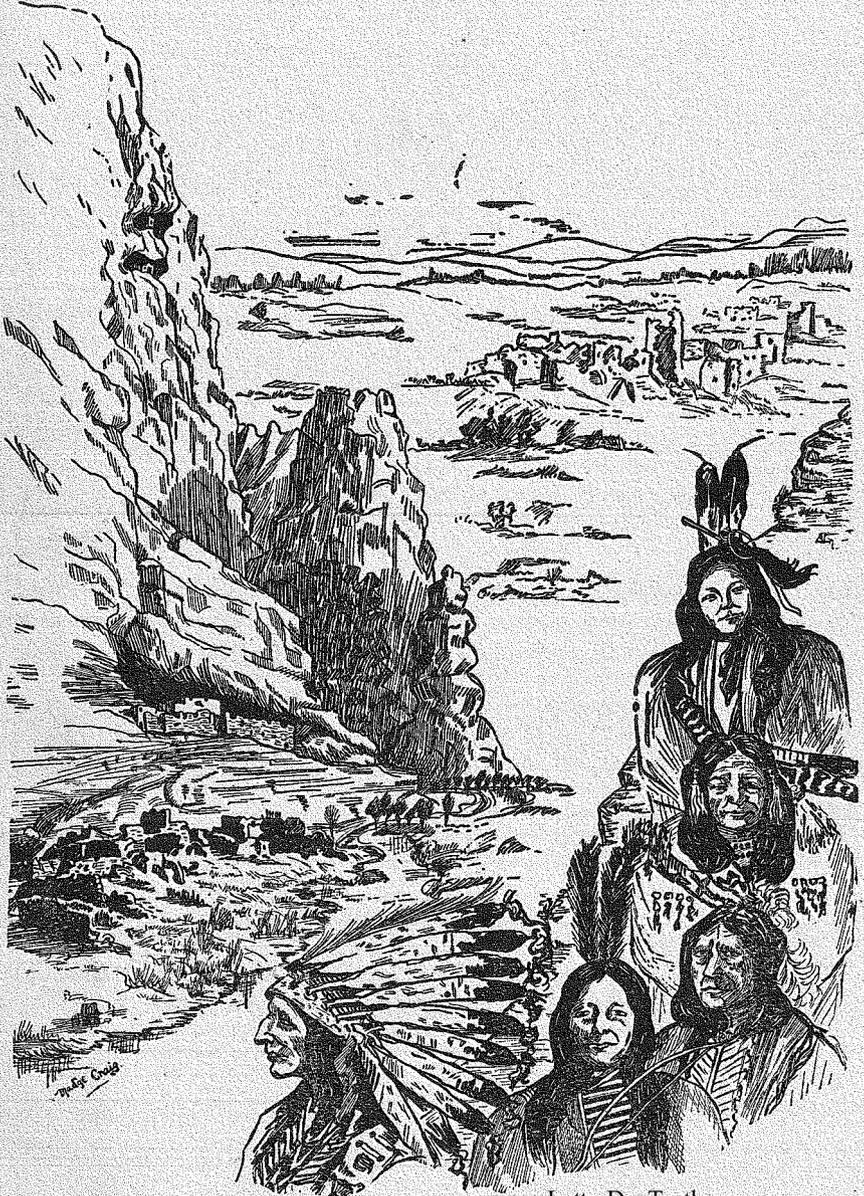


Autumn Leaves

Mrs C S Kennedy Dec 05

JANUARY, 1907



AUTUMN LEAVES

ELBERT A. SMITH, Editor

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Midnight Reverie

BY MYRTLE ROSE STEWART

THE midnight bell is tolling
A sad and dreary knell,
It seems to whisper softly,
“Good-bye, old year, farewell!”
Then the door swings slowly backward,
And amid the scenes of death,
We hear the low, soft whisper,
We feel the New Year’s breath.
Then sadly we look backward
At life’s volume closed for aye:
For each day a page is written,
Every month a chapter done,
Every year a volume finished,
With its battles lost or won.
Then we sigh as we remember—
Not one word can we erase,
Not one harsh or cruel action,
By kind deeds can we replace.
With one foot upon the threshold
Of the new year, bright and gay,
Let us strive to sow but kindness,
All along life’s rugged way.
Life is filled with golden chances;
In our hand we hold the pen,
That must write, not on cold paper,
But upon the hearts of men.

Audubon, Minnesota.

AUTUMN LEAVES

VOLUME 20

JANUARY, 1907

NUMBER 1



OUR AMERICAN INDIAN SERIES.

IV.—WHAT LATTER DAY SAINTS HAVE DONE IN THE WAY OF PREACHING TO THE LAMANITES.

BY LOUISE PALFREY.



HE LAMANITES, or Indians, are only a branch of the house of Israel. The great work the Lord has set to do in the last days takes in the entire house of Israel. When the promise to the Lamanites begins to be fulfilled it will signify that the time has come when the Lord will commence to bring to pass his promises concerning the scattered children of Abraham everywhere. Our authority for this idea is Jesus' own words. He says:

“And verily, I say unto you, I give unto you a sign, that ye may know the time when these things shall be about to take place, that I shall gather in from their long dispersion, my people, O house of Israel, and establish again among them my Zion.”—3 Nephi 9: 11.

Jesus goes on to explain that the fullness of the gospel and the record of Lehi's children will be brought forth unto the Gentiles, first. The Gentiles are to take the message to the descendants of Lehi, whom we call Lamanites, but among whom there is some mixture of Nephite blood. Speaking from this point Jesus told the Nephites:

“And then shall the work of the Father commence, at that day even when the gospel shall be preached among the remnant of this people. Verily, I say unto you, at that day shall the work of the Father commence among all the dispersed of my people; yea, even the tribes which have been lost, which the Father hath led away out of Jerusalem.”—3 Nephi 10: 1.

“And when these things come to pass, that thy seed shall begin to know these things, it shall be a sign unto them [us, or the Gentiles], that they may know that the work of the Father hath already commenced unto the fulfilling of the covenant which he hath made unto the people who are of the house of Israel.”—3 Nephi 9: 11.

From these texts it appears that we may tell where we are in the last days by the stage of fulfillment of the promise to the Lamanites; or, in other words, according to the progress that may have been made in preaching to and converting the Lamanites we may know how near we are to the completion of the work that must be consummated before the ushering in of the millennium era.

Opining that when our young Book of Mormon students have learned from recent lessons the important bearings the promise to the Lamanites has they would feel increased interest to know what has been done in the way of preaching to the Indians and making them acquainted with the record of their fathers, we suggested to Bro. Elbert A. Smith that he have furnished us an article along this line. When one approaches an editor one may expect to get into trouble, and the job you had in mind for somebody else may be



(From an old painting.)

JOSEPH SMITH PREACHING TO THE INDIANS.

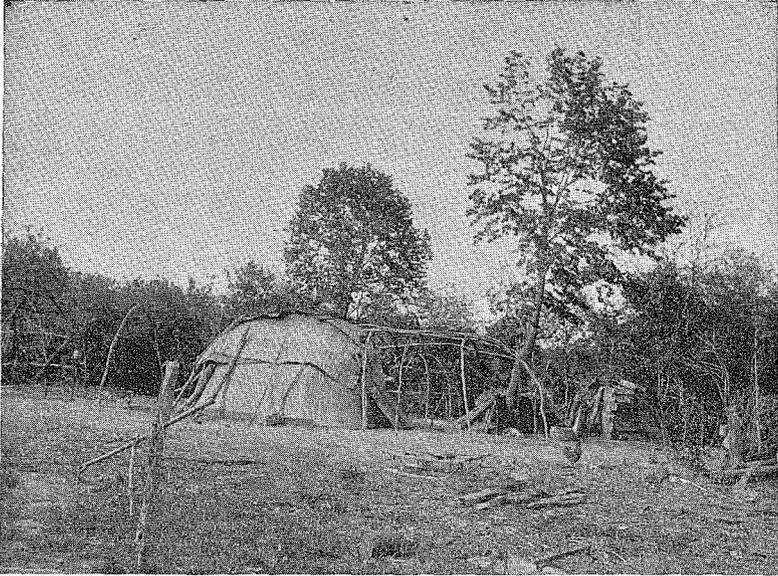
“He instructed them concerning their fathers and advised them to lay down their arms and become a peaceful people.”

turned over to you. This was our experience, and so we went to work to gather all the information we could find on the subject which heads this article.

The first effort we read of among the Indians was made in 1831, the year after the church was organized. It was also the “first mission performed by the leaders of the church in any of the States west of New York.” Elders Cowdery and P. P. Pratt are mentioned in connection with this effort among the Indians; whether there were others in the party we are not told. They passed the tribes among whom they labored on their way westward. The most attention was given the Delawares, near Missouri, it seems. The missionaries spent several days with this tribe, and would have remained longer, but Indian agents and sectarian missionaries became jealous, and the messengers of the angel’s news were

ordered to leave. One can not help feeling regret, as one reads the account, that the elders could not have stayed with these people longer, for they were greatly interested, and at a great sacrifice were going to build a house in which the missionaries could instruct them. P. P. Pratt, who gave an account of the proceedings, says:

“Thus ended our first Indian mission, in which we had preached the gospel in its fullness, and distributed the record of their forefathers among three tribes, viz.: the Catteraugus Indians, near



From Tama County “News.”

WINTER WIG-KI-UP OF TAMA COUNTY (IOWA) INDIANS.

“The older class of Indians are not readily separated from their ancient customs.”

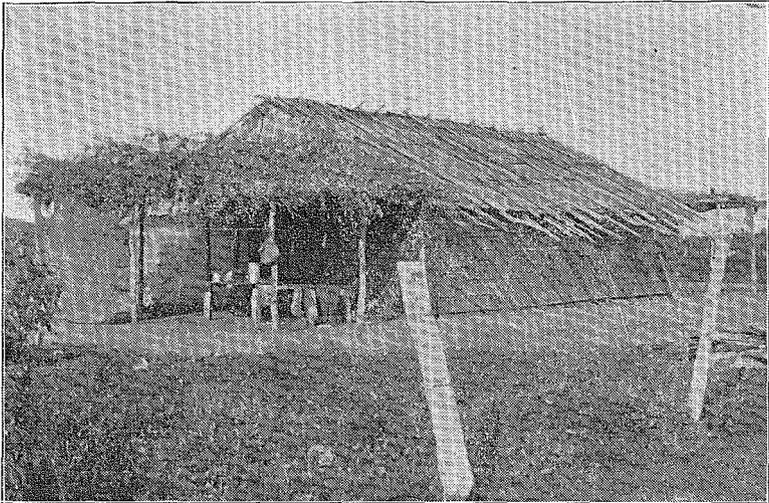
Buffalo, New York, the Wyandots of Ohio, and the Delawares, west of Missouri.”—Church History, vol. 1, pp. 178-183.

The next mention of any preaching to the Indians was in the same year as the foregoing effort, when the prophet Joseph, and party, reached Jackson County, Missouri. On the first Sunday after their arrival, W. W. Phelps “preached to a mixed audience of white pioneers, negroes, and Indians.” (Ibid., p. 204.)

It is ten years later, in 1841, before we read of anything further pertaining to the Indians. The church was now established at Nauvoo, Illinois. The Sac and Fox Indians must have heard of the Book of Mormon, for one of their chiefs, Keokuk, said he possessed a copy that Joseph Smith had given him years before. About one hundred chiefs and braves of these tribes, with their families, came to visit the Prophet. They were received and entertained at Nauvoo, and remained over night. The prophet Joseph instructed them con-

cerning their fathers, and the promises contained in the Book of Mormon for them, and asked them to lay down their arms and become a peaceable people. Keokuk answered: "We intend to quit fighting and follow the good talk you have given us." Whether the chief's promise was fulfilled or not we are not told. President Joseph Smith, in AUTUMN LEAVES for August, 1905, gives a few reminiscences of the occasion. We do not read that the visit of these Indians was followed by any subsequent missionary effort among them in their own settlements. (See Church History, vol. 2, pp. 541, 542.)

All the rest that we find of missionary effort among the American Indians in the history of the church as so far published, is briefly told. In 1862 there is mention of Daniel Covert and Moses James,



From Tama County "News."

SUMMER WIC-KI-UP OF TAMA COUNTY (IOWA) INDIANS.

two Lamanite elders, who were appointed to Canada. Elder Covert wrote that they were well received by their Indian friends and expected to do some baptizing. (See Church History, vol. 3, pp. 494, 499.) This is all the information we have about the work of Elders Covert and James among the Indians of Canada.

In the same year, 1868, Elder C. G. Lanphear and two others held one meeting with the Oneida and Stockbridge tribes of Wisconsin. The elders were well received by these Indians who desired to hear more. Whether their wish was ever gratified, we are not told. (See Church History, vol. 3, pp. 500, 501.)

