once wretched home.
 The voice of prayer awoke the morn,
 For guidance through the day;
 Day closed with reading of God's word,
 Now all their hope and stay.
 But sin will leave its ghost behind,
 Though it be washed away;
 And many a time did Katie come,
 As still in death she lay,
 To haunt their memories of the deeds
 Of cruelty they'd done,
 Which drove the light of childish love,
 Forever from their home.
 I wish in winding up my tale
 That I could tell you all
 Jones' conscience had indeed
 Listened to this loud call;
 But soon he was as brisk and gay,
 Smiling about his trade,
 As though he never knew the grief
 And wretchedness he'd made.
 But he, with us is passing on,
 Fast to God's judgment throne;
 There to be judged of all the deeds
 We've in the body done.
 If sin looks fearful in the dusk
 And shadow of earth's night,
 How will it look revealed to view
 In heaven's full blaze of light?

LETTER FROM SISTER ELLEN HERR.

DEAR HOPES:—It has been some time since I have written to the *Hope*; but it has not been because, I did not love to read its contents. We came to Nebraska five years ago last fall. There were no saints here, except my brother-in-law and sister, Bro. Hollenbeck and wife, my husband and I. Times seemed dark and dreary, as I had always had a privilege all my life before of attending church; yet we desired a home, and we were in hopes God would so lead the people, that a branch of the church might be raised up here, and that our neighbors and friends might know the true plan of redemption. In the summer we started a Sunday School, myself being superintendent. I feel my weakness, but God knowing my heart, assisted with his Spirit, which casteth out all fear, and enabled me to do what little good I did in trying to show to the world, that we professed to be Saints of God. After carrying on our Sunday School about a year this way, Bro. G. W. Galley was impressed to come and make us a visit, and in doing so, he baptized two others, and organized us into a branch. There being eight of us now, we continued our Sunday School, with our little prayer meetings, erected our family altars, and we were blessed. In about two months, Bro. G. S. Hyde and H. O. Smith came to

see us, held meetings, and ordained Bro. Smith priest; so we had a leader, and we met each Sunday for worship as commanded, and we were satisfied, though but few in number, that God would hear and answer our feeble petitions. In the fall Saints began to flock in with us, and now there are somewhere near sixty members, though all have not united with the branch yet. I think surely God had a hand in the Saints' settling here. We have a neat little church, where we can go and worship God in the beauty of Holiness, and at the present we are enjoying quite a degree of his Holy Spirit. We are being blessed by God making his will known through the gifts of unknown tongues and prophecy; also blessed in healing of the sick. One was added by baptism last Sunday, and we are in hopes that there is more that will follow soon. I rejoice in this glorious gospel; and I would that I could tell all the peace, comfort, and enjoyment I have had since trying to serve my Master. It was told us by the Spirit, that the time was not as far off as many supposed, when Christ should come on earth to reign, and my desire is that we may all be prepared to accept the good plaudit, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joys of thy Lord." Let us all remember our secret prayers, for God has said, that in so doing, we should be rewarded openly. I have tested this many times, and know it to be true.

"In Spirit he doth answer us,
 When we do humbly pray."

Pray for me, that my daily walk and conversation may show to my neighbors and friends, that I am trying to live what I profess. Ever praying for the welfare of Zion's cause.

CLEAR WATER, Neb., Jan. 30th, 1884.

WISE SAYINGS OF WITTY LITTLE ONES.

"Has your ma got religion?" asked Nettie.

"Yes, of course," replied Eddie.

"I didn't know but she hadn't any, she speaks so sharp and ugly to you sometimes" continued Nettie.

"O," exclaimed Eddie, brightening up. "I guess she's got that kind—the religion of the cross."

An interesting little boy, timid when left alone in a dark room, was overheard recently by his mother to say in his loneliness: "Oh, Lord, don't let anyone hurt me, and I'll go to church next Sunday, and give you some money."

"Well, my child," said a father to his little daughter after she had been to church, "what do you remember of all the preacher said?" "Nothing," was the timid reply, "Nothing!" he exclaimed, in a severe tone. "Now, remember, the next time you must tell me something of what he says or you will have to be punished." Next Sunday the child came home with her eyes all wild with excitement. "I remember something to-day, papa," she cried, eagerly. "I am very glad of it," said her father. "What did he say?" "He said, 'A collection will now be made!'"

A little boy about four years of age was saying his prayers at his mother's knee, and, when he had finished the Lord's prayer, she said: "Now, Willie, ask God to make you a good boy." The child raised his eyes to his mother's face for a few moments, as if in deep thought, and then startled her with the reply; "Its no use, mamma. He won't do it. I've asked Him a heap o' times."

LETTER FROM AUNT RUTH.

BELoved BROTHERS AND SISTERS:—I would not have you think the aunts and uncles are forgotten. They are all in remembrance. I greet you with a Happy New Year. I had the pleasure last Sabbath of attending the service of Bro. Patterson. The Sabbath School has started with life and vigor, and a good spirit seems to preside, and an interest is manifested in behalf of the little ones. One class of little boys and girls seemed to be very much interested with their teacher's instructions. Our

Bible Class was led by Bro. Patterson. I suffered great loss by being deaf, which at times appears to be a misfortune. Yet it may be a blessing in disguise. I hope, dear readers, you will remember my case at the throne of grace, that if it be the Lord's will, my hearing may be restored. The language of my heart is, The Lord's will be done in all things. I feel encouraged to see so many letters in February 1st *Hope*, and of such good import; and hope you will continue in a good cause, being always in attendance on the hearing of the gospel preached in purity and love. I hope that if our paper does not become a weekly it may be enlarged. I did not see my questions answered, and I will ask again Who were the first martyrs for Jesus, and the name of the King who caused the slaughter.

SOMONAUK, Ill., Jan. 26th, 1884.

WHAT THE MICROSCOPE REVEALS.

LEWENBOECK tells us of an insect seen with the microscope, of which twenty-seven millions would only equal a mite.

Insects of various kinds may be seen in the cavities of a grain of sand.

Mould is a forest of beautiful trees, with the branches leaves and fruit.

Butterflies are fully feathered.

Hairs hollow tubes.

The surface of our bodies is covered with scales like a fish; a single grain of sand would cover one hundred and fifty of these scales, and yet a scale covers five hundred pores. Through these narrow openings the perspiration forces itself like water in a sieve.

Each drop of stagnant water contains a world of living creatures, swimming with as much liberty as whales in the sea.

Each leaf has a colony of insects grazing on it, like cows on a meadow.

Letters from the Hopes.

PRAIRIE SPRING, Ont., January, 1884.

Dear Brother Joseph:—I feel that the *Hope* should be sustained if possible, on account of its great mission. I consider it to be of vast importance on account of its gentle admonitions and kind instructions to the young. I very much enjoy reading it, as it often brings to mind very many happy scenes in my childhood's days; in fact I have always looked back to my school days as being the happiest days of my life. I also realize, that it is much easier to impress the young mind with pure and holy thoughts, than it is those of riper year. I also know that a great responsibility rests on parents and guardians of children, as to the manner in which they train the young, the example which they set before them; for in my own experience the lessons that were taught me when a child, although I forgot them at the time, yet in after years how often do they come to my mind; and many times have they been blessings to me in guarding me from evil. I was much pleased to read Sister Emma's letter in the *Hope*. I think she suggested some good thoughts. I hope that the dear little paper may find its way to many a lonely child, that its cheerful influence may be felt in many a family circle, where it has not hitherto been. Praying God's blessing to rest on you in your labor of love, I remain

Your sister in bonds of the gospel,
 MARY ANN VINCE.

SWEET HOME, Mo., Jan'y 27th, 1884.

Dear Brother Joseph:—I love to read the *Hope*. I was at conference last Sunday. We had a good time. We had the pleasure of seeing Brother J. C. Foss, and hearing him preach. Three were baptized by him. Dear Hopes, though we can not all see each other in this world, yet let us live so that we can meet in the world to come, to dwell with Christ a thousand years. Your sister in Christ,

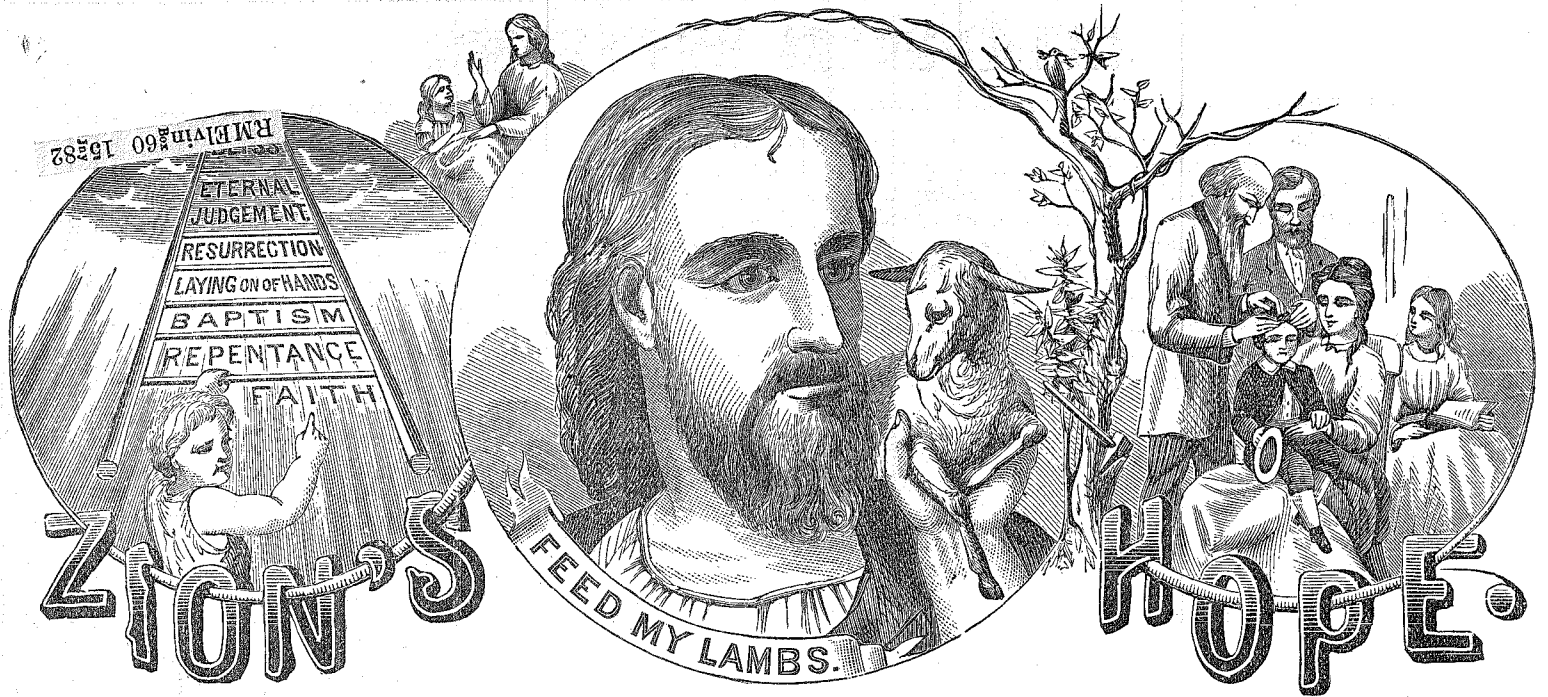
MARTHA A. POWELL.

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

VOL. XV.

LAMONI, IOWA, APRIL 1, 1884.

No. 19.

BE IN TIME.

Be in time for every call,
If you can't 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 in 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 gold is attained,
This is how the price 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 with plane and rule,
With some noble end in view,
Ever ready, earnest, true;
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 you have to do,
Keep this motto still in view,
Be in time.

Selected by Sr. Nicoline Thomson.

BOOK OF MORMON HISTORY.

BY MORMONIA.

While Lehi lived they all remained together, and Nephi taught them, quoting many beautiful passages from Isaiah; and by applying them to themselves, drew many lessons of guidance and comfort. One reason why the Bible is most beloved of all books, is because it speaks to every heart, and writes every one's history in advance. There is no circumstance in which any one can be placed, that is not minutely detailed upon its sacred pages, with instructions how to act under every emergency; and he is the best preacher, who quotes most from the Scriptures, and applies them to the events of his own day, and he is the best saint, who draws therefrom the guidance of his everyday life. Lehi also taught his children, by the spirit of prophecy, the world's history, from the sad tragedy in Eden to the glad reign of peace, and Resurrection of the Just. He quoted from the prophecies of Joseph in Egypt, concerning Moses, who should lead Israel out of bondage, and another Seer who should bring forth the sacred records of his people in the latter days to the correcting of false doctrine, and teaching the truth. This Joseph said that the name of this latter

day prophet should be Joseph, and that should be the name of his father. He blessed each of his children, and prophesied what should befall them. Exhorted them to faithfulness and personal righteousness, that it might be well with them. Then he died in the perfect faith that triumphs o'er the tomb.

I hope my readers, especially those who are, or ever expect to be, religious teachers, will carefully study Lehi's entire address. It will compare favorably with "Buttler's Analogy between Natural and Revealed Religion," and Prof. Fowler says, that is one of the best of books to develop the reasoning faculties.

There is but little poetry in the Book of Mormon, except its quotations from the old prophets; but the words of Nephi in this chapter are as lofty, and nearly as fine a specimen as I ever read. I presume it was fuller and sweeter in Nephi's own language; for it is almost impossible to translate a poem without marring either the rhythm or the sense.

After Lehi died, Nephi still tried to teach his brethren to do good, and keep the commandments; but the more he preached, the more some of them hated him, and they at last sought to kill him. But Nephi being warned of God, took his family, and Sam and Zoram and their families, and Jacob and Joseph, and all who would go with him, and departed and went a long journey into the wilderness, and dwelt in a land which they called Nephi, and the people assumed the name of Nephites. They kept the commandments according to the law of Moses. The Lord blessed them with abundant harvests, with flocks and herds of every kind. Nephi had the records, the ball, or compass. He took the sword of Laban, and made many more like it, lest the Lamanites should come and destroy them, for the Lamanites hated them, and sought to destroy them, and hardened their hearts against God; and as they had been very white and beautiful, in order that they might not entice the Nephites, the Lord caused them to be black, and forbade the Nephites marrying with them.

Nephi taught his people to build houses, and make tools of steel, and work in all kinds of ore, and they built a temple after the pattern of Solomon's, save that it was not garnished with so many precious stones; for they did not have them; but it was very finely wrought of the best materials they could get.

They were industrious, and surrounded themselves with the comforts and polish of civilization. They wished Nephi to be their king; he declined, but did what he could for them as teacher, ruler, and judge; and he consecrated Jacob and Joseph to be priests and teachers, and thus thirty years had

passed since they left Jerusalem. Second Nephi, chapter 5 to 10, contains the teachings of Jacob, with extracts from the words of Isaiah.

The whole discourse is spiritual, and full of instruction to all who love God and pray for the reign of peace. I recommend a prayerful study of the entire sermon, but make but few quotations:

"Wo unto him to whom the law is given; that has all the commandments of God like unto us, and transgresses them, and wastes the days of his probation; for awful is his state; Wo unto the rich who despise the poor and persecute the meek, and set their hearts upon their treasures, and their treasure is their God; for their treasures shall perish with them also. Wo unto the deaf, that will not hear; for they shall perish. Wo unto the blind that will not see, for they shall perish also. Wo unto the liar, for he shall be thrust down to hell. Wo unto the murderer, who deliberately killeth, for he shall die. And wo unto all those who die in their sins; for they shall return to God, and see his face, and remain in their sins.

"Behold the way for a man is narrow, but it lieth in a straight course before him, and the keeper of the gate is the Holy One of Israel, and he employeth no servant there. He cannot be deceived; for the Lord God is his name."

This quotation from Isaiah, "Hell from beneath is moved for thee to meet thee at thy coming. * * * art thou become like unto us?" illustrates the sneers of the wicked when the banner of truth is trailed in the dust of error, or a great reformer overtaken in a fault. Chapter 11, to close of book, contains the last words of Nephi, with many quotations from Isaiah of a book (of Mormon) that shall speak out of the dust, at a time when the Jews have dwindled in unbelief, and the gentiles have built many churches with conflicting creeds. That the book shall arise as a light shining in a dark place, to show those who are seeking it, the way to truth, peace, Heaven and God. That the part of the book that is sealed shall not be had among men in the days of wickedness; but the time will come when it will be read by the power of Christ upon the housetop, and shall reveal all things which ever have been among men, and which ever shall be, even till the end of the earth. Perhaps the question that every heart, if not every lip, has asked, "Why hast thou dealt thus with me, my Father?" will then be satisfactorily answered. Possibly it is there that every knee shall bow, and every tongue confess that, "what thou doest Lord is right, and thus believing [or knowing] we rejoice."

The Book of Mormon teaches everything that is grand, good, beautiful and true; and condemns everything that is low, mean, selfish and sensual.

It teaches that between the wide extremes of holiness and depravity, there is every shade and degree of vice and virtue. That between the highest heaven and lowest hell, there is a wide, wide field, in which every man shall reap exactly what he sows.

It teaches faith in Christ, true repentance, baptism in water for the remission of sins, baptism of fire and the Holy Ghost, speaking with the tongue of angels, the resurrection of the dead, the endless life of the righteous, and the second death of the wicked.

Fifty-five years after they left Jerusalem, Nephi, being old and about to die, gave the records to his brother Jacob, and anointed a man to be king. They called him second Nephi. During his reign the people began to grow hard hearted, proud and haughty; to afflict their neighbors, and persecute the meek; to practice polygamy and kindred vices, and Jacob was sent of God to reprove them. One of the most painful duties which God imposes upon his servants, is the necessity of exposing and denouncing sin. "Prophecy to us smooth things," "Sing us a pleasant song," have ever been the cry of erring men. But the sword of the Spirit of Truth, is that which pierces sin the deepest; and the word of God is the mirror that shows the deformity of every unregenerate heart. He who fulfills the solemn charge, "Cry aloud, spare not, and show my people their sins;" who not only preaches the glad tidings the Savior preached, but utters the woes the Savior uttered, may be sure of losing friends and gaining foes. The men whom God has sent, have been those who have told unwelcome truths, at the cost of great personal sacrifice and with burdened hearts.

Some years after, there came a man named Sharem, who taught that there was no Christ, never was, never should be. That it was blasphemy to say so; for no one could know the future. Then he asked Jacob to show him a sign. And Jacob said, * * * If God shall smite thee, let that be a sign to thee that He has all power in Heaven and on Earth, and that Christ shall come, and thy will, O Lord, not mine be done." When Jacob had said this, the power of God came upon Sharem, and he fell to the earth; and they nourished him many days. Then he called the people together, and confessed the Christ and the power of the Holy Ghost. That what he had taught was wrong. That he had been deceived by the devil. That he feared his state should be awful. Then he died. Let us hope the mercy of the Christ whom he first denied, and at last confessed, saved him from the second death. It was a sad and solemn lesson, but the Nephites laid it to heart, and peace and love were restored among them.

Many means were devised to turn the Lamanites to a knowledge of the truth, but all in vain. They delighted in war and bloodshed, and had an eternal hatred against their brethren. But the Nephites trusted in God, and were as yet conquerors of their enemies. And Jacob died, leaving the records to his son Enos.

(To be continued.)

LETTER FROM SISTER EMMA.

Dear Hopes:—As I read the item in the *Hope* of Jan. 15th, where the little girl whispered to her mother, that her sister only asked for bread in her prayer, while she asked for bread and milk, I thought of a dream I had some years ago, when I first came into the Church. I dreamed of being in a room with several people, when suddenly Jesus stood in the midst of the room, having something like a small writing desk in his hand, and said, "I am come to give gifts unto men. What will you have?" The first said, "Bread and milk," and his countenance said, "I am not going to be greedy now, just because there is a good offer made." But Jesus looked sorrowful to think the man desired so small a gift, when he was in need of so many things; and it would have been his good pleasure to give richly. But they were to make their own choice. He only said, "As you will," and wrote

as though making the entry in his book, and turned to the second, who said idly, "milk and honey," almost fearing he was asking too much; but was reassured, as he saw the countenance of Jesus brightening, as if to say, "That's a little better, and he wrote again. Then turned to the third, who said, "butter and honey," which pleased him still more.

Dear Hopes, what did I learn by this dream? First, that it was more pleasing to the Lord to give liberally than sparingly. And also that He would give just according to our desires, or just as we would receive, and that we are honoring God more when we seek and obtain much, than when we content ourselves to live in poverty. I mean concerning the blessings of God; for he desires his children to be rich, rich in knowledge, in faith, in wisdom, yes, and in this world's goods, too; for he has told us how to get rich. Can any of the Hopes tell me where He has told us this, and what are the conditions?

A LESSON IN THE ART OF DISTINGUISHING.

Father.—Charles; what is that you see grazing in the meadow?

Charles.—It is a horse.

Fa.—How do you know it is a horse?

Ch.—Because it is like other horses.

Fa.—Are all horses alike, then?

Ch.—Yes.

Fa.—If they are alike, how do you know one horse from another?

Ch.—They are not quite alike.

Fa.—But are they so much alike, that you can easily distinguish a horse from a cow?

Ch.—Yes indeed.

Fa.—Or from a cabbage?

Ch.—A horse from a cabbage? yes, surely I can.

Fa.—Very well; then let us see if you can tell how a horse differs from a cabbage?

Ch.—Very easily; a horse is alive?

Fa.—But is not a cabbage alive?

Ch.—Yes, but it is a plant and the horse is an animal.

Fa.—Yes; but a salmon is an animal; and so is a sparrow; how will you distinguish a horse from these? How many legs has a horse?

Ch.—Four.

Fa.—And an ox?

Ch.—Four likewise.

Fa.—And a camel?

Ch.—Four still.

Fa.—You remember, I suppose, what an animal is called that has four legs; you have it in your little books?

Ch.—A quadruped.

Fa.—A horse then, is a quadruped: by this we distinguish him from men, birds, fishes, and insects.

Ch.—But we have not yet found anything which will distinguish a horse from an elephant, or from a Norway rat.

Fa.—If you were to give an idea of a horse from its size, you would certainly say it was much bigger than a dog; yet if you take the smallest Shetland horse, and the largest Irish greyhound, you will find them very much upon a par; size, therefore, is not a circumstance by which you can accurately distinguish one animal from another; nor yet in color.

Ch.—No; there are black horses, and bay, and white, and pied.

Fa.—But you have not seen that variety of colors in a hare for instance.

Ch.—No, a hare is always brown.

Fa.—Yet if you were to depend upon that circumstance, you would not convey the idea of a hare to a mountaineer, or an inhabitant of Siberia; for he sees them white as snow. We must therefore find out some circumstances that do not change like size and color, and I may add shape, though they are not so obvious, nor perhaps so striking. Look at the feet of quadrupeds; are they all alike?

Ch.—No: some have long taper claws, and some have thick clumsy feet without claws.

Fa.—The thick feet are horny: are they not?

Ch.—Yes, they are called hoofs.

Fa.—And the feet that are not covered with horn and are divided into claws, are called *digitated*, from *digitus*, a finger; because they are parted like fingers. Here, then, we have one grand division of quadrupeds into *hoofed* and *digitated*. Of which division is the horse?

Ch.—He is hoofed.

Fa.—There are a great many different kinds of horses; did you ever know one that was not hoofed?

Ch.—No, never.

Fa.—Then we have got something to our purpose; a circumstance easily marked, which always belongs to the animal, under every variation of situation or treatment.

THISTLES IN THE HEART.

BAD habits are the thistles of the heart, and every indulgence of them is a seed from which will spring a new crop of weeds. A few years ago a little boy told his first falsehood. It was a little solitary thistle seed, and no eye but God's saw him as he planted it in the mellow soil of his heart. But it sprang up, O how quickly! and in a little time another and another seed dropped from it to the ground, each in its turn bearing more seed and more thistles. And now his heart is overgrown with this bad habit. It is as difficult for him to speak the truth, as it is for the gardener to clear his land of the ugly thistle, after it has once gained a footing in the soil. "Lying lips are an abomination to the Lord, but they that deal truly are his delight."

THE KING'S SERVANT.

By the Author of "Jessica's First Prayer."

CHAPTER VI.—GOOD BYE.

WE STOOD inside the great black doors, which swung to behind us, shutting us in as though they would never open again, save, maybe, when we were borne out through them in a pauper coffin. Transome leaned more heavily on my arm. A man in the workhouse suit was sitting in a little room just within the doors, and as we stood staring about us he called out sharply.

"Na then! whatten yo' standin' there for?" he shouted; "canna' yo' come on and tell me whatten yo' want here?"

"Me and my husband have brought an order to go into the house," I said.

"Inside birds, eh!" he said, laughing a little; "caught an' caged! Go on then t' th' measter's office. First dur t' th' reet across th' yard."

I guided poor Transome across a large, square yard, with naught to be seen save high walls on every side, with windows in them that had no curtains, like eyes without eyelids, looking down on us. But there was not a face to be seen at any of them; and a mournful stillness filled the place. It was Transome that knocked at the master's door, a quiet, feeble knock that could never have been heard, if there had been much noise. We were called to go in, but we did not stay there many minutes; and the master sent a man with us to show us our separate wards.

Once more we had to cross the great yard, Transome clinging to my arm, till we came to a door in the wall, where we must say good-bye to one another. We never had said good-bye all those long years, those forty years, since he had taken me from my father's home in another county. How could I let him go out of my sight? It was not like him setting off for his day's work, sure of coming again in the evening. How could he and I spend our time apart?

"Could na' yo' leave us for two or three minutes?" said Transome to the man, feebly. "Hoo's been th' best wife as ever a man had these forty years; and aw dunno how to bid her good-bye. Gie us a minute longer to be together."

"That aw will," answered the man, "but it canna be more no a two or three minutes. Bless yo'!

yo'll see one another at prayers morn and neet, if yo' chosen to go; and yo'll ha' half an hour o' Sunday, besides half a day out once a month. It's noan so bad is th' house, so as yo' gotten reet side o' th' measter."

He went off for a little while, leaving Transome and me against the door into the women's ward, with all those dark, staring windows looking down on us. I laid my head against the door-post, and broke out into heavy, heavy sobs.

"Na, Ally," cried Transome, "na, my lass! Hush thee! hush thee! God A'mighty's here as well as out yonder i' th' world. He knows where we are; and sure He loves us both, same as He's loved us all along. We mun put our trust in Him, and go through with it; thee and me mun part. Eh! but aw wonder if God A'mighty looks down on ony hearts sorer nor ours at this moment o' time?"

Only promise," I said, through my sobbing, "promise me faithfully, you'll be careful of yourself, and keep up, so as we can get out again in the spring, when the warm weather is come. Oh! Transome, if I could only keep nigh you, and take care of you, I shouldn't mind."

"There's One as 'll take care on us both," he answered, his voice trembling; "One as says, 'I'll never leave thee.' On'y think o' that, my lass. He's here i' th' workhouse itsen; and nought'll part Him away from thee or me. Good-bye, Ally. Aw hear th' man comin' back to us."

He stretched out both his hands to me, and I put mine into them, and we kissed each other solemnly, as if we were both about to die, and enter into another world. I saw his face quiver all over, and then there came across it a patient and quiet look, which never left it again, never! I knocked at the door before me, and passed in; just catching a last sight of him turning away with nobody to lean upon. Then the door was thrust to between us, and I could see him no more.

I did not heed much what was said to me, and I did not look about my new dwelling-place; only I followed a woman, who passed through many rooms, where the windows were high up in the walls so that nobody could reach the sills, and where there were groups of women all dressed alike, chattering most of them; and there was a strange close smell. Oh! how different from the sweet air in our old home! At last when I came to myself as it were, I found I was sitting on a chair at the head of a little narrow bed, in a long room, with two long rows of beds down the sides of it, and a narrow path up the middle. All the beds were alike, and the bare whitewashed walls closed us in, with nothing to be seen through the high windows, save a little bit of gray November sky. There were old women all around me; some of them many years older than me, even a few of them bed-ridden; but they seemed too dull to take any notice of me, as if everything that was like life had died out of them, save the bare life itself.