In 1881 a branch was organized in the Indian Territory, called the Delaware Branch. It was composed of "whites, Indians, and those of mixed blood." We read that "when Elders Joseph Luff, George Montague, and Heman C. Smith visited this branch, a few months

after its organization, some of the Indians were among the most faithful and exemplary of the members." (Church History, vol. 4, p. 364.)

The foregoing exhausts the information to be found in the published volumes of the Church History. The first effort was the most special and earnest, it seems, of any that was made, and



From Tama County "News."

AN IOWA INDIAN FAMILY OF THE MUSQUAKIES.

"The Indian has not outgrown himself everywhere,—he is still an Indian."

would have been continued had circumstances permitted. After that, missionary work among the Indians was only casual or desultory. With one or two exceptions, so far as we have been able to learn, there has been no special, systematic, or sustained effort made among the Indians since. For the most part, the following excerpt from a letter from Apostle Frederick A. Smith, in charge of the Southern Mission, presents the situation as it is to-day. In answer to inquiry of ours Bro. Smith writes:

“So far as I know there is nothing in the way of a systematic effort to spread the good news of the Book of Mormon among the Indians, only as the opportunity offers to the elders as they are at work in the missionary field, or some chance opening comes to the local elder, or member, for there is no seeming desire on the part of the Indians for anything of that kind; besides we have to meet the Presbyterian influence among the Indians more than any other of the churches called sectarian, and that was never favorable to our work. As to membership, I do not know how many there are that belong, nor how to get at it to find out. There are some that belong to the church, but I do not know how many.”

We wrote Bro. Earl D. Bailey, located in Indian Territory. He says that J. T. Riley, of Fairland, Indian Territory, is a regular missionary. He is a Cherokee. This brother is shown among the group in the front picture of AUTUMN LEAVES for September, 1906, where it is noted that he is a half-breed. In the same group the likeness of Noah Karahoo, now deceased, appears. He was an elder, and a full-blood Lamanite.

Bro. Bailey informs us that in the vicinity of Fairland, or that part of Indian Territory, there are thirty or forty Indian citizens who belong to the church. He says he has sold several copies of the Book of Mormon to “full-bloods,” and adds: “The older class of full-bloods are not really separated from the ancient traditions of their tribe. The younger ones are all educated and as soon as they run through with their property and get down to earning a living they get serious, and most likely the gospel can reach them, but while their money lasts they will be going too swift with the world to notice the meek and lowly gospel of Christ. Of course this does not apply to all, but as a class, especially here in the Osage country where I am, they are wealthy, and much like children who have property left them; they do not think of saving it, but just of spending it.”

Speaking of the Lamanites referred to, who belong to the church, Bro. Bailey says: “If you were to see most of them you would not know by their looks that they were Indians; you or I would be taken as quickly as most of them for Indians.” This is true of the Lamanites generally, in some parts of the country where they have come under the influence of civilization and associate intimately with the white man. We recently saw the picture of an Iroquois Indian gentleman who had prominently assisted in the choir services of the Torrey-Alexander meetings in Ottawa, Canada, and we should not have thought he was an Indian had we not been told. Love of music and ability for it, by the way, runs in the nature of most of the Indian race, it is said. Bro. R. C. Evans tells us that they are good singers, and that many of them “take to the piano like a duck to water.”

In Canada the Lamanites are receiving special attention at present. Readers of AUTUMN LEAVES no doubt noticed the sketch of W. H. Crowel, a full-blood Chippewa Indian, which appeared in the June number for 1906, and read in connection with it how the work started among the Lamanites of that section. We wrote President R. C. Evans for further particulars, and he informs us that the

work is being continued by Elder R. B. Howlett, assisted by the Lamanite, Bro. Crowel. Twenty had been recently baptized, thirty-five in all, and there were prospects of a good work being done among the Indians there.

Care must be taken, and judicious restraint exercised, we are given to understand, or many would come into the church complying with the form of baptism but not realizing that the act is effective only when performed in true repentance. "We could baptize hundreds of them at the request of myself or Bro. Crowell," our informant says. "but the trouble is to get them to repent."

We received an interesting communication from Elder James E. Yates, of Oklahoma, and we give it, mainly, as it was written us.

"Dear Sister: Since the General Conference I have been laboring among the Lamanites, and it is just possible that some of my experience may add a thread to your work. Have been among the Cheyenne and Arapahoe tribes. A large majority of them still live as in former times, in 'teepes,' or wigwams, wearing their blankets, feathers, beads, trinkets, etc.; refusing to speak what little English they know, or to take up the ways and customs of the whites any more than is absolutely necessary. Their hideous appearance, as I lately witnessed, when they are daubed with red, yellow, and black paint, almost entirely nude, dancing to the monotonous thud of a large drum, mingled ever and anon with a yell such as only an Indian can give, would be almost enough to discourage one in the effort to carry to them a knowledge of their forefathers and the gospel of Christ, if it were not for another and brighter side to the picture.

"While standing among them in a camp of hundreds, watching the scene before me, also looking back into the dark history of their past generations, all combined to make them appear in their paint more like demons than men. But that is perhaps too severe, as they mean to be peaceable, and such demonstrations seem to be a sort of religious ceremony, with the further object of exhibiting the prowess or bravery of the 'bucks' before the admiring eyes of the maidens, and mothers, as well. White men to gain the same ends are just as foolish sometimes, though in different ways.

"But to my story. While thus I looked and reflected, a pluck at my coat-sleeve called my attention to a fine-looking, intelligent young Indian man, who, in rather an abashed manner because of the uncouth actions of his people, said to me in well-accented English, 'Come with me; I have no interest in this. When I was a boy such performances seemed to me grand, but since I have received an education it looks different. Will you please come with me to my tent and explain more thoroughly concerning that book which tells of our people?'

"Needless to say that I went, and this is the class that we are interested in, and they not a few. I have found many of them and am scattering the seed of everlasting truth, trusting God for the fruitage. Government agent refuses to permit me to sell books to the Indians, thus hampering me in introducing the Book of Mormon.

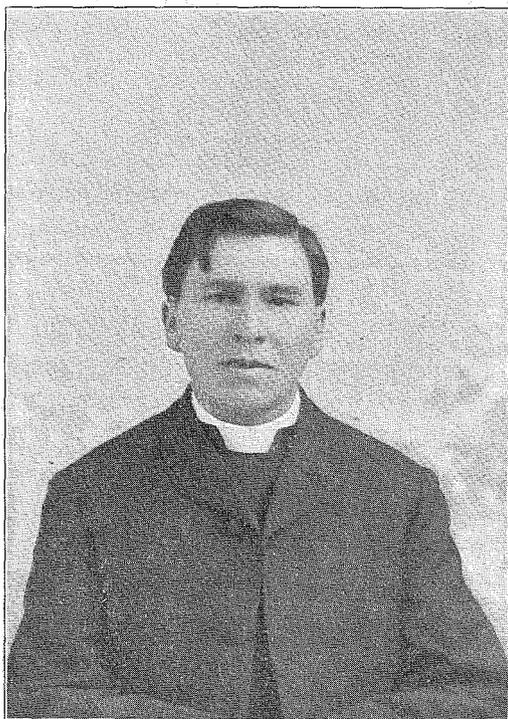
"Through an interpreter I secured a statement from a very old man that a tradition was had among them of a messenger who came



ELDER J. T. RILEY.
Half-blood Cherokee.



ELDER NOAH KARAHOO.
Full-blood.



W. H. CROWELL.
Chippewa, Missionary in Canada.

from heaven to his people a great while ago, and taught them of the Great Spirit, and then returned to heaven. Also, they have a general belief in one God, instead of a multiplicity of gods, as many heathen believe in. The old Indian said they believed all dead men would rise, that this earth would be the dwelling-place of the good, and that the wicked would be punished.

"Oklahoma and Indian Territory are now on the verge of an advance step which will affect the Indians, for when the work of making the new state and adding it to the Union is complete, the Indians are to have privileges of the ballot equal with other citizens. Politicians will spare no pains nor the use of their most effective trickery to win the support of the Indians to their several causes, and I believe we as a people ought not to be slack, while they are being taught politics, in making an effort to teach them concerning the higher and better government."

Bro. Yates sends us a copy of a printed handbill he is using, entitled, "An open letter to the Indian people," which gives a brief explanation of the Book of Mormon and its importance to the Indians. In answer to some questions we put, Bro. Yates informs us that none of the Lamanites in that locality have accepted the gospel yet, except one young man whom he baptized, who has a white father and an Indian mother. Not being permitted to sell the Book of Mormon to the Indians because of the prejudice of the Indian agent, with Bishop Kelley's assistance in procuring them, Bro Yates says that he has presented some copies of the record as gifts, and several of the educated Indians are reading it.

We have been unable to ascertain the total number of our Lamanite membership of America. We wrote the General Recorder, but he could not give the desired information because there has been no classification of baptismal names only as to locality, and the records do not show who are Indians. It occurs to us that it would be well, hereafter, if Lamanite names were designated in the reports, and classified on the general church records, so that in the future we should have a ready way of knowing with some accuracy as to the progress being made in the fulfillment of the promise to the descendants of Lehi, which is as follows:

"For after the book of which I have spoken shall come forth, and be written unto the Gentiles, and sealed up again unto the Lord, there shall be many which shall believe the words which are written; and they shall carry them forth unto the remnant of our seed. And then shall the remnant of our seed know concerning us, how that we came out from Jerusalem, and that they are descendants of the Jews. And the gospel of Jesus Christ shall be declared among them; wherefore, they shall be restored unto the knowledge of their fathers, and also to the knowledge of Jesus Christ, which was had among their fathers. And then shall they rejoice; for they shall know that it is a blessing unto them from the hand of God; and their scales of darkness shall begin to fall from their eyes; and many generations shall not pass away among them, save they shall be a pure and a delightsome people."—2 Nephi 12:12.

The native people of the South Sea Islands are thought to be an admixture of Lamanite blood, but the work among them is so well

known that it needs not to be included in this article. It is those to whom the promise above quoted directly applies, the descendants of Lehi in the land given their fathers for an inheritance, that it has been our object to deal with, and to investigate what has been done for them. We present what we have been able to find. Doubtless it does not tell all that has been done in the way of preaching the latter-day message to the Indians of America, but will give a fairly comprehensive idea of the general situation.

¶ The Indian has not outgrown himself everywhere; in other words, he is still considerable of the Indian. He has not gotten over all his refractoriness, and become as if he never were an Indian. He is not altogether as plowed soil, waiting only for the seed to be sown. He is not watching on the highways for the messengers of God, nor clamoring for the gospel, but when something like the missionary labor has been expended on him that has been bestowed on his white brethren for seventy-five years, perhaps he will not prove to be so much more incorrigible and disappointing. He was capable of faithful devotion to his covenant in the past, and showed wonderful plasticity under the reforming and transforming influence of the gospel, exceeding his Nephite brethren in righteousness and steadfast determination. It has been promised that under gospel culture his better possibilities will take ascendancy and he will rise to the same standard again.



THE OPENING OF THE GATES. ✓

(A true story.)

BY J. H. CAMP.



IT WAS on a New Year's night, a cold blustery night, I had attended a band concert at the Auditorium, where the sweetest and best music of the masters had been played by the rival bands of the country. The vast audience had sat for two hours resigned to the charm of the master musician's art. Some had listened without a stir, others had been swayed by the overwhelming tide of melody gushing forth on every breath of half a hundred pieces. I had listened with intense emotion, giving away my soul to bathe in the rich floods of harmony that crept throughout the vast vault.

Intensely delighted had I sat and listened,—listened and meditated. Each piece seemed sweeter than the others, and the blare of each instrument rising above the others, seemed sweeter than all the rest. Grand, divine, heavenly! had I exclaimed, growing the more enrapt as the strains rose sweeter and softer than Apollo might have made on his harp of light mid the stars, and chimed in Largo by the concourse of Paradise. Loath was I to leave the place when at last the concert had ended. Slowly the vast throng filed out, and were soon hid in the blinding sheets of drifting snow.

A few moments facing the midnight gale, and boarding a weary, drudging cable-car on my way home, I was soon lost from the reveries but a few moments so fondly indulged in. Carried, had my soul been, almost to the gates of the eternal; lifted into the realms of enraptured delight; engulfed in a sea of liquid music and transported almost beyond the reach of human reclaim, I found myself now quite incumbered by the real and the ethereal drifting far out into the thickening mazes. How fleeting is this human thought, and how vain the imagination, how oft do we soar o'er mountain and dale of dreamland, to awake on a barren glade below e'en our privileges.

I was pushing my way tediously through the drifting snow, as it seemed literally to roll out upon a rushing gale, when presently some strange but sweet strains caught my ear. I paused to listen and fain would I have passed on, but I could not; it was some one singing. What knew I but that it was some poor homeless person overcome by the storm. But there were more than one. Hark! a man's voice, and the voice of children, and the low strains of an instrument. I listened closer, it was in front of me, and moving on against the blast I came to a lighted street, and across, and in front of a small restaurant where an occasional passer came and went, I witnessed what I shall never forget. A father, and mother, and two little girls. The father was blind, and the mother was a cripple. The children were thinly clad, and their loosely hanging clothes were old and remade from garments picked up by the way.

The father played an accordion and sang, the mother a guitar. The little girls had each a few soiled leaflets, on one side of which were a few verses telling their story, which they were

offering to passers-by for a nickel. Passers lingering for a moment, some coming and some going, kept a small crowd about them, a class such as are to be found about the saloons and cheap restaurants at that hour of night, but who seldom have even a penny to give to the poor and the needy. An old, worn awning sheltered them from the downpouring torrents of the night, but the hurrying wind carried the sifting snow to every nook and crevice, piling it here and there, and then a strong blast would catch it up in great caps and drive it on to a next lodging, filling the air with a blinding tirade like sheets of sand driven o'er the Siberian desert.

I drew near the little group as some curious listener gave me room and passed on. Turning my back to the drift of the wind, as much as possible to shelter the little girls from the snow, I listened to their singing. It was sweeter and better music than I had heard the hour before. The father and mother were both good singers, good in the sense of the intensity of heart and soul which they mingled with their strains of pity inspiring notes.

They would sing a piece through,—and to add to the sweetness of their music, they sang the old familiar airs, which are always sweeter than the new, for most of them have come from the heart and to the heart they return,—then the father would modestly offer for sale various leaflets of from three to four pages, on which could be found the songs they had sung. Sad to say that they sold but very few. Occasionally some one would hand them a penny or nickel, but seldom taking the proffered leaflet. I stood in the storm several minutes, loath to leave my position from which I was sheltering the little girls from the storm. I had never heard so sweet music before; such harmony of instruments; such sweetness in tone, voices so full and blending so nearly with our conception of the divine.

Noticing on one of the leaflets, in bold headlines, "My Old Kentucky Home," I placed a half-dollar in the father's hand and asked him to sing that, as I was by blood and birth and early years a Kentuckian, and there was nothing so sweet to me in all the world as my old Kentucky home. (Oh, for one day of my childhood on the banks of old Green River!) His face lighted up with a smile, for he felt in me a true friend; however much I might have been wrought upon by the pity of the occasion, he felt at least for the moment I was a friend, for I had given more than he had collected all evening. Never before was music so sweet, never so full of that pathos which steals into the inner recesses of the heart, and lingers and dilates upon the chords of the soul. Not the words and the music alone touched my heart; not because my soul was transported to the joys of childhood, by the song so dear to my heart being sung so sweetly,—it was the pity of the singers. It was their innocence, their dependence, their purity. A wife clinging with simple devotion to the husband of her youth. A father toiling harder than you or I for wherewith to feed and shelter his loved ones. Two innocent little girls, "of such are the kingdom of heaven," wearing away their young lives, knowing nothing else from childhood but to suffer the hardships of a beggar's life. Out alone and uncared for in this cold, uncharitable world, this family of want and pity.

The father had been blinded in a large steel-mill, after having served fifteen years in the employ of one corporation; the mother had received a fractured limb from a street-car, while endeavoring to help her blind husband through the streets after they had sunk all their belongings in a vain suit to recover damages inflicted upon the father while faithfully serving his employer at a steel-lathe sending its thousands of little spears of heated steel in every direction each moment.

The father had been a wise and conscientious man; and saved his money, and purchased for his loved ones a comfortable little home which had now passed into the hands of a law firm—wealthy lawyers who rob widows and orphans. Doctors, too, had fed upon the earnings of this poor man with a gusto. This poor fellow must toil all day in the grim of the shop for the sum necessary to employ the petty attention of a doctor for a few minutes.

I passed on to my rooms—comfortable bachelor's quarters they were—where everything the heart's desire called for had been furnished. Books and periodicals, piles of them had I laid up. Comfortable heating not admitting a breath of the temptest raging without. Comfortable office and a reasonable income. All this pricked me to the heart. Why had I not given the poor father and mother and innocent little children more? I could have given them every cent I had and yet been the better off.

I looked out into the night; the snow was falling and the restless winds shifting it hither and thither into every crevice. I continued to think of the poor little children, the poor blind father, and the mother faithful and true, who had once known the luxury of a home, but it had flown from her as if on the wings of that pitiless night.

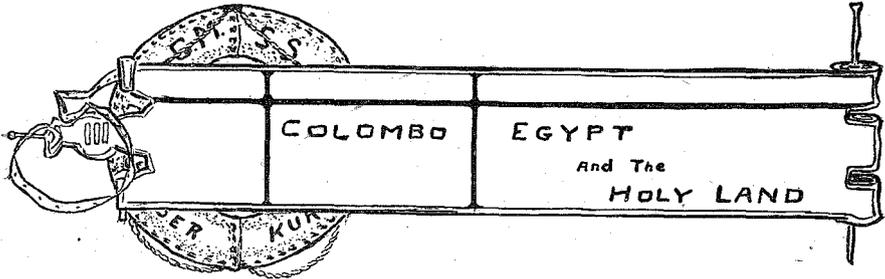
That night I dreamed of the opening of the gates, and I saw entering a poor blind man led by a woman with a crutch and following close behind were two little children, one carrying an accordion and the other a guitar. I looked to the right and to the left; upon the one hand stood a band-master in gaudy array and with half a hundred musicians; on the other awaited "Slicker and Slicker, Attorneys at Law." Beyond the gates, all within were bright, while without the snow was falling and the winds shrieked by with a chilly blast as the night grew cold and heavy. As I looked, bold upon the height of the battlements trod one with shining countenance and with a trumpet, which raising he issued forth with a shrill blast, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Then turning slowly about he beckoned and a great multitude stood up, and raising again his trumpet he sounded another shrill blast out over the Eternal City commanding, "Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled."

CHICAGO, Illinois.

SCENES IN FOREIGN FIELDS.—PART III.

JOPPA TO JERUSALEM.

BY ELDER PAUL M. HANSON.



PERMIT me to carry my readers with me to Jerusalem, the "Holy City." On board an Austrian Lloyd steamboat, the *Amphitrite*, we leave Port Said bound for Joppa, which on the geography is known as Jaffa; by the natives it is called Yâffa. The stars are shining brightly as we leave Port Said and hardly has the lighted city faded from view before we are well out on the Mediterranean. The sea is smooth. Many classes of passengers are on board,—Egyptians, Arabs, Greeks, Turks, and Jews, most of whom are pilgrims on their way to Jerusalem.

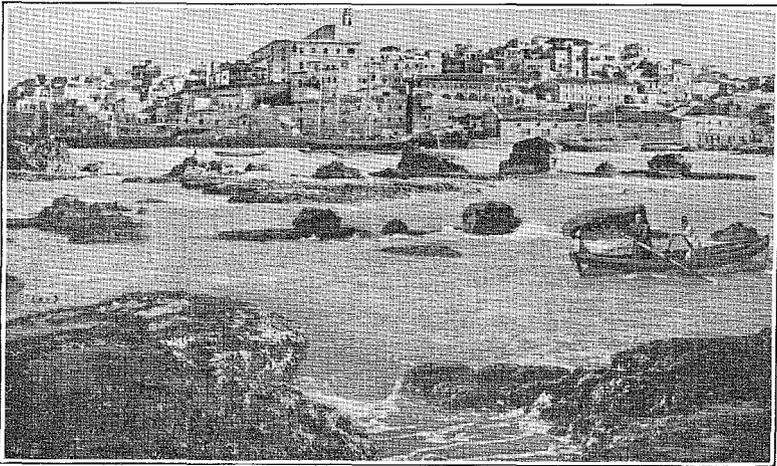
The day dawns with a clear sky, and nearly every one is up early to get a first glimpse of Palestine. As the sun rises, through the mist a range of hills can be discerned along the irregular coast. An hour later Joppa is sighted, and away in the distance to the north, Mt. Hermon, covered with snow, the Anti-Lebanon mountains, and Mt. Gilboa; nearer to us are the mountains of Samaria and of Judea.

Joppa has no harbor; the coast-line is exposed, and affords no shelter for vessels. There are several lines of steamers which perform regular services between Port Said and Syrian ports, most of them having rather large boats and furnishing good accommodation. The following lines call at Joppa: The Khedivial, Austrian Lloyd, Messageries Maritimes, Navigazione Generale Italiana, and Russian Navigation Company. These boats anchor in the roadstead about a half-mile out from the shore. The coast is sheltered by a natural breakwater, a reef of rocks; and between the reef and the shore small boats find shelter. In rough weather the seas break with tremendous force upon the rocks and landing is effected with difficulty. Steamers, during such weather, have to pass by without being able to land cargo or passengers. From Haifa or Beyrout, therefore, travelers have sometimes to make a return journey. Passengers are taken from the large steamers to the wharf in small boats, through an entrance in the rocks about twenty feet wide, each boat being rowed by eight or ten sturdy Arabs. These boatmen are worthy of the reputation they have gained throughout the world as skillful oarsmen.

The steamer is hardly anchored before many of the boats swarm round and at the first opportunity the dark-visaged men, some in Oriental garb, rush up the ladder; and such talking, commotion, and clamoring for trade as is exhibited by them can hardly be imagined. The charge for landing is from two to five francs. As the boats, in single file, pass through the narrow entrance because of the interceding waves some of them that go before are lost to view. When the entrance in the rocks is reached, the boatmen wait for a rolling wave, and on its crest we are carried into the still waters beyond the reef.

Landing is effected amidst a babel of voices. The customs officers are passed. Our passport is called for and returned, and we are in Joppa, a place full of Bible associations.

The city lies on a hill which overlooks the sea. The houses are of white stone, have flat roofs, and are built close together. They rise



JOPPA FROM THE SEA.

“The houses rise one above another and in the background above them all is seen a large Russian church.”

one behind another, and in the background above them all may be seen a large Russian church. The streets are narrow, crooked, and dirty; but this is accounted for by the city being under Turkish control. Some parts are thronged by people, camels, and donkeys.

Joppa was given to the tribe of Dan in the division of the land by Joshua and afterward became the port of Jerusalem. Here the boats in ancient times landed the cedar and fir which King Hiram of Tyre had cut in Lebanon for Solomon's Temple; here it was where Jonah embarked when he purposed to flee from the presence of the Lord. In passing through the city the site of Simon the tanner's house by the seaside is pointed out. The house upon it is of course of modern construction. There is an ancient rock-hewn well about ten fathoms deep,—the edge of the rim at the top has deep grooves worn in it by

the ropes which have been used in drawing water during past centuries. The house has a flat roof and from it a good view of the sea near by may be obtained. If this is not the true site we are at least near where Simon the tanner lived. There are now houses here like the one on which Peter prayed (see Acts 10), and on which he was given a revelation showing that the Christian religion was not designed of God to be for the Jews exclusively. Going to the housetop to pray may seem strange to some, but not to those who have seen the flat-roofed houses common in the East; privacy could be better found on the housetop than elsewhere.

Up on the hill a tomb is pointed out as the place where Tabitha was raised to life by Peter. In walking along one thinks of the church of God that was established here, an organization that differed from the sects round about by reason of its belief in the peculiar form of church government, faith, doctrine, and practice as is spoken of in the New Testament.

But few carriages drawn by horses are seen; and these are used chiefly by tourists. Here and there one can see large men on little donkeys; it is marvelous what loads the little animals can carry. Saddles are seldom used.

There are money-changers scattered through the town, seated at small tables, ready to do business with all nationalities and to take advantage of them if they are not watchful, by giving bad money for good. Large Turkish pipes are in sight, for the use of which for a few minutes a small copper coin is charged.

Around the city are rich gardens and groves of orange-, lemon-, and pomegranate-trees. A few date-palms wave their feathery branches in the breeze, and the smell of almond-blossoms is wafted to us. The Joppa oranges are delicious, and equal, I rather think excel, any I have tasted that were grown in Australia, balmy Florida, or in California. The trees are loaded, and the fruit is ripe at this time of the year (February). They are very large, oval in shape, and possess an excellent flavor.

Through the city a few Latin, Greek, and Armenian convents intrude themselves before our vision. Occasionally we are besieged by the dark-skinned inhabitants for "backsheesh," i. e., gift money.