Well! there's no need to tell you much about the workhouse. Most poor folks know more of it than they care to know, either through their own troubles, or the troubles of their friends. I don't say a word against it; only I could not be with Transome. There! think what it was to have been his wife forty years, with scarcely a brangle between us, and never a sulking quarrel, and all at once to be shut up in different parts of the same building with only a few walls and yards to part us, yet not be able to see him, or even send a loving message to him. I wet my pillow with my tears that night; ay! more than when my Willie died, as I wondered and wondered how he was faring, and if he was warmly wrapped up, and how his pains were. But I could do nothing for him, no more than if I was lying in my shroud and coffin. At last my loneliness and my trouble drove me to remember Him that is everywhere, and was with Transome as He was with me. "Lord," I said in my heart, for it was not altogether a prayer such as I had generally said to Him, "Lord, if they'd only make his bed comfort-

able, and wrap him up well in the blankets! Do put it into their hearts, Lord, for he's tried to serve thee faithful all his life long."

After that I felt a little easier in my mind; I fell asleep, and dreaming of the days when Willie was alive, only sometimes the child was Willie, and sometimes Pippin. I suppose it was because I had close to my pillow the little box that held the curl of Willie's hair, and Pippin's piece of money. It was the only thing I had brought in with me, except a few bits of linen Transome had woven for me years and years ago, which I had bleached as white as snow in the frosts on the brow of the hill.

(To be continued.)

THE STREET OF BY AND BY.

O shun the spot, my youthful friends,
I urge you to beware;
Beguiling is the pleasant way,
And softly breathes the air?
Yet none have ever passed to scenes,
Ennobling, great and high,
Who once began to linger,
In the street of By and By.

A youth aspired to climb the height
Of learning's lofty hill:
What dimmed his bright intelligence?
What quelled his earnest will?
Why did the object of his quest
Still mock his wistful eye?
Too long alas he tarried
In the street of By and By.

My projects thrive, the merchant said,
When doubled is my store,
How freely shall my ready gold,
Be showered among the poor.
Vast grew his wealth, yet strove he not
The mourner's tear to dry;
He never journeyed onward,
From the street of By and By.

The wearied worldling mused,
Upon lost and wasted days;
Resolved to turn hereafter
From the error of his ways,
To lift his groveling thoughts from Earth,
And fix them on the sky.
Why does he linger fondly
In the street of By and By?

Oh shun the spot, my youthful friends,
Work on while yet you may;
Let not old age oertake you,
As you slothfully delay.
Lest you should gaze around you,
And discover with a sigh,
You have reached the house of never,
Through the street of By and By.

Selected by Hattie A. Head.

HOW TO CULTIVATE FLOWERS.

Success in flowers depends quite largely upon a good selection of seeds, and variety. Hardy annuals, are those which require no artificial heat, such as hot beds. At every period of their growth, every stage of their development, from germination to the ripening of the seed and its being passed into the open ground. Of all plants they are the most easily cultivated. Their varieties are numerous, and when properly grown, are full of beauty and elegance, and show forth God's handiwork. It is only to be regretted that they are not cultivated more. They can be sown from April to middle of June, along the borders, in beds, or in drills. They are as follows, Verbenas, Pinks, Asters, Marigolds, Mignonette, Morning-Glory, Larkspurs, Cypress Vine, Petunias, Zinnia, Ageratum and Candy-tufts, &c. Half Hardy Annuals are those that flower, and ripen their seeds in the open air; but need the assistance of artificial heat, or a hot house in their early stage. They should be sown in a hot-bed, warm border, or sunny window. Keep them well shaded to prevent absorption by the rays of the sun, watering them occasionally with warm water, and about the middle of May transplant them into the borders. The principals are as follows: Balsams, Carnations, Cock-combs, Dalias, Fuchsias Geraniums, Heliotrope, Daisies, Ferns, Pansies, Ten Weeks Stocks, Violets, Callas, Lobelias, &c. All the above designed for the greenhouse, until May or June.

Biennials are those plants that do not generally

flower the first year, and are only in perfection one season. Perennials continue to flower for several years in succession. The seed may be sown on good ground, and in warm borders, from April to August. Their names are many, and they may be raised in the open ground like the hardy annuals, and then transplanted. Some are like the half hardy; and as they do not bloom the first year, they must be well cared for, and transplanted in different parts of the garden, one foot apart. The Half Hardy and tender biennials, must be kept during the winter in greenhouse, or dry cellar. The tender perennials should have a cloth, or mat, tied around them, and covered with leaves and litter.

Yours for Zion's Hope's good,

WILLIAM STREET.

SABBATH SCHOOL REPORT.

Report of Crescent Sunday School for six months, ending January, 1884: Total attendance 452. Average 24 $\frac{1}{2}$. Total collection \$478. Average 27. Balance on hand \$6.89. Officers for ensuing term, J. E. Kirkwood, Superintendent; J. A. Pratt Assistant Superintendent; Miss A. Currie Treasurer; J. R. Lapworth Librarian; J. C. Lapworth Janitor.

T. A. KIRKWOOD, Sec.

THE BLACK BASS, NORTHERN AND SOUTHERN.

THOSE who are fond of fishing do not need to be told what excellent sport the black bass affords, or that it is a fish well worth the catching. Indeed it is regarded as a general rule, that the better the fish, the greater the sport in catching it; a saying, the truth of which is strikingly attested by the trout, that easily stands first with both fisherman and epicure. The black bass, though less of a game fish than the trout, is a strong biter, and takes the bait with a vigor that gives the greatest pleasure to the angler. While this fish usually runs from one to two pounds in weight, it has been known to reach eight pounds; this is unusual, and even a four pound bass is rare. On account of its excellent quality as food, the fact that it will live in small ponds, will breed freely, and protect itself from nearly all enemies. The black bass is a popular fish for stocking waters that are unfitted for trout, and much has been done within the last twenty years in introducing it in waters formerly occupied by inferior kinds of fish. The young weigh from four to eight ounces. When a year old, and after that increase a pound and a half each year. We have spoken of the black bass, as if there were but one, and most sportsmen and dealers in fish do not recognize any difference between the fish of the northern and the southern localities. Naturalists, however, make of these two or more distinct species. There has been, among naturalists, a great deal of confusion regarding the two species, and Dr. Henshall, in his work on the black bass, devotes many pages to the matter. In restoring the early nomenclature, he makes two species, the small-mouthed black bass, of the northern and western lakes, and the large-mouthed black bass a more southern specie. When the two are compared, the southern species will be found to have a head much longer in proportion to the body; besides this, the two differ in the number of spines in the dorsal and other fins. It inhabits streams, rather than lakes and ponds, and occurs from the Ohio, southward, down the Mississippi basin. It is said to have been unknown in the rivers of the Atlantic States before it was brought there. A little over thirty years ago a conductor on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad caught a number of the southern species in Wheeling Creek, and, placing them in the water-tank of the locomotive tender, brought them east, and liberated them in the Potomac. There they multiplied rapidly, and the river and its tributaries, for a distance of some 180 miles, are abundantly stocked with them. Since then, the southern species has been introduced into more northern rivers, the Schuylkill and the Delaware among others. So far

as furnishing sport, or a food fish, there does not appear to be any difference between the northern and the southern black bass. The black bass are taken by the use of minnows and other live-bait, by trolling with spoon-bait and other artificial contrivances, and also by artificial flies. Many a farmer's boy has caught a good mess of this excellent fish by the use of grass-hoppers, or even earth worms, without resort to any of the arts of the angler.

Letters from the Hopes.

VALENTINE, Missouri,
Feb. 11th, 1884.

Dear Hopes:—I did not belong to the Church five years ago, when I wrote you last; but now I do. We have a branch here. There are seventy-two members, but are scattering. We have had preaching here for a while by Brother J. C. Foss. He has preached about eighteen discourses, and some good ones. The people say they believe what he preached, but they do not obey it. There are two Campbellite preachers here. They preached at Valentine, where brother Foss has been preaching. The preacher said that the angel which John speaks about, which he saw flying through the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach to the nations of the earth, was John Calvin. Did John Calvin have the everlasting gospel to preach to the nations of the earth? He did not. The preacher said also, that he did not believe in the laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost. That it did not make any difference, he had never had hands laid on his head. He said that every man had the right to preach that wanted too, and the women also. Pray for me, that I may become more humble before God, that I may hold out faithful to the end; for success is not to the swift; but it is to those who hold out faithful to the end; for the Lord said, if any one had received the gospel and then denied it, would have been better for him if he had never heard it. Pray for me and I will for you.

Your brother in gospel bonds,
M. P. MADISON.

PLATTE CITY, Platte Co., Mo.,
January 13th, 1884.

Dear Hopes:—I love to read the *Hope*, and I find many interesting letters from our little and big Hopes. Some time ago we saw a piece headed, Spending Time. How often I read over those lines, and think what good instructions our sister gave us in her piece. Her words correspond with her deeds; for they were always good and kind, ever striving to make those around her happy. Her mind was never carried away by the foolish things of this wicked world. She was a dear sister to me, and we mourn her loss. But while we mourn, we know that if we keep God's commandments, we shall meet again, never to part. Let us all strive to live useful lives. We have many things to tempt us; but when we read what the Saints of old had to endure, our trials are nothing at all. I ask an interest in all your prayers, ever praying for your future welfare. Your sister in gospel bonds,

SARAH E. SUMMERFIELD.

CHEYENNE, Feb. 4th, 1884.

Dear Hopes:—I pray my Heavenly Father to bless you all. I am so pleased to tell you, that we have a Sunday School in Cheyenne. We organized our school last Sunday, Feb. 3rd. I have so longed to have a Sunday School in Cheyenne, and our Heavenly Father has granted me the desire of my heart. We had five boys and two girls. I appointed Bro. Barrett Superintendent, and he is a good man. He has only been in the Church one month. He appointed me as one of the teachers. Dear Hopes, I hope you all will pray for Uncle John Eames, that I may make a good teacher; if you all will pray for me, I think I shall. Let me ask you all to love the Dear Savior. "Them that seek him early shall find him."

UNCLE JOHN EAMES.

ELMIRA, Mitchell Co., Kan.,
February 18th, 1884.

Dear Hopes:—I have been reading the letters in our last *Hope*. Sister Lavinia Flower said in her letter that she would like to correspond with some of the Hopes. If she will write to me, and give me her address, I will correspond with her, I would like to correspond with any of the Hopes. We have a little branch here. Brother Parsons has been preaching here several weeks. He baptized three; he is still preaching. One of my little brothers got one of his eyes burned very badly. He can not open it yet.

From your sister in Christ,
CASSIE ANDES.

MARY C. SMITH, Clear Lake, Ind.: I go to Sunday School every Sunday, and to prayer meeting. I like to read the letters in the *Hope*, and the little stories. I am ten years old.

A. M. MADISON, Valentine, Mo.: I am twelve years old. I go to school; study fifth reader, geography, arithmetic, grammar and spelling. I have a brother seventeen years old. I like the story of Maplewood Manor very well. I was baptized one year ago last August. I hope you will all pray for me, that I may be saved.

G. P. SEIGFRED, Creston, Ia.: I go to school. I read in the Fourth Reader. I study geography and spell in the school. We have sixteen schoolars. I am nine years old. I can see the cars every day. The railroad has a big round house here, and papa has taken me clear through it. There are eight large public school houses in Creston. Pray for me.

LEE HUFF, Fremont, Neb: My mother and sister are members of the Church, and I hope I will be some day. The Saints are laying the foundation for their church. The Baptist Minister has been trying to expose Mormonism, and came very near beating himself. My father is an infidel, but I hope some day that he can know and see better. I am nearly eleven years old.

A. A. SMITH, Fremont, Ind.: I am going to school this winter. We are having a good school. I go to Sabbath School, and to preaching when there is any here. We have prayer meeting every Thursday night. I am twelve years old.

FANNIE CALHOON, Mayfield, Ill.: I go to school about one mile from home; read in the Fourth Reader. None of us belong to the Church. I have four sisters, and three brothers. I was ten years old the tenth of November. With love to all.

BELL CALHOON, Mayfield Ill.: I have two sisters married. I will be eight years old the 20th of April. My papa and mamma don't belong to the Church, but my grandpa, Uncle William, Aunt Fanny, and Aunt Delia do. I go to school about one mile from home. Read in the Fourth Reader. Thirteen scholars go to our school.

M. J. TERRY, Stewartsville, Mo.: I do not belong to the Church, only my pa and ma. We have Sunday School here at half past ten, prayer meeting in the afternoon, and preaching at night.

MAGGIE E. JONES, Weir City, Kan.: I was eight years old last November. Father and mother belong to the Church, I do not, but hope to soon. I go to school, and read in the fourth Reader, spelling, writing, arithmetic. I will try to keep the commandments of God. We have meetings here. There are four or five new elders in this branch.

MAY SMITH, Elkader, Iowa: It gives me great pleasure to see so many trying to serve the Lord. I feel assured that these little ones will receive their reward. Also am pleased to see them try to

make our little paper interesting. We should all do what we can to interest our friends. We have no Saints' meetings here, and I have never been present at one. Neither am I a member of the Church. Pa is, and has been for many years. He was among those of the early days, when the Church was so badly persecuted, and was driven from place to place.

E. A. SMITH, Marathon, Iowa.: I got a scarf on Christmas which ma made for me, and a knife and some candies. Ma got a hair brush. Aunt Anna a pickle dish. Grandpa and uncle Fred each one a matchesafe. I go to school now, but have been sick and had to stay out three days. We have had no Saints' meetings, since brother Lambert was here three or four years ago; and I wish he would come back. We have had some very cold weather, and it is snowing some now.

P. C. NELSON, Guilford, Mo.: I have not forgotten you. There is quite a number of Saints here. We have meetings here every Sabbath. Brother J. C. Foss is now visiting this part of the country. He baptized three here. I love to read the *Hope* very much. I should like to see our little paper become a weekly. Sister Mary E. Tanner, gave us a puzzle in the 15th February *Hope*, which I will answer. The puzzle was, place these letters in the proper place, and you will find a Scripture name. A. A. A, A, A, H, H, H, E, P, P, T, Z, N, N. The word is, Zaphnath-paaneah, pronounced zaf-nath-pa-ane-ah. I will now ask a few questions from the Book of Mormon. How long after Lehi left Jerusalem before Christ came, and who foretold it? How long was Lehi crossing the water to the land of promise? Let us all strive to live so that we may be accepted of our Lord and Savior, is my prayer for myself and for you all. I remain your brother.

EDDIE ANDERSON, Oakland, Cal.: I like the stories in the *Hope*, and am always glad when it comes. I go to Sunday School, every Sunday. Sister Vernon is the Superintendent, and we have a nice Sunday School. About thirty-five or forty pupils attend. I was baptized about two years ago. We expect Bro. Blair here soon. We will be glad to see him. Oakland is a pretty place. We have nice weather here, no snow, and little frost. We have roses, violets, and other flowers in bloom in our garden. We have rain in the winter instead of snow.

MARY STORM, Pidcock Ranch, Texas: I do not belong to the Church, but hope to soon. My father, mother, and brother older than myself belong. There is no branch of the Church here. We are taking the *Hope*, and I am always glad when it comes. I love to read the letters from the little Hopes. I wish it would become a weekly. I am going to school this winter. My school teacher's name is Mr. Mohler. I wish some of the Elders would come out here and preach some for us. I have two brothers, and one sister less than me.

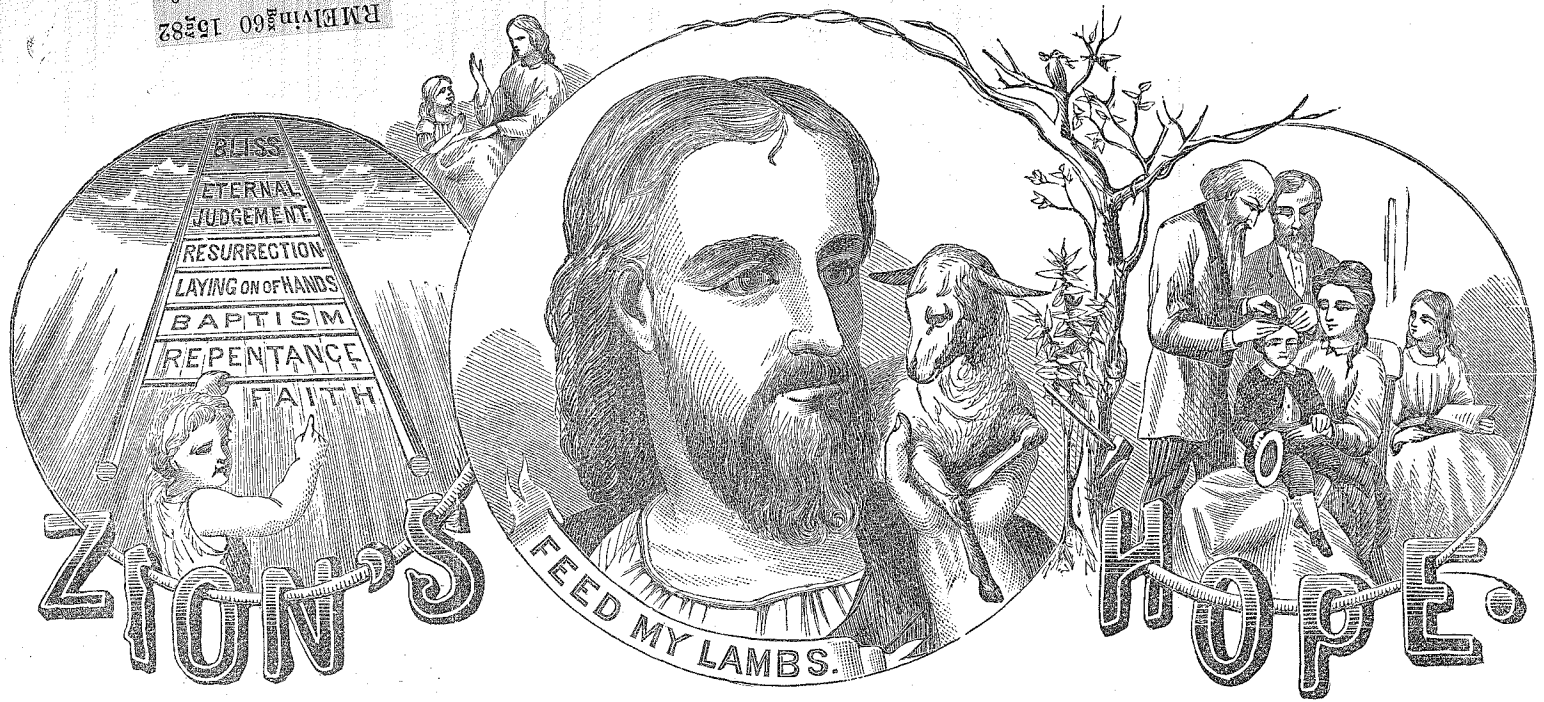
Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight;
Cease from man and look above thee,
"Trust in God and do the right."
Simple rule and safest guiding—
Inward peace and shining light—
Star upon our path abiding—
"Trust in God and do the right."

THE SAINTS' HERALD:

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

SELLING SNOWBALL.

Shall I tell you a tale of a child whom I know?
It happened close by, and not long ago.
Allie 's a darling with soft golden hair,
And dimples so sweet, and cheeks rosy and fair.

Her father and mother have just her to love,
And her presence is bright as the sunshine above;
There's never a trouble comes there any day,
But dear little Allie helps drive it away.

They lived in a spacious and beautiful home,
And dearly she loved through the gardens to roam;
But there fell a dark shadow, papa failed in his store,
And now the fine mansion they could live in no more.

The child heard her parents tell how trouble had come,
And she said to herself, "I will buy them a home;
I heard Farmer Brown only yesterday say,
If he had a good kitten, five dollars he'd pay."

So dear Kitty Snowball, with many a sigh,
She took to the farmer—Oh, how she did cry!
She loved Kitty dearly, and the tears they would come,
But father and mother must have a good home.

"Heigh-ho?" said the farmer, "Who has this kitty sent?"
"Tis mine, and I brought it; now quick, 'fore I 'pent;
Please give me the money, for did n't you say
Five dollars—I heard it—you'd willingly pay?"

I said that, I did, and I'll stick to my word;
But what with the money, my sweet little bird?"
"Oh, did n't you know, sir, my papa is poor?
I want it to buy him a home with once more."

Then homeward she sped with her wonderful treasure,
Her heart overflowing with love and true pleasure.
"Here, papa, do take it," she eagerly cried;
"I have brought you some money, but my heart almost
died.

"I have sold Kitty Snowball to good Farmer Brown;
He gave me five dollars, now don't be cast down!"
They laughed and they cried, those parents, I'm told;
The love of their darling was worth more than gold.

BOOK OF MORMON HISTORY.

BY MORMONIA.
ENOS.

ENOS being instructed by his father Jacob in the truths of the gospel, listened with a believing heart, and the words he had heard his father speak of the joy of endless life, and of the rest of the Saints, sank deep into his heart; and one day, alone in the forest, he kneeled before the Lord, and prayed fervently to him all the day long. When the night came, he still plead with his Maker, until he heard a voice from Heaven, saying, Enos, thy sins are forgiven thee, because of thy faith in Christ, whom thou hast never before seen nor heard. Then Enos felt that his sins were swept away, and he was born anew. Then he felt a great desire for the welfare of his brethren, the Nephites; and prayed with his whole soul for them. As the sweet Spirit of Christ was poured out upon him, he prayed for his ene-

mies, the Lamanites. He prayed that if the Nephites should fall into transgression and be destroyed; and if the Lamanites should not be destroyed, the Lord would preserve a record of the Nephites, and at some future time bring it forth unto the Lamanites, that perhaps they might be brought to salvation; for as yet all the efforts of the Nephites in their behalf, were without avail. The Lord answered, "thy fathers have required this thing of me, and it shall be done according to their faith; for their faith was like thine." One hundred and seventy-nine years passed since Lehi left Jerusalem, and Enos gave the records to Jarom, his son.

The conversion of Enos, which I hope you will read in the book itself, is in many respects like every one's that is born of the Spirit. He is made to feel the wide, wide difference between his own carnal heart, and the wondrous love and spotless purity of Christ. He is moved to repentance; prays fervently for a remission of his sins, which, when he receives, he is filled with a deeper, truer, tenderer love for his friends, and pity for his foes. There are many authentic instances, where the demons of selfishness, pride and arrogance, have been at once cast out in the name of Christ; but usually the enemy returns, and seeks to enter, and the battle of faith is a daily conflict, a life-long struggle. There are few days in the life of the purest Saint, in which he has not something to repent of, something to forgive, and be forgiven for.

OMNI.

Most of the items of history from Enos to Mosiah thirteen, are more fully discussed in the books of Alma and Ether. At first glance, we would think from his own words, that Omni was a very wicked man; but it is more likely that he was a conscientious Saint, who found it impossible, during the fierce wars he was compelled to fight with the Lamanites, to thoroughly love, pity and forgive those who were needlessly trying to rob those whom he loved dearest, of life, liberty, and happiness.

When Mosiah was king, he was warned of the Lord, that he should flee out of the land of Nephi, which he he did with all that believed; and they were led by prophecy till they came to the land of Zarahemla. It was inhabited by a people who came from Jerusalem at the time Zedekiah was taken captive to Babylon, and they were led by the hand of the Lord across the Ocean, and through the wilderness, till they came to a land that had been inhabited by a great people, who had all been destroyed, save one named Coriantumur, and he dwelt with them nine moons. The book of Ether tells more about these people. The people of Zarahemla were glad when the Nephites came with their

records; for they had not brought any with them, and their language had become corrupt; and their faith still more corrupt; and the people of Mosiah could not understand them. But Mosiah had them taught in his language, and they all became one people, and they made Mosiah their king.

Though Omni is but a brief record, it is the key to nearly all future portions of the Book of Mormon history; and if the student finds any one part that seems to conflict with another, I think he will be set right by referring to the words of Amaleki in that book. We here learn that there were three colonies led by the Almighty to this land; first the Jaredites, second Lehi, third the people of Zarahemla. Possibly there were others of whom we are not now advised.

Amaleki was born in the days of Mosiah, and died in the days of his son king Benjamin; and as the king was a just man, Amaleki, who had no son, gave the records to him. Before this a large number went into the wilderness to return to the land of Nephi; for they wished to possess the land of their first inheritance. But their leader being a cruel, stubborn man, caused a contention, and they were all slain in the wilderness except fifty; and these returned to Zarahemla. Soon after, they took many others and went again into the wilderness, and were not heard from for many years.

MOSIAH.

King Benjamin had three sons. Mosiah, Helorum and Helaman. He had them well instructed in their language, history, and traditions; and tried to impress upon their minds the necessity of keeping the commandments of God, that it might be well with them here and hereafter. When he became old, he called his people together to hear his last wishes, his farewell address; and appointed Mosiah to be their king. I wish all our kings, rulers, and religious teachers, would teach what he taught, and practice what he practiced. When Benjamin finished his address, he took the names of all who would enter into covenant to keep the commands of God, and there was not one soul, save the little children, who had not entered into covenant. We know that little children are all in Christ. Mosiah began to reign in the thirtieth year of his age, about four hundred and seventy-six years from the time Lehi left Jerusalem. The people began to urge the king to take some measures to learn the fate of those who had gone up to the land of Nephi in the days of Amaleki; and the king permitted sixteen strong men to go. After wandering forty days, they came to a hill north of the land of Shilom, and camped, while Ammon and three others went to the land of Nephi, where they met the king,

whose guards, thinking they were enemies, surrounded them, and put them in prison for two days. Then they were brought before the king, whose name was Limhi, son of Noah, son of Zeniff, who came from the land of Zarahemla. They were questioned, and when they told who they were and why they came, the king was glad, and all the people were called together to rejoice; for they were in bondage to the Lamanites, and they hoped their brethren would help them to their freedom. We shall presently see that they did return to Zarahemla.

ZENIFF.

When the first company of whom Amaleki wrote, went to seek the land of Nephi, Zeniff was sent as a spy among the Lamanites, to find out their forces that they might destroy them; but when he saw something good among them, he did not wish them to be destroyed, but wished to make a treaty with them. But their leader, a cruel man, commanded him to be slain. This caused the contention mentioned in the book of Omni, in which all but fifty were slain, and these returned to Zarahemla.

Soon after Zeniff collected as many as wished to go, and after wandering many days, they came to the spot where so many of their brethren were slain. Then Zeniff and four others went and made a treaty with king Laman, and he gave them the lands of Lehi-Nephi and Shilom; and they began to build their cities, till the land, and raise flocks; and they prospered in the land for about twelve years. In the thirteenth year the Lamanites, who were too lazy to work, and were covetous, came and began to kill the Nephites, and drive off their flocks. They fled to the king for help, and he armed them the best he could, and calling on the Lord for help, they drove the enemy out of their land, after which they had peace for twenty-two years.

But king Laman died, and his son came against Zeniff to war. But Zeniff hid all the women and children, and armed every able bodied man, and himself though very old, and calling on the Lord, they again drove the enemy out of the land. One of the hardest duties a good man is ever called to perform, is when compelled in defense of his country, his family and friends, to take the life of his foes. Though the wicked can slay the wicked, and feel a grim delight in the woes they inflict on each other; yet those who love righteousness and peace, would sacrifice themselves, if they could without subjecting those dependent on them to bondage and death, rather than send the soul of an enemy unprepared to judgment.

(To be continued).

VISIONS OF THOUGHT.

By Sr. S. A. ROSE.

DEAR HOPES:—I will do the best I can to encourage the little Hopes and others, to live faithfully and do their duty; Show forth all the light that they can; as we see these are the days of evil and darkness, in which pure, true light will shine most bright. Do you realize what a blessing God has given us in a thoughtful mind. Some one has written truly, "my mind to me a kingdom is." When the mind is lighted up by the Holy Spirit, these mental visions are brought out in great plainness. Sometimes these visions bring pleasure and joy to our hearts; sometimes sadness. No doubt many have seen the same sad picture presented to the mind of dear Sister Emma Burton, of parents preventing their children entering the Kingdom of Heaven. I would recommend a careful re-reading of the questions she asks; also the fearful responsibility of parents. I would like to present a picture to such parents. On the wall of my room hangs a chromo, of a little dying girl. Her mother is close by her couch, letting her head rest on her breast. A bright cloud filled with angels is nearing the child. She is pointing to them wanting to go, and wanting her mother to go too. This picture always brings to my mind a tender canto, which gives a reason that the gates of heaven were left ajar for all the children of God; I will write it for the *Hope*

readers. Perhaps it will bring to some minds the many mental visions of little ones, who have passed through the golden gates and are interceding for their earthly parents. Who ever heard of a little child trying to keep a parent from Heaven? Let us all do all we can for each other, and keep the Holy Spirit, to enable us to pass through the golden gate.

A CANTO.

"Twas whispered one morning in heaven,
How the little child angel, May,
In the shade of the great white portal,
Sat sorrowing all the day,
How she said to the stately warden,
He off the golden bar
O angel, sweet angel I pray thee
Let the beautiful gates ajar.
Only a little, I pray thee
Let the beautiful gates ajar.

"I hear my dear mother weeping,
She's lonely; she can not see
A glimmer of light through the darkness,
Where the gate closed after me.
Oh turn me the key sweet angel,
The light and splendor will shine, so far;
But the warden answered: "I dare not
Let the beautiful gates ajar."
He spoke low and answered; "I dare not
Let the beautiful gates ajar."

Then up rose Mary the blessed
Sweet Mary, the mother of Christ;
Her hand on the hand of the angel
She laid, and her touch sufficed.
Turned was the key in the portal,
Fell ringing the golden bar;
And lo! in the little child's fingers,
Stood the beautiful gates ajar;
In the little child's angel fingers,
Stood the beautiful gates ajar.

THE KING'S SERVANT.

By the Author of "Jessica's First Prayer."

CHAPTER VII.—IN THE SPRING TIME.

AH! how wearily the long hours of the day dragged by! I had been an active woman all my life; and now there was nothing for me to do. I begged that I might help to scour out the old men's ward, thinking I might get a word with Transome; but they said I was past the age at which women were set to work. I asked the matron to find me some sewing to do; but she told me that it was all done by the girls at school in the workhouse. I saw then how the miserable old women about me had sunk lower, and lower till they were little better than idiots; and nothing lay before me but the same fate.

The only time of the day when I felt myself alive was morning and night, when prayers were read in the big room. We old folks were not required to attend, for the room was cold and draughty; but I would not have missed it for anything less than the chance of getting out of the house again; not that I thought God would listen to me more there than in the ward. But Transome never missed going. We could neither speak to one another, nor sit side by side; but we could see each other's faces, and we felt that we were together while we were hearing the same prayers, and repeating the same words. When we said, "Our Father," I would have kept silent, hearkening if I could catch his voice, only I was afraid he might be hearkening for mine; and I said it, and listened, said it, and listened, till at times I fancied I could hear a word or two from him amid all the hum of the other voices; just as a mother hears her baby sob in its sleep, though there may be a hundred louder noises about her. It was the rule for the women to go out from prayers first; and when I went by in my turn I could always see Transome looking towards me, with his patient smile upon his face. It used to go to my heart to think of him dragging himself across the yard when the rain was falling, or the snow was under foot, and him so weak with rheumatism. But then, it was our only comfort, his as well as mine; and he never missed coming morn and night.

But when Sunday afternoon came, and we had our half-hour together, we had very little to say to one another. We sat side by side, silent for the most part, and strangers that had seen us would have thought we cared nought for one another. Our lives were so dull, with no change in them, that there was nothing to tell, and Transome could never get his thoughts shaped about in words. All I knew from him was that his ward was just like mine,

filled with old men, with all the life gone out of them. He was warmed, and clothed, and fed, as well as the rest, but that was all. There was nothing for us to talk about.

Yet when we had our afternoon out, and went outside the workhouse walls, then our tongues seemed unloosed. We had got permission to go out on the same day, and Transome was waiting for me in his workhouse clothes when I went through the great black doors. It was a chilly day in December, but it did not rain when we met, and we scarcely thought of the weather. Transome seemed more himself than he had done for a long, long while; and he crept along brisker, and with a brighter face than usual. We were like two birds that had been caged, and let out into freedom again for a little time, only with broken wings, and a string that would pull us back into the cage again.

The workhouse was on the same side of the town as our old home, and because we had nowhere else to go to, we turned toward that, though we knew it would be gone, and had no more a place save in our hearts. The north wind blew coldly against us as we toiled up the steep street leading to the brow of the hill; but we scarcely took notice of it. We were together once more, out of the dark shadow of the workhouse walls.

But when we reached the top of the street, where the dingle used to be, and turned the corner of the last house, to see the spot where our cottage had once stood, think what it was to find that it was standing there still! Not one whit changed! There was the poplar tree, with a few brown leaves clinging still to its topmost boughs, and the thatched roof, all green with moss and house-leek, and the lattice windows, with the dried stems of the creepers hanging about them, and my bushes of rosemary and lavender, just as we had left them! No, I could not believe my own eyes. I had been fretting and mourning over it in my secret heart as pulled down and destroyed; and now I saw it unchanged, not a beam, not a handful of thatch gone: only there was no smoke from the chimney, and the kitchen-shutter was not taken down. Transome lifted the latch of the wicket, and we walked down the old path together, as if we had only been to market, and I had the key in my basket. We sat down on the little bench beside the door, and looked in wonder at one another till I could not see him through my tears.

"Ally, lass!" said Transome, "its like one o' my dreams. Thee and me comin' home to th' ould house! Is it true, think's ta? Grip my hand hard if thee thinks it's true."

"Ay, it's true!" I answered, "and the old master might have left us alone in it all this time instead of driving us to the workhouse."

"Hush! hush! lass," he said; "it is na' a' together him. God sent us there, and we mun never set oursen agen Him. But maybe He's keeping it for us till we're ready to come out o' th' house again."

"We'll come out at once," I said, "if we could only have the old house again at the old rent; I could win bread for thee and me. Let us leave the house at once and come back."

"Nay, Ally," he answered, shaking his head, "we're boun' to wait th' Lord's pleasure. Th' winter's frost and snow has to come yet; and we've got nayther bed, nor chair, nor table left. But i' th' spring, lass!"

We sat there all that afternoon, chilled to the bone; yet happier than we had been since the evening Transome came home with the bad news that we were to quit. A lass from one of the houses hard by came to us and told us how one of the biggest mills about there had failed shortly after we left that part of the town; and now as trade had begun to fall off, no one had taken to the mill and set the looms at work again. Many of the houses in the dingle were empty, she said. That was why our old landlord had not pulled down the cottage and built more in its place.

But we were forced to go away at last by the

nightfall, though we lingered till it was quite dark, now and again plucking up a weed, or binding up a flower in the old garden, where we had so often worked together in the cool of the day. As we made our way slowly back to the workhouse, I talked over our plans as if I were a young wife again, and he had only just wedded me. As for Transome, he spoke but few words as usual, only muttering to himself from time to time, "I' th' spring, my lass—i' th' spring!"

It began to rain fast when we were more than half a mile from the workhouse; yet Transome, who was weary, could not quicken his lame feet. He bade me hurry on and get under shelter; but I begged and prayed him so to let me stay beside him as long as I could, that he could not say me no. For the rain did not take away the new hope from my heart, or the new plans from my head; and I scarcely felt it for myself, only for him, whose coat was getting soaked through and through. He was shivering with the cold; but still there was a bright light in his eyes, and a smile upon his face, as he kept saying, "I' th' spring, Ally—i' th' spring-time!"

Spite of the rain it grieved me to reach the workhouse gates again. Transome and me had been happy together once more; and now we must go our separate ways, and never see one another save at prayers until Sunday afternoon came again. The gas was lit inside the doors, and I could see his face clearly; and I see it now when I shut my eyes. I suppose there must have been wrinkles on it, and the eyes were sunken and dim, and it was old and withered, and his hair was thin and gray; but to me it was like the face of an angel, with that loving, patient light in his eyes, which had been shining there whenever I had seen them, ever since we came into the house.

"My lass!" he said, holding me by the hand, "we mun lay none o' th' blame to th' Lord. When thee and me were young, an' brass plentiful, we niver laid a penny by agen a rainy day, thee knows. It were wrong on us, Ally; but there! aw niver reckoned that thee an' me 'ud ever grow oud. But whatever comes we mun na threep agen th' Lord."

"No, Transome, no!" I answered; "I'll bide His will; and may be He'll let us go home again in the spring."

"Ay! i' th' spring-time, lass!" he said, smiling, and lifting up his head as if he could feel the spring coming already. We bade good-bye, yet stood together a minute longer; as if, like young folks, we could not make up our minds to lose sight of one another. Then he went his way, and I mine.

But all that night I could not sleep, and the next morning I found that the heavy rain of the evening before had brought on many pains in my old limbs. I had no power to lift myself from the bed; though when the bell rang for prayers, and I thought of Transome going, and how he'd feel at not seeing me there, I wept sore for trouble and sorrow. I begged everybody that came near to take a message to him, but I got no answer back from him. Ah! they were a long three days that I lay there, not able to stir hand or foot without a groan wrung from me, spite of myself. But on the fourth morning I made shift to get out of bed, and crawl across the floor to the fireplace at the far end of the ward, and take my place among the old women cowering about it. I was stretching out my stiff hands toward the blaze to gather all the warmth I could, when all of a sudden the door at the other end of the long room was thrown open, and a shrill voice called out to me, a sharp, shrill voice that rang through me, "Alice Transome, yo're to go quick to the sick-ward, for yo're man's deen."

(To be continued.)

A REASONING FOX.

A HUNTSMAN in Norway one day observed a fox cautiously approaching the stump of an old tree. When near enough, the fox jumped up on to the top of it, and after looking round a while, hopped down

to the ground again. After Reynard had repeated this feat several times, he went his way. In a short time he returned to the spot, carrying in his mouth a pretty large and heavy piece of wood. As if to test his vaulting powers, he renewed his leaps on to the stump, keeping the stick in his mouth. Finding that, even with this weight, he could jump up quite easily, he dropped the piece of wood, and coiling himself up on the top of the stump, remained motionless as if dead. Some time after, an old sow, with a number of young ones, came out of the wood, and passed the spot where the fox lay. Two of the little pigs having fallen behind the others, the fox pounced down on one of them, seized it in his mouth, and sprang up again to his tree-stump. On hearing her little one cry, the old sow came rushing back to its assistance, and spent the greater part of the night in vain attempts to reach Reynard. He, however, took the matter very coolly, devouring his prey under the very nose of its mother; which was at length obliged to move off without being able to revenge herself.

A SWEET OLD LEGEND.

Bring that low footstool from the corner, Ted;
Mary and Jack, you can not crowd too near;
While baby Bess will curl her pretty head
Against my heart, that holds you all so dear.

Now for the legend. Once, long years ago,
When in our world the blessed Lord was seen,
He walked one evening, tired, sad and slow,
With His disciples through the meadows green.

Why was He sad? Dear child, I can not say
What burdens pressed upon His heart divine—
Perhaps none had believed on Him that day;
Perhaps He thought upon your sins and mine.

Along the way the sweet field lillies grew
In white apparel, finer than a King's,
Above His head a twittering sparrow flew—
(He drew His sermons from these simple things).

Now as they journeyed, so the wise ones say,
Upon the path a poor dead dog they spied.
One spurned him roughly with his foot away,
And "what an ugly beast," another cried.

But in their Master's eyes compassion shone;
He stooped and touched the creature's shaggy head;
"At least, my dear disciples, you will own
His teeth are white as any pearls," He said.

Then they passed on. Dears, is it strange to you
That mothers with their babies round Him pressed?
That Peter learned to be so good and true,
And John leaned close upon His loving breast?

Oh, would that I, with hair fast turning gray,
And you, my darlings, leaning on my knee,
Could always think some gentle word to say,
And in each life some pearl of goodness see!

Now run to bed. And as you close your eyes
With God's fair stars like soft eyes watching you,
Make good resolves, and on the morrow rise,
And bravely work to make them all come true.

BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU FILL UP WITH.

A BOY returned from school one day with a report that his scholarship had fallen below the usual average. "Well," said his father, "you've fallen behind this month, have you?"

"Yes, sir."

"How did that happen?"

"Don't know, sir."

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

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

When half the apples were replaced, the son said: "Father, they'll roll off. I can't put in any more."

"Put them in, I tell you."

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

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

you. Your mind is like that basket; it will not hold much more than so much; and here you have been the past month filling it up with rubbish."

The boy turned on his heel and whistled, and said: "Whew! I see the point."—Selected.

PETROLEUM.

PETROLEUM, or rock oil, better known as kerosene, is used in every part of the world for lights and for the oiling of machinery. In its crude state it is very dark colored; but after it is distilled it becomes very thin and of a lightish yellow. Notwithstanding its extensive use, there are thousands of people who know nothing of the immense cost that is connected with the process of obtaining it from the earth.

Petroleum was first discovered by the Indians, and used by them for medicine, and they sold it to the white people under the name of Seneca oil, the price being fifteen cents per ounce. After a long time, the white people discovered that the Indians procured seneca oil from a small lake in Crawford Co., Pennsylvania; where they spread blankets upon the surface of the lake, and as the oil came to the surface of the water, it would readily adhere to the blankets, and by removing and wringing them, they obtained the oil. In the year 1859, a man by the name of Drake, thought that he could procure oil by sinking a well in the region of this lake; and accordingly he built a derrick, and drilled a well, and oil was struck at the depth of seventy feet. The success of this well, was the immediate cause of the commencement of many more.

In that year the production reached 2,000 barrels, the next year it had reached 500,000 barrels. It was soon discovered that these wells were not deep enough to reach the place where the oil was naturally stored; but that the oil had by some unknown means, worked its way out of the rock nearly to the surface of the earth; and that this surface oil, as it is now called, would soon exhaust. The first wells were drilled by hand; and in order to drill deeper, it was necessary to have better tools; so larger and better tools were made, and so arranged that steam power could be used to drill with. It was also found, by drilling seven hundred feet or more, that the oil was deposited in a sand rock, and that gas was with the oil; and in many cases as soon as the drill reached this rock, the oil and gas came out in immense quantities, and with such force that it would go many feet into the air, and flow several hundred barrels of oil before any means could be procured by which it could be saved. A test well was sunk in Mc Kean County, Pennsylvania, and the oil bearing rock was found to be much deeper from the surface of the earth; one thousand feet in the valleys and on the hills just as much deeper as the hill is higher, for the oil rock is on a level, so that some of the wells are two thousand one hundred feet deep. At the last named place, the oil rock was found to be of a different formation, and of a much darker color, and is so firm, that the oil could hardly find its way to the small hole which had been made by the drill. As the production of the former oil field was rapidly decreasing, it was necessary that something should be done, or the world would be left in darkness; for kerosene was the cheapest and best thing that had ever been invented for lights. Some one thought that by shooting this newly discovered rock with some kind of explosive compound, it could be made to produce oil like the latter fields; so the experiment was tried, and proved to be a success. A well that would produce five or twenty barrels per day, could be made to produce fifty or two hundred barrels in the same time. At first gunpowder was used to shoot the wells with, but nitro-glycerine was found to be much stronger, and would do the work much better. The cost of shooting a well ranges from one hundred to two hundred dollars. The cost of sinking an oil well, including machinery, is about two thousand; a good well when finished, is worth from five to one hundred thousand dollars. The oil rock is not

to be found every where, therefore there have been thousands of wells drilled, which have proved dry and worthless.

At first petroleum was taken to market in barrels, and hauled by teams, which was very slow indeed, compared with the way it is now done. At the present day it is carried to the refinery by means of pipe lines, owned by large companies, and these companies connect their lines with the tanks at the wells; and after gauging the tanks, run the oil to the pipe lines, storage tanks to be used by the refinery, when needed; the owner of the well receives a certificate from the company, which is his voucher for the amount in the tank; these certificates can be sold, at any time upon the market; The price varies according to the demand. It is estimated, that since 1859, when the first well was opened, until 1883, the wealth added to the United States thereby, amounted to \$1,500,000,000. RAY.

BIRDS' NESTS.

THE Byah, or Grosbeak of India, excels the whole feathered tribe for its curious economy. It is a very lively, handsome bird, about the size of a linnnet. It has a yellow bill and legs. The nest of the Byah, which is found only on the highest trees of the forest, is truly one of the wonders of the animal world. It consists of the finest grasses, which are interwoven and compressed into a texture as smooth and compact as hair soles worn inside of boots in rainy weather.

The nest is oval, measuring nine inches in length, and half as much in thickness. A number of small fibres are twisted together at the upper end, whereby it is suspended from the outward or more slender branches of the tree to which it is attached. The entrance is by a trap-door at one edge of the bottom part, or floor, which like that admitting to the swallow's clay built domicile, is only sufficiently large for the bird to squeeze through. The interior of the nest is divided in two separate apartments or rooms. The upper room is used by the hen, and here she raises her young. Meanwhile the cock, in the lower apartment, guards the outer entrance and awaits the commands of his mistress. The mother bird, while caring for her young, never willingly remains in darkness.

The task of lighting their little home devolves upon the male. After sunset he selects a small lump of moist clay, which he brings into the nest and sticks against the wall of the higher apartment, rather above the level of the floor, and exactly over the inner trap door. He now departs in quest of a fire fly, and it being the hour at which these insects come abroad he seldom returns unsuccessful. The fire fly is then thrust head foremost into the wet clay. Here, in consequence of the judicious position chosen for it, and the struggles of the insect, it affords an excellent light to both chambers during the night, and a corresponding degree of security against the intrusion of ants, wasps, and other unauthorized visitors.

This nest is so very light as to be stirred by the gentle breeze, while at the same time it is so admirably adapted to the safety and comfort of its inmates that the most boisterous wind cannot blow it down, nor the heaviest rain penetrate its tiny ceiling.

The Grosbeaks erect an immense dwelling place to contain five or six hundred inhabitants all living together on good terms. Having selected a large tree proper for the purpose, they first construct a roof woven out of large plants, close enough to be rain proof. This labor ended, they distribute the space amongst the members of this bird partnership, and the nests are attached side by side to the roof, all being of the same size. Each bird has generally his private entrance, but sometimes it happens that one door gives access to two or three nests. As the community increases, new nests are placed upon the old ones.

It may be amusing to mention the nest of the long-tailed titmouse. This bird is not much larger

than the wren. Its nest is closed over, both above and below; only one little opening at the side is left. As the cold might enter here, the bird makes use of door curtains, the entrance to its habitation being furnished with a hanging of flexible and transparent feathers. The titmouse, having many enemies, has to conceal its nest, which it fixes to the trunk of a tree, and then covers it up with the parasitical plants that grow on the bark, in such a way as not to disturb in the least its natural appearance. —Selected.

Letters from the Hopes.

ALICE HILLMAN, Hooker, Neb: We do not have preaching very often here, and we are a long way from a branch. Bro. Armstrong was here in January, and preached seven times to small congregations. He left expecting to return soon. I was at the conference this winter; had a good time among the Saints. It is pleasing to see so many letters from the Hopes. I would be lonesome without the *Hope*. I wish it would become a weekly. I will answer the questions that were asked in the *Hope* of March the first. Uncle W. R. C. asks, Where is found this passage, "Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of me?" It is in St John 5:39. "Who said, Repent and be baptized," etc. It is found in 2:38 of the Acts. "Where can this text be found, For godly sorrows worketh repentance to salvation, and to be repented of; but the sorrow of the world worketh death?" In 6:10 of Corinthians. Pray for me, dear hopes, that I may live more faithful.

LEVINIE THOMPSON, Nebraska City, Neb: I have a little cousin who lives in Levan, Juab Co., Utah, by name, Aminda Larson; she wrote me this little verse. I think it is pretty, and I will write it to you.

I am little, but I love,
I love Jesus, he loves me.
I am little, but I love
Near his precious side to be.
I am little Jesus knows,
For he sees me all the day;
I am little, Jesus knows,
So he leads me all the way.

I am ten years old, and belong to the Church.

M. A. GILLESPIE, Pittsburgh, Pa.: I love to read our little paper. I oftentimes find myself longing for the day that it is to come. I hope it will soon become a weekly. I will endeavor to do my best to have it so, and believe the rest of my many young brothers and sisters are of the same mind. I like to read the many letters and pieces sent to our paper by all of the young Hopes. I always long for the prosperity of Zion.

ANNA SIMMERMAN, Riverton, Iowa: I am going to school now. I like my teacher very well. I do not belong to the church, but my mother belongs. I was thirteen the seventeenth of last December. I like to read the *Hope*, and wish it may become a weekly.

CHARLEY AMDAY, Greenwood, Iowa: I am ten years old. Mamma and my three sisters belong to the church, but I don't. I go to school. Our school lasts two weeks longer. We live ten miles from Des Moines.

WILLIE O. KELLEY, Coldwater, Mich: I like to read the *Hope*. I think The King's Servant, is a nice piece. Aunt Emeline I. Davidson received \$14.90 for her pig. I am nine years old. My brother and I go to school. We go to meeting every Sunday. We get lonesome without papa. He is gone from home most of the time preaching.

MAUD A. BAKER, Newton, Iowa: I read the pig story in the *Hope* of this month. The pig brought \$14.36. I am six years old. When I go to school, I read in the second reader; I also read in the Bible to my grandpa.

JOHN R. EVANS, Crescent City, Iowa: I love to read the letters and stories in our little paper. It is past three years since I was baptized into this glorious gospel, and I have been made to rejoice many times. As my little six year old sister lay at the point of death in mother's arms, she requested father to pray for her. We all turned our hearts to God in earnest prayer in behalf of her, and it was given to my father before we arose, that she should recover. When we arose she sat up, and smiling said, "I feel better." We have good meetings and Sun-School every Sunday. I ask an interest in your prayers.

MARY M. COLLINS, Persia, Iowa: I go to day-school, and study spelling, arithmetic, reading, grammar and writing. There is no Sunday School here. We have meeting every Sunday, and prayer meeting every Wednesday evening. I like to read the letters in the *Hope*. It seems impossible to wait till it comes. I wish it would become a weekly. I was baptized by Bro. Ackerly; also my mother and oldest brother, three years ago. I like my new home very well. I have made me a book of reference to first principles of the gospel. It helps me to understand the Bible. From your loving sister in the gospel.

LIZZIE DONALDSON, Riverton, Iowa: I am going to school now. My teacher is kind to all. I do not belong to the church yet, but hope to sometime. My mother and father belong. I have two brothers, one older than myself, and one younger. I love to read the little Hopes' letters, and I love to read the long continued pieces.

FRANKLIN ANVAY, Polk Co., Iowa: I like to read the letters in the *Hope*. I do not belong to the church now, but intend to before long. My sisters and mother belong.

ALBION F. LAKEMAN, Woodward's Cove, Me.: I send what I think is the correct word given by Mary E. Tanner. You will find it in the forty-first chapter of Genesis, and forty-fifth verse. "Zaphnathpaaneah." I think this is the word. Who of the Hopes will tell me what two chapters in the Bible are both alike?

THOMAS D. COLLINS, Persia, Iowa: I like to read the *Hope* very well, and wish it would become a weekly. I am not baptized yet, but hope to be some day. I am nine years old. I go to school and study reading, writing, spelling, and arithmetic. I have made me a reference book to first principles. I want to learn them, and live by them. Pray for me, that I may do so.

EDITH TEETERS, Clear Lake, Ind: I go to school. I read in the fourth reader. I am ten years old. I go to Sunday School. Miss Rosetta Teeters teaches our class. My father and mother belong to the Church.

MARY E. JENKINS, Malad City, Idaho: I have not been baptized yet, but I hope to be soon. My father and mother belong to the church. I am stopping at my grandfather's, and going to school. I am ten years old. I like to read the letters in the *Hope*, and I would like to see another story from sister Perla Wild.

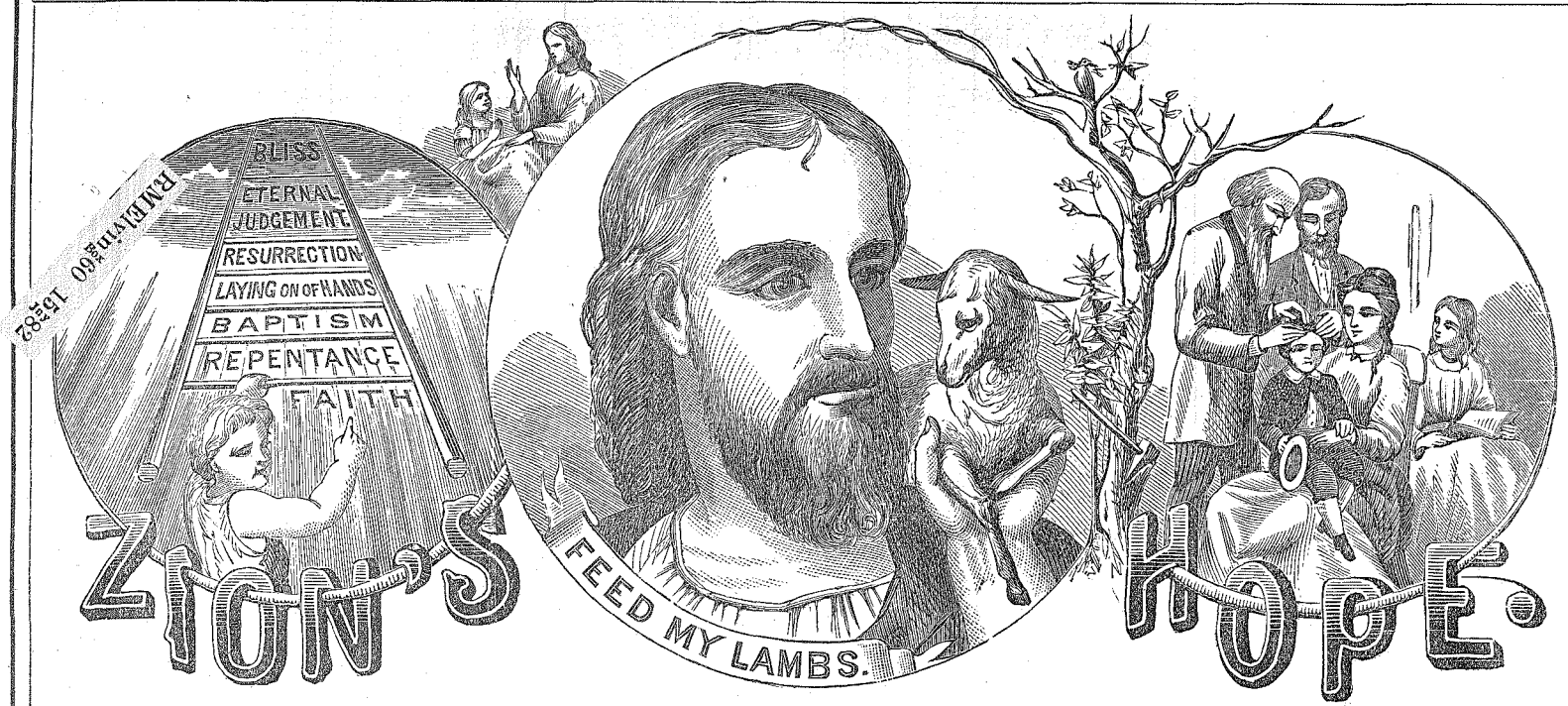
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"Even a Child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure."—Prov. 20 : 11.

BOOK OF MORMON HISTORY.

BY MORMONIA.

NOAH.

KING Noah was not like his father Zeniff, a righteous, or even a moderately decent man. He was a coward, a tyrant, a sot, an imperial robber, a cruel, lazy idolator, a religious bigot, a polygamist and a murderer. He set aside his father's Priests, and consecrated Priests after his own heart; and though the people were oppressed by them, such is the perversity of erring mortals, the people seemingly loved to have it so.