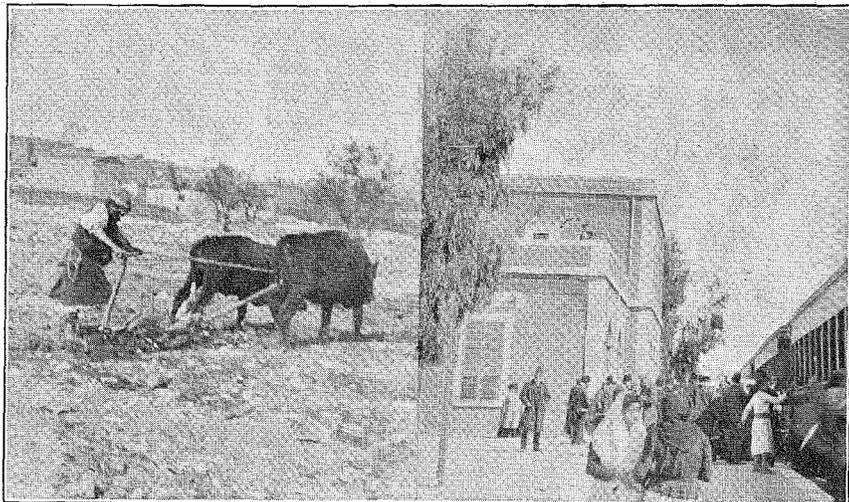
The city has a population of about 40,000, and does an annual export and import business of over \$4,000,000. Last year oranges were exported to the value of over \$500,000.

There is a railway from Joppa to Jerusalem, and nearly all tourists travel by it, but there are many poor pilgrims from Russia and the Turkish provinces who go afoot, on camels, or on donkeys along the carriage-road. The road is the one that was traveled in ancient times, no doubt by the disciples of the Lord, and resembles any good road in our country. We shall not go in the old way, but in the modern way.

The shrieking of the trains is heard as they roll along toward the Judean mountains. What a change from olden times! The country is being modernized. The cars were built, I was told, by the French to be used in cutting through the Isthmus of Panama, but when the crash came were sent to Palestine. The road cost fourteen million, seven hundred and forty-two thousand francs.

The train leaves for Jerusalem at one o'clock in the afternoon, and three hours and forty-five minutes are required for the journey, the distance being fifty-five miles. It is as interesting to go by train as by the carriage-road as about all of the places of interest along the carriage-road may be seen from the train, and others besides. Five stations are passed along the way and at all of them the train stops.

We wend our way to the station. There is a large crowd of people of many nationalities on the platform, some with red Fez caps, some in gorgeous robes. Two classes of accommodation are pro-



Photos by the author.

JEW PLOWING NEAR JERUSALEM.

BOARDING THE TRAIN AT JOPPA.

"Modern machinery is not unknown, but as a rule the wooden plow is used."

"We shall not go in the old way, but in the modern way."

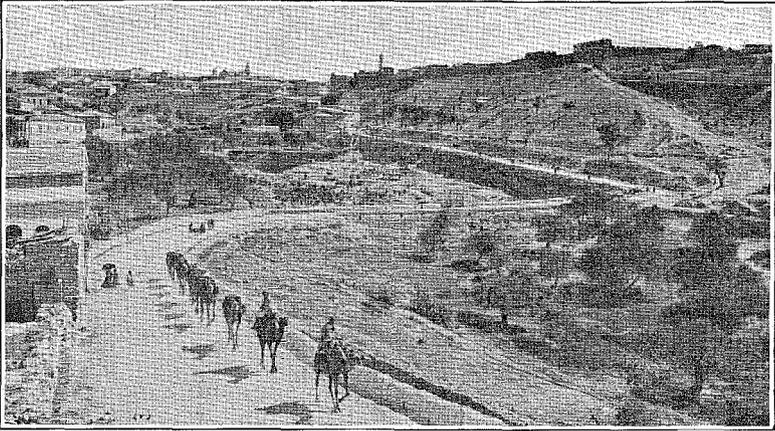
vided; the first is very good. By going second-class one can save two thirds of the fare, and have the experience of seeing how the Orientals conduct themselves and spend their time. Passengers taking this class sit on seats running lengthwise of the car. After a person has traveled one way second-class, he will prefer henceforth to let the Orientals travel by themselves.

We board the train, the bell rings, Joppa is left behind, and new scenes such as are common to the Orient appear. The route is by luxurious gardens, orange-, lemon-, and olive-groves, and every mile of the country through which we pass is associated with events in the early life of the Jewish people.

We pass through gardens and groves of fruit-trees until we reach the famous Plain of Sharon, which prophets spoke of in glowing terms and which was noted for its beauty and fertility. The wheat and barley on the plain is about three inches high; flowers are

blooming, and along the railway are pools of water indicating that heavy rains have recently fallen. There are herds of cattle and sheep. Some of the land has just been plowed. Frequently is seen a camel, in single harness, drawing a plow. Along the way are villages, and ruins of old habitations. The plain, though fertile, is not thickly inhabited; compared with times of old, it is a solitude. One does not see houses dotted over the plain; the manner of living is to group together, and from these villages the people go out to till the soil.

I was not disappointed in the land, for I knew that God had declared that desolation should sweep over it. I went expecting to see vestiges, at least, of such desolation. Ancient prophecy against



OUR FIRST VIEW OF JERUSALEM AFTER LEAVING THE STATION.

“The physical features of the country remain unchanged. Everything seems so real that Christianity is surrounded not by a misty haze but by an atmosphere of reality.”

the land has been fulfilled. The following is a sample prophecy of what was declared against the land:

“And I will make Jerusalem heaps, and a den of dragons; and I will make the cities of Judah desolate, without an inhabitant.”—Jeremiah 9:11.

Now, however, colonies are doing much toward improving the land and are showing what can be done by proper care. Modern implements are not altogether ignored, but generally the old method is followed of breaking the ground with a wooden plow, a piece of iron serving for the shovel, the whole being guided by a stick held in the hand that runs from the beam on which the shovel is placed.

Flowers blooming along the way served to make the plain attractive; one was pointed out to me as the “Rose of Sharon.” Under a good government the plain would be like a garden.

The first station is Lydda, spoken of in the New Testament, where Peter visited the “saints” and cured Aeneas who was sick of the palsy and had kept his bed eight years. Peter was here when he

was called upon to go to Joppa, just before Tabitha was raised from the dead. This place was the scene, too, of many exciting events in the time of the Crusaders. There are now round about it large groves of olive-trees.

All the way from Joppa, as we cross the plain, can be seen the mountains of Judea. Ten minutes after leaving Lydda we reach the second station, Ramleh, the reputed home of Joseph of Arimathea in whose new rock-hewn tomb Jesus was laid to rest after his ignominious death at the hands of sinful men. Here there is an old church supposed to have been built by the Crusaders, now used as a mosque. A little to the west is a celebrated tower, one hundred and twenty feet high, where an extensive view of the surrounding country may be obtained: from Gaza on the south to Mount Carmel on the north, and from Judah's hills to the Mediterranean Sea. Around Ramleh are wheat- and barley-fields and olive-groves.

We have passed Jimzo, the site of Gimzo, one of the royal cities of the Philistines, which was taken from the Israelites in the reign of King Ahaz. (See 2 Chronicles 28:18.) The traditional spot where Samson caught three hundred foxes is pointed out; and suddenly from near the train a fox bounds out and over the plain, perhaps of the kind that destroyed the Philistines' corn.

The carriage-road, along which pilgrims are trudging, some riding donkeys, some enjoying the camel's careen, has been in sight since we left Joppa, but after leaving Ramleh it is crossed and lost to view. From the train may be seen to the left two villages, between which is the valley of Ajalon, where Joshua as a servant of the Lord commanded the sun to stand still and the moon to go not down until victory was given to the Israelites over the Amorites.

As the train enters the foothills of the Judean mountains, it begins to wind slowly around and soon is in the gorges. Jerusalem is twenty-seven hundred feet above the level of the sea. In passing from the plain into the foothills, the country appears barren, and has a sterile aspect, but I was told it was not so sterile as it appeared. A few shepherds are on the hillsides tending to their sheep. Vegetation is scanty. A few Arab peasants are plowing; some with two oxen, others, not infrequently, with an ox and an ass yoked together, a custom which has come down from Mosaic times. Some of the mountain-sides are terraced, the soil being held in place by means of walls of stones. On these terraces grapes are usually cultivated.

The little village to the right is Kirjath Jearim, where the ark remained for twenty years in the house of Abinadab, and from hence was carried by David to Jerusalem. We are now in the land allotted to the tribe of Benjamin. Away to the left is Mizpeh, where all the children of Israel from Dan to Beer Sheba were called together several times. Saul, Israel's first king, was chosen there. (See 1 Samuel 10.) It was here in this hill country of Judea that Mary visited Elizabeth, mother of John the Baptist.

We are actually in the land of Canaan, the land to which the Israelites journeyed under God's protection from the land of the pyramids. It was by Israel spoken of as a land "flowing with milk and honey." We are where some of the great scenes of antiquity took place; where battles were fought and won, and others lost;

where God visited his people by angels, and revelations were given, and men were commissioned to represent God and declare his will to their fellow men; in the land where Jesus was born and lived and died, and then rose from the dead; where the church of God with apostles, prophets, evangelists, elders, etc., was organized, an accurate description of which is given in the New Testament, and where in the last days the Jews shall gather according to the determinate counsel of God, though they be scattered among all nations. Well may it be called the "Land of Promise."

Here was the highway between the civilization on the Nile and the civilization of Babylon and Assyria.

The first impression of visitors to the Holy Land is sometimes one of disappointment, but as one studies the country it becomes more interesting. What one sees depends much upon the purpose one has who visits the land. A shareholder in the railroad will go to see how valuable is his investment, a land-dealer will examine the land to ascertain if money could be made in buying it; a physician would look to the sanitary conditions. Each is largely influenced from within. A believer in Christianity soon finds much upon which his attention becomes riveted. Palestine, with European influences left out, is to-day largely what it was in Bible times; the land, buildings, and customs of the people at the present time enable us to understand fairly well the country as it was in olden times. But one should not expect to see what in the nature of things is no longer visible.

The third, fourth, and fifth stations are passed. A fountain is pointed out near by as the place where Philip baptized the eunuch, which the record says was in the way that "goeth down from Jerusalem unto Gaza."

We are now nearing Jerusalem. A few ruins of ancient villages are passed. Houses of a modern sort, roofed with tiles, begin to appear, and, after leaving the station, we approach the city from the southwest. The picture we had formed of it was not correct. Let us go to the mount of Olives and from its summit see a picture no artist can paint. The "Holy City!" It is surrounded by mountains in height so far as sea level is concerned, yet they are only hills compared with the ranges seen in the distance. The city presents an imposing aspect with its towers, minarets, and domes, and gray walls spread out in full view, the buildings gleaming in the sunlight. Here is where David reigned and Solomon had his throne. Before us the temple stood, into which Christ with a quiet mien entered and taught, speaking as never man spake, and healing as a physician and elder brother people afflicted and sick; how human and divine was he! Here he was found as a child among the learned rabbis, answering and asking questions. Here is where twenty-seven sieges have taken place; here is where at one time Nebuchadnezzar with his army was victorious, and at another time Titus and his army, and where the Lord of glory, Jesus the Christ, triumphed over "death, hell, and the grave."

Jerusalem is truly "beautiful for situation." It is built on four hills or mountains, and yet the mountains around are higher than the hills on which it stands. The psalmist David says, "As the

mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people." One thinks as one looks upon the mountains, how well guarded are the people of the Lord.

The valley of Kedron, or of Jehosaphat as it may be called, starts from the north of the city and sweeps along by the eastern wall, separating the city from the mount of Olives. The deep valley of Hinnom sweeps round the western and southern sides and converges at the southeast corner of the city with the valley of Jehosaphat. Thus the city is isolated on three sides, making its natural position one of great strength. Into Hinnom, in ancient times, was cast the offal of the city and there a fire was kept continually burning. This valley is steep and difficult to ascend. The Tyropœon Valley divides the city into two hills, Zion on the west and Moriah on the east. A depression divides the former into Zion and Akra and the latter into Moriah and Bezetha. Thus four hills are distinguished. Zion is the highest of the hills and contained the palace of David. On Moriah, where now the Mosque of Omar stands, Abraham offered Isaac, David sacrificed, and Solomon built a temple on which rested glory from the Lord.

We are where Christianity was taught by its author, where the church he instituted had its headquarters (see Acts 15), and where the pentecostal shower of blessings was given. Here is where some day Christianity, with all its gifts, powers, and blessings of former days, with apostles, prophets, evangelists, etc., will go to Jews: for was not Christianity in that form taken from them and given to the Gentiles? Should the Gentiles take back to the Jews any other kind of Christianity or form of church organization than what came to them in the beginning from the Jews?