The Lord sent Abinadi, a prophet, to denounce their wickedness, and warn them that unless they should speedily repent, they should be brought into bondage, smitten, scattered, and finally destroyed. But the people were angry, and sought to kill him; but he fled and kept away for two years. When the king heard it, he hardened his heart and sought to slay the prophet. After two years, Abinadi came again, and told them, in the name of the Lord, that because they did not repent, the people should be smitten by their enemies, and the life of Noah should be no more than a garment in a hot oven; they should be driven like a dumb beast with burdens lashed upon their backs. And then if they did not repent, they should be destroyed from the earth; but the people bound him and took him before the king, where, after two or three hearings, and a mock trial, he was burned to death. The heart of humanity writhes at the mere recital of such cruelty; and unbelief asks, "Where was God, that he permitted it?" But the eye of faith looks beyond the cruel fires to the glorious rest that awaits the faithful saint. The reader will do well to read all the words of Abinadi, which we shall presently see were all fulfilled. Alma, one of Noah's priests, believed the words of Abinadi, and tried to persuade the king to let him go; but he was more angry, and would have killed Alma; but he fled and hid from them, and then went privately among the people, and taught them the words of abinadi; and as many as believed were baptized in a river called Mormon; and they organized a church, and met to worship God and hear his word; and they loved each other, not in word only, but in deed and in truth, and did all they could to assist each other and make each other happy. But they were discovered by the king, and he sent his armies to destroy them. Alma and his brethren, four hundred and fifty souls departed with all speed into the wilderness, and the armies of the king could not find them, and returned, much reduced in numbers, because of contention among themselves. And a man named Gideon was angry with the king, and would have

killed him, but he fled, ascending the high tower, saw the Lamanites within the land, and he cried out, "Gideon spare me, for the Lamanites are upon us, and they will destroy my people." He was more concerned about himself than his people; but Gideon did spare his life, and they all fled before the enemy; but they were overtaken, and many slain. Then the king, like the coward he was, ordered all the men to leave the women and children, and flee. Some obeyed, but many would not leave them, but would rather stay and perish with them. And they sent forth their fair daughters to plead with the Lamanites, that they would not slay them. The Lamanites were charmed with the beauty of the young ladies, and graciously permitted them to live, on condition of their giving them half they possessed, and a yearly tribute of half they might raise, and also delivering up king Noah into their hands. There was among the captives one of the king's sons, named Limhi. He was a just man, and wished his father might be spared. Though he knew of his father's wickedness, that there was scarcely a crime he was not guilty of, still he was his father, and even his crimes entitled him to pity. But Gideon sent men into the wilderness to seek the king, and they met the people who had fled, all but the king and priests. The people had been angry with the king, and burned him to death, as he had caused Abinadi to die; and thus did the wicked, slay the wicked. They would have slain the priests, but they fled and hid, and the rest returned with Gideon's men to the land of Nephi, and they made Limhi their king; and Limhi made oath that his people should pay a yearly tribute of one half their increase, and king Laman made oath that his people should not slay them; and they had this dear bought peace for only two years.

"One sinner destroyeth much good." The wicked Noah sowed many tares, that his innocent son was compelled to reap; but such is life. If each could suffer all the consequences of his own sins, who could tell us what is sin? There was a place in Shemlon, where the daughters of Laman went to sing, dance and amuse themselves; and the priests of Noah, who were ashamed and afraid to return to their families, found these young ladies, and carried them into the wilderness, and married them; and as they did not return, their friends thought, or pretended to think, the people of Limhi had stolen them, and heathen-like, without trying to investigate, they came against them to war. But Limhi saw them from the tower, and was ready for them; and there was a fearful battle. The Lamanites fought like lions for their prey, and the Nephites for life and all they had. They found king Laman

among the wounded, his army having fled. They brought him to Limhi, who asked. "Why have you come against us to war? We have not broken our oath to pay you tribute, why do you break your oath to us?"

Laman said, "Because you have carried away the daughters of my people, in our anger we came against you." Then said Limhi, "I will search among my people; and whoever has done this wicked thing, shall perish." But Gideon reminded the king of the priests of his father, who were in the wilderness; and said it must be they who had done this deed. When Laman heard it he was pacified, and afterward pacified his people. But the Nephites were only granted life. Their enemies were rude, insolent, cruel; would smite them in the face, and do all they could to make life a burden to them. Their afflictions were great, and they complained to the king, and they wished to go against their enemies to war; and Limhi permitted them to do as they desired. And they went against their enemies three times, and were every time driven back with great slaughter; and though they did cry to God in their afflictions, he was slow to hear, and thus were the words of Abinadi fulfilled, to the sorrow of many who were not directly guilty, except in the sense that all who, even by silence, uphold a tyrant, are in a measure guilty of his crimes.

But the Good Father who is slow to anger, and quick to forgive, was, unknown to them, preparing an answer to their prayers, by moving the hearts of their brethren in Zarahemla, to seek for them; and he blest them with abundant harvests, with flocks and herds. The king required them to divide with the widows and orphans of those who had been slain; and the Lord softened the hearts of the Lamanites, so that they almost ceased to persecute them. They had no more wars, till the time Ammon and his brethren came to them.

The king had caused his people to watch, and try to catch the priests of Noah, that they might be punished according to their guilt; and when Ammon and his brethren came, they thought they were those priests. This is why they were put in prison; but when it was found they were from Zarahemla, they were glad; for Limhi had sent men to seek that land, but they could not find it; but they found a land covered with the bones of a people who had been destroyed, and supposing it to be Zarahemla, they had returned a few days before Ammon came to them. They brought with them a record of that lost race engraven upon plates of ore. When Ammon and Limhi, related to each other the various scenes through which each branch of the Nephites had passed, they had joy for the loving care and protec-

tion of God. But they did sorrow for the many slain, and for the wickedness of Noah and others, for the martyrdom of Abinadi, and for the departure of Alma and his brethren. They would gladly have joined with them, for they had entered into covenant to keep the commands of God; and many desired to be baptized, but there was no one in the land who had authority from God; and Ammon declined to do this, considering himself an unworthy servant.

Ammon and Limhi, and all the people came together to consult how they might deliver themselves from bondage; and upon the advice of Gideon, they gathered all they had that could be moved, and then sent to the Lamanites the last tribute of wine, and more wine as a present; and that night, while the Lamanites were drunken and asleep, they departed; and after many days came to the land of Zarahemla, and Mosiah received them with joy, and they were numbered with his people.

The Lamanites followed them two days, lost track of them, and were themselves lost in the wilderness.

(To be continued.)

HOW TO GROW CELERY AND OTHER VEGETABLES.

I KNOW some of the little Hopes of Zion have small gardens; for I have seen and read of them in some of their letters asking aid.

To grow a good stick of celery, you must prepare a warm border, or a box, and put some sifted sand and moss in it, and water with warm water. Then make it level and smoothe on the top, sow your seed, "Boston Market," "Dwarf Red," or "White" will do, thick enough to cover the surface, and dust on a little dry moss and sand about one eighth of an inch thick. Water it occasionally, and in about three weeks you will have the pleasure of seeing the top of your box or border green. When the plants are large enough, take them out one by one, and transplant them into a larger box, or along the border a few inches apart, until they are strong enough to set out into trenches in the garden. Make your trenches the breadth of your spade, and about half as deep. Then fill in with good manure and fine soil, rich and free from stones. As they grow in the trenches, earth them up, but do not cover the heart, and water them often with water from the manure pile. Should you see any grubs, put a little sawdust or fine ashes around the stick.

Do not be afraid to plant a few hills of sweet corn in the garden, very early Minnesota, Sugar, or Crosby's early, is the best. If you like beans, peas, asparagus, you can soak the seeds from twelve to twenty-four or forty-eight hours, or mix them in a box of sand and moss, till they germinate and then plant your asparagus out in the garden, and your beans and peas in drills. But if you do not like all this trouble, just sow them as you get them in the packet. Let your land be rich. Keep them free from weeds, and let your drills be at least fifteen inches apart. Do not sow any seeds broadcast, and do not injure the young plants when you go to hill them up. The best peas are the Marrowfats, Champion of England, Early Kent and Dwarf. The best beans are Lima, Boston, Marrow, Butter and wax. The best cabbage are Early York, Jersey, Drumhead, Flat and Red Dutch and Savoy. Plant early in a warm border, or frame; and then plant out in rows something similar to celery. Plant them out in the garden for good, not less than three feet apart.

Seed growing differs from ordinary farming. It requires good ground and well worked to make a garden to pay. In planting the cabbage and cauliflower out in the garden, you must choose the warmest, highest and richest soil. After it has been worked well, sow one pound of superphosphate to every ten square yards, and work well in with the rake. Keep free from weeds, and hoe a little every day, and you wont be tormented with the beetles nor the cabbage worms. After they begin to head, should be watered and earthed up, but don't cover the hearts.

Cucumbers, melons, &c. Make a hill of very rich soil, and make a hole from six to twelve inches deep, and fill this with black earth from the root of a tree. If you can't get this, good black manure will do. On the hills thus formed, put some fifteen or twenty seeds, and press the earth firmly over them. If the plants are attacked by the flies, or beetles, dust some soot, wood ashes, or lime over them, mixed with fine red sand or soil. Care should be taken not to overdo this, and spoil the plants.

WILLIAM STREET.

DUTY.

DEAR HOPES.—I have been much interested to learn my duty as a Saint, and to do the same; and as we have commenced on a new year, I hope and pray that I may be more able to perform my various duties as a member of the Church than I was last year; and that the adversary may not have any power over me to lead me astray from the true and right way.

As I said that we had commenced on a new year, the past being a year of remarkable events, the great and brilliant Comet and the big star were evidences of the greatness of God. Let us as saints of the Most High God, strive harder than we did last year to perform every duty faithfully that is required of our hands; and to live nearer to God, remembering, that if we are negligent of duty, and are overcome of evil, and obtain not forgiveness again, after having once obeyed the gospel, that these are they who sin against the Holy Ghost, "whose torment and misery knoweth no man, except those who are made partakers thereof." O, dreadful thought! and remembering that Bro. Joseph said, in the *Herald*, that, "the time would come when it would be properly said to all Latter Day Saints, whom will you serve? Will you serve God or will you serve the devil? and on what side will you be, on the side with God and Christ? or on the side of rebellion?" And again, remembering that we are servants to him to whom we list to obey. But on the other hand, Dear Hopes, "He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his God, and he shall be my son." What a cheering thought is this. There is one duty, that some of you have neglected, but say you "hope to attend to soon," and that is to be baptized. Do not postpone this duty, remembering that every year that passes, yes, every day that passes brings us nearer and nearer to that great day, when the "Son of God shall be revealed from heaven in flaming fire, taking vengeance on those that have not obeyed the gospel," and we cannot say at that time, I will be more faithful, for it says, that, "as the lightning shineth from the east even unto the west; so shall also the coming of the Son of Man be."

We should not say, there is nothing I can do, there is nothing required of me; for if we can't preach there is something else we can do. We can work to support in the ministry those that can preach, and we can buy tracts of Uncle Joseph at small prices, and send them to many people, and supply the Elders, when they pass, and buy extra copies of the *Hope*, and give them to our school-mates. By this we might gain a subscriber for the *Hope*, and turn some one to believe in the work, who might become a worker with us and do much good.

Your brother.

EDWIN T. DAWSON.

LETTER FROM UNCLE JOHN EAMES.

DEAR HOPES:—I pray my heavenly Father to bless you all. I want you all to remember you are the tender plants and the nursery of the church. I am pleased to tell you that we had a happy day on Sunday last. We had twelve in all. Our Sunday School is nine days old. We took up a collection, and we got one dollar and six cents. Let us all get all the money we can to have our *Hope* to become a weekly. Only think, one Sunday we have the *Hope*, the next Sunday we have none. I know, dear Hopes, you wish you had a *Hope* every Sunday; and if we

can get the money, I know Bro. Joseph will be pleased to make it a weekly. If we all will do our best, we can have the *Hope* a weekly in a very short time, if we will save all the money we can spare. Pray for Uncle Eames, and our little Sunday School in Cheyenne.

I will now tell you some more about Mr. Cox. My bird scaring lasted about five weeks in that piece. O, I longed to see the wheat come up, and it seemed it would never do so. O, how pleased I was to see the wheat looking green. Then I thought my deliverance was nigh, and I should be set free from prison; and the time came at last that the house sparrows could not pull up the wheat. It was only small birds that troubled that piece of wheat, and the time came at last when Mr. Cox did not want me any longer. All seemed heavenly to my feelings. I was set free.

Another farmer by the name of Mr. Winright sent to my father to know if he had a son that could scare the crows, or rooks, off a piece of barley. My father sent word that he had. This time I was one mile and a half from my father's house. Now my trouble commenced again, and I dreaded to go so far away from my father's house. But my mother told me I would not be locked up in that field, and I would see many people, as the main road went aside of this field. On Tuesday it was market day at Watford, and I would see lots of teams, and cattle, sheep and pigs go by to the market on that day. That seemed to make me feel a little cheerful. My father told me he would come on the Sunday afternoon, and bring me home at night. To get to this field I had to go through a wood almost a half a mile. I dare not go through that wood by myself; so my mother put my little white dinner bag, with my dinner in it, round my neck, and my wooden clappers in my hand, and took me by the hand. On the way we went through this long wood, and came to the field of barley just sown. Now my mother told me to shake my clappers, and run after the black crows and rooks, and halloo at them, and be a good boy, and she would fetch me home at night; and she would be there when the sun went down. How I longed for the sun to go down. I longed for that before she got there. I was not quite so lonesome as in the other field. There were some sheep, and the shepherd and his boy came and fenced off a piece of land; and a day only lasted about two hours. My mother came at sun down to fetch me home; how glad I was to see her. I was in the corner of the field next to my home. So on my way home my mother told me my wages would be as much again as I had from Mr. Cox. I was to have a shilling, or twenty-five cents a week at this place. I thought that was a good raise, twelve cents. She told me to be a good boy and run after the rooks, and keep them off the barley, and my master would raise my wages when the field was sown where the sheep were; so my mother still took me to the field, and brought me home. My father came on the Sunday afternoons and stayed with me till night. How pleased I was when my father was with me.

Through my field was a foot path; and often some one was passing through the field. One afternoon a gentleman came through my field. I ran to him, and asked him what time it was, and he took out his watch and said, "It is four o'clock. Do you say your prayers?" I said yes. I did not like to tell him no, so I told him a story; so he put his hand in his pocket and gave me four pence, or eight cents, and said, "My little boy, I give you this, if you will promise me that you will be sure and say your prayers every night and morning, and kneel down, and not forget." I promised him I would, and I was sorry I told him a story. I hope you always will tell the truth.

Just before my mother came to fetch me home, a big boy came through my field, and he had a rabbit. When I saw it, it pleased me so much I wished I had that rabbit. I asked him if he would sell me the rabbit. He said, "How much money

have you got?" I told him a four pence. He said, "If you will give me the money I will give you the rabbit;" and the rabbit seemed all the world to me. My mother came for me, and I was so pleased to show her the rabbit, and tell her all the news. When I got home I put my rabbit in a box. I and my eldest brother slept together in one room; and I thought so much about praying that he got in bed first. I knelt down aside of the bed, and commenced saying, "Our Father who art in heaven." My brother commenced kicking up his heels, and crying out, "Jack is praying." That made me feel ashamed, I thought I would get in bed, and sit up and pray there; but he still cried out, "Jack is praying." Now I thought I would lie down, and say them; he would not know then that I was saying them. Next morning I got out of bed, knelt down and commenced to say them again, and he commenced to cry out, "Jack is praying;" and I felt so ashamed. So it caused me not to try and pray again; and as Paul said, "when I would do good, evil is present."

Dear Hopes, I hope you will never be ashamed to pray; but be sure and pray often. Good by. I pray the Lord to bless you all.

THE KING'S SERVANTS.

By the Author of "Jessica's First Prayer."

CHAPTER VIII.—UNTO DEATH.

All my pains were gone in an instant—swallowed up by a greater pain. I started from my chair, hurried down the room, and across the yard to the sick-ward, thinking of nothing, knowing nothing, hearing and seeing nothing, only the three words ringing through and through my head, "Yo're man's deein!" The doctor met me at the foot of the stairs, and I could only cry out the name "Transome!" He shook his head and said something, but my ears were dull of hearing, and his voice sounded smothered and low. I almost ran as soon as I saw the door of the place where he was lying and I knocked at the door, which had no latch on the outside, earnestly, earnestly, as if some terrible thing was hunting me, and I had fled there for safety. But the terrible thing was in there, before me; though I pushed in eagerly as soon as the door was opened.

The place was exactly the same as the ward I came from, and the ward he came from—a long, narrow room, with narrow beds on each side, and the same coarse blue quilts over them. But every person lying on these beds was ill as well as poverty-stricken. I saw Transome the first moment—I saw no one save him. He was alone, no one near him; for he was passing away quietly, and the nurses had much to do, and were glad to leave him to himself. Quite alone, lying with his eyelids closed, and drifting away tranquilly out of this troublesome life, as if he did not know that he was going—just as a child falls asleep without knowing it. So quiet and still he was, that when I stole on tiptoe to his side, like I used to steal to Willie's cradle, he did not open his eyes, or move the poor hand that lay outside the quilt. I laid my hands softly upon them, and the icy chill that ran through me forced me to cry aloud.

"Oh, Transome!" I said, "are you going to leave me—to leave me behind you in this dreadful place?"

At that his face quivered all over, and his lips moved, and his eyelids opened. A smile came across his face, full of content, and his poor glazed eyes brightened as he saw me bending over him.

"Ally, my lass! Ally!" he whispered. I knelt down beside him and put my arm under his old gray head; and he kept on whispering, "Ally, my lass! my poor Ally?" till I couldn't bear it a minute longer.

"Oh!" I cried, "the Lord is dealing very hard with us."

"No, no," he answered, "He's dealin' softer wi' us nor wi' His own Son, 'at were crucified upo' the cross. Nobry i' th' world has borne harder nor

that. Aw'm a weary sinfu' oud man; but He were young, and there was no sin in Him, yet they put Him to death upo' the cross. No! thee munna threep agen th' Lord, Ally."

"If He'd only let me come too!" I cried again, feeling as if God must hear my cry, and take me along with Transome.

"Ay! aw'd bide for the a while if aw could, for sure," he said, tenderly, "aw promised to bide wi' thee till death parted us; but 'twere the workhouse first and now it's death. But thee'll be not long after me, Ally."

"No," I said, but my throat was so dry and choked I could say no more. If Transome died, all was over for me. I was a helpless, friendless old woman, with nothing before me but to live and die in the workhouse; yet I could not be sure that I should die soon.

"Ally," he whispered again, "aw've gie'en thee mony and mony a cross to bear. But thee'lt forgie me a' now."

"Thou never gave me a hard word," I said.

"Th' Lord knows," he went on, "at aw love thee more now nor when we were wed. Dost remember lass? But tell me quick, what were those words thee learned me th' neet afore we came into th' house? 'Faithful unto death.' Quick, Ally."

God knows how hard it was for me to make my voice speak through my sobs; but quietly and softly I repeated the words, putting my lips close to his ear—

"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life!"

"Gran' words," he whispered; "faithful unto death; crown o' life! Gran' words. Faithful unto death, Lord!"

His gray head fell heavier on my arm, and his eyelids dropped half over his eyes. His breath came feebler and feebler. I knew what it was. He tried to speak ance more to me, but his poor tongue was stiff and cold. His fingers groped about a bit on the quilt, till I put my other hand into them. I would not stir or utter a cry, lest any of the strange women who were in the ward should come nigh us, and perhaps take me away from him. So quiet he was when he passed away forever, that even the sick man next to him whom I could have touched with my hand without moving, did not know that Transome was dead. Only I knew.

(To be continued.)

SU ALTEZA.

THERE was, many years ago, a girl, whose name we will call Hada, whose parents died when she was quite young. She was brought up by her cousin, as his own daughter. Her cousin was a man who feared, and worshiped the true and living God, and there is no doubt but he taught Hada, from her youth, to both fear and love God, as her after life will show. She was fair and beautiful. Although her cousin was what we might call a slave, yet that could not keep him from giving thanks to God for sparing his life until he saw his cousin Hada, was in a position of honor as great as any reasonable heart could wish. Hada's people was different in religious views from all others; yet they never tried to force others to believe as they did. Yet they were persecuted, and looked upon with contempt. This made them more humble and faithful to God; often fasting and praying, and this often, when persisted in with sincerity of heart, turned their afflictions to their own earthly benefit.

Hada, being a beautiful girl, became the wife of a man of great power and wealth, that is earthly power. When this great man, who was ruler over one hundred and twenty seven provinces, married Hada, he did not know what her religion was; and there is no doubt that he was as great an enemy of Hada's people as others; for he allowed his name to be signed to a published document, to put them all to death.

When Hada found out that her people were to be

slain, she did not go to her husband to beg for them, and plead their cause; but first instructed her cousin to have all her people fast for her three days, and she would also fast three days. Hada believed more in the power of God than in man, or she would not have been fasting or praying before supplicating her husband, who had power to revoke the decree. She, as all God-loving people do, felt it a duty to first be on friendly terms with her maker, ("he that loves me will keep my commandments.") The decree to put all her people to death in that place was not all; for her husband's first officer was displeased with Hada's cousin, and had secretly prepared to hang him. At the end of the three days fasting, in which they were to neither eat nor drink. Hada, no doubt feeling that she had received favor in the sight of God, was welcomed to the presence of her husband; and it looks as if she was dearer and better loved by her husband than ever before; for he told her, without being asked, that anything she desired should be granted. In due time, Hada informed her husband of the treachery of his first officer, and the intended destruction of her people; also the preparation for the hanging of her cousin. There is but little doubt that the Lord did, in his own way, in answer to Hada's request, preserve her people; for they were not put to death; and the officer who wished to put to death Hada's cousin, was caught in his own trap, and her cousin was appointed to the office in his stead, who made a faithful officer, both loved and feared by the people. Not only this but Hada's husband loved her above all others; insomuch that her people was raised even above their persecutors. Thus we see, in honesty of heart in serving God, all is well; if not immediately, it will be in the sweet by and by.

Now little Hopes, tell me in your next letter who Hada or Hadassah was, and who her husband was. Also who her cousin and the one hung were. You will find the account somewhere in the Apocrypha to the Bible.

UNCLE MANNA.

AN ENQUIRY.

Will Uncle John, Uncle W. R., Sister Emma, or some one of the many writers for the *Hope*, give their Idea, or suggest some way of conducting a class in Sabbath School, the pupils ranging from the years fourteen to twenty, none of them being in the church. Would also like their opinion as to what John refers to in his second general epistle, where he speaks of the elect lady and her children.

With love to the Hopes, and praying that Zion in her waste places may be built up, and shine forth as the noon day sun, I am yours in bonds,

ELLA A. HOUSMAN.

SUNDAY SCHOOL REPORTS.

Statistical report of the Bethlehem Sunday School, West Bellville, St. Clair Co., Ills., for three months, ending March 25th, 1884. Total Number at last Report 69. Present Number of Officers and Teachers 9. Average Attendance do. 6. Number of Scholars 57. Average Attendance of Scholars 35. Total No. of Officers, Teachers, and Scholars 66. Average Attendance do. 41. Books for the use of the School 107. Books for the Library 95. In the Treasury last Report \$14.93. Total Income since last Report \$8.90. Expenditures do. \$11.60. Leaves a Balance in the Treasury \$12.23.

JOHN GROOM, *Supt.*

EDWARD BETTS, *Sec'y.*

REPORT of the Deloit, Iowa, Sunday School, for the quarter ending March 9th, 1884. Total Number of Officers 4. Teachers 3. Attendance of Officers 34. Teachers 18, male pupils 96, female 138, visitors 107, all 393. Average attendance of officers 3.1. Teachers 1.6, male pupils 8.7, female 12.5, visitors 9.7, all 35.8. Total Number of verses learned 332, penny collection \$1.29. The following officers and teachers were elected for the ensuing quarter. Superintendent N. L. Hunt. Assistant Superintendent A. G. Myers. Secretary Cora Dobson. Assis-

ant Olive Jordan. Treasurer Jane Wedlock. Teacher for class No. 1 M. Hunt. No. 2 Olive Jordan. Hoping to hear from other Sunday Schools, we remain,

Yours truly,

M. HUNT, *Superintendent.*
CORR DOBSON, *Secretary.*

BETHEL SABBATH SCHOOL.

The yearly meeting of the Bethel Sabbath School, was held in Saints' Chapel. Bro. John Potts was appointed to preside over the meeting. Bro. James Mc Kee was appointed Clerk of the meeting, after which the reports of retiring Officers were heard and accepted. The following officers were elected for one year; Bro. Thomas Taylor Superintendent; James Halstead Assistant Superintendent. Bro. Orrin E. Granger Clerk and Organist. Bro. Samuel Smith Janitor. Brn. John F. Mc Kee and James Halstead, were appointed Auditors. Bro. John Potts was appointed to take charge of the music. Adjourned.

THOMAS TAYLOR, *Supt.*
ORRIN E. GRANGER, *Sec.*

FALL RIVER, Mass., Feb. 23rd, 1884.

Letters from the Hopes.

SAN PEDRO, Cal.,
March 15th, 1884.

Dear Hopes:—I must tell you first, we were honored with a visit from Bro. Blair, whom we had not seen since living in Atchison, Kansas, over seven years ago, where we heard him preach, and where I first heard a Latter Day Saint sermon. But we had not the pleasure of hearing him here, as he was in a hurry to fulfill other appointments. The late flood has interfered with some of his arrangements, preventing him from preaching as well as traveling. Old Californians say we are having more rain than they have had for a good many years. Nearly all bridges are washed out between here and San Francisco. Communications and traveling are nearly all done by water. I think the train between here and Los Angeles, (a distance of twenty-five miles) is the only one running in southern California. Large trains of people come to this port every week to take steamers. A small part of the city of Los Angeles is deluged, and forty or more homes are destroyed by the overflowing of the river; also small settlements are partially demolished. The richer people contribute freely.

Excepting this winter, California is nearly as pleasant in one season of the year as another. We like it better than any place we have seen in our travels. Nearly every thing in the line of fruit, vegetables and flowers, can be obtained; and of the best quality. I would not advise people wishing to see California to come during the months of January, February or March; for the above stated reasons. The farmers who have not lost their property, are made richer by the recent incessant rains, as a goodly portion, if not all, of the alkali is washed away. Where it exists nothing can thrive.

A part of Brigham Young's family of Utah, is visiting the coast at present. We would like to hear often from the young brothers and sisters. Don't let the older ones do all the writing. Wishing you well,—I remain your friend and sister,

REGINA ROHRER.

BUCHANAN, Tennessee,
February 10th, 1884.

Dear Hopes:—We had sacrament meeting last Sunday; had a good time. Brother Griffin preached. He is a good man. I like to hear him talk. It has been raining all this week. The water is rising very fast. I would like to see all the little Hopes, but guess there are many that will never meet here; but let us try to live so we may meet in the sweet by and by. Let us ever be ready, for we know not how soon we may be called away. Let us not be as the five foolish virgins, but have our lamps trimmed and burning. Let us improve our talents. If we have but one, let us not bury it as

the man did, but try to gain another; so when the Lord comes, we may hear his words, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Let us ever be willing to do all the good we can, live so we may not look back upon our lives with regret. Pray for me, dear Hopes, that I may ever be faithful. Ever wishing you success, good by.

From your sister in Christ,

ADA A. ROBERTS.

SANTA ANA, California,
March 20, 1884.

Dear Hopes:—I am a member of the Church of Christ. It is one year this month since I had a true knowledge of our present earthly head, Bro. Joseph Smith, being his father's legal successor. The Lord in his great mercy gave me this knowledge after much seeking. I feel more and more anxious to live each day as though it was my last. I have many testimonies that this work is of God. I have been a member of the church sixteen years, and say to all the dear Hopes, Go on in Jesus' way, go on; for it is every thing to me. I give the answer to the puzzle in one of the Hopes. The puzzle is A, A, A, A, A, H, H, H, E, P, P, T, Z, N, N, and here is the word I get out of it. Genesis 41: 45, Zaphnathpaaneah. Ever hoping for the spread of the gospel, I am your sister in Christ,

C. D. METZGER.

KEWANEE, Illinois,
March 3rd, 1884.