Although the city has been destroyed many times it possesses a charm and an interest possessed by no other city. The physical features of the country remain substantially unchanged. Everything seems so real that Christianity is surrounded not by a misty haze but by an atmosphere of reality. We are standing on Olivet, the brook Kedron is just below, the city still crowns Zion and Moriah. The mount on which we stand was often a retreat for the Lord in prayer, and on it he frequently taught his disciples concerning the kingdom of God. We are reminded almost at every turn of the footsteps of the Savior. We think of the triumphal procession that moved along not far from us when, in making their descent of the mount of Olives the whole multitude of disciples began to rejoice and praise God for all the mighty works they had seen; some spread their clothes in the way, others cut down branches from the trees and strewed them in the way, and all that went before and all who followed cried, "Hosanna to the son of David: Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord." Well can I understand how, with their Lord before them and beautiful Jerusalem coming at once into view, they could praise their King.

(To be continued.)

AUTOBIOGRAPY OF ELDER LEVI PHELPS.—PART III.

(Written by himself and edited by Sr. Bertha Cornish.)



THE SECOND Sunday after I was ordained, at the close of the prayer-meeting the elder said that he had an appointment in the country to fill that evening, and that I would be speaker in the hall in his absence. I can not properly describe my feelings on hearing this, as he had not said anything to me about it before. I wished that I was many miles away. As there were those at the morning meeting who did not belong to the church I felt that they would publish the announcement well before the evening service (that Phelps was going to preach) and that it would result in a large attendance. I felt my weakness greatly, although I now had

a knowledge that this was the Lord's work, and my education was very limited, and I as yet had but a very little experience in the work, having been in the church only a little over seven weeks. How then was I to set forth the gospel? Yet how could I evade it? My mind was in a tumult. Then came the thought that I knew this work was of God and the office that I held entitled me to the right to preach. So I resolved to fast the remaining part of the day and seek help from the Lord. I spent a portion of the afternoon in secret prayer and received an assurance by the Spirit that the Lord would help me.

In the evening the hall was well filled just as I had anticipated, and I was informed two men who had been expelled from the church (one had been an elder and the other a teacher) had come to criticise my preaching, and as I looked over the congregation and saw those two men I again felt very weak. I felt almost tempted to leave the hall without trying to preach.

Then came the thought that that would not do, also the thought of the assurance that had been given me while at prayer that the Lord would help me.

Still when I arose to my feet to give out the opening hymn I trembled from head to foot and I could not speak for a moment. After prayer, however, I felt a little stronger, and by the time the second hymn had been sung I felt I had gained sufficient confidence to launch out on the subject for the evening. I felt that the Saints were praying for my success.

The Lord did assist and I was enabled to place the principles of the gospel in plainness before those present. As soon as meeting



ELDER LEVI PHELPS.

"The Lord has been my support and I have been enabled to convince many of the truthfulness of this work."

had closed the two critics immediately left the hall and I never heard what they thought of the sermon. I now began to realize that the Lord would help his servants who were humble and who trusted in him. Although I never have had just such a trial since, yet many times I have felt my weakness as I stood before a congregation and my limbs seemed too weak to bear up the body, trembling like an aspen-leaf. But the Lord has been my support and I have been enabled to convince many of the truthfulness of this work.

In the spring following our baptism our little girl died, and consumption laid his fatal hand upon my wife, and thus clouds of trouble arose. From the first of her sickness to the last my wife was willing to go. She told me that the time would come when I would labor in the missionary work. The kindness of the Saints throughout this sickness can not be excelled. Such manifestations of love I never saw in my life before. They were brothers and sisters indeed.

After my wife's death I placed my child in the care of a lady friend who though not a Saint was a noble woman. I went to the city of Saginaw to labor in a mill for a time, then went to Goodland, Lapeer County, to work for Elder J. A. Carpenter. I was not here long before I went after my little boy Warren, who now was about five years old. I secured a place for him in a family of Saints.

While I was working for Elder Carpenter a young sister who was a relative of his, and a Saint, came over from Ontario. We became attached to each other and were married. We went to Vassar, Tuscola County, where we lived for eleven months. As soon as we settled here I, started to hold meetings in our home; there were three Saints here besides ourselves, so we held both prayer-meetings and preaching-services. I did the preaching when I could not get some elder to come, but elders often came, among whom were Elders E. Delong, J. A. Carpenter, and J. J. Bailey. Several were baptized and a few other Saints moved to this place. A branch was organized of eighteen members.

In January of the following year we returned to Goodland, connecting ourselves with the Mill Creek Branch, over which J. A. Carpenter presided. On February 4, 1883, I was ordained an elder by J. A. Carpenter and chosen to preside over the branch.

In 1885 I moved to Juniata, Tuscola County, where I worked in the Hartnell mill. At this place there were several Saints. We held meetings for a few months in our homes, after which Bro. Samuel Hartnell donated his boarding-house, which was remodeled and fitted for services, he furnishing all of the material necessary to fit up. Elders J. J. Cornish, J. A. Carpenter, and others came to our assistance and soon a large branch was organized here, after which we built a church.

In the latter part of October, 1887, arrangements were made by W. H. Kelley and Bishop G. A. Blakeslee that I should enter the field. I attended a conference the last of the month held at Bay Port, Huron County. It was thought advisable for me to labor there for a short time after conference. Then I went east to the lake shore in Sanilac and Huron Counties.

I was making new openings, also working in some places that had

been opened up years before. About the last of November I was laboring in the vicinity of Forestville. South of Forestville about three miles distant once stood a Latter Day Saint church in the township of Delaware, built upon the farm of Bro. Zec Wismer.

One Wednesday evening about five o'clock I left the post-office, where I had been for mail and had received a letter from my wife stating that all were well at home, and started for Bro. Wismer's.

When about one-half mile from Forestville the Spirit came upon me in power and I was instructed to go home as soon as possible. To follow this instruction I would have to reach Palms (a railroad station some ten miles away from Bro. Wismer's) as early as six o'clock in the morning.

As I walked along, thinking about this and the condition of the work in the regions round about Forestville where there were good openings with large audiences, rebellious feelings arose. To leave these openings now was not my desire. Darkness soon followed those rebellious feelings and by the time I reached Bro. Wismer's I was in poor condition to attend prayer-meeting at the church that evening.

On entering the brother's house I hastened to my room, fell upon my knees, and asked the Lord to forgive me for rebelling against his will. As I thus earnestly prayed the Spirit testified of my forgiveness. That evening at the close of prayer-meeting I told the Saints of the instructions given me and after I left some of them stated that they thought all there was about it was that Bro. Phelps was homesick and thus made a mistake; while others accepted it as given of God.

Early the next morning Bro. Wismer drove over with me to Palms in time for the south-bound train. I reached my home in Juniata early in the afternoon. I found all well and the question arose in my mind, What was I at home for? I told my wife about the instruction given me; also said to her that I would like to know what it meant. She immediately said with emphasis: "You will soon know."

It was nearing sunset and I went up the street to call upon a brother by the name of Niles Stringham, whom I had baptized just before I went away from home. I called at the house where the brother boarded and after we had talked a few minutes he said: "Have you heard that Enos Berry is not expected to live?" I had not heard this, but as he said it a strong desire came upon me to see the sick man, who was a filer in the shingle department of Bro. Hartnell's mill in Juniata. He was a very profane man and seemed to take particular pains to exercise himself in profanity whenever he was in my presence. My work in the mill (firing and looking after the engine) often brought us together. Seeing that his object was to bother me I therefore paid but little attention to what he said.

He lived about five miles away and I at once resolved to visit him, so the next morning I went to his place. I entered the room where he lay. He looked like a dying man. As I took him by the hand he spoke in a feeble voice and said: "Oh, Brother Levi, I lay here longing to see you and supposed you were a hundred miles away"

(and I was about that far away by railroad). "I don't know," he continued, "whether you ever administer to those outside of the church or not, but I want to be administered to and I know that I will be healed."

Although it was a rainy day he stated that as I talked with him, the room lit up lighter than the noon-tide sun could make it. I also can say that the Spirit rested upon me until I trembled from my head to my feet and the Lord revealed to me that it was for this man's sake that I received the instruction about going home.

Friends and relatives had sat up all the night previous to my visit, expecting to see him pass away. They had just gone home before I got there. So there was only his wife and his little son present. While I was talking to him Doctor Henry (the doctor who was attending him, and with whom I was well acquainted) entered. Doctor Henry had formerly been a Methodist minister. He said to me: "Elder, don't talk to this sick one, as it will excite him and that may be the means of his death."

The sick one said: "Doctor, I am going to get up out of this very soon."

"No," said the doctor, "you will not get up for many days to come."

"I will get up," said Enos, "and I am going to work."

"Oh, no, it will be several weeks before you are able to go to work."

"You will see, Doctor."

The Doctor then left some medicine and went away. Mr. Berry's sickness was typhoid fever. In the afternoon Mrs. Berry got some one to stay with her husband while she took their team and we went out home to get olive-oil and we brought back Elder Robert Davis. Upon our return we at once administered to Mr. Berry. I called upon Bro. Davis to offer prayer as we knelt at the sick one's bedside. The aged elder offered a fervent prayer, after which he anointed Mr. Berry and then we laid our hands upon the head of our friend and as I prayed the Spirit of God came upon me in power, the disease was rebuked, and when I said "Amen" our sick friend cried out, "Amen, the sickness is all gone!" And in about twenty minutes after he was dressed and sitting up, and partook of a hearty supper with us, rejoicing in the goodness of the Lord. The next morning he went about his work, and sometime during the day while busy at his work, he looked up the road and saw the Doctor coming. He was careful to keep himself out of the Doctor's sight and went into the house by the back way, and when the Doctor rapped on the door he opened it himself. The Doctor looked upon him in amazement, saying, "You are better, are you?"

"Yes," said Mr. Berry, "I am perfectly well and at work just as I told you that I would be."

He invited the Doctor in, stating that he wanted to have a talk with him, but he refused to enter the house, saying that he did not have time; yet he went to the home of Mr. Berry's brother (who also was sick at this time) and stayed at least one hour. I baptized Bro. and Sr. Berry and then returned to Forestville.

My field of labor continued to extend northward and westward in Huron County, and I was privileged to baptize a good many in this field, and many remarkable blessings were enjoyed.

One brother, Richard Rossor, who was crippled in one arm for a time (I do not remember the number of years), whom I had baptized February 19, 1888, was healed immediately and felt to rejoice in the goodness of the Lord in perfectly restoring his arm.

In the winter of 1889 I was laboring in Caseville and as soon as I began to baptize the evil one began to rage. On the fourth day of March I baptized a young sister by the name of Altena Botham and at her confirmation the Spirit's power was manifested to a remarkable degree. There were several testimonies given under the influence of the Spirit, and one aged French brother by the name of Levulett arose and said: "Brothers and sisters, the Spirit of God is here in power and I tell you that he will be here in greater power." And so it was; and in a gift we were told that "the day is at hand and now is that my people in this place shall suffer persecution, but be humble and faithful and not a hair of your heads shall be harmed."

That evening as I stood about three feet from a window in Bro. Burwell's house talking upon the apostasy, an iron weighing about three or four pounds was thrown through the window, but fell harmlessly at my feet. The Saints were satisfied that it was the power of God that prevented it from injuring the speaker.

The next evening a mob (as nearly as we could judge of about seventy-five or eighty men) came and stoned the house. The stones came crashing through the windows, and as several of us went outdoors, stones fell around us like hail. Stones were thrown at Bro. Robert Perry and those in his wagon as they were preparing to return home after meeting. A stone struck Sr. Perry's baby as it lay upon its mother's lap, and although thrown quite a distance the baby did not cry or give any sign of being hurt, nor was there any mark of a blow made upon it. On the sixth there were two more to baptize; a young woman by the name of Louisa A. Myers, and a married woman whose name was Lovisa A. Bodi. The ice on the lake was very thick, but there was no snow upon the ground, so Bro. Perry drove his team and wagon upon the ice to take those who were to be baptized to where they were to be confirmed. After baptism was over Bro. Perry assisted Sr. Myers into the wagon, (in which were two children) and as he was helping Sr. Bodi a lot of rowdies who were present shouted loudly and frightened the team which started on the run, throwing Bro. Perry and Sr. Bodi upon the ice, but not hurting them very much.

Although the team was a fine one, and were going at their full speed, a friend who was late coming to witness the baptism leaped into the front part of the wagon and laying hold upon the reins, stopped the runaways. How this man was able to jump into the wagon with the team going at such a high rate of speed is more than any one present can tell. This seemed wonderful indeed. Persecution still continued.

A little boy of Bro. John Gardener's went under the house for something he had been playing with and had put under there until wanted, and there the little fellow found a quantity of gunpowder and a fuse which had been lit and burned about one inch and went out so that no harm was done.

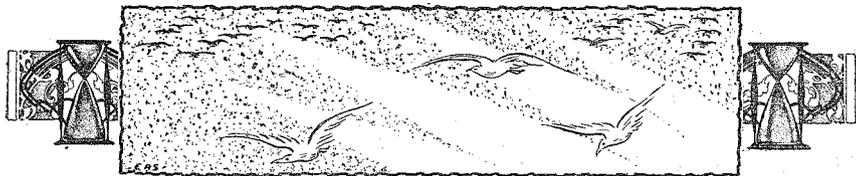
(To be continued.)

Editor's Corner

AUTUMN LEAVES is published monthly for the youth of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. Herald Publishing House, Lamoni, Iowa. Elbert A. Smith, Editor, Lamoni, Iowa.

THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

A NEW YEAR'S SERMON BY THE EDITOR.



And the angel which I saw stand upon the sea and upon the earth lifted up his hand to heaven, and swear by him that liveth for ever and ever . . . that there should be time no longer.—Revelation 10: 5, 6.

WHEN I THINK about the flight of time, the passage of the centuries, the years, the days, I am reminded of the flight of the wild fowl as I used to see it in the springtime when as a boy I lived on a farm in the treeless prairie country of Northern Iowa.

First came the V-shaped flocks of wild geese, splitting the sky with their flying wedge, each flock led by its strong leader and trailing off in two lines to right and left. There is no more musical note than the cry of the wild geese on a spring morning. Then came the clouds of wild ducks,—millions of them. Then the wild cranes in their peculiar flight, pausing at intervals to sweep round and round in great circles. We would hear their thin, bugle-like call, and looking straight up, far into the zenith of the heavens, would detect them,—mere specks of life sweeping in broad circles round and round, ascending their spiral stairway into the sky. Then came the wild pigeons, cutting the air like bullets, the swiftest birds that flew. They would leave our fast mail-trains out of sight in sixty seconds.

When the snow-drifts were breaking into rivulets and the green was coming on the little prairie hillocks, and all this flight of wild life was passing overhead, it was hard to be a boy and be shut up in school.

It is something like that the way the centuries, the years, the months, the weeks, the days, the hours, the minutes, the seconds go by—each with its own flight and each with its own voice. When we are sick or old or sad the hours pass with leaden flight; but when we are young and full of energy and love they pass so swiftly that we know not where they go.

My text says that there will come a time when the angel of God will swear that time shall be no more; and I turn back the pages of history to a time when time did not mean anything. Our parents

dwelt in the garden of Eden and had not begun to feel the weight of years and care. They worked when they pleased and ate when they were hungry and slept when they were sleepy and played when they chose. They had work, it is true—they had charge of the garden to “dress it and to keep it.” They had work but not toil.

The motto on my calendar says, “There is work that is work and there is play that is play; there is play that is work and work that is play. And in only one of these lies happiness.”

Work that is work, without interest or ambition, kills a man. Play that is play, without object, simply to kill time, kills a man. Work that is play because of interest, adaptability, ambition, is happiness. Our parents had work that was play. More than that they had no sorrow, no pain, no fear, no remorse—and time meant nothing to them. No need to say, To-morrow is Monday and at seven o’clock I must go to my work. They knew not the sound of a factory whistle. No need to say, The leaves are turning crimson and it will soon be winter-time with all its cold and privation. No need to say, Next March I will be forty years old and what I do must be done quickly for I will soon be on the downhill road; or, Next May I will be seventy-five years old and death hourly stares me in the face.

But when they sinned and were driven from the garden, time for various reasons began to have meaning and they began to count the years of their separation from God; that is all that time means. God and those who are with him take no thought of time. A thousand years is as a day with them.

Excessive toil became their lot, so that with sweating brows they earned their bread. The rising sun became a taskmaster. The sun in its meridian meant an hour’s respite. The setting sun was hailed as the relief-guard and they went home to rest. And from that day, time has had an ever-increasing meaning. Watch the factory-hands. When the whistle blows, pandemonium breaks loose. Ere the last note dies away, some of the hands are a half-block away, flinging on coat and cap as they go. A fraction of a second of liberty from the grind of toil is worth fighting for.

It is not so bad in the country, where men to a larger extent plan their own work—yet even there one finds himself at times where he is a mere machine and *must* work. As Booker T. Washington says, there is a vast difference between “working and being worked.” Imagine yourself at the tail of a straw-carrier on a thrashing-machine. Some of you know what that means. The dust and chaff smother you and make you look like the black slave that you are, for the straw comes rolling up hour after hour and you must stand like a machine and pitch it away or the whole business will be stopped. I have been there many a time. Then is when one learns what it is to be tired and hungry and dirty and sweaty and miserable and sometimes mad.

Under those conditions, eleven o’clock, a quarter past eleven, half past eleven, fifteen minutes of twelve, ten minutes of twelve, five minutes of twelve, three minutes of twelve, one minute of twelve, a half-minute of twelve, twelve o’clock—that means something. My uncle used to stand on the horse-power and whistle one tune continuously for seven hours and crack his whip and make the tired

horses go round to drive the machine that drove every one else, and when he stopped his tune and threw his whip down, it was a relief and we came down from the straw-pile in a hurry and headed straight for the dinner-table. And then again before night came I think the angel would have found it necessary to swear twice to have convinced us that there was no such thing as time.

Another thing that makes time mean something is sickness and pain and the sleep-deserted pillow. As the hours go by and the tossing victim counts them off till morning, time means something to him; or as one lies in the hospital ward burning with fever, and the days and nights drag by and he thinks, Oh, that I could get out and see the green fields again and look up into the sky!

Then again our parents had no fear of death, until they came under its unhappy thrall, then there came a change. Then, though they might live nine hundred years, (for famine and war and pestilence and intemperance and poverty had not yet lowered the vitality of the race,) despite their longevity there came a time when gray hairs covered the temples, and age bowed the once erect frame, and stiffened the once supple joints, and dimmed the once bright eyes to all but the ever-nearing visage of Death, and dulled the once quick ears to all but the call of the beyond. Death gave meaning to time. The little child takes no note of the days, they are as years; but there inevitably comes a time when he realizes that their number is limited.

All these things gave meaning to time so that clocks and chronometers and calendars became our masters, and birthdays and New Year's days and times and seasons became the mile-posts by which we judge of our progress toward the grave.

But my text says that there will again come a time when time shall be no more. And it will be because of the restoration of primitive conditions. We read in Revelation 21 that the holy city will not need the light of the sun or of the moon because God will be its light. No need to watch the sun rise or set. And in the new heavens and new earth there will be no more "death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain" and God shall "wipe away all tears."

Time will not mean anything then. Excessive labor, sickness, death, will not be known. There will be no more long vigils by sick-beds, no more weary waiting to meet loved ones over whose graves we have shed most bitter tears.

The angel of God with authority will stand upon the sea and upon the land and with lifted hand swear by him who ruleth on high that time shall be no more. The taskmaster will lose his job, and never more will the meek and the pure be driven unwillingly to their labor. The slave will come from the treadmill; the sick man from his bed; the old man from his vigil with death. We can take our leisure then to finish our work unhurried and unworried. We can build our homes with care and polish and finish each creation of our hands with infinite patience. A week is gone? What matter? We have an eternity of weeks ahead of us. A year is gone? What matter? We have an eternity of years ahead of us.

When I read the history of all past years, I note that the great

mile-posts that mark off the ages are the efforts that God has made to redeem man and bring him back to this condition of freedom under the perfect law of liberty. God's covenant with Noah was one of these. His covenant with Abraham on the plains of Mamre was another, and Abraham and his seed were chosen simply that through them all nations might be blessed. When they remembered that mission they prospered; when they forgot it they were lost—and so will it be with every man who covenants with God and then forgets or remembers his duty toward his neighbor. The coming of Christ as a Redeemer was another monument, marking the meridian of time. The apostasy, and later the restoration of the gospel in our day by angelic power (see Revelation 14:9), were others.

We can see God still laboring with his chosen people among the Gentiles and the Jews toward this end. Concerning the latter he predicted: "I will sift the house of Israel among all nations, like as corn is sifted in a sieve, yet shall not the least grain fall upon the earth."—Amos 9:9. And again: "He shall set up an ensign for the nations, and shall assemble the outcasts of Israel, and gather together the dispersed of Judah from the four corners of the earth."—Isaiah 11:12. Not a grain shall be lost. A Jew is a Jew still though he speak Russian or German or English or Hebrew. For centuries he has been without law or government or capital or country or ruler of his own, yet he has kept his nationality. And of late years the spirit of gathering has rested upon him. Representative Jews from Washington and New York and Berlin and Paris and St. Petersburg and Constantinople and Cairo meet and discuss plans for the purchase and rehabilitation of their land. God is at work.

Soon will come the advent of our Lord and Master and the world will have passed another mile-post. Then comes a thousand years of peace and of schooling; and then the new earth. Then will have been ended the days of our separation from God. Then time will be no more for eternity will be ours.

Is it not worth while to live worthy of a little place on the redeemed earth? The humblest of us can do that. Christ did not say, "Blessed are the rich and the mighty." He said, "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." He said, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." Are you pure and meek and a lover of peace? Have you kept all the commandments of God?

It is natural at this season that as a church we should review the year just closed. When we do so we note with some satisfaction that, while we have made mistakes, we have made some progress. We can estimate progress only by the obstacles overcome. When I was out West we traveled on foot over some places in the mountains where after an hour's hard climbing we were satisfied if we had climbed one hundred feet. During the same time another man may have gone sixty miles, seated in a parlor-car, with a pass in his pocket. Who accomplished the most? It took personal effort to reach the pinnacle; but when it was reached and I stood there where God had worked, and looked down into the valley from which I had emerged, it was worth while.

We can not make converts with a single sermon. Sometimes it takes years of patient effort. We believe so many things that others

do not. We believe that God gives scripture now; others do not—we must convince them. We believe that God heals people now; others do not—we must convince them. We believe that the gospel gifts of tongues and prophecies and miracles are given now; others do not—we must convince them. We believe that the church should be organized with apostles and prophets and evangelists and pastors, etc.; others are satisfied with less—we must convince them. Then added to this is the misunderstanding that some have who confuse us with the church in Utah—we must overcome that. Our path is beset with obstacles. Yet as we pause from time to time to look back into the depths from which we came we know that it is worth while; and we have seen and felt and heard things that have not come in the experiences of other churches.

I am not altogether sorry that there are things that make people pause and think before they come in at our door to stay. We do not want them to come simply because they like the pastor's preaching. We do not want them to come because our house of worship is convenient to their homes. We do not want them to come for the sake of popularity or position. Let them come because they think that we are preaching the gospel of Christ as it is in the Bible and as he taught it: or else let them not come at all.

Now a word about New Year's resolutions. This is the season when they are made—later comes the time when they are broken. I will give you my opinion of them.

Do you see this fine cactus-plant? Are not those blossoms lovely? Well, I will tell you about that. For a year past, that has been just a cactus-plant. Now it has blossomed out in New Year's blossoms. Perhaps in a week they will be gone and for another year it will be just a cactus-plant. I think you see the point. But is it not better that it should be beautiful one week than never to be beautiful? Is it not better for a man to be good for one week in the new year than never to be good? And a man can be good longer than that if he tries.

The only quarrel we need is with the Devil and that will keep us busy. How many will promise to do their duty this year, regardless of what others do, and promise not to quarrel with any one during the year? Let me see your hands. Good! That will do! Now remember your promise! When you get vexed, remember this sacred vow.

Do not make fun of New Year's resolutions. The man who buries his pipe at the New Year is not foolish; he is foolish when he digs it up a week later. The man who swears off from drinking is not mistaken; he is mistaken a week later when he goes to a saloon and swears on again. The man who cleanses his mouth out with soap-suds on New Year's Day and quits swearing is not an object of ridicule; that comes when he goes back to his profanity.

Make good resolutions—and keep them.

Are there those who have made covenant and afterward have made mistakes? Take courage! You have a mediator. Christ stands at the right hand of God and, with tears in his beautiful eyes, he pleads your cause, and God is tender and willing to forgive,

if you repent. Grow strong by the things you have learned and press forward.

May God help us all to live for that time when the days of our separation from God shall have been ended and an eternity of bliss becomes ours.



POSSIBLE HISTORY.

The Devil sat by the firelight in his own particular residence, reading the first copy of *The Helper*, the official organ of the Anti-Mormon League.

"I don't see," he said, "what Editor Neal means by saying that the paper is 'published at Olive Hill, printed at Morehead, mailed at Grayson, and edited in the saddle.'"

"We don't keep any horses in this establishment."