DEAR HOPES:—We have a nice branch of the church here, and a chapel of our own to meet in for services. We have preaching at half-past ten in the morning. Sabbath School at half-past eleven, preaching at seven in the evening, each Sunday; and prayer meeting on Wednesday evenings. Sacrament the first Sunday of each month. Our branch numbers about seventy-five, and I enjoy our meetings very much. It seems good to be where I can attend church and Sabbath School regularly; for I have not always had that privilege. Therefore I can appreciate it. I remain your sister in Gospel Bonds,

CLARA L. BRONSON.

JULIA F. DAVIS, Emerson, Iowa: I am fourteen years old. I go to Sunday School, and love to read the *Hope*. We have a small branch here. We all belong to the church. There are four of our family. Brother Deuell is preaching here tonight. I did not go as it was very cold. I hope when he comes again, it will be fine weather.

ELIZA M. Macauley, Dunville, Wis.: I am nine years old. I go to school, and read in the fourth reader, study arithmetic, geography and spelling. Papa and my sister Estella, went up to Menomonie. I wrote to my cousin and Grandpa to day. I got a real pretty valentine from De Land, Fla. My Uncle, John Macauly, keeps the post office now. I like the *Hope* very much, and hope it will be a weekly soon. I have a little brother two years old, and one five years old; and a sister eleven years old and the oldest is a brother fourteen years old. It has been snowing all day to-day. I had a nice time Christmas. I got a pretty red hood, a pair of over-shoes, and a book. Good bye.

CORA HOLENBECK, Elmwood, Neb: I have not been bapitized yet, but hope to be sometime. I like very much to read the letters in the *Hope*, and would like very much to have the *Hope* become a weekly. We are going to move to Nebraska City in a short time, and then I will get to attend Sunday School every Sunday. Have been going to school all winter. We had a good teacher.

LELAND HOLMES, San Antonio, California: I have seven brothers and sisters. Two are dead, and five are alive. I am not baptized yet, but I hope to be soon. I am twelve years old, and live in Long Valley.

WARD P. DOBSON, Lamoni Iowa: I have been here going on four years. I was baptized last summer. I am ten years old. We have a good day school and a very good Sunday School considering the house we hold it in. I think every Sunday as I pass the foundation and basement of the new church, the good Saints and workmen won't be seen as quick as the snow and frost are gone, upon its walls to hasten it towards its completion, as it is much needed. I was out to hear President Joseph Smith again last Sunday evening. He always has something new and good to tell us little folks, as well as the older ones. My Father is in the Furniture business; wishes to sell on account of ill health. Is sick at the present time. We are to have two days' meeting next Saturday and Sunday. I have a brother older than myself. He don't belong to the church.

WILLIE E. HOLMES, San Antonio, California: I like to read the letters of the Hopes. I was baptized when I was ten years old, by brother Cook. My sister was also baptized the same time. And now she has gone to paradise. She died January 25th, 1884, with the quick consumption.

We are having a good deal of rain now. I wish we could raise good crops, and sell, and go back to Zion. I live about three and a half miles from the Salinas River. It is quite a large river when it rains.

GRACIE FLOWER, Pinckneyville, Ill: I am nine years of age. I like to read the *Hope* very much, and the letters in it. Will some of the Hopes tell me where to find this passage. "And I looked, and lo, a Lamb stood on Mount Zion, and with him a hundred, forty and four thousand, having his Father's name written on their foreheads." There is no branch here, so I go to the M. E. Church. Mamma and papa and sister are the only Saints here. Pray for me.

WILLIE REMLEY, Enfield, Ill: I am not a member of the church, but hope I may be soon. There is no church here. Papa and mamma belong to the church. I like to read the *Hope*. I can hardly wait two weeks for its coming. I wish it would become a weekly. Let us all try and make our paper interesting. I go to the M. E. Sunday School. We always have a nice time.

MAGGIE EVANS, Crescent City, Iowa: I trust we will all meet in our future happy home. Pray for me, that I may be faithful to the end, and stand before my Savior without fear.

AN ENIGMA.

Dear Hopes: I am a little girl ten years old.

There are twenty letters in my name.

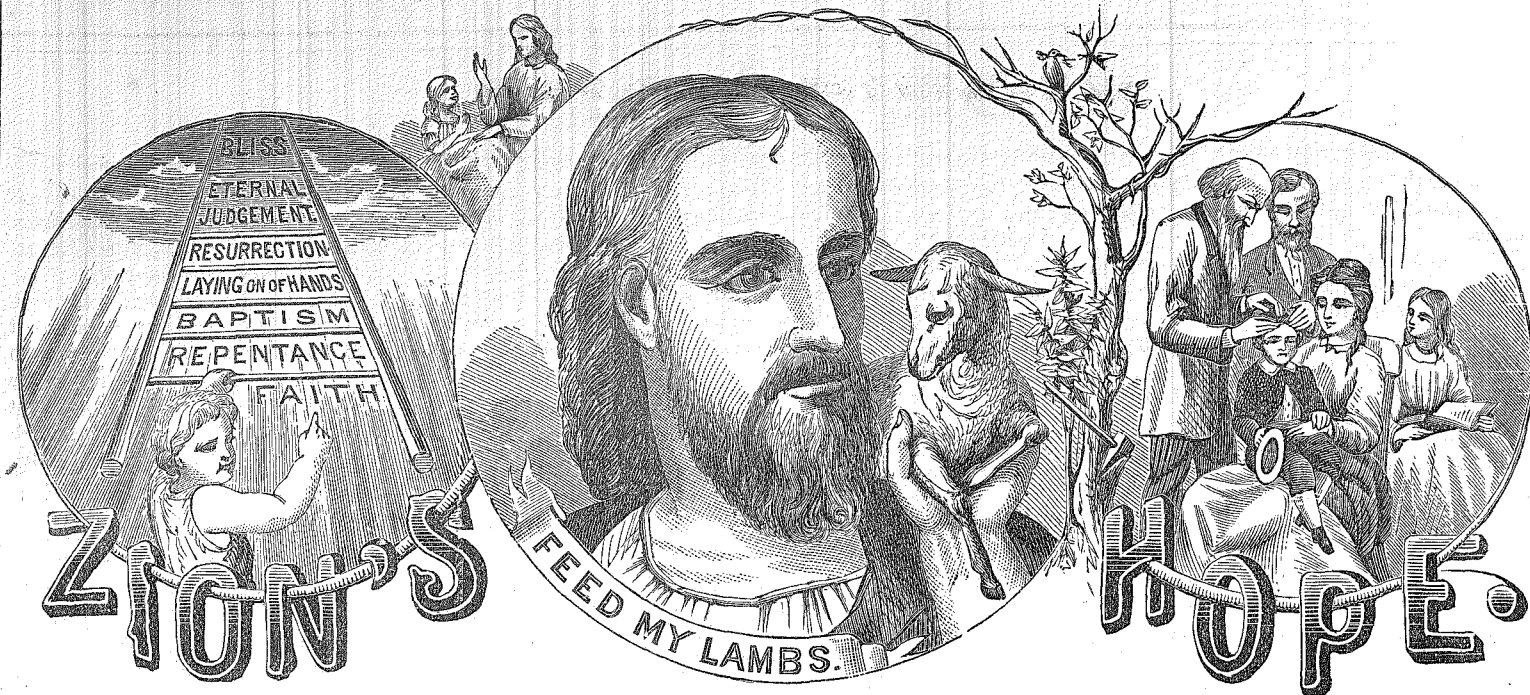
My 11, 12, 10, 3, 11, 12, are a place of worship.
My 1, 2, 4, 8, are to retain.
My 20, 19, 18, 17, 16, are diminutive.
My 6, 18, 17, 3, a part of my body.
My 9, 2, 18, 3, an organ of the body.
My 15, 17, 4, a sin.
My 19, 17, 20, 6, 7, 9, an accident.
My 15, 17, 19, 4, building material.
My 15, 17, 12, to admire.
My 8, 3, 2, 9, 11, 12, Commendable occupation.
My 19, 18, 3, 11, 6, the month in which this is written.
My 6, 2, 5, a domestic fowl.
My 12, 4, 19, 9, a farm product.
My 8, 19, 5, 11, 6, a black Smith's tool.
My 9, 17, 16, 15, Something I don't like to take.
My 20, 19, 14, 15, 2, Something pleasant.
My 1, 14, 15, 16, forbidden in the decalogue.
My 20, 1, 14, 8, 9, 2, 3, a nautical man.
What is my name; who can tell.

THE SAINTS' HERALD:

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

Vol. XV.

LAMONI, IOWA, MAY 15, 1884.

No. 22.

LETTER FROM BRO. JOHN S. PARRISH.

DEAR READERS OF ZION'S HOPE:—I think you have not heard from me since I was quite young; but in all the years which have passed since that time I have not forgotten you. Knowing that you are young, that your minds are budding, as it were, like the buds which spring from the branches of the peach tree in early spring, and knowing that those minds should not be blighted by the early frost of wickedness, I have prayed our Heavenly Father that he would shield you from temptation and sin, and bless you with his Holy Spirit.

We now have a Sunday School here, which meets at No. 1302, North Broadway, at ten o'clock. The average attendance for the past three months is 49, and we have subscribed for 25 copies of *Zion's Hope*. As some of you remember, aforesaid, we called our Sunday School Zion's Hope Sunday School. We do so now. It is the purpose of our teachers to pour over the minds of the young such instructions as will lead them to grow up better than they otherwise would; to lead them along the youthful path until they shall have reached the age of accountability, so that they may enter into the gate, (baptism), and come into the "fold of God." After they have gotten into the fold, the great purpose is to keep them in the narrow way "which surely leadeth to the tree of Life." Wishing to keep them from wandering to the "right hand road, which is called destruction," or to the "left hand road, which is called death," the teachers point them to the "mansion upon the hill," and tell them of the blessings there to be received by the faithful.

It would, of course, be proper for a teacher to teach the young to pray. It is also proper that they should be taught not to play on the streets on Sundays, nor to play marbles, quoits, croquet, ball, nor to go swimming, nor to be found in any other like employments on the Lord's day. These things our teachers teach the children and the young; but do our teachers know to what extent the so-called cheap story papers are damaging the minds of the young.

Suppose I plant some potatoes in early spring. They come up, and in order to prevent the weeds getting the advantage, I go and re-cover these potatoes just as they show the first sprout above the earth. Then they again break through the ground, and there are no weeds with them. So, I go out and hoe my crop, and then I take out my cultivator, and cultivate them thoroughly. After they have grown for a time, there comes along a man with a wheel-barrow full of cockle-burrs. He asks me to permit him to scatter these burrs amongst my potatoes, saying that it will not hurt them. I let him

do so. After a time I find that the burrs are up and getting a little the advantage. I try to kill the burrs, but cannot kill all of them. When my crop is ripe I go to gather it, but lo! there are but few potatoes, and they are very small!

Now, teachers, you have children to teach, and you have taken great pains with them. You have put them to school; you have fed, clothed, and warmed them; you have watched over them nightly and daily, until they have reached such an age, and acquired such an education—which you may have given them by denying yourself of comforts, and, perhaps, necessaries of life,—as to enable them to read. When they come from school in the evening there stands on the street corner a man handing papers to passers-by. Heading this paper appears in large letters "Family Story Paper," or perhaps, "Fireside Companion;" or it may be that you have taken into your country home, for the children's benefit, you may think, such papers as I have mentioned.

It may seem a small matter to you, but I fear that as my potatoes failed, so will the children fail. Do not let them read this class of papers. Teach them to read good books: the Voice of Warning, Bible, Book of Mormon and Doctrine and Covenants. After that let them read history, poetry, and novels, if of the right character. But in all your teachings, instruct the youth to reject that which "tendeth to evil," and to choose that which "inviteth to good." They should be taught to treasure up what they read in their minds, that it may be a benefit to them as they grow older. May God bless you all.

Your brother in the one Covenant.

St. Louis, Mo., April 6, 1884.

BOOK OF MORMON HISTORY.

BY MORMONIA.

ALMA.

ALMA being warned of of God that the armies of Noah would come upon them, warned his brethren, and they took all they had that they could carry, and then fled to the wilderness. After eight days they came to a beautiful land where the water was very pure and good. Here they made themselves new homes. They were industrious, they did build houses, till the land, and labor to surround themselves with the comforts of life. They wished to make Alma their king, but he declined, telling them that as God had brought them out of bondage, they should stand fast in the liberty wherewith they were made free, and trust no man to be their king, neither trust any man as teacher, unless he was a man of God, walking in his ways, and keeping his commandments.

(Although the book does not so state, I think it quite probable that Alma's influence with king Mosiah had much to do in his afterwards recommending a republican form of government.) Alma was their High Priest, being the founder of their church. He taught that every man should love his neighbor as himself, and have no contentions nor inequality among them. He consecrated all their Priests, and teachers, and none were consecrated unless they were just men and called of God, who taught the people righteousness; and they were prospered in the land of Helem; and though they were brought into bondage, it was through no fault of their own. And when they cried to the good Father they were trying to serve, he was quick to hear.

The armies of the Lamanites who pursued Limhi, were lost in the wilderness for many days, and they found the Priests of Noah, who sent forth their Lamanite wives to plead for their husbands' lives. This was granted, and the Priests joined with the Lamanites. They were seeking the land of Nephi when they found Alma and his brethren in the land of Helem.

The Lamanites promised these people life and liberty, if they would show them the way to Nephi; but after Alma had shown them the way, they would not keep their word, but set guards about them, and made Amulon the leading Priest of king Noah their king. Amulon knew Alma, and hated him, if for no other reason than that he had believed the words of Abinadi; and having the power did all he could to make life a burden to these people, until so great were their afflictions, that they cried mightily to God. But Amulon commanded them to stop their cries, and ordered that every one found calling upon God, should be put to death.

"Man's inhumanity to man,
Makes countless thousands mourn;"

And the deepest mourning is caused when a religious or irreligious bigot, attempts to stand between any man and his God. Though the persecuted may be and sometimes are partly wrong, the persecutor is never right. Jesus never persecuted any one, neither did any servant of him. But I cannot tell the story as beautifully as it is written, how the Lord led the people out of bondage, and brought them after twelve days to the land of Zarahemla, where Mosiah received them with joy. Read the 11th chapter of Mosiah. It is so full of instruction I do not know how to leave out any. The king called his people together, and caused to be read the record of Zeniff, Alma and others, from the time they left Zarahemla till they returned again, the reading of which caused the people both joy and sorrow; joy for the goodness of God in bringing so many of their brethren out of bondage;

and sorrow for the many slain, and for the wickedness of the Lamanites and those who had dissented from Alma.

The children of Amulon and his brethren refused to be called by the names of their fathers; but were called children of Nephi, or Nephites. Honor thy father and thy mother, is one of the commands of God; but parents should not make this impossible by disgracing themselves in the eyes of their children. When the king had finished reading and speaking to the people, Alma went among them declaring the word of the Lord; and at their request he baptized Limhi and his people; and they were numbered with the people of God. Alma organized seven churches, or rather branches of the one church, and whoever wished to take the name of Christ joined one of these churches; and their Priests and Teachers were good men, who taught them to do justly, to love mercy, and walk humbly before God. They were blest and prospered, and the Lord did pour out his Spirit upon them. But many who were little children in the days of Benjamin, could not understand his word. They did not believe in the resurrection, nor the coming of Christ; and because of unbelief they could not understand the Scriptures, and they would not be baptized nor join the church, but were a separate people, and remained in their carnal state, and deceived many by their flattering words, and caused them to commit sin. Those in the church transgressing were admonished by the church. Some would not repent, and after consulting with the Priests and Teachers and the king, not knowing exactly what he ought to do, Alma laid the matter before the Lord in prayer. He received instructions how to do in this and every similar case, and wrote the words; and they judged the people and regulated the church by them. Though they persecuted no one, they were persecuted by the unbelievers, so much that they complained to the king; and the king sent out a proclamation, that there should be no persecutions, but an equality among all men, that all men Priest, Teacher and people, should labor for their own support, save in sickness or much want. Then there was peace again in the land. The people built large cities and spread abroad, and became a large and wealthy people.

The sons of Mosiah were unbelievers, and Alma, one of the sons of Alma, became a wicked man, and went about secretly with the sons of Mosiah, trying to destroy the church; but an angel appeared unto them and reproved them for their sin. The young men trembled and fell to the earth, and even the earth did quake and tremble at the voice of the angel. So terrible was his reproof that Alma became dumb and weak and helpless, so that he could not move, and was carried by those who were with him and laid before his father; and they told him what had happened. When the father heard it he was thankful, and called the Saints together, and they fasted and prayed for him two days and nights. Then the Lord gave young Alma strength, and he arose and spoke to the people, telling them what great things the Lord had done for him; and from that time he and the sons of Mosiah, Ammon, Aaron, Omer and Himni, went throughout the land, preaching repentance, and trying to undo the evil they had done; expounding the Scriptures to all who would hear them, confirming the Saints, and bringing many to a knowledge of the truth. Thus did the Holy Spirit work upon the hearts of these young men, and fill them as it does every converted soul, with a yearning desire for the salvation of all men, whether friends or foes.

"O Christ, what mist of darkness blinded me,
To the great love shown forth on Calvary."

The sons of Mosiah and others, wished to go to the land of Nephi to preach the word to the Lamanites, that perhaps they might be brought to repentance; and that their hatred to the Nephites might be removed, that they might learn to love righteousness and peace. The king as every good Saint should do, thought and prayed much over the matter; and believing it was right and according to the

mind of the Spirit, permitted them to go. We shall presently see that the Lord gave them the desires of their hearts. After the king, who was also a Seer and Revelator, had translated the records found by the people of Limhi, he gave them and all the other sacred and historic records to Alma. We have an abridgment of these plates of Limhi in the book of Ether. I would be glad if some one conversant with American Antiquities, (which by the way, I am not,) would analyze this book for the readers of the *Hope*, and show the points of similarity between the book, and the unwritten testimony of the ruins.

Then the king sent throughout the land to learn who the people would have for their king. The people in answer chose Aaron, his son; but Aaron had gone to teach the Lamanites, and neither he nor any of his brothers would take the kingdom. Therefore the king sent a written address which I hope you will all read in Mosiah 13. He considered all probable and possible contingencies; spoke of the blessedness of having a good king, and the miseries and sin, a wicked king could and would force upon them; and in the fourth verse it says: "It is not common that the voice of the people desires anything that is not right; but it is common for a lesser part of the people to desire that which is not right; therefore you shall make it your law to do the business by the voice of the people." The people were convinced of the wisdom and Justice of Mosiah's reasoning, and loved him more than ever; for they were certain that he wished only their best good; and they appointed judges to judge them according to law. And Alma 2d was made first chief judge. He was also the High Priest. His father gave him charge concerning all the affairs of the church, and in both these offices he tried to do right, and judge righteously. But he found in time that he could not fill both offices properly; so he resigned the judgment seat, and devoted his later days to the work of the ministry. His father died, being eighty two years old; and Mosiah died being sixty three years old; and thus ended the reign of the kings, being five hundred and nine years since Lehi left Jerusalem. Mosiah was a good king like his father and grandfather. He was more like a father to his people than a master; and they acknowledged that all the laws he made were good; and I presume his memory was cherished by the Nephites through all future generations, much as we cherish the memory of Washington.

In the first year of the judges there came a man named Nehor, teaching false and foolish doctrines, deceiving many with flattering words; and he built up a church. And as he taught them he was well paid for his bogus theology, dressed splendidly, and became very proud and cruel. But Gideon, one of the Teachers in the Church of Christ, withstood him and admonished him with the word of God. Nehor became angry and slew Gideon with the sword; then Nehor was taken before Alma, and condemned to death, not for teaching false doctrine, for that was a matter between himself and God; but for murdering an innocent man. Before he died he confessed that the things he had taught the people were false; but this did not stop the spread of priestcraft. The evils that men do or say, live after them; and words whispered in closets shall be proclaimed on the housetops.

In the second year of the judges, there were persecutions without and contentions within the church and many departed from them; but many held fast to the faith, and bore with patience the persecutions which were heaped upon them; and when the Priest left his labors to preach the word, the people left theirs to hear, and then all alike returned to their labor, the preacher not thinking himself better than the hearer, the teacher no better than the taught. As they were industrious, they became very wealthy; but they did not set their hearts on riches, but imparted liberally to the sick and needy whether saint or sinner; and by enforcing the law against evil doers, they had peace for about five years. Then a man named Amaleki

sought to be king, first by vote of the people, but failing in that, by force of arms. The Amalekites were assisted by a large army of Lamanites; But after two or three hard battles, were driven out of the land of the Nephites. Thus in one short year were many thousand sent to try the dread mystery of Eternity; and those who were left had cause to mourn. They feared it was a judgment sent for their wickedness. They were roused to a sense of duty, and many were baptized; and in the seventh year three thousand five hundred souls were added to the church; but after two or three years of peace, the Nephites got rich enough to be proud, and foolish and sinful. Alma was grieved for the wickedness of the people; and wishing to set the Church in order, he resigned the judgment seat in favor of Nephihah, a good man, chosen by the people, and devoted himself to the work of the ministry. Chapters 3, 4, 5, contain his address, which I hope you will read.

"If silken robes give so much bitter pride,
As not to speak to those for whom Christ died,
Lord let me in my poverty abide."
(To be continued).

THE KING'S SERVANTS.

By the Author of "Jessica's First Prayer."

CHAPTER IX—HOME AGAIN.

WELL, I cannot tell you any more. You have heard enough to know how Transome was faithful unto death. Maybe if I had been like him I should have been with him now in the presence of the Lord. But he has placed us here like children at school, who must stay till their tasks are learned by heart before they are let free into the holiday and the sunshine. I'd learned my lessons so as I might have forgotten them in the holiday time; and when Transome was called home from school the Lord left me here to get them better by heart.

All I saw of his funeral was the little plain hearse belonging to the union, with four of the workhouse men riding outside it, ready to carry his coffin to the grave. After that I was like one dazed and bewildered, doing nothing of my own will and choice; but getting up and going to bed, eating and drinking only when I was bid. Once I went to prayers seeking for Transome; but I never went again. The four bare white walls of the ward seemed nothing but a big grave, and I like one dead and buried in it; only it was a sort of living death, so dreadful that none but those who have felt it can know it. Nothing would ever change again. Summer and winter would be alike to me. I was there without pity, and without help; my heart dead within me. It seemed as if death itself had forgotten me, or would not have compassion on me.

It was one day in the spring that Transome had spoken of, "I' th' spring, Ally— i' th' spring time!" I was lying in my bed late on in the morning, for no one had bid me rise, though the sun was shining through the high windows, when the door near me was opened, and the matron and two gentlemen came through it. I had ceased to care to take any notice of visitors, for if they tried to comfort me, it was plain they knew nothing of my sorrow. So I closed my eyes wearily as they came in. But they stopped at the foot of my bed; and I thought maybe if I seem asleep they will pass on; for it troubled me for other folks to talk to me about Transome. But a voice, a strange voice, yet with a tone in it that somehow made me think of my little school, said loud enough for me to hear:—

"Surely this cannot be Mrs. Transome!"

"It's Alice Transome," answered the matron. "Her husband died four months ago, and she's never been herself since. She takes no notice of anybody, sir."

"She'll take notice of me," said the same strange, clear, pleasant voice. "I must make her know me; for I'm come to pay a debt I owe her. Mrs. Transome, you have never forgotten your little scholar Pippin."

No, I had never forgotten him; yet I did not lift up

my eyes all at once. I tried to recall his bonny face; but it was so mixed up with Willie's face, I could not. Then I felt a warm, strong hand take mine into his firm clasp; as firm as Transome's was when we were wed.

"It's Pippin!" said the voice, close to my ear. I made a great effort then to shake off the weight that had been crushing me down all these long months. I felt myself trembling all through me; and the warm hand clasped me more closely.

"Look at me!" said Pippin.

So I opened my eyes, and saw him standing beside my bed, a young, sunburnt man now, but with the same sunny hair and bright eyes that my little scholar had. I broke out into sobbing and weeping, so as I had never wept since Transome died.

"I am come to take you away from this place," he said, soothingly; "but you must not talk to me now. After dinner you shall get up, and dress, and come away with father and me. Father is come home at last, Mrs. Transome!"

Then I looked, and saw behind him a man of middle age, whose hair was just going gray, and whose grave face bore the marks of bitter sufferings. But he looked kindly upon me as Pippin spoke, and said, "You were my boy's best friend when he had no one to care for him: and we will not leave you here." So they went away; and I lay quiet again, but feeling that sun was shining still upon the world, and there were love and kindness in it yet, even for me.

That evening I had tea with them in a grand parlor in an inn in the town, and was waited upon as if I was a born lady. Pippin told me all his story, which is too long to tell here. How, like a child, the memory of me had died away from his mind amid the many changes of his life. How, when he was a boy of sixteen, just leaving school, there came a rumor to him of his father's ship having been wrecked upon the coast of Africa nine years before, and how a white man was living among the black tribes there. It was no more than a rumor; but he could not rest until he had adventured himself to take help to that white man; and behold! it was his own father, Captain John Champion, who might never have escaped from that place, if his boy had not rescued him. They had only come back to England a little while ago, and now the memory of me having grown strong again, they had returned to our town to repay me for what I had done for him when a child. Ah! if Transome had only lived to know it!

Yes, they repaid me nobly. Captain John Champion had brought home with him stores of gold and ivory, not enough to make him rich, but ample and to spare for starting himself and Philip again in a way of getting more wealth. But first, they said, they were bound to provide for me, though I told them again and again I had done nothing to deserve it.

Well, by some means or other they prevailed upon our old landlord, who was Philip's uncle you remember, to let me have my old cottage back again. He was more friendly with them now they had no need of any friendship from him. They bought furniture for me, as far as possible like that which Pippin could remember; though we could not have the old loom back, or Willie's chair. And because I told them, and made them believe it, that I could not be happy to be idle and burdensome upon them, they set me up again with benches and books, and went themselves to the people living in the dingle to ask them to send their lads and lasses to my school. Some of them knew me well for a school-mistress, and promised gladly; and before May came round again, one year only from that terrible day when we had received notice to quit, I was in my own home again, with my little troop of scholars coming up from the town for their schooling. There was only one great change.

But ah! that one change was almost more than I could bear. Never to have Transome sitting opposite to me in the chimney nook all through the

long, lonely evenings; never to hear him move about in the room overhead, or see him pass by the window! When Pippin and Captain John Champion were gone, then I felt how desolate it was. There were the flowers, and the spring sunshine, and the fresh air blowing over the brow of the hill, but Transome was not there with me to enjoy them. He was dead. I could not get it out of my mind, and he had died in the workhouse.

Then one night I dreamed a dream, in which I saw him standing among a great crowd of folks, very rich, and well learned, and very grand; and I thought he looked very lonely and strange among them; and I called to him to come back to me, who loved him, though he couldn't read a word out of a printed book. And directly a great company of plain, simple men like himself came into my sight, and I seemed to know who they were. There was Enoch who walked with God, and Noah who pleased God, and Abraham the friend of God and many another; and Transome seemed quite at home with them. And I could hear them talking, I thought, about God, as if they had seen his face, and knew him for a friend; not like the learned men who were talking of him in hard and difficult words.

All at once a solemn trumpet sounded, and I saw a glorious throne, and One upon it who was too bright for me to look upon, only I could hear his voice speaking; and after my ear was used to the sound of it, I heard him say, "Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of the Lord."

And I looked to see who was standing in the light of the throne, with a crown of life upon his head; and it was Transome!

THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

HEALTH ALPHABET.—The Ladies Sanitary Association, of London, gives the following simple rules for keeping health:

- A—s soon as you are up shake blanket and sheet;
- B—etter be without shoes than sit with wet feet;
- C—hildren if healthy, are active, not still;
- D—amp beds and damp clothes will both make you ill;
- E—at slowly and always chew your food well;
- F—reshen the air in the house where you dwell;
- G—arments must never be made too tight;
- H—omes should be healthy, airy and light;
- I—f you wish to be well, as you do I have no doubt,
- J—ust open the windows before you go out;
- K—eep the rooms always tidy and clean;
- L—et dust on the furniture never be seen;
- M—uch illness is caused by want of pure air;
- N—ow to open the windows be ever your care;
- O—ld rags and old rubbish should never be kept;
- P—eople should see that their floors are well swept;
- Q—uick movements in children are healthy and right;
- R—emember the young cannot thrive without light;
- S—ee that the cistern is clean to the brim;
- T—ake care that your dress is all tidy and light;
- U—se your nose to find if there be a bad drain;
- V—ery sad are the fevers that come in its train;
- W—alk as much as you can without feeling fatigue;
- X—erxes could walk full many a league;
- Y—our health is your wealth, which your wisdom must keep;
- Z—eal will keep a good cause, and the good you will reap.

JUST TOO LATE.

ARTHUR BROWN was not a bad boy on the whole, but he had one bad habit, which did him great injury. Some boys think that one bad habit does not matter much, but that is quite a mistake; it is often enough to spoil what would otherwise be a good character, as it did in the case of Arthur Brown.

He was in the habit of getting just too late. He was an unpunctual boy. He was not prompt in what he did; he was always allowing himself to be behind.

"There is plenty of time," he used to say; but he never seemed to have enough of it, and it was because he pushed things off to the latest moment before he did them.

It was a loss to him even in his school days. He

was a clever boy, quick to learn, and able to remember what he had learned. And yet he never was at the top of his class.

"You should have marks for punctuality as well as lessons," said the master.

But Arthur never had any of them.

"I mean to be at school in time this morning," he would sometimes say to himself. But when nine o'clock came, Arthur was pretty sure to be some distance off, hurrying as fast as he could.

On one occasion it cost him a prize which he would have been glad to have.

"I know I want one or two more marks to make up the number," he said at night. "But if I am at school in time, and get all the marks for my lessons I believe I shall have enough."

"Then surely you will be in time to-morrow, Arthur," said his mother.

"Will you call me half-an-hour earlier than usual to-morrow?"

"Yes; then you will have no excuse for being late."

"I shall be sure to get up if you call me."

So the next morning his mother called him at seven instead of half-past.

"Get up at once, Arthur," said his mother. "Remember the prize may, perhaps depend on one mark."

"Yes, mother, I will get all my marks today, you may be sure," said Arthur.

But instead of springing out of bed at once as his mother advised, he lay a little bit longer.

Presently he thought he would get up, and he began to dress; but he saw a book on the table, and stood for some time reading that, so that it was no earlier than usual when he went down to breakfast.

"Never mind, I have time," he said. "I must start directly after breakfast, that is all."

But he did not hurry over his breakfast until his mother said, "Arthur it is ten minutes to nine."

Then he jumped up, and all was confusion in the room for a few minutes.

"Where is my cap? What has been done with my slate? I left my exercise-book somewhere last night. It is no good going without it. I must have it."

By the time all these things had been found, he had only five minutes in which to go to school. How he ran! He went almost as fast as a horse. Up one street and down another, across a square, through a lane, then another street, and yet another, he went on as fast as his legs could carry him, until he was quite out of breath. What a silly boy he was not to start sooner! All his running did no good. The clock struck nine before he reached the school door. When he did reach it it was locked.

"Just too late! It cannot have been locked more than a minute," he said to himself. Of course he felt very cross, and the more so, as he knew that he was himself alone to blame. Still he hoped for the best.

"I have lost that mark, but perhaps I have enough without it. I shall do my lessons well all day," he said.

So he did, but when the prizes were given out, there was none for him.

"Arthur Brown," said the master, "you have enough marks but one. If you had always been in time you would have had a prize."

It was enough to teach Arthur better for life. But he was very slow to learn the lesson of punctuality.

Not long after he was invited to spend a day at a farm. He would have to start early, and take a short railway journey, and then a friend would meet him.

"You must come by that train," said his friend. "If you are not there, I shall conclude you cannot come at all."

"Very well," said Arthur. "You will certainly see me in that train."

His mother again took care that he should be called, and that his breakfast should be quite ready for him in good time. But he did not get up till the

last minute and then he had to run off without enough.

"I can have some breakfast when I get there, mother," he said.

"Yes if you go at all," she replied; "but I think you will not catch the train."

Off went Arthur, but he was just entering the station when he heard the whistle, and saw the train glide away. He returned home, feeling very disappointed, and not a little ashamed.

"It serves you right, Arthur," said his mother. "If you do not break off this bad habit, it will be the worse for you all your life."

A few years later Arthur had left school, and was going to take his start in life. A situation offered, which was exactly what he wished; and his father spoke to the gentleman, who promised to give him a good chance.

"I have told several lads who have applied to come to-morrow at ten o'clock. Let your son be here at that time, and I will see what can be done."

But when ten o'clock came Arthur was not there. The other youths had come, and the gentleman had engaged one of them.

Just as the gentleman had settled it, Arthur came in, red and panting.

"You have lost your chance," said the gentleman. "I am sorry for you, but I am satisfied for myself. A lad who is always just too late, would never do for me."

So I think Arthur, with all his cleverness, will never get on, unless he becomes more prompt and punctual.

Letters from the Hopes.

HUTCHINSON, Jefferson Co., Colorado.
March 26th, 1884.

Dear Hopes:—I have not forgotten you. I love to read the interesting stories the *Hope* contains; for I think it is the best paper printed. We have meeting here every Sunday, but there are but few Saints here. Christ said, "where two or three are met together in my name I will be there" and that to bless them; and I feel that he does bless us at many times. I desire to do what is right, although I feel overcome many times. Dear Hopes, let us be prayerful and faithful, that we may all meet in the promised land, where parting is no more. Bro. Caffall was here a short time ago. He preached one week, but there were not many came out to hear him, for their minds were dark, and they could not see. What a happy time we would have if all could see as we do. There are so many people the gospel is preached to, but they are as the Bible says, "blind and cannot see, have ears and cannot hear, a heart and cannot understand." I must close desiring an interest in your prayers, that I may meet you all in heaven. I remain your sister in Christ,

INA A. KENNEDY.

KINMUNDY, Ill., March 25th, 1884.

Dear Hopes:—I will be thirteen years old the 27th of March. I love to read the *Hope*. I came from Cleveland, Ohio, last February. I live one half mile from the town of Kinmundy. I go to school every day. We have a good school. I read in the fourth reader. School will be out in May. I go to Sabbath School at the Northern Methodist Church. There is a branch of Saints here. My grandpa and grandma, and Uncle Proctor, belong to the church of Latter Day Saints. They have meetings here twice a week. I like to go to their meetings. I do not belong to the church but hope to some time. I will try and do better next time. Good by.

Yours truly,
CARRIE M. RYAN.

AKRON, Iowa, April 8th, 1884.

Dear Hopes:—I love to read the *Hope*. I wish it would become a weekly. We have no Sunday School. We do not belong to the church yet; but I hope to soon. I ask an interest in all your prayers.

With love to all, good bye.

NELLIE G. McELHANEY.

EGERMONT, Ont., March 24th, 1884.

Dear Hopes:—I will try and answer Aunt Ruth's question in *Hope* for March 15th. "Who were the first martyrs for Jesus, and name the king who caused the slaughter." Herod was the king's name. St. Matthew 2: 16. I ask all the little hopes to pray for me, that I may be enabled to keep firm to the promise that I made at the water's edge. I remain your little sister,

JANE HOWISON.

NORFOLK, Nebraska,

April 6th, 1884.

Dear Hopes:—I guess I will write you a few lines, although they may not be very interesting. It has been snowing but is not now. Today is Sunday, but there is no meeting here of our faith. My mother and father, sister and brother and I belong to the church. I am not at home at present. I live at Clearwater, about 50 miles above here. We have a very nice little branch there, and in a very prosperous condition, and it has had the promise of many blessings if only faithful. They have just organized a branch about twelve miles above here. I will close, saying good by to all, from your sister,

ELVA GAMET.

NEBRASKA CITY, Nebraska,

March 4th, 1884.

Dear Hopes:—I am eleven years old, and go to Sunday School and day school. I am in the fifth reader and sixth grade. I study reading, arithmetic, language, spelling, geography, copy book, and drawing. My teacher's name is Lizzie Morton. I liked the story of the Woodman and his Dog very much, and the letters of the Hopes. I am not baptized yet. There are many children in this branch baptized; but all those who are good before baptism are the same after; and all those who are bad, are bad afterward; so I don't see that the baptism of children does any good. But I think I will wait till I am older, and know more about it. I feel sorry to hear of the sufferers at Wheeling, W. Va.; that they are rendered homeless, and all their goods spoiled, and their Sunday School books lost. If all the little Hopes feel like I do, I know that you will be willing to give a little to restore their books, so they can have Sunday School when the water is gone. Please, dear readers, take interest in my wish; and every Sunday School appoint a certain day to meet and take up a collection for this purpose. But just think if all of us were placed in their condition, how glad we would be to receive help. I think that all of us have learned, that we are to do to others as we wish them to do to us. Let us all remember this golden rule.

Yours faithfully,
CHRISTIAN MYER.

AKRON, Iowa, April 8th, 1884.

Dear Hopes:—I am ten years old. We have no school here. I love to read the *Hope*, and the letters in it. I hope it will soon become a weekly.

EDDIE McELHANEY.

DOW CITY, Iowa,

March 28th, 1884.

Dear Readers of the Hope:—I like to read the nice pieces the *Hope* contains, and the letters from my brothers and sisters. I wish we could have the *Hope* a weekly. But, Dear Hopes, we ought to be thankful that we can have it twice a month, so that we can read the desires of our brothers and sisters, and the good news it contains.

We only have church every other Sunday; and we have Sunday School out in the country. I like to go to Sunday School, and read from the Bible. Pray for me, brothers and sisters, that I may hold out faithful to the end. I pray that all of the Hopes may be blest in all they undertake to do.

As ever your sister,

EFFIE S. RUDD.

NEBRASKA CITY, Nebraska,

April 6th, 1884.

Dear Hopes:—I have read the letters in the *Hope* oft times. I am eight years old. I go to Sunday School every Sunday. I have not been baptized yet, but hope soon to be. My papa, mamma, and two sisters are baptized. I like to go to Sunday School. My teacher's name is Miss Alice Armstrong. I like her very much.

Your true friend,
FREDERICK JENSEN.

SALT LAKE CITY,

March 3rd, 1884.

Dear Hopes:—I thought perhaps a few words about the Mission Sabbath School, in Salt Lake City, might be interesting. Our school is not very large, and you will not wonder at that, when I tell you there are twenty-five or thirty schools in the city; and we are not as popular as some of them. Bro. Warnock is Superintendent, and we all like him very much indeed. He is earnest and faithful in his work. We also have some nice singing, with Sister Clara Clark to play the organ. Our School averages about twenty-five. I love the Sabbath School, and it makes me glad to see so many express a desire to be numbered with the Saints. Let us be faithful in whatever we have to do. Whether it is in going to school, or in work, whatever our hands find to do in righteousness, let us do it with all our heart, that our Heavenly Father may bless us with his Holy Spirit, to comfort and cheer us, is the prayer of your sister,

LIZZIE BLAIR.

NEBRASKA CITY, Nebraska,

April 6th, 1884.

Dear Hopes:—To-day is a dark and gloomy day. I was to Sunday School this morning, but ever since I came home it has been raining, snowing, and cold wind blowing, so I have had to stay in all afternoon. I have read the letters from the little ones much younger than myself; and it is so nice to read them. I am ten years old, and was baptized the 24th of June, 1883, by Bro. H. C. Smith. My mother, father, and sister, belong to the church also. We have a good branch here. We have a church of our own. Bro. Mark H. Forscutt has been preaching every Sunday night for a long time. I send my best wishes to you all. Your sister in the gospel,

E. JENSEN.

FALL RIVER, Mass.,

April 4th, 1884.

Dear Hopes:—God bless you all, is the desire of my heart. Is the heart an organ in our left chest or side, or does it take the whole being to constitute the heart? Will some little hope answer.

NON PLUS.

ALICE PRESTON, Xenia, Neb: I like to read the *Hope* very much, and wish it would become a weekly. I think that the King's Servant is a nice piece. My mother, father, myself and my brother, belong to the church. We have prayer-meeting every other Sunday. We do not have preaching very often; but Bro. J. F. Mintun preached a few times last month. I have often wished that we lived where we could have preaching and Sunday School every Sunday. Pray for me, that I may live faithful to the end.

SWEET HOME, Mo.,

April 6th, 1884.

Dear Hopes:—I love to read the *Hope*. I belong to the church. I was baptized by Bro. I. N. Roberts two years ago last September. I love to read the interesting stories in the *Hope*. My father died two years ago the ninth of last February. Pray for me that I may meet my dear father in heaven, to part no more.

Your sister in Christ,

REBECCA H. MOORE.

LAMONI, Iowa, April 15th, 1884.

Dear Hopes:—I love to read the *Hope*. We have a very nice Sabbath School here. Bro. Bass is our superintendent. I hope our little paper will soon become a weekly.

Your sister in Christ,

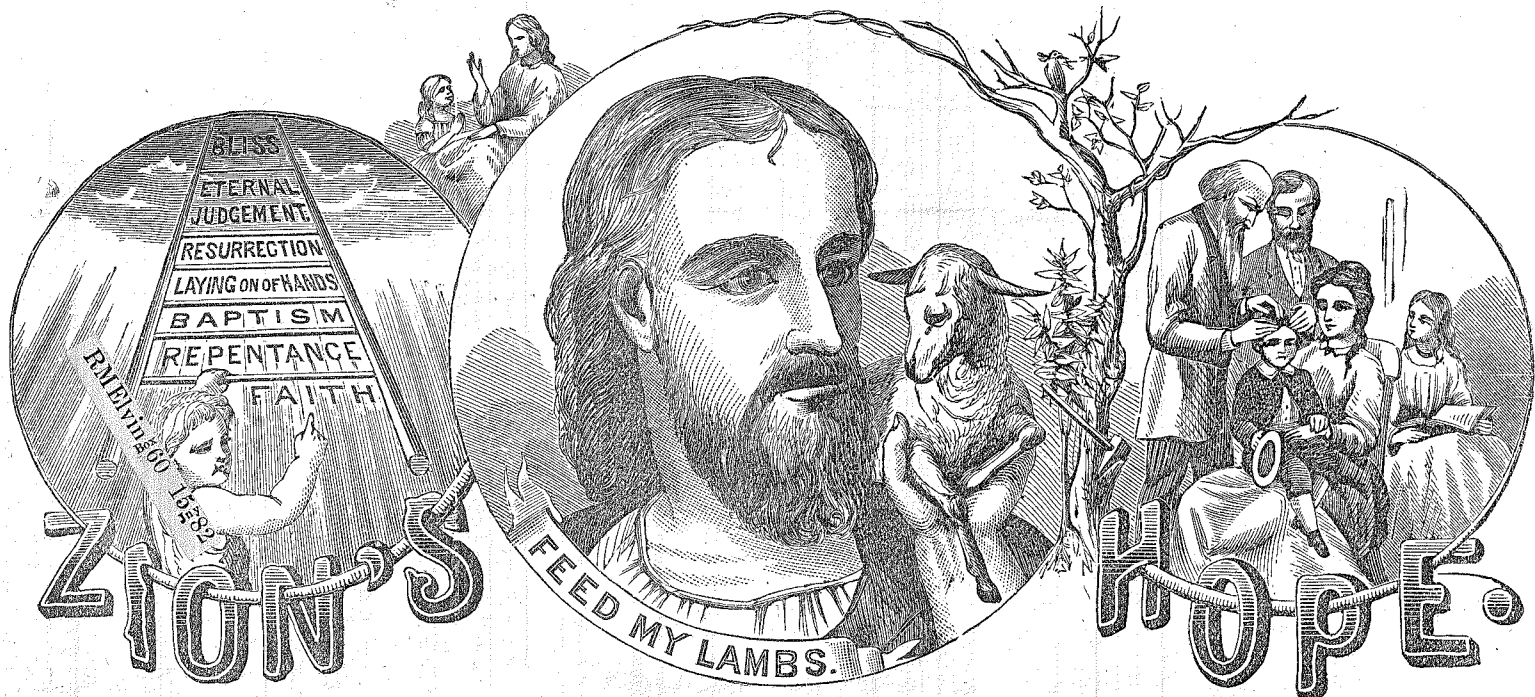
LOUISA KRUCKER.

THE SAINTS' HERALD:

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

VOL. XV.

LAMONI, IOWA, JUNE 1, 1884.

No. 23.

GRANDMA'S ANGEL.

"Mamma said: 'Little one, go and see
If Grandmother's ready to come to tea.'
I knew I musn't disturb her, so
I stepped as gently along, tiptoe,
And stood a moment to take a peep—
And there was grandmother fast asleep!

"I knew it was time for her to wake;
I thought I'd give her a little shake,
Or tap at the door, or softly call:
But I hadn't the heart for that at all—
She looked so sweet and so quiet there,
Lying back in her high arm-chair,

With her dear white hair, and a little smile,
That means she's loving you all the while.
"I didn't make a speck of noise;
I knew she was dreaming of little boys
And girls who lived with her long ago,
And then went to heaven—she told me so.

"I went up close, and I didn't speak
One word, but I gave her on her cheek
The softest bit of a little kiss,
Just in a whisper, and then said this:
'Grandmother dear, it's time for tea.'

"She opened her eyes and looked at me,
And said: 'Why, Pet, I just now dreamed
Of a little angel who came and seemed
To kiss me lovingly on my face'
She pointed right at the very place!
"I never told her 'twas only me;
I took her hand, and we went to tea."

LETTER FROM AUNT RUTH.

Dear Hopes:—I write you the words of Jesus: "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another, as I have loved you; that ye also love one another." Love, compassionate love, O how great. His precious blood atoned for a fallen world. Let us follow him to the cruel cross. "Then cometh Jesus with them unto a place called Gethsemane, and saith unto his disciples, sit here while I go and pray. And he took with him Peter and the two sons of Zebedee, and began to be sorrowful and very heavy. Then said he unto them, my soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death. Tarry ye here and watch with me. And he went a little further and fell on his face, and prayed, saying, O my father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless not as I will, but as thou wilt. And he cometh unto the disciples, and findeth them asleep, and saith unto Peter, What! could ye not watch with me one hour? Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation. The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak. He went again the second time, and prayed. He came and found them asleep. And he left them, and went away, and prayed the third time, saying the same words. Then he cometh to his dis-

ciples, and saith unto them, Sleep on now and take your rest. Behold the hour is at hand, and the Son of man is betrayed unto the hands of sinners. Then the soldiers of the governor took Jesus unto the common hall, and gathered unto him the whole band of soldiers, and they stripped him, and put on him a scarlet robe. And when they had platted a crown of thorns, they put it upon his head, and a reed in his right hand; and they bowed the knee before him, and mocked him, saying, Hail, King of the Jews. And they spat upon him, and took the reed and smote him on the head, and after that they mocked him, they took the robe off from him, and put his own raiment on him, and led him away to crucify him. And as they came out they found a man of Cyrene, Simon by name; him they compelled to bear the cross. And they gave him to drink wine mingled with gall. But he received it not. And when Jesus had cried out with a loud voice, he said, Father into thy hands I commend my spirit; and having said this, he gave up the ghost."

Dear children, I have given you what is written; and that an impression may sink deep into our hearts, never to be erased from our memory. May it ever be our theme on earth to sing of Jesus' love. And often follow him in his agony and grief. Let us watch and pray, that we may not enter into temptation, like Peter, who denied and forsook the blessed Jesus. We know not our hearts. But they are all known to him who gave us life. I must close by asking where this new commandment is found. Another is: "He that hath my commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me; and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father; and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him."
AUNT RUTH.

LETTER FROM BRO. E. N. WEBSTER.

DEAR CHILDREN OF ZION: I feel a deep and loving interest in your welfare in this life and that to come; and as I have perused our most excellent and highly prized paper, the *Hope*, and read the letters, the heart offerings of the little ones, I have blest you in my soul; and prayed our Heavenly Father in his loving kindness and tender mercy to bless you continually; for I must believe you are loving and affectionate to your dear parents, and kind to your brothers and sisters and playmates, and respectful to all. That you do not use bad words of any kind; for this is a great sin, and a mark of a corrupt mind; therefore avoid the use of vulgar or profane words as you would the viper, for they will sting like the adder and poison your whole moral nature. I have heard I am sorry to say, some of my brethren, even in the ministry,

when speaking of their brethren, call them Ed, Joe, Tom and Bill. Now this may seem familiar, showing we are very intimate with our brethren; but it is not right nor just, and was not practiced in olden times, nor in the beginning of Latter Day Work. It was then, Joseph and Oliver, David and John, Hyrum and Sidney. Now; dear children, if you should ever hear any of your older friends or brethren speak in this way, do not imitate them; for not one of them would like to have you do so, not one would not be sorry that he set the example. How thoughtless we older ones are sometimes.

I have taken the *Hope* from its beginning, and I prize it so much. I used to read Francis with the deepest interest; also Eliza and many others, some of whom have gently fallen asleep in Christ, and are now with the redeemed and sanctified in the paradise of God. Some are left, whose manifold duties no doubt prevent them from using their pens for the dear little *Hope*. This is a great loss. I am so thankful that sister Mormonia is writing so interesting of that golden Book of Mormon. I shall keep every number of them, and bind them in a book. I trust that all the uncles and aunts, brothers and sisters, who have in the past, and are now writing so interestingly, encouraging and instructing the readers of the *Hope*, will continue to do so. We hope some of our good Saints here in the east whom we know have the ability, will not be behind in this noble work of comforting the hearts of the young, encouraging them to press onward to the highest attainments of holiness, purity and ultimate perfection; to love and serve the Lord with all the heart, that they with us who are in the shadow of life, whose years are almost ended, may rejoice together in him who has died to redeem us. May the Lord bless you, my dear young friends, and strengthen you to overcome, is the prayer of your affectionate Brother.
BOSTON Mass., May 6th, 1884.

ZION'S SABBATH SCHOOL.

DEAR LITTLE READERS:—We have a very nice Sabbath School at Cheyenne. There are four classes in our school, and our school is growing in spirituality and in numbers. With the help of God and good order, we shall be able to do much for the God who brought us to see these latter days. We have many things to contend with that other schools have not. The greatest of all we have no house of our own; but I think we shall have a hall soon, that will seat seventy-five or more. There are six Sabbath Schools in the city, and they are pulling down one to build up another. But we are not so, dear Hopes. We are gathering what they have

left; and I thank God that we are permitted to gather these little children, and teach them the truth as it is in Christ Jesus. Pray for us, that what we do may be done to the praise and glory of God. Dear Hopes, I often think of the words of our Savior, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." So I would say, Be good children, and obey God's commands, and God will bring you into that Kingdom. Pray for me, and I will pray for you.

T. H. BARRETT.

WISE LITTLE ONES.

Two little girls were watching the clouds near the horizon on a summer evening, when one exclaimed, "Oh see the sheet lightning!" Shortly afterward, there was a smaller flash from the same cloud, and the other little girl cried out, "See there! Look at the pillow-case lightning!"

Two children of Westfield, Mass., who became tired of a long sermon, and thinking that school-rules held good in church, walked up to the minister and said: Please, sis, may we go out? He said yes, and they went home.

"Mamma, what's a book-worm?" "One who loves to read and study and collect books, my dear." The next night company called. Miss Edith, who wears rings innumerable, was present. "Oh, mamma, look at Miss Edith's rings. I guess she's a ring-worm, ain't she!"

The Superintendent approached a youth of color, who was present for the first time in Sunday-School, and inquired his name, for the purpose of placing it on the roll. The good man tried in vain to preserve his gravity when the answer was returned: "Well, massa calls me Cap'n, but my *Maiden name* is Moses."

A teacher in Alaska was one day going out to sketch from nature, and took with her a little Indian girl about ten years old, who had a taste for drawing and could make very pretty pictures. They were looking at the sunset, at the golden and crimson clouds.

"Make a picture of that," said the teacher.

The little girl was silent for a moment, and then said, "I can't draw glory."

THE IMPORTANCE OF EDUCATION.

When a boy enters school, he knows but little of the importance of that which he is to learn. But when he has grown to be a man, and has the bitter experience which uneducated persons have, he finds out his mistake when it is too late.

Suppose a man has established himself in the dry goods business. A customer comes into the store, and wants so many yards of this, and that kind of goods. He is not positive of how much money he should receive for the goods, and can only guess at it; and has to rely on the honesty and mathematics of the customer. Hence the necessity of arithmetic. Again, he wants to write to some relative, friend, or to some person about business matters. He scribbles much more than he writes, and there is hardly a word that he can spell correctly; and by such blunders he is often misunderstood. Hence the want of writing and spelling. At the end of the month he wants to know his losses and gains. He knows nothing of book-keeping, and therefore cannot satisfy himself on that point. See the inconvenience of not knowing how to keep books. He has no knowledge of grammar, and speaks improperly, making one think that he means so and so, when he does not. Take for instance this sentence: A gentleman going abroad for the summer, will let his house to a small family, containing all the improvements. This is wrong, because it appears that the family must have all the improvements. He means that the house contains all the improvements. The proper way would be as follows: A

gentleman going abroad for the summer, will let his house containing all the improvements, to a small family. See how much better and more distinct that is. It is very well to have accomplishments; but accomplishments do not help people to get on honestly through the world. I have only given a few facts to show the necessity of a good business education. Get the foundation first and the trimmings afterwards.

MISS LOUISA PALFREY.

St. James Academy, Macon City, Mo.

A BOY WITH A HOLE IN HIS MEMORY.

I have heard of a boy who lived long ago,
For such boys are not found now a days, you know,
Whose friends were as troubled as they could be,
Because of a hole in his memory.

A charge from his mother went in one day,
And the boy said "yes" and hurried away:
But he met a man with a musical top,
And his mother's words through that hole did drop.

A lesson went in, but ah me; ah me;
For a boy with a hole in his memory;
When he rose to recite he was all in doubt,
Every word of that lesson had fallen out.

And at last, at last Oh, terrible lot;
He could speak but two words; "I forgot"
Would it not be sad indeed to be,
A boy with a hole in his memory.

THE KING'S SERVANTS.

By the Author of "*Jessica's First Prayer*."

CHAPTER X—A HARD MAN.

I went bent back to my old cottage in May, having been away a whole year, and part of that time in the workhouse, where Transome died; and where I should have died likewise, if it had not been for good friends who took me out and set me up in my old home, and gathered scholars again for me. The cottage, with its half timber walls, and high-pitched roof, and lattice windows, had a very different look from all the new houses about it, built of red bricks, with sash windows, and six rooms in each dwelling. When I was young two rooms in a cottage were thought enough for a laborer's family. I recollect going once to the squire's hall, before I was married, and seeing the grand drawing-room, where there was every kind of costly furniture; but what everybody looked at first and longest was an old-fashioned carved oak chair, which had stood in that room over two hundred years. You could not help thinking of the children who had been nursed in it, and the old folks who had rested their weary limbs in it. The squire said he would not part with that old chair for the finest furniture in all London town; and I would not have exchanged my cottage for the best and newest of their six-roomed houses.

But now Transome was dead, and I there alone, how dreary it seemed at times! The wind sighed and wailed against the windows, and the rain beat, and the summer thunder-storms rolled over it as they never used to do when he and I were young together; nor, for the matter of that, when we were old together, and sat in the chimney-nooks, looking across the hearth at each other, and say, "Hark! what a crash!" and smiled at our own comfort and safety.

When the first rent-day came, and Transome was not there to take it, then I felt keener than ever that he had nothing more to do with the old place, where he and I had dwelt so long. I gave my little school a half-holiday, and the lads and lasses ran away shouting for joy, for it was a sweet, bright day in June, with not a cloud in the sky, and the wind that had been moaning and fretting from the east all through the month of May was at peace again, and a soft breath, as quiet as a child's breathing when it is asleep, came up from the west with a touch of fresh sea breeze in it.

It seemed to me as I went slowly down the steep street which led to the town, that if Transome had only been there, the spring day would have made

me young again. But there is always an if stealing in between us and perfect happiness, and always will be, till we stand before the throne of God, where the light is never dim, and where the very air we breathe is the breath of life. Transome was safely there already; while I was still in the world, with a rent to pay, and a poor aching body, getting on for sixty years of age, which could never be made young again by June sunshine, and westerly winds.

I could not get rid of a bit of fear in going to see my landlord, though I had my rent tied up in my pocket handkerchief; and I had no thought that he would wish to disturb me again, like he had done before, in the hope of building more houses where our old cottage stood. But I had never had speech with him while Transome was alive; and I knew him to be a hard man, though he went regularly to church, and the sacrament, and was often chairman at the missionary meetings. When I reached his door I was forced to wait a minute or two, for the tears would gather in my eyes, as I thought how often Transome had been there before me, carrying the rent to the same hard landlord.

I knocked as soon as I was myself again, and a servant woman opened the door to me. She was a little under forty years of age; and looked weary and peevish. But Transome had told me what a life she had led for many a year, with no one about her but a close-handed suspicious master; and I smiled, and spoke as pleasantly as I could. "I am come to pay my rent," I said: "I'm Transome's wife! You remember him?" "Oh! ay! I remember him," she said coldly, "so he died in the workhouse at last!" There she hurt me. If he had only passed away peacefully in his own bed, under the old roof, I could have parted with him more willingly, seeing he was well on in years, and racked with rheumatism. But to think of him driven to the workhouse in his old age, and dying there was almost more than I could bear at times.

"Ah, well!" she said, "master got no good out of it, that's one comfort. The house never let, and it vexed him sadly. He was glad enough to have you back again as tenant. Come this way; master never leaves me to take a penny for him."

She led the way along a dark passage into a large, gloomy room, that looked as if no sunshine or fresh air could ever find their way into it. The curtains and carpet were worn threadbare; and everything seemed comfortless. It was getting toward evening and though it was June, there was a sharp touch in the air, which old folks felt, in spite of calling the weather summer. At the far end from the door sat my landlord, cowering over a little morsel of fire, which was burning in a large grate. I could scarcely see him at the distance he was; but when he spoke, his voice was the piping, quavering voice of an old man.

"Mrs. Transome!" he repeated, when the servant shouted out my name, "old Transome's widow? Well! well! There's no need for you to stay, Rebecca."

Rebecca scowled at him, sure that he could not see her, and muttered something under her breath, which even I could not catch. But she slammed the door after her with a bang, that made the old man half jump up from his chair, and cry, "Noisy huzzy!" but he sat down again without calling her back, as I thought he meant to do, and bade me go nearer.

When I was close enough to see him, I noticed a great change in him since I saw him last in church, more than a year ago. He had been stout enough then, and looked well-nourished and comfortable: but now his cheeks had fallen in, and all his body seemed shrunken and smaller. He gazed keenly at me though through his small, twinkling eyes; and his thin fingers clutched the few shillings I gave him, as tightly as if I might wish to have them back again.

"That's right," he said, after counting them twice over, "ten shillings a month! I should have

been six pounds richer if I'd let you and Transome alone last year. But times are bad! times are bad!"

He never seemed to think of how much poorer I was by the loss of a home for twelve months, or by the death of Transome; nor how I might have been nothing but a pauper still, dying a slow death among other paupers, but for those dear friends, who had found me out, and set me up again with my little school.

"Times are bad, sir," I said, "and likely to be badder."

"Ah! ah!" he moaned.

"They do say," I went on, "that cotton will never be cheap again; and the mills will only work half time. But we must hope for the best."

"Ay!" he answered, "and Philip Champion is surety for your rent, you know."

"God helping me," I said, "I'll win my own rent, sir. I could have won it all this year, if you'd not turned us out of our cottage."

"It was a mistake," he answered, "a sad mistake; and I've lost six pounds by it. Philip Champion told me you taught him for nothing when he was a boy; is that true, Mrs. Transome?"

"It cost me nothing," I said, "and he was the quickest scholar I ever had in my school; and see how he is paying me now, by setting me up again! He's your own nephew, sir, the only relation you've left, people say."

I was almost afraid to say that, for he had been very bitter against his sister, Philip's mother, who had left him to marry a poor man such as Captain John Champion was. But my landlord took it very quietly.

"Ah!" he said, looking into the smouldering fire, "I recollect the lad coming to me one morning; how Rebecca came to let him in, I don't know to this day! He was a pretty boy about seven, I think. 'Uncle,' he said, as bold as brass, 'please to pay for me to go to school.' I thought for a minute or two I'd take to the boy; but what an expense and upset it would have been! I should have had to alter my way of life completely: and his mother had been so utterly selfish to leave me and get married, with no one to look after my interests, that I did not feel called upon to do any thing for him. So I just bade him go about his business, for I had nothing to say to him. And he tells me you taught him for nothing."

"For love," I said, he loved me dearly, and me him."

"Well," he went on fumbling at the money, "I should not mind returning you sixpence out of the rent this once, as times are bad, and you gave my nephew schooling. But only this once, Mrs. Transome."

"No, no," I said, as he pushed a sixpence back towards me, "thank you kindly, sir; but I have no need of it. I have enough and to spare; it's other folks as times are bad with."

"Enough!" he repeated, "why, woman! I have not enough; and now there's the six pounds to save that I've lost by your cottage. Rebecca! Mrs. Transome says she has enough money."

The servant had just come into the room; and I saw him hide away the ten shillings quickly out of her sight, pretending to laugh all the while at what I had said. I bid him good-evening, and went my way, wondering how strange it was that a man rolling in money like him, and on the brink of the grave, where he could not take a farthing of it, should feel so much poorer than me, who had not been out of the workhouse three months. Surely, there is none but God, whose blessing can make rich, and He addeth no sorrow with it.

I pondered it much that evening, as my fire burned briskly and cheerfully. The flames played and leaped as they had not done in the rich man's smouldering fire; and my mind was full of the difference betwixt him and us.

"Why, Transome," I said, he's ten times poorer than us. All our riches are on the far side of the

grave, where Jesus is preparing a place for us. It doesn't matter what we have here for such a little while."

But when I remembered, and lifted up my eyes, and saw the other chimney-nook empty, then I found how poor this life can be, even though we know the Lord is laying up treasures for us in heaven.

(To be continued.)

THE LOVE OF GOD.

Like a cradle rocking, rocking,
Silent, peaceful, to and fro,
Like a mother's sweet looks dropping
On the little face below,
Hang's the green earth swinging, turning,
Jarless, noiseless, safe and slow;
Falls the light of God's face bending
Down and watching us below.
And as feeble babes that suffer,
Toss and cry and will not rest,
Are the ones the tender mother
Holds the closest, loves the best,—
So when we are weak and wretched
By our sins weighed down, distressed,
Then it is that God's great patience
Holds us closest, loves the best.

"WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH IT?"

ONE Sunday evening Mr. Bath's family were in the sitting room, just before family worship.

"Children," said Mr. Bath, "I want to ask you some questions."

The children looked up at him in surprise. What was coming? Mr. Bath then began:

"What are you going to do with what you got to-day, Charles?"

Charles looked at his father, then at his sister, and then at his father again.

"I did not get anything, father."

"What are you going to do with what you got, Mary?"

The child looked at him while she played with her handkerchief, thought a moment, and then said:

"I don't know what I have received, father. I am not sure that I know what you mean."

"Where were you both to-day?"

At church, and at Sunday School, father. O yes, I did get something," said Charles.

"So did I," said Mary. "I got a book and paper. After reading them, I will take the book back to the library, and will put the paper in my box of Sunday School papers. You know I want to have them bound some time in a book."

"If that is what you mean, father, I got just what Mary did, and intend to do just so with mine," said Charles. "I also got this reward check."

"This is only part of what I mean. Did you not get anything at church?"

"What a question!" said the children. "Why, we never get anything there, papa." "Did you not get a sermon? Was not that God's Word? Did you not understand part of it?"

Father waited for an answer. That was a new way of looking at the matter, and the children waited a little time to think.

"In fact," said he, "you got more than books and papers in Sunday School. What was it?"

"I suppose you mean the lesson," said Charles, wondering where papa would end.

"Yes, the lesson is the main thing you get at Sunday School. Boys and girls generally think only of books and papers which are there given to them; but you must know that they are of far less account than the lesson, which is God's Word of grace and love to man. Never forget that that is divine truth, as it comes to us from God through whom the Holy Ghost moved to write it for us."

"Yes, we had such a good lesson to-day, about Peace with God," said Mary, "and our teacher made it very plain to us all."

"Well, what now are you going to do with this truth of God?"

"We must remember it," said Charles.

"Yes, and tell it to others," said Mary.

"So far very good; but you must do even more than this, my children; you must lay it to your heart."

"How does one do that, father?"

"Laying it to heart means that you not only believe what God says, but also feel that He says it to you, and that you try to use it for your own good."

It was time for family worship, but Mr. Bath asked another question.

"What else did you get at church and Sunday School, children?"

What else? What could it be? They both thought a little. Then Mary said:

"Besides the Scripture lesson and the sermon, book and paper, I got several hymns and several prayers. Then, too, some solemn thoughts came to my mind, and I made some good resolutions. All these I received in the house and service of God."

"Now, dear children," said Mr. Bath, opening the Bible for worship, "I want to press home upon your hearts and minds the solemn question which I asked at the beginning. 'What will you do with what you got to-day from God?' You need not answer it to me; but give answer to God when you kneel down to pray every day this week. He gives us all things, and He holds us to account for what He gives us."—*Sol.*

WINNING AND LOSING.

"At last!"—as the boys said—Percy and Bob had quarreled. Jim Downing "always knew they would," and indeed he had done his best to bring the quarrel about. He had tried running Bob down to Percy, and telling tales of one to the other, but his plans had failed. Either boy would flare up if his friend's character was attacked, and when mean tales were told one of the other he went at once to his friend and asked if it were true, and was ready to excuse and forgive.

But what jealousy and meanness could not do was unfortunately accomplished through pride and ambition. A new teacher had taken the village school—quite a young man—who, anxious to urge the boys to study, promised prizes for the best lessons. The prize in mathematics could only be gained by one, and all knew that either Percy Grahame or Robert Parr would be the winner. The contest was so close that both boys grew eager, and even Mr. Truesdell, the teacher, watched their progress with curiosity.

On the last day of school, when he announced the prizes, Mr. Truesdell said, "Percy Grahame wins the prize in mathematics, the last problem being correctly solved by him alone; with that exception, Robert Parr stands equal with him."

Percy went forward to receive his prize amid a round of applause, and walked back with a very proud and happy look; but instead of any congratulations from Robert, he heard an angry whisper: "You sneak! you couldn't have done that sum alone."

Percy colored from anger—Robert thought the blush meant guilt—and turned to the other boys to show his book and be congratulated. He was deeply hurt, and determined that he would not speak to Rob until he apologized, but he missed his friend's sympathy and felt no pleasure in his triumph.

"Why, Percy," said his mother as she took the book, "here is just what you and Rob have been longing to read—*Around the World in Sixty Days.*"

"Oh, I don't care a cent for it; you may keep it. I'm going for a long walk."

Mrs. Grahame looked up in surprise, but the boy was gone—"Off for Rob," thought the mother, never thinking they had quarreled.

Meanwhile, Rob had his angry, jealous feelings nursed by Jim Downing:

"I'd have showed you the way to do the sum if I'd have been Percy; then you could have drawn for the prize. Mr. Truesdell told the minister that Percy was the best scholar he had; I heard him."

Yes, Jim had heard this; but he might have

told all Mr. Truesdell said, that Percy and Robert Parr were his best two.

At last Jim had to leave Rob, and he, too, angry and feeling himself ill treated, started for a walk. He had said that Percy cheated, and now he really began to believe it, and as he detested cheating, he made himself think he was only being virtuous to feel angry with his friend.

"I wouldn't ask any one to help me," he said to himself, "and if I'd found out the answer I'd have told Percy. It's just as Jim says, Percy takes every chance he can of getting ahead of me."

"Rob! Rob!" called a boyish voice that Rob had often heard in these very woods. "Rob, wait a minute; I want to tell you I'm very—" But Percy heard some one coming, and stopped short; he did not wish any one else to hear him say he was sorry.

"Well," asked Rob, sulkily, "I suppose you are going to say you're sorry you didn't show me how to cheat? No thank you!" and thrusting his hands in his pockets the boy was going to pass his friend, when Mr. Truesdell came in sight. He saw there was some quarrel afloat, and, remembering how close the contest had been over the prize, he stopped and said, pleasantly, "Well, boys, you had a close race between you; which has really won?"

Both looked up in astonishment; had not he given Percy the prize that very day?

"I mean, which of you has won the contest over self? Can you Robert, honestly rejoice in your friend's success? Are you, Percy, thinking as much of Rob's disappointment as if it were your own?"

The boys looked down, ashamed. "He says I cheated, sir," said Percy at last.

"Well, can't you prove to him that you didn't?"

Percy had not thought of that. To be sure, he could work over the example and explain it. Besides, now that he thought of it, he was sorry he had not shown Rob how to do it.

"Boys," said Mr. Truesdell, "I want you to remember that no prize is so great as the heart of a true friend. Don't let anything break up your friendship; forgive again and again, but don't give up your friend unless you are quite sure he is not worthy of your love. Now Parr, what makes you think Graham cheated?"

Robert looked at his friend's clear, bright eyes and said, "I don't think so; another fellow said so first, and I was mad and said it myself, and pretended I thought so. But Grahame never cheats, sir."

"And I might have shown Rob my example," said Percy, throwing his arm over Rob's shoulder. "My heart was so set on the prize that I didn't care for any one. Do you think prizes are good things, sir?"

"They are excellent things to teach you how to give up sometimes. Life is full of prizes, my boys, and everyone does not win them; but the noblest are those who, having done their best, can wait patiently without envying more successful friends, knowing that at last they shall receive the best prize, and hear the great Teacher say, 'Well done!'"

The boys stood quite still—it is not easy to talk at such times—but I know they must have resolved to be among those "noblest" people, for never again have they quarrelled, though sometimes one, and sometimes the other is the most successful; and when they see others gaining what they have striven for, Percy says, "Ah, Rob, we don't fret, do we? We'll hear the great Teacher's voice at last."—*Sel.*

SABBATH SCHOOL REPORTS.

Quarterly Report of Saints Sabbath School, Clear Lake, Steuben County, Indiana, ending March 23d, 1884. Average attendance of pupils 37. Average attendance of officers and teachers, 5. Average attendance of visitors 5. Average attendance of pupils, officers, teachers and visitors, 47. Total attendance 431. Verses committed to memory 193. Money in treasury at last report \$2.80, received in last quarter 96 c. Expended 55 c, cash in treasury at present \$3.21. The following officers and teachers were elected for the next six months: H. A. Lords,

Superintendent; A. J. Smith Assistant; W. W. Housman secretary; J. Emeric Librarian; Peter Smith, Jr., Treasurer; D. B. Teeters teacher of first Bible class; Ella Housman, second Bible class; Setta Teeters first testament class; Priscilla Smith second testament class. Wishing success to the Sabbath School work throughout the land,

We remain yours.

G. F. STROH, *Secretary.*

W. W. HOUSMAN, *Assistant.*

Letters from the Hopes.

GLEN EASTON, Mar Co., W. Va.,
March 9th, 1884.

Dear Hopes:—I am eleven years old. I have not been baptized yet, but hope to be soon. In the last week's issue, Uncle W. R. C. asked where are found the words, "search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of me." Second, "Repent, and be baptized every one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ, for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost." The first is found in John 5: 39, The second in Acts of Apostles 2: 38. Where are these found, "For he that hath, to him shall be given; and he that hath not, from him shall be taken which he hath." "And Jesus, when he was baptized, went up straightway out of the water, and lo! the heavens were opened unto him, and he saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove, and lighting upon him." There are only two more days of school. I will not be glad when it is out, for I dislike to have the teacher go away. Pray for me that I may be a good girl. Good by to all.

I remain your friend,

MARY ELIZA WATT.

DELOIT, Iowa, March 25th, 1884.

Dear Hopes:—I am eleven years old. I read in the fourth reader. My father, mother and sister belong to the church. Our school was out two weeks ago. We had a spelling school at night, and had a splendid time. I have five sisters and three brothers. We are going to have conference here in June. We have Sabbath School here every Sabbath. I hope the *Hope* will become a weekly. I love to read the letters of the *Hope*. Love to all the little Hopes.

WINNIE G. TURNER.

AMERICAN FORK,

Feb. 24th, 1884.

Dear Hopes:—I am quite a little girl, only twelve years old. I go to school every day. I have eight studies, as many as I can manage. We do not take the *Hope*, but Mrs. Blair sends them to us. I have not read the *Hope* very much; but I notice some nice little letters written by the little people. I am not a member of the church, but mamma and papa and my two oldest sisters are. We do not have many meetings now, but hope to have soon. Bro. Gibson is going to California, and we will miss him very much. Bro. Brand paid us a visit and staid over night, and we had a nice time. I go to Sunday School every Sunday, and like to do so. May God uphold and bless you in all your work.

Yours affectionately,

KATIE HODGE.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.,

March 12, 1884.

Dear Hopes:—I was at prayer and Testimony meeting last Sunday, and it was a very good one. I got a *Zion's Hope*. It is a welcome visitor at home, and I saw Uncle W. R. C's question about who it was that said, "Repent, and be baptized every one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ, for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost." It was Peter on the day of Pentecost Acts 2: 38. Another question was, where is to be found in the New Testament, "For Godly sorrow worketh repentance to salvation, not to be repented of; but the sorrow of the world worketh death."

2d Corinthians, 7: 10. Will some one tell me where is to be found, "For he saith, I have heard thee in a time accepted, and in the day of salvation have succored thee; behold now is the accepted time, behold now is the day of salvation?"

Yours truly,

JAMES N. B. JOHNSON.

COLDWATER, Mich.,

April 13th, 1884.

Dear Hopes:—I like to read the *Hope*. I think the Book of Mormon is a very nice piece. I hope our little paper will soon become a weekly. We have good meetings here; but we do not have preaching very often. Papa stopped here and preached several times on his way to conference. I am twelve years old. I belong to the church. I am striving to do right. Your sister,

CARRIE PEARL LAKE.

ELLA COX, Independence, Mo.: I like to read the *Hope*, and I hope it will become a weekly. I do not belong to the Church yet, but I expect to before very long. I will be twelve years old the ninth of July. I go to Sunday School, and day school, and read in the third reader. Love to all of the hopes.

ADDIE COX, Independence, Mo.: I like to read the *Hope*, and hope it will become a weekly. I like the story of Maplewood Manor. I go to Sunday School. Miss Mary White was my teacher, but now she is married and left us. I am so sorry. I belong to the church, and I desire to live a righteous life.

SOLOMON CHAMBERS: We have a nice Sunday School here, and I go when it is convenient. I read in the Bible Class, and I love to hear them read and sing. I love to sing with them, and I hope the classes will grow bigger and bigger till every seat is occupied. I was twelve years old the seventh day of January. I don't belong to the church, neither does my mamma nor papa, but I hope we will some day. I hope you will pray for me, that my name may be found in the Lamb's Book of Life.

LAVINIA FLOWER, Pinckneyville, Ill.: I like to read the letters in the *Hope*, and I think we ought to write and make it interesting. I would like to have the *Hope* a weekly. The answer to Bro. W. R. C's. questions in the *Hope* for March 1st, may be found, first, St John 5: 39; second, Peter 2: 38; Third, 2 Cor. 7: 10. I would like to see all the little Hopes of Zion. I want to live to be good and faithful, so that we may all meet in heaven; for all that are good and faithful, will inherit eternal life. Good by for this time.

EMMA E. EVANS, Stuart, Montana: I have been going to day school. I study history. There is no Sunday School here now. We haven't had any preaching since brother Blair was here. I hope you all will pray for me.

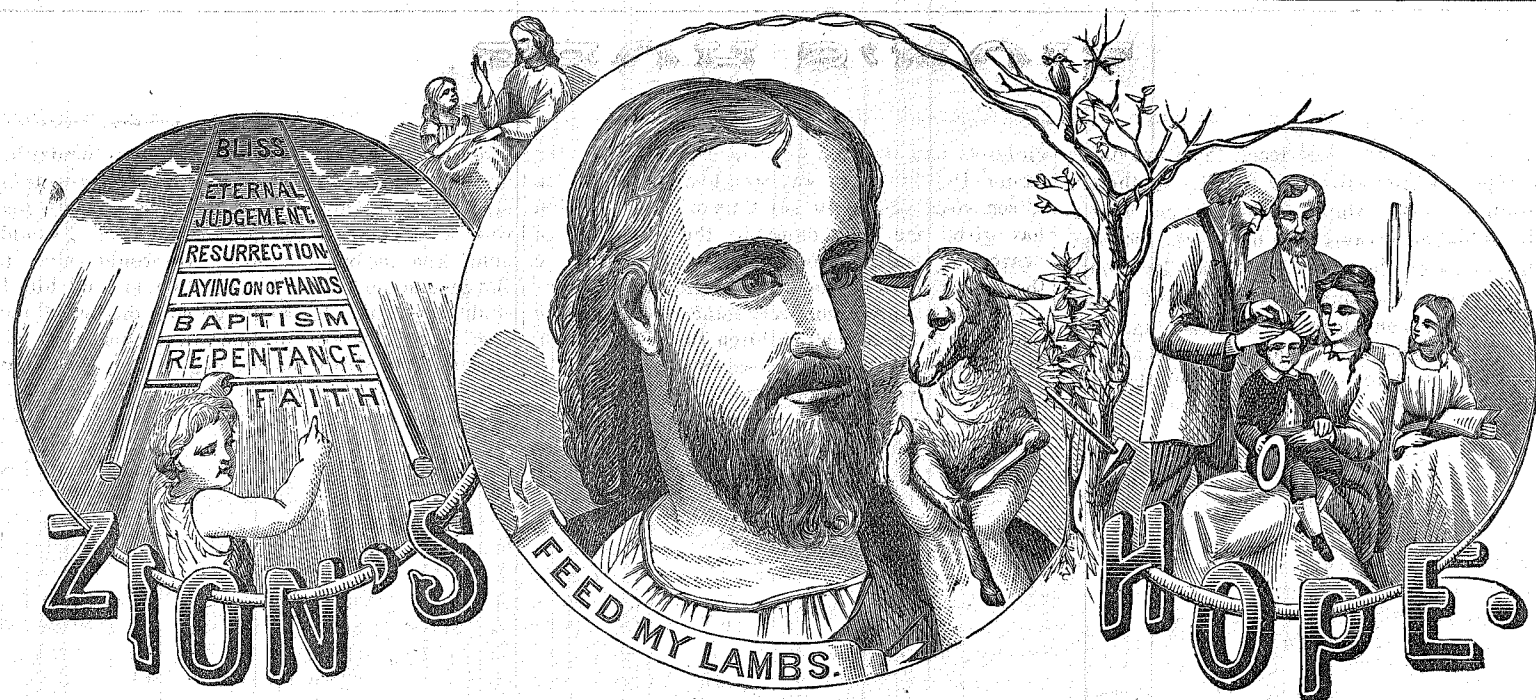
EVA E. KENNEDY, Hutchinson, Colo.: I am nine years old. I was baptized about three weeks ago, by Bro. James Caffall. We have meeting every Sunday at two o'clock. My grand-father died about six weeks ago, and we miss him very much, when we go to his home. I have three sisters and five brothers; my youngest brother is ten days old. We all belong to the church, except my younger sister and three brothers. I desire an interest in your prayers.

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

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LAMONI, IOWA, JUNE 15, 1884.

No. 24.

BOOK OF MORMON HISTORY.

BY MORMONIA.

Alma went throughout the lands of Zarahemla, Gideon, Melek and Sidon, preaching repentance to the people, and many believed and were baptized; but when he came to Ammonihah, the people who were of the order of Nehor, refused even to hear him, but cast him out of their city. As he went sadly away, the same angel who had once appeared unto him with words of warning, met him and pronounced the blessing of God upon him for his righteousness and zeal in doing good, and bade him return to Ammonihah, and warn them that except they speedily repented, the Lord would destroy them. He returned and was met and kindly entertained by a man named Amulek. After he had rested and instructed Amulek in the doctrine of Christ, he took him, and they again went among the people to preach the word. They were questioned much by a man named Zeezrom, who tried to make them cross themselves, so they could have some thing to accuse them of to the judges; but the Good Spirit gave them wisdom that they could answer all his questions. A few of the people repented and began to search the Scriptures; but the majority were angry and bound Alma and Amulek, and took them before the chief judge, and accused them of reviling their laws and judges. But Zeezrom repented of what he had said and done, and he cried saying, I am guilty and these men are innocent; and he began to plead for them; but they reviled him saying, Art thou also possessed of the devil?" and cast him out from them. And all who believed Alma's words were cast out. They brought forth all the sacred records and burned them, and even the wives and children of those who believed were burned to death. They compelled Alma and Amulek to witness this cruel scene, tauntingly asking them, where is your God? You see he cannot save these from the fire because they were of thy faith. (who was it said to Christ, "If thou be the Son of God, come down from the cross, and we will believe?") The judge and lawyers and chief of the people smote Alma and Amulek, and cast them into prison, and every day they came and smote them one after another saying, "Save yourselves if you have such great power, and then we will believe that God will destroy us according to your words." They kept from them food and water, and tortured them many days, until at last they cried mightily to God, and their bonds were broken, and the prison fell and killed every one of their tormentors; and Alma and Amulek came forth unhurt; and they went to Sidom where they found the saints who had been cast out of Ammonihah, and they

told them of the martyrdom of their wives and children. Zeezrom lay sick of a fever, and when he heard that Alma and Amulek were come to Sidom, he sent for them and they prayed for him, he was healed, and Alma baptized him, and he began from that time forth to preach unto others.

But the people of Ammonihah hardened their hearts, ascribing all the power of Alma and Amulek to the devil; and thus ended the tenth year of the reign of the judges. In the eleventh year the Lamanites came and destroyed the people of Ammonihah and some around the borders of Noah, and took others captive. The Nephites raised an army and pursued the Lamanites, and drove them out of their land and brought back those who were taken captive, and placed them again in their own land in the eleventh year of the judges; but every living soul of Ammonihah was destroyed, and their city which they said God could not destroy because of its greatness, and the land was for many years called desolation of the Nehors.

"He who treads profanely on scrolls of law and creed,
In the depth of God's great goodness may find mercy in
his need."

"But woe to him who crushes the soul with chain and rod,
Woe, woe, to him who smiteth, the awful form of God."

Alma, Amulek, and many others who were chosen, went forth among the people, telling them to repent and turn from all sin, and even the appearance of evil, telling them that the son should shortly come, and of his death and resurrection, and where he should be born, and also that he should appear unto them after his resurrection. And the Saints heard this word with joy and gladness; and the Lord blest the people with his Spirit, and thus ended the fourteenth year of the judges. Alma 10, first and second paragraphs tells us what constitutes a high priest. "Behold the Scriptures are before you; if ye will wrest them it shall be to your own destruction." I think it safe to conclude, that men of a different stamp are not true priests, no matter what men call them; and the advice of Moses concerning false prophets may be applied to false priests, "Thou shalt not be afraid of them." As Alma was going to Manti, he met the sons of Mosiah returning from their labors among the Lamanites.

(To be continued.)

THE Board of Publication have decided to issue the *Zion's Hope* weekly at the expiration of the present volume, which closes with this number. It will be small in size; and, if the committee appointed by the late Annual Conference, furnish the copy for Lesson Leaves, there will be printed in each current number the lesson for the week; or as they may be furnished to us.

There has been a great deal of talk, a great many letters written and doubtless a great many prayers offered that the *Hope* might be made a weekly issue; but with all this, there are nearly five hundred delinquent subscribers on the *Hope* list nearly one fourth of the entire number; these will be stricken from the list at the end of the volume unless renewed, at which no one must feel offended. No notice of the expiration of subscription will be given beyond the printed label on the mailing list, from and after this issue.