Daughters of Zion

Truer Parenthood, Better Children, Happier Homes, Purer Society.

CALLIE B. STEBBINS, Editor.

"A partnership with God is motherhood,
What strength, what purity, what self-control,
What love, what wisdom, should belong to her,
Who helps God fashion an immortal soul."

ADVISORY BOARD.—Mrs. B. C. Smith, president, 214 South Spring Street, Independence, Missouri; Miss Dora Young, secretary, Holden, Missouri; Mrs. M. E. Hulmes, treasurer, 909 West Maple Avenue, Independence, Missouri; Mrs. F. M. Smith, 630 South Chrysler Avenue, Independence, Missouri, Mrs. T. A. Hougas, Henderson, Mills County, Iowa; Mrs. Callie B. Stebbins, Lamoni, Iowa.

FEEDING THE BIRDS.



ONE DAY in the early spring I read this paragraph to my little son:

"To the trunks of the shade trees close by are nailed generous pieces of beef suet, and if I go to the window, as I pretty often do, I am almost certain to find a nut-hatch or two, or a downy woodpecker or two regaling themselves upon the wholesome dainty."

"You wrote that, didn't you, mamma?" exclaimed the lad, glancing out of the window to our own trees.

"No, I did not, dear," I answered. "That is from an article by Mr. Bradford Torrey in the *Youth's Companion*."

"Well, we've had the suet and the birds for a long time," he persisted, walking to the window. "See, there are some birds now. And you go to the window to look out at them very often."

"Quite true," I said, laughing.

I think I saw first in a book by John Burrows that birds like suet and beefsteak; and a long time ago I heard Mrs. Sara Hubbard

lecture, and she told us how birds like the scraps from the table, and how pleasant it is to have them come near the house to eat. So ever since that we have fed them.

Olive Thorne Miller says that when we commence to feed the birds it seems a duty to remember them always, and I have felt just so about it. I should be sorry to see any bird come here searching for food and going away hungry. It is such a little thing to us, and means so much to the hungry little fellows.

So we feed the birds the whole year through, and have seen many a beautiful wanderer, as well as the birds that come daily to eat at our table.

They will eat almost anything. Meat, cut into small pieces, potatoes, breakfast foods cooked or dry, bread,—scraps of all kinds are thrown out to them, and also put in a basket which is hung in a tree, where stray dogs can not reach it, and where they who choose can eat unmolested. When there is snow a place is cleared and food thrown out in the same place every day.

There are "generous pieces of suet" nailed to the trees, and just now downy and hairy woodpeckers and nuthatches eat there most frequently, as they can so easily run up and down the tree-trunks, and can chip off the suet with their strong bills even when it is hardest,—sometimes with the mercury at fifteen degrees below zero.

From a bird-book, not a cook-book, I learned how to make a "cake" for the birds which they enjoy immensely.

Aeltje Blanchau, in *How to Attract the Birds*, says: "Birds can endure intense cold on full stomachs, but their winter larder must often be very lean. Never is hospitality so keenly appreciated as then; never are birds so welcome to us. Trimmings of beefsteak, lumps of suet, and a rind of pork tied on the branches of trees near enough to the home to be watched by its inmates, attract some very interesting winter neighbors—chickadees, nuthatches, tufted titmice, brown creepers, woodpeckers, and blue jays. Minced raw meat, waste canary-, hemp-, and sunflower-seed, buckwheat, cracked oats and corn, crumbs, and the sweepings from the hay-loft scattered over the ground make a delectable hash for feathered boarders with varied appetites. Food that can be put in dishes on piazza roofs or on shelves in trees either summer or winter for such soft billed birds as robins, catbirds, mocking-birds, thrushes, and orioles—the most delightful and tuneful of bird neighbors, is made of equal parts of cornmeal, peameal, and German moss into which enough molasses and melted suet or lard have been stirred to make a thick batter. If this mixture is fried for half an hour it can be packed away in jars and will keep for weeks. Grated carrot or minced apple is a welcome addition."

As I have my lard made at home from fresh leaf-lard and beef suet, I take what is left after the straining is all finished, and make a cake for the birds. The first time, as I did not happen to have the peameal and German moss, I put in oatmeal, cornmeal, and apple, frying as directed, and putting into a pan to cool and harden. This we cut out in triangular pieces and put out for the birds, and they so evidently enjoyed it, and we so enjoyed seeing them eat it, that I have always made it for them since that first time. It is

harder than when molasses is used,—but we find plenty to put out for the soft-billed birds.

Torrey speaks of putting filbert kernels in a crocheted bag, and as I had trouble to make this bird-cake stay nailed to the trees, I thought about the crocheted bags, and made some. Then I decided to try something more substantial and used a double wire dish-cloth. This I hung on a nail driven into a tree directly in front of my sitting-room window; and there are also pieces of the food hung on the posts of the kitchen porch and on a small choke-cherry tree in front of the kitchen door. Pieces are laid up under the eaves of the porch, as birds often take refuge there on stormy days.

Some busy housekeeper may say, "I have no time for such things. The necessary things keep me busy." But one must have "hyacinths to feed the soul!" An experienced housekeeper said there was no poetry in the real housekeeping,—she "knew too much about it." But there may be poetry even in washing dishes if one can at the same time watch a gay black and white bird with a beautiful red spot on his head, pounding and pecking away, tap, tap, tapping at the food you have made for his especial benefit.

At first you think some one is knocking at the door, then you remember with a feeling of pleasure that it is another neighbor come to visit you. And as he finishes with his cake and flies to a tree for suet you watch him. And you observe that he lights on the tree, high up, with his head up, and cautiously looking around, backs down to the food and below it by a series of funny little hops and hitches, this pretty little downy woodpecker.

And then you watch another bird and see that it is much smaller, and is steel blue with black on its head and nape and white underneath. And that its tail is short and cut off square; and he lights high up on the tree with his head down, and walks down the tree, still with his head down till he reaches the food. And if you have looked him up in a bird-book and have found out beforehand, you know that this little bird is also a permanent resident, and that he is called a nuthatch. You watch him as he pecks off a piece and sticks it into a chink in the bark and pounds away at it as though he were cracking a nut, cheery little fellow.

And then you watch a brown bird, very tiny,—and you see that it lights on the tree high up with its head up, and then drops down almost to the ground, creeping up, up, up, searching for insects as he goes, and stopping to take a nibble at your cake. When he gets to the top he drops down again.

If you do not know him, you run to look at your book before he flies away; and when you find a bird that answers to his description, you say yes, yes, yes, to this, that, and the other thing as you read. And you say, "It is a brown creeper and I never saw one before."

Burroughs speaks of the "thrill" experienced when a beginner identifies a bird himself and learns its call. I shall never forget the first flickers I ever saw to know them. Though they are woodpeckers, they sometimes feed on the ground in the fall, and it was on the ground that I saw them. Not looking for woodpeckers there I thought at first that they were robins, but looking closely I saw the marks, the red on the head, the black crescent on the breast,

and as one flew to the trunk of a tree showing a flash of yellow with which the wings are lined, and giving his loud, cheery cry, I said, "Those must be flickers,"—and looking it up I found I was right. After that I easily recognized its call whenever I heard it, and it never failed to bring a feeling of friendliness for all birds, and for that bird in particular.

I feel just so when I hear the first call in the spring of the red-headed woodpecker—the bird that ate the "cherries," and

"Flew purt nigh wite over my high-chair,
When we et out on the porch."

A pair fed daily at our trees one spring, and finally brought a little gray bird with no red on its head and taught it to eat suet, till it came alone whenever it pleased, never failing to announce itself as it flew to the tree. The next year it was the same color as its parents, and I could not tell which was which. Of course it came back—or at least we like to think so.

One day I heard a little "tzitty, tzit, tzit, tzit," hardly louder than an insect, then more of it, till I concluded there were birds in the trees—many of them—and went out to see. After looking long and carefully, I discovered a large number of golden-crowned kinglets, such tiny, tiny birds. They stayed in the tree-tops, hidden by the foliage, very persistently, till finally to satisfy my curiosity one flew down to the fence, then to a tall weed to pick the dry seeds and talk to me as I stood only a few feet away. These little fellows, as do many others, visit us only a few days at a time in the spring and fall.

Down by the lake I saw the ruby-crowned kinglet, and I have recognized in our own trees many of the sparrows, warblers, and birds I had never seen. I was particularly interested to identify a black-throated green warbler, another very tiny bird, as it sang its beautiful little song outside my window one cold spring day. Also a pair of black and white creeping warblers. A flock of goldfinches and another of white-crowned sparrows were watched with keenest interest, as was a solitary rose-breasted grosbeak. The Baltimore oriole and scarlet tanager are ever-welcome visitors. One spring I saw forty different varieties right at home. I may never see quite so many again at my own door—I may have to go a "birding"—for the place is growing and the "pasture" is no longer a pasture.

I can remember when I went to walk and saw very few birds. They must have been there but I did not always see them. Now, the willows which line the edge of the beach on the lake shore are full of birds when birds are plenty, and our own trees at home have more birds than the robin, the blue jay, and the sparrow, the only ones I used to notice. Nature takes on a new and more delightful mien. The trees and shrubs and bushes are more lovely because the birds are there and I am beginning to know them. They call to us to come out and see what God hath done!

And so we do all we can to invite them here. In summer there is water in shallow pans set high up, for them to drink from and bathe in. In the spring there is softened bread and moistened corn-meal for the baby birds, and many a mother finds them for her

brood. One pair of song-sparrows paid for all the trouble of preparing and putting out food by coming again and again and yet again for cornmeal to feed their babies, a block away in a neighbor's yard.

To come back to our winter birds which we want to feed just now, there are most commonly seen downy and hairy woodpeckers, nut-hatches, chickadees, sparrows, blue jays, juncos, and wrens. One day, a snowy, blowy day,—just the sort of weather when these birds stay around most of the time to eat the warming food put out,—an isolated sapsucker took the field and would not let the rightful possessors come near. He flew from tree to tree, trying to keep them away, but when more pieces of cake were put out in other places he had more than he could do to watch them all, so decided to eat and let the rest eat, "to live and let live." Since that time he has behaved pretty well, and seems to have learned to live very peaceably with his neighbors.

For those who become interested in our feathered friends, there are many delightful books, beautifully illustrated, which make the study of birds exceedingly interesting, and to study them at home, at close range, with opera-glasses or camera, may be very exciting. Birds are fine neighbors and well worth cultivating.

HORTENSE SELLOM CRAMER.



Elbert A. Smith, Lamoni, Iowa.

Elbert A. Smith, Editor, Lamoni, Iowa.

EDITORIAL.

IN ONE Religio local interest lagged so that at times only two or three would be present. A new president was elected. He prepared a neat card, trimmed in mourning, which stated that the funeral of the local Religio society had been postponed. This card was hung in the church-building and attracted considerable notice. He followed it up each week with something attractive and original in the way of advertising and soon the attendance increased remarkably. Then he proceeded to put forth strenuous and successful efforts to hold those who came. Moral: advertise, then live-up to your advertisements.

RELIGIO CARTOONS.—XII. "At the foot of the ladder."



Drawn by Earnest Webbe.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE CHURCH.

This story was given first prize in AUTUMN LEAVES history contest. Heman C. Smith and Vida E. Smith acted as judges.—EDITOR.

Who does not enjoy hearing grandfather and grandmother tell of the happenings in their lives; the joys and sorrows, victories and defeats, all are full of interest. As in these human lives so in the life of the church, dear to each Saint, we may find many events teeming with interest. We wonder how it all happened and would know its babyhood.

We must look to the Green Mountain State, in a little town called Sharon, in Windsor County, where in one of the year's coldest months, on December 23, 1805, was born to Joseph and Lucy Smith a little boy to whom was given the father's name, Joseph. Ten quiet years there, and then the family located on a farm in Palmyra, New York. Farm work seemed to occupy much of little Joseph's time so that together with poor advantages his education was limited to a knowledge of the most common branches.

The training of his parents together with natural inclinations brought him to think seriously on religious matters at as early an age as fourteen. He became much interested in a religious revival and was reading the Bible, trying to understand God's way.

He could not decide which denomination's way was right; and chancing to read in James' epistle, "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upraideth not; and it shall be given him," (James 1:5,) he believed it. So, going

apart in one of "God's first temples," he asked for that wisdom which would direct him as to which church to join.

His earnest, unremittent prayer, uttered in childlike faith, was answered by a bright, beautiful light coming down from heaven, until it lighted the forest about him. With it descended two heavenly personages, who told the boy that the creeds of the churches were not pleasing to God and he should not join any church, but that sometime he would know of the true gospel.