The Board also decided to put the subscription down to fifty cents per copy per year to single subscribers. In clubs of ten, or more, to one address, Sunday Schools, or otherwise, twenty-five cents per copy per year, in advance. Now let those who have been so anxious that the *Hope* should be weekly see what they can do (besides talking and praying) to keep the *Hope* going.

The Publication of the *Hope* in small size, will necessitate the rejection of all articles not properly abbreviated. Contributors will please take notice of this, and govern themselves accordingly. One article of the length of many already in our hands would occupy nearly an entire number of the *Hope*, when published weekly. It will be well for writers to literally adopt the suggestions of Henry Ward Beecher, and take a little from the beginning of their communications, a little from the end, and a large piece out of the middle.

SUGGESTIONS FOR SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS.

HAVING seen an enquiry in the *Hope*, I essay to answer it. You are a teacher in the Sabbath School, and you don't like to see your pupils lack interest. You heartily wish they would arrive at activity of some sort, don't you? How stupid it seems this dead-alive dullness! But did it ever occur, that the fault might be with yourself? Perhaps you come already prepared for the Sabbath lesson. But the pupils are unlike the magnet, they refuse to be drawn. How shall you draw them? If you wish to be a successful teacher, you must teach. If you hope to attain the best success, you must be up and brimful of a desire for each one of your pupils welfare. To gain their confidence; adapt yourself to their modes of thought. Be full of interest to gain their plans. If you have a pupil that gives a poor answer make the most of it. On no account let them know they are poor or ignorant, if you do, they will never answer again. Keep your thoughts upon the lesson, and your eyes upon their eyes. Do not allow about three or four pupils to do all the talking, questioning, and answering. Get some-

thing out of each one. And teach them something each time that they will never forget. If there is one dull, encourage him. If there be one too forward, see that he answers only his share. Encourage questions on the lesson; speak kindly, gently, and help your doubting ones over hard places. Have faith, hope, and love in your teaching, interspersed with a good deal of patience; so shall your cup run over with joy in seeing your pupils saved, and precious souls brought into the kingdom through your humble efforts.

Character is an element in successful teaching, so strive to produce it in the pupil. The only true aim of instruction is shaping and developing the life aright. Mere learning alone never amounts to wisdom. Truth must not only be received, but digested. Teach the truth as it is in Jesus. The gospel in its simplicity, truthfulness, and purity. What is the greatest power in the Sabbath School? The power to convince; the power to persuade, to draw the young to believe the truths, vital truths, of the religion of Jesus Christ. "I prayed God," said Abraham Lincoln, "that if he turned the rebels from the state of Pennsylvania, I would deem it as a command to issue a proclamation to free all the slaves, and he did it." Martin Luther, John Knox, Wyckliffe, Whitefield, and the Wesleys had zeal. Messrs. Moody and Sanky possessed it. The Sabbath School teacher, if he wants to be successful, must not be without it. Spiritual pestilence robs the Sabbath School and the church. Don't give your pupils your doubts. But if any of them will give you their convictions, thank them. Give your pupils the vigor of Christian beauty and life. You can build a house, but you cannot build a tree. There is that which scattereth, but does not increase and broaden. We all want that gathering of the loaves and fishes, that the more we give the more we have left. This is my experience in the Latter Day Work. The more I have done, the more the Lord has given me strength to do. May the Holy Spirit convey the truths of Christ to every Hope in the Latter Day Work. A great responsibility and obligation rest upon the most experienced teacher, and christian in teaching the Word of God. We want more grown persons in the Sabbath School. Persons who can impart wisdom, and knowledge as it is in Christ Jesus. Inexperienced and incompetent officers and teachers have been often forced into Sabbath School work against their own judgment, because those who ought to have filled their positions have positively declined. Let us judge them leniently, and with abundant charity; but even the older pupils, married people, who can go to school and do not, do immense harm to the church, Sabbath School, and the world. How many pupils memorize scripture, not because they love it so much, but just to outdo the other pupils. I know a person who was set to teach a class, who did not know his alphabet. Another, who on the first of January said he did not know as much about the Bible as he did four years ago, a Christian who was teaching or interesting his pupils on—base ball. Another who was interesting his class in the puzzle department of the *Youth's Companion*. Another who was interesting his class on bears and natural history. Have you never heard it said, that anybody can teach children? Never was a greater fallacy uttered. The ability to teach children the gospel of Jesus Christ, is one to be labored for, and one that should render the successful devoutly thankful. Hard study is necessary to render knowledge attractive, knowledge of God's word. The requisites for the Sabbath School teacher are knowledge, character, experiences, enthusiasm. Experience never puts in the Bible what the Spirit never put there. Inexperience teaches what others have taught. Experience uses incidents, and anecdotes of truth, illustrative of the scripture to be taught. Inexperience fills the hour in the easiest way, and kills time. Experienced teachers are only to be trusted with the oracles of God. Neh. 8:5-8. My desire to teach, impart knowledge to Zion's

children, and live and work as a Christian in the Latter Day Work, is stronger to-day than it was fifteen years ago, or at any time of my life. God has given me testimonies in the firmament of heaven, on land, and sea; at home and abroad, in the workshop, in the field, and in the mine.

Obligations rest upon every father and mother to engage in teaching their children the Word of God. We are apt to think that those who have lived the longest are the most experienced Christians. This is wrong. Some will gain more in one year than others do in ten. In Sabbath School work, we cannot cut loose from God's Word. 2d Timothy 2: 2. Because a brick has been under a polishing process fifteen minutes longer than a precious stone, it does not follow that it has more lustre. Effectiveness, and eloquence of simplicity, are good steps towards victory. "Where there's a will, there's a way." We have in the epistles of St. Paul, one of the best instances of that kind of instruction. He learned of the Great Teacher. He was full of this learning. We have occasion to thank God that he was changed to a soldier of the cross. To preach and pour forth the simple story of the cross. This is what the Sabbath School teacher must do. "To tell the old old story!"—

When the morning light drives away the night
With the sun so bright and full,
And it draws its line near the hour of nine,
I'll away to the Sabbath School;
For 'tis there we all agree,
All with happy hearts and free,
And I love to early be
At the Sabbath School. I'll away, &c.

On the frosty dawn of a winter's morn,
When the earth is wrapped in snow;
Or the summer breeze plays round the tree,
To the Sabbath School I'll go;
When the holy day has come,
And the Sabbath-breakers roam,
I delight to leave my home
For the Sabbath School. I'll away, &c.

In the class I meet with the friends I greet
At the time of morning prayer;
And our hearts we raise in a hymn of praise,
For 'tis always pleasant there;
In the book of holy truth,
Full of counsel and reproof,
We behold the guide of youth,
At the Sabbath School. I'll away, &c.

May the dews of grace fill the hallowed place,
And the sunshine never fail,
While each blooming rose which in memory grows
Shall a sweet perfume exhale;
When we mingle here no more,
But have met on Jordan's shore,
We will talk of moments o'er
At the Sabbath School.

Yours in bonds,
WILLIAM STREET.

LETTER FROM UNCLE JOHN EAMES.

DEAR HOPES:—You will find in Proverbs 8: 17, "I love them that love me, and they that seek me early shall find me."

Mr. Windright, my master, still took me through the woods to the field of barley, and fetched me home at night. This field was close to the wood, and in this wood the keeper lived. He was paid by the week, to take care of the game. Pheasants, hares, rabbits, partridges; and to see that no one came into the woods to kill them and take them away. Many a poor man has been put in jail. They were called poachers. They used to set snares to catch hares and Rabbits. They placed them in the paths where they ran, and the twine caught them around the neck. The keeper would be watching about the woods and hedges and often catch the poachers. Often they took a gun, and when the moon shone bright, they could see pheasants, and shoot them in the trees, and then run away with them. This keeper that took charge of this wood was Mr. Edward Amos. He lived at Aldenham, next door to the house I was born in; and think he and Mrs. Amos are still alive and may read this letter.

When he was the keeper in this wood, every Sunday he would bring all his dogs for a run round. He came in my field and said, John, I will give you any dog you like to pick out. He had about twelve. I would point him the one I wanted. He would catch it, and give to me, and tell me if I could hold him I could have him. He would go with the rest of the dogs and get a little distance away, then blow his whistle and it was I and the dog for it. He would try to pull away, and I always found myself flat on the ground, and the dog gone with the rest; and all I could do was to cry, and that was no new thing to me. Mr. Amos would come in my field with his gun. The old rooks could smell powder; they were out of gun shot. But one day he was in the lane, and the rooks did not see him, and he shot one. O how that pleased me. How well I remember his old gun. It had a flint lock. Once or twice his gun did not go off; as they say, it flashed in the pan; and he put a little more powder in the pan, got a pin to put more powder in with, and held it sideways and shook the gun so it would go off. What a change in guns in forty eight years. You do not see men with an old flint lock hunting game in your day.

One day I was walking near the wood in my field. I saw a rabbit sitting in his hole. I was so pleased I lay down close to the hole, and commenced to stroke it as I would my cat, and the rabbit jumped clear over me, and then into the woods it went. In the hole were four dear little rabbits. Now my heart was made glad. I had them all out playing with them, and they plead so much, I put them back. The old rooks came to steal the barley, so I had to run after them, and shake my clapper ball at them. I came after a while. I could not find the hole where the rabbit was. My mother came for me, and I told her. At night I told my father. He said, "Well, my boy, that was a rabbit stock. I will come and stay with you next Sunday afternoon, and I will find it; for see the mother has covered up her little ones". I longed for Sunday to come, so I could see the little rabbits. My father came, and I took him where I thought it was. He soon found the place, and there were the rabbits. "Now my boy come to me." I wanted to take them home, but my father said they were too young. So they were left; but I wanted to take them home, but my father said we will get them next Sunday. I went to look for them every day, and it seemed I could not find them. Near the end of the week the hole was caved in, and the rabbits were gone, and it seemed I had almost gone too. All my joy was in those rabbits, and they were not there.

The next field where the sheep was, was master's sown with barley, and I was ordered to look after that field, and keep the rooks off the barley. Now I had lots of company. I could run round the sheep pen, and speak to the shepherd when he was there. The shepherd had a sheep he called Billy, and he had learned Billy, to run at him, and he would hold his hands together, and Billy would bunt at his hands. That was fun for me. Every time the shepherd would come, Billy and him would have their game of bunting.

AN AMERICAN KING DAVID.

WHEN the Spaniards, under the famous Cortes, came to Mexico in 1519, they found the country inhabited by people already civilized.

About a hundred years before, the Tezucans, the most enlightened of the native tribes, had a Prince whose history has a striking resemblance to that of the Hebrew King David. His name is a hard one, but by dividing it into double syllables we may master it—Neza-hual-coyotl. In his youth, like David, he was obliged to flee for his life from the wrath of a morose monarch who occupied the throne, and he met with many romantic adventures and hair-breadth escapes.

Once, when some soldiers came to take him in his own house, he vanished in a cloud of incense, such as attendants burned before Princes, and con-

cealed himself in a sewer until his enemies were gone. He fled to the mountains, where he slept in caves and thickets, and lived on wild fruits, occasionally showing himself in the cottages of the poor people, who befriended their Prince at the peril of their own lives. Once, when closely pursued, passing a girl who was reaping in a field, he begged her to cover him from sight with the stalks of grain she was cutting; she did so, and when his enemies came up, directed the pursuit into a false path. At another time, he took refuge with some soldiers who were friendly to him, and who covered him with a war-drum, about which they were dancing. No bribe could induce his faithful people to betray him.

"Would you not deliver up your Prince if he came in your way?" he once asked a young country-fellow, to whom his person was unknown.

"Never!" replied the peasant.

"Not for a fair lady's hand and a great fortune?" said the Prince.

"Not for all the world!" was the answer.

The Prince, who was rightful heir to the throne, grew every day in the favor of the people, and at last he found himself at the head of an army, while the bad King was more and more detested. A battle was fought, the usurper's forces were routed, and he was afterward slain. The Prince, who so lately fled for his life was now proclaimed King.

He at once set about reforming abuses and making wise laws for his kingdom. He established a society devoted to the encouragement of science and art. He gave prizes for the best literary compositions (for these people had a sort of picture writing), and he was himself a poet, like King David. His poems, some of which have been preserved and translated, were generally of a religious character. His favorite themes were the vanity of human greatness, praise of the Unknown God, and the blessings of the future life for such as do good in this. The Tezucucans, like the Aztecs, were idolaters, who indulged in the horrid rites of human sacrifice to their awful deities; but this wise and good King detested such things, and endeavored to wean his people from them, declaring, like David, that, above all idols, and over all men, ruled an unseen Spirit, who was the one God.

The King used to disguise himself, and go about among his people, in order to learn who were happy, how his laws were administered, and what was thought of his Government. On one such occasion, he fell in with a boy gathering sticks in a field.

"Why don't you go into yonder forest, where you will find plenty of wood?" asked the disguised monarch. "Ah!" cried the boy, "that forest belongs to the King, and he would have me killed if I should take his wood; for that is the law."

"Is he so hard as that?"

"Aye, that he is—a very hard man, indeed, who denies his people what God has given them!"

"It is a bad law," said the King; "and I advise you not to mind it. Come, there is no one here to see you go into the forest, and help yourself to sticks."

"Not I!" exclaimed the boy.

"You are afraid some one will come and find you? But I will keep watch for you," urged the King.

"Will you take the punishment in my place, if I chance to get caught? No, no!" cried the boy, shrewdly shaking his head. "I should risk my life if I took the King's wood."

"But I tell you it will be no risk," said the King. "I will protect you; go and get some wood."

Upon that the boy turned and looked him boldly in the face.

"I believe you are a traitor," he cried—"an enemy of the King! or else you want to get me into trouble. But you can't. I know how to take care of myself; and I shall show respect to the laws, though they are bad."

The boy went on gathering sticks, and in the evening went home with his load of fuel.

The next day his parents were astonished to receive a summons to appear with their son before the King. As they went tremblingly into his presence the boy recognized the man with whom he had talked the day before, and he turned deadly pale.

"If that be the King," he said, "then we are no better than dead folks, all!"

But the King descended from his throne, and smiling said:

"Come here, my son! Come here, good people, both! Fear nothing. I met this lad in the fields yesterday, and tried to persuade him to disobey the law. But I found him proof against all temptation. So I sent for you, good people, to tell you what a true and honest son you have, and that the law is to be changed, so that poor people can go anywhere into the King's forests, and gather the wood they find on the ground."

He then dismissed the lad and his parents with handsome presents, which made them rich for the remainder of their lives.

While our boys and girls are taught to read the histories of many an Old World Prince and monarch far more barbarous than he, they need not neglect the story of the Indian King Neza-hual-coyotl, our American King David.—*Sel.*

THE KING'S SERVANTS.

By the Author of "Jessica's First Prayer."

CHAPTER XI.—GROWING OLDER.

After that I went every month to carry my rent to my Landlord; and pretty much the same conversation passed between us each time, only he never again offered to give me sixpence out. Now and then, when I had received a letter from his nephew, Philip Champion, I took care to tell him about it, and how he was getting on well in the world, and how grand folks up in London thought much of him. The old man rather liked to hear of it, especially when Philip sent me word how his father was making a great deal of money by his voyages out to foreign parts. Once I carried down a handsome shawl, far too fine for an old woman like me to wear, which Captain John Champion had brought for me all the way from India. My landlord told me I could sell it readily for ten pounds, and then the buyer would consider it a bargain; but I would not lower myself by thinking of such a thing. Love is more than money.

Year after year I saw him growing more withered and shrunken, yet still in good health, and with his mind keen; ay, keener than ever where money was concerned. He came by degrees to have a sort of liking for me, more because I never missed going with my rent to the very day than for anything else I can think of. There was never any change in the gloomy house, not even in the fire, which always seemed smouldering sulkily in the big grate. How dreary this sameness was to me! As bad even as the sameness of the bare walls of the workhouse, where no change ever came. He, with his riches, lived a life as dreary and desolate as the poorest pauper in the parish.

I believe Rebecca liked me a little also. I felt very sorry for her, and it came into my heart to take her each time a posy out of my garden, or an apple, or some early fruit, fresh gathered; and she was pleased with them, for the master kept such a close hand on all expenses, that she scarcely tasted a morsel of fruit. She loved flowers, she told me; but ever since Transome had been forced to give up working in their garden, the master had been afraid to hire another man, for fear of being cheated. So there the garden lay all about the house, overgrown with weeds, and so hard for want of digging that it could not be otherwise than barren and useless.

I scarcely know how many years went on. When one is old the years pass by like months, and the months are shorter than weeks used to be. But year after year I saw a change creeping, creeping over my old landlord, till it became so marked and

plain that nobody could help seeing it. I think sometimes that maybe he was not altogether given up to the love of money, until he turned Transome and me out of the cottage, where we had lived under him so many years. Even since then he had grown nearer and closer handed, grudging even necessities for himself and Rebecca. It was a very hard life for her; for he was certainly growing childish and simple, and would often and often make her sit up half the night lest robbers should break into the house. It was pitiful to see how thin, and worn, and wrinkled she was growing before her time; and she must have been a bonny lass in her youth, for her eyes were still dark and bright, and when she smiled, which was very seldom, poor thing! there was something kindly in her face that made it a pleasure to look at it.

Well! though I had seen my landlord growing older, the change startled me at last. His love of money had grown into a heavy bondage. For a long while he had complained of poverty; and to see him in an old worn-out brown coat, and shoes with holes in the side, and linen such as Transome never put on in his life, you would have taken him for one of the poorest of beggars. He had given up going out of doors; and no visitors came to the house, except his lawyer. I asked the lawyer one day if the old master was not growing simple, but he said nobody in the town was sharper or longer-headed. He was like a tree I once saw, with every branch blighted and bare, save one which grew green and strong amid the withered boughs, as if it drew all the sap that should have fed them to itself, and was nourished by their bareness. The love of money had swallowed up all other love that, maybe, once dwelt even in his heart.

This was how the change startled me at last. I had gone down to pay my rent one cold day in November, just such a day as that which drove Transome and me to seek shelter in the workhouse for the winter. It made me feel very low and down, thinking of that bitter, bitter day. Rebecca opened the door for me, and took me into the kitchen, where there was the poorest pretense of a fire I ever saw. But when she sent me into the master's parlor, there was no fire at all there; and the old man sat with his feet on the fender, and a tattered shawl over his knees, shivering with the cold. He was hard upon eighty by that time; and the most withered skeleton of anatomy you could have found in all our country.

"Why! dear sir!" I cried, "you'll catch your death of cold, sitting without a fire a day like this! whatever has Rebecca let the fire go out for?"

He turned to me! his face was ghastly, with purple lips, and watery eyes. I could hardly believe that so much misery could look out from a human creature's face; one of God's creatures, whom He loved, and for whom Christ died. Yet I had seen misery in my time, God knows.

"I've lost all my money," he said, in a weak, complaining voice, "every penny is gone, and there's nothing before me but the workhouse."

He spoke so solemnly, that just at first I was quite taken aback. It all flashed across me how he had turned us out of our old home, and so forced us into the workhouse, and I thought maybe the Lord's words are coming true, "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again." But do not think that I was glad. Nay; I felt grieved for the old man, who looked so desolate and forlorn, and I prayed silently, in my inmost heart, that he might not fall so low in his old age.

"How have you lost your money, sir?" I asked.

"I don't know," he said, with a trembling, sobbing voice, "only it's all gone, and I must go to the workhouse to-morrow."

But just then I caught sight of Rebecca at the door, which stood ajar. She was tapping her forehead, and nodding at her master, as much as to say his head was not quite sound. So then I understood that it was only a notion that had taken possession of his brain, and troubled and distressed him, as if it had been real.

"Ay! to the workhouse!" he went on, "where you and Transome went once; but nobody will come to take me out, as Philip Champion took you. No, no. I shall die there, and be buried in a pauper's coffin and a pauper's grave."

Then I thought of Transome being buried in a pauper's coffin and a pauper's grave, all through our landlord's hard-heartedness and covetousness. But I knew well that through that gloomy door he had entered into God's house, where he was at home now, like a child gone home for his holidays. All the while my landlord kept on groaning and shivering, and lamenting that he too must die in the workhouse.

Now when I came to ponder over it, it seemed a more dreadful thing for this rich man to lose the sense of being rich, and to suffer all the terror of poverty, than for us who were actually poor, and could feel that poverty was only a trial and a lesson sent us from our heavenly Father. For we were but like His Son, who for our sakes became poor, that we through His poverty might be made rich. But this rich man, with his hoards of money, how was he like the Son of God?

Still it was not in my nature to stand quiet, and see sorrow, without trying to comfort it. So I went up to my poor landlord, and put my rent in his numbed hand, which closed tightly over the money, as Transome's fingers closed over mine, when he lay dying.

"There," I said, "that is ten shillings; and it will keep you nearly a week at least. Let Rebecca light a fire, and get you some food, and you'll forget the workhouse."

"You're a good woman," he said, "you'd be sorry to see me go to the workhouse?"

"That should I," I answered; "but don't be afraid, sir. Turn your thoughts to God Almighty, who loves us all—"

"Ah!" he said, interrupting me with a long, long sigh, most pitiful to hear in one so old, "it's God who is taking away my money, no one else. Who can keep it, if He takes it away? I'm a poor man, Mrs. Transome—a friendless, penniless man."

"But how is God taking it from you?" I asked.

"I cannot tell how," he answered; "but it is melting away, melting away; and I cannot keep it. Every night and every morning I know it is going; but I cannot see or hear anybody taking it. It is God, I tell you; and who can help me, if He begins to take away my treasure?"

"But tell me," I urged, "how you know it is going?"

"I do not know," he said; "only I feel it. The moth and the rust have got at it, and I shall die in the workhouse."

It was all in vain to argue with him, or try to comfort him. He hid the money I had brought in the breast of his ragged coat, and clasped both hands over it, when Rebecca came to the door. I bade him good-day, and went out into the kitchen, grieved to the very core of my heart.

"A maundering old fool!" said Rebecca, "he's been going on like that the last week or more; and nothing 'ill put it out of his head. I sent on the sly for Mr. Saunders, the lawyer; but, thank you! master was too 'cute to say a word of it to him, and Saunders was quite naggy with me, though he'll take care to be paid for his trouble in coming. I don't know how to carry on, for I can't get a penny out of him scarcely."

"It's hard for you," I answered, "but you've been a good servant to him for many years, and you must bear on to the end now."

"Aye!" she said, with a long breath, "twenty good years, the best of my life. I should have been wedded long ago but for him. If he don't leave me the one thousand pounds he's promised me over and over again, I've made a bad bargain. But he's left it to me in his will, he's told me so scores of times."

This was more than Rebecca had ever said to me; and I went home turning it over in my mind, and wondered how folks could do things for money that they would never do for love.

(To be continued.)

"How can we keep the young people in Sunday School when they feel themselves no longer children?" was the question in a Sunday school convention. "By building a wall of old folks between them and the door, so high that they can't climb over," was the pertinent answer from a sensible delegate. When fathers and mothers love the Bible-school and share its exercises, their children will not at any age think they have outgrown its advantages.—*Sel.*

Letters from the Hopes.

CAMERON, Mo., April 28th, 1884.

Dear Hopes:—I am still rejoicing in the gospel; for I know that it is true. I thank the Lord for its light, and that I have had the privilege of obeying the gospel in my youth; for I am made to rejoice many times because of the blessings I enjoy. I know that they are from God, and that he will still continue to bless his saints, if they will only strive to keep his commandments in all things. I am always edified when I read Uncle W. R.'s letters; for they are always full of good instruction for both old and young. I hope and pray that he may receive his health, and live long to give good advice to us that are young. I am afraid Uncle John has forgotten us; but I hope he will remember us and continue writing; for his letters are good. That we may all be gathered into the fold of God, is the prayer of your sister in Christ,

MATTIE BOZARTH.

CLEAR LAKE, Ind., Feb. 10th, 1884.

Dear Hopes:—I like to read the letters from the little Hopes very much. I would like the *Hope* to become a weekly, so I could hear from them every week. I go to Sunday School every Sunday. I enjoy it very much. We have prayer meeting on Tuesday night, and on Sunday. I go to school.

Love to all the Hopes. Yours,

ADDIE TEETERS.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.,

March 2d, 1884.

Dear Hopes:—I go to Sunday School every Sunday, unless it is too stormy or sickness prevents. My brother goes too. He is older than I am. We have a good Sabbath School here. We have a Temperance Society in the Sabbath School. It was organized on Thanksgiving night. My brother commenced it. He is eleven years old, and I am nine. We are not baptized yet; but mother says when we get a little older we shall understand the gospel better. With love to all the Hopes,

I remain, yours truly,

HERBERT B. JOHNSON.

FREMONT, Nebraska,

February 19th, 1884.

Dear Hopes:—It is with pleasure that I write to our little paper. My father died in 1877, when I was only ten years old. I was baptized about three years ago, by Bro. James Caffall, and I have never been sorry that I was. I am trying to serve my Master, and hope to meet you all in heaven. I am living with my mother on a farm. My father and mother joined the church in Denmark. My brother James Ogard is an Elder, and is our branch president. We have meeting every Sunday. With love to all the Hopes, I remain your brother in Christ,

ALEXANDER OGDARD.

CHELTENHAM, Mo.,

March 4, 1884.

Dear Hopes:—I am a little girl ten years old. I am not baptized yet; but I intend to be. My ma and pa belong, and my older brother. I have a brother five years old, and a sister three years old. We have a nice Sunday School here, and church every Sunday; and church through the week, if a preacher comes. But we are very few here ourselves. We have had brother B. V. Springer for a while, but he is in Moselle at present. I go to

school every day, and love to go. I take organ lessons once a week, and I have a fine teacher. Her name is Miss Lyn. I have been very sick for four weeks, but by the help of my Heavenly Father I am getting well. The Elders laid hands on me, and anointed me all over. I am very weak yet, but hope you will pray for me, that I may be ready to meet God when I die. Your little friend,

KERENHAPPUCK WILLIAMS.

IDA BARNETT, Taylor Ridge, Ill.: I do not belong to the church, but I hope to soon, my father, mother, two sisters and grandma belong. There is no branch here. One of the brethren was here last winter Uncle Hiram Bronson; as he taught us to call him. He stayed a week with us, and preached in a Baptist Church. We all liked him very well, and would like to hear his voice again. My grandma stays with us. She is eighty one years old; but to-day she read without her glasses. She can hardly wait each week for the *Herald* and *Hope*. She loves them very much. I wish you all to pray for me. Love to all the little Hopes.

CAROLINE TWADDLE, Franktown, Nevada: I am a little girl eleven years old. I go to school, and read, write and am in arithmetic, geography and spelling. We have no Sunday School here. We don't have meeting here very often; only when Brother Rodger comes here and preaches for us. We expect him here this week. We are going to have conference next Sunday. I like Brother Rodger very much.

LILLIE M. KENT, Starkville, Colorado: There are no Saints here but mamma and papa. Brother Kemp was here in October, and preached several times. Papa has preached here a good many times. There is a Presbyterian Preacher comes and preaches here the third Sunday in every month; but he says away with the prophets. He is going to preach to-day. Papa will preach next Sunday. I am not baptized yet, but intend to be some day. I wish the *Hope* could become a weekly.

GRACE C. TURNER, Deloit, Iowa: I am nine years old, and read in the fourth reader, and study arithmetic, geography, spelling and writing. My father mother and sister belong to the church, and I expect to sometime. I have been healed when sick this winter. I came home from school sick with a pain in my head. I was suffering very much; and when the Elders administered to me, I was healed immediately. I love to read the letters in the *Hope*. We have preaching every Sunday at Deloit. My love to all the little Hopes.

O. TEETERS, Clear Lake, Ind.: We have a good Sunday School; also a good teacher, Miss Ella Housman. I like to read the letters in the *Hope*. How I would like to have it become a weekly. My father and mother belong to the church. It is bad weather here now. We have a good day school.

ORPHA TEETERS, Clear Lake, Ind.: Where was Christ at the time of his transfiguration? Who were the two persons that appeared from heaven, and with whom did they talk?

LENA KENT, Starkville, Colo.: I love to read the *Hope*. I go to Sunday School every Sunday. I am not baptized yet, but intend to be as soon as I get old enough.

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