Three years passed, and one night as he prayed earnestly for additional knowledge his room filled with light and an angel of God entered and told him that the time was at hand for the fullness of the gospel to be preached in all the world, to prepare them for the second coming of Christ, and if faithful he would be chosen to lead in that work. He was also told of America's prehistoric inhabitants, that their descendants were our American Indians, and that these ancients had kept records under God's commands; that God had caused them to be preserved and that now he was chosen to bring these records to the knowledge of the world, if he would be faithful.

The next day Joseph was shown the place in a hill where they were hidden, and saw the plates, but they were not given into his charge for four years. Then, together with the Urim and Thummim, an angel delivered them to him. The record, inscribed on sheets of gold seven by eight inches in size and bound together as a book, made a volume about six inches thick, part of which was sealed. The Urim and Thummim was an instrument used in translating as was done by the seers of Bible history. It seemed the determination of the evil one to destroy this work of God, so many evilly disposed persons tried to kill Joseph and to take the plates, until for safety he moved to Pennsylvania, where the work of translation was continued with Martin Harris as scribe and later Oliver Cowdery. In 1830 the first printed volume of this record called the Book of Mormon appeared with the testimony of the three to whom an angel showed the plates and of the eight to whom Joseph showed the plates as witnesses of the truthfulness of the work accomplished.

During the year previous to this, after Joseph and Oliver Cowdery had read of the definite baptismal pattern given by Christ to the ancient inhabitants of America and recorded in the Book of Mormon, they desired baptism. Seeking the Lord for guidance an angel was sent to them who ordained them to the Aaronic priesthood and commanded them to baptize each other. Others now began to read the Book of Mormon and as they read a number were given evidence of its truthfulness and were baptized. These steps led to the organization of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints on April 6, 1830, at Manchester, Ontario County, New York, Joseph, Jr., having moved to New York the year previous. About this time the Melchisedec priesthood was restored, and hands were laid upon those baptized for the reception of the Holy Ghost.

In the year 1830 revelations were received giving instructions for certain elders to go west on a mission to the Lamanites, or Indians as commonly termed. These elders complied and preached as they journeyed. One stop was made at Kirtland, Ohio, where a goodly number accepted the gospel, and a branch was organized, so that in

the early part of the year 1831 Joseph and his wife, who was worthy of all honor that may be given a wife, removed to Kirtland.

We now notice a number of interesting happenings. At the midsummer conference at Kirtland a revelation was received instructing several elders to proceed to Missouri, Jackson County, where Zion would finally be established. Two years later the translation of the Bible by the spirit of inspiration was completed, but was not published for several years. This same year the Lord gave plans for the erection of a temple in Kirtland, which was finally completed and dedicated in 1836, and still stands as an example of wonderful architectural skill. Many were added to the church and the name "Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints" was chosen by the body.

In the spring of 1835 some emigrated to Missouri, and the next few years saw many more go there. The citizens among whom the Saints tried to settle, inspired by that evil one, persecuted the Saints even by mobbing, until the homes they had bought had to be left. Sad indeed, for they had gathered about the spot, Independence, where a lot had been set apart for the erection of a temple. Leaving there they removed to an adjoining county to a place called Far West. It was in 1838 that Joseph, Jr., and his family arrived there and about that time a large company of Saints came from Kirtland to Missouri. This roused the ire of his Satanic Majesty and inspiring his earthly servants the most cruel brutalities were enacted against the Saints. They suffered worse from plunderings and mobbings than they had in Jackson County and finally in the fall of the year many a brutal massacre occurred at Haun's Mill. The very name of the place causes a shudder to those acquainted with the history of the perils that befell the Saints at that time. God had not intended it should be so, but he would not protect his people because they had been disobedient to his commands.

After a series of unjust imprisonments, Joseph escaped to Illinois. Some of the Saints had already fled to that State, and the remainder soon followed, so that a settlement was made at Commerce or Nauvoo in 1839.

We associate so much with the land of Palestine we might step aside from the settlement of Nauvoo just to notice that one year later Elder Orson Hyde was sent to the Holy Land to bless it for God's people, returning in about two years. A mission had been firmly established in England some years previous to this and editions of the English Hymn Book and Book of Mormon were published.

So many being driven from Missouri, Nauvoo grew very rapidly, receiving its charter in about one year's time from the beginning of the settlement. The Saints were then much interested in the building of a temple, and happy in their work. It grew into a beautiful and wonderful structure, the baptismal font was dedicated, but the temple was never fully completed, and in a few years it was wantonly burned, for history again repeated itself. The older settlers, who were hostile to the Saints, endeavored to fasten their own evil deeds upon the Saints, and finally brought the trouble to a culmination by assassinating the leaders in God's work, Joseph, Jr., and his brother, Hyrum Smith, June 27, 1844.

The mob knew no law and a year later the Saints were forced to evacuate their beautiful homes in Nauvoo. They scattered in little bands and several ambitious men usurped authority as leaders of the church. Prominent among these was Brigham Young, who gained the largest following, led them to Utah, rebaptized his followers, and later introduced polygamy and its kindred evils.

Another active leader, J. J. Strang, took a following to Beaver Island, Lake Michigan, introducing doctrines antagonistic to the true faith. Others led little bands of the Saints to localities in the neighboring States.

However, the greater number of the Saints held aloof from any of these leaders, remaining constant in the hope that "little Joseph" would yet fill his father's place according to the blessings pronounced upon him by his father before his assassination. As early as 1831 revelations were received sustaining this hope, which led to a little band assembling near Beloit, Wisconsin, and taking preparatory steps toward the Reorganization. This was completed April 6, 1860, when Joseph the son of Joseph the Martyr became the president of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.

MRS. JEROME E. WILDERMUTH.



WHO'S WHO.

When I took Hector for a walk it used to be great fun;
He was a little puppy then, and close to me he'd run.
But when we go out walking now it's different as can be—
I don't know whether I take him, or whether he takes me!
—January *St. Nicholas*.



ARCTIC ADVANTAGES.

"It's bedtime, dear," they always say
Just when I'm at my nicest play;
And then I wish for arctic climes,
Where day is six months long, at times.

But, when the breakfast bell I hear,
My bed does seem so snug and dear,
I yawn and long with all my might
For six good months of arctic-night.
—Mary Catherine Callan, in January *St. Nicholas*.



LIBRARY DEPARTMENT.

S. A. Burgess, General Librarian, 415 Locust Street, St. Louis, Missouri.

A RELIGIAN'S LIBRARY.

The general librarian has been asked several times of late in regard to the individual Religian's library—will he have any, or are all the books to be turned into the local library.

Most certainly we should still have our own books. Just as the local needs some books near at hand, where they can be reached

readily and not be out around the district, so we each of us need some books so near at hand that we can have daily reference to them and make them our close companions. This applies in particular to the three church books—the Inspired Version of the Bible, Book of Mormon, and Doctrine and Covenants. And as we grow we may and shall find other of the church books that we need close at hand for more frequent use than is possible with the local library books. We want to mark them and use them and make them our own.

Then there will be the books of our trade or profession, according as our lifework here may be—books on mechanics, electricity, medicine, law, and the like. These are books that would not interest all, and so would hardly be found in the local library, while we need them all the time near at hand. Our school-books would come in this class, and the study books of us older children. Some of these study books may be passed on to others for similar use, since we have mastered their contents; others may be proper for the local library; but some we shall still need to keep near us for frequent use.

Thirdly, there will be our favorites, gift-books perhaps, but some of the masterpieces of literature, the great world poems, such as Shakespeare, Milton, Dante, and Goethe, or a translation of Homer. We may also have orations, novels, essays, as our means and time permit. Then there are books which belong to two or all of these three arbitrary classes, books on philosophy, psychology, the world religions, or the study of some favorite masterpiece in the original language, even though it be the New Testament in Greek, or the Old Testament in Hebrew.

But it is not our aim to make this discussion exhaustive, but merely to indicate the scope of our individual libraries. Nor is there any attempt to name the books, for that depends on the individual tastes and aims to a major extent. The local library is to supplement and round out the deficiencies in our own library of church and religious books, not to displace. The circulating library of the Sunday-school, if we understand it correctly, is to round out or rather increase our acquaintance with the world's best books; for that department is too large to consider rounding out or completing. So we find it one of the duties of the good literature committee "to encourage the reading of all good books," and we take that to mean not only generally, but also try to suggest good books, and get the membership, especially the younger ones, reading some of the best books. And in later years try to advise and encourage one another, when your needs extend beyond the Sunday-school, to select the best from the public library or book-store. We can help one another by uniting our knowledge into a common fund, rather than each one have to navigate the sea of books for him or herself.

Our magazines will follow the same lines: the church publications, our technical or professional journals, and some periodicals on philosophy or for the pleasure of good reading. And here again we may help one another. As to our newspapers, we may conclude the whole with the excellent advice to all: "Read not the Times, read the Eternities."—Thoreau.

Remember the annual reports as soon as possible after December

31. We regret very much not having been able to give more time to this work in the year just closing, but shall be glad to hear what you are doing and are trying to do. If you have done nothing, please write and tell us about it. What are you doing with the local library?



NOTES ON JANUARY PROGRAMS.

[Note Doctrine and Covenants 90:5, 6, 12; 85:36. The Choice of Books—Harrison. Arena in AUTUMN LEAVES, especially July, 1906 and since. Do not be afraid of covering the same ground twice. It may need it.]

I. The relation of books to civilization. 1. This is to be treated broadly, not on a narrow construction of "books." 2. In Book of Mormon we have the Nephites on one hand; the Lamanites or in fact the Mulokites on the other. Any nation can be taken to show how literature preserves forms of language; the ideals and best thought, so that successive ages instead of having to repeat, can go on to higher intellectual ground. 3. Not only that, but the *character* of literature preserves the ideals of life, so determines in large measure the *peculiar phases* and *character* of the civilization.

II. The book we read and our religious belief. 1. As Harrison expresses it in Choice of Books (see AUTUMN LEAVES, July, 1906, p. 330.) 2. Back in the far past we may see how education and literature has determined religious belief; if it is not the reverse, that the religious books are their best literature. 3. But later we can see how family training and, when we get to think, the books we have to read affect largely our ideas of a Supreme Being and his attributes; also our relationship to our fellow man. 4. Our ideas of Zion are largely colored, it seems, by what we have individually read on sociological subjects. According to sacred writ Moses, Ezra, John, and Nephi and others were commanded to write: when Lehi left Jerusalem the importance was emphasized of his taking a copy of the law. 5. On the other hand we have the very important fact that the book of religious belief is the book, in almost every nation. The Bible for Christians; Old Testament for the Israelites or Jews; Eddas for ancient Scandinavia; Book of Dead, Ancient Egypt; Kings—China; Zend-Avesta for Persia.

III. The multiplication of books. 1. In ancient times the Egyptians were great writers and historians, though the Chaldeans, Greeks, Romans, Jews, and others around the Mediterranean were also prolific. The Alexandrian library, if memory serves, we have seen stated at well in the millions of volumes. 2. But how is it to-day? We can not even guess the total output; a sea of ink and almost a mountain of paper. Certain it is that we can not make a reasonable impression on the daily output, let alone read past few years, and let alone the volumes of antiquity.

IV. The necessity for a wise choice of books. 1. There is here the view of the effect on our mental training; our ideas of life and our duty to our fellow man; our religion—our idea of our relation to our Father. 2. The development of our character depends largely on what we read. 3. We can read only a very small part even with

the greatest industry. 4. We may add the greater part is not worth reading; some is bad; much is indifferently poor; even of the good there is a need for a choice; and in view of the effect on our life and character—we need a wise choice. Not to study is to stagnate. Do not forget your annual report—close December 31.

S. A. BURGESS.



THE LITERAL CHINAMAN.

I had often heard of the literal quality of the Chinese mind and had a personally delivered sample of it one morning, says a writer in the *Travel Magazine*. I went into a jeweler's shop to buy a souvenir spoon. The selection made, I wrote upon a piece of paper the inscription "Hong Kong, 1906," to have the same engraved on bowl. As I started to leave the store the Chinaman called me back and asked for a deposit. I gave him seventy-five cents and made a note of the fact on the paper on which I had written the intended inscription. When I called for my spoon the next day it was inscribed in the bowl:

"Hong Kong,
1906,
Paid 75 cents."



NOTICE OF AMENDMENT.

Notice is hereby given that at the next General Religio Convention, to be held at Lamoni, Iowa, the following will be moved: To add to section two, Constitution of District or stake societies, the words "or otherwise, as may be determined by the district," so that it will read, if so amended, "Section 2. Elections.—The officers shall be elected annually at such time and place as the association may direct, all officers to hold until their successors are elected. The matter of election same as General Society, or otherwise, as may be determined by the district."

J. W. WIGHT.
W. F. SMITH.



NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The Devil is always the companion of the fellow out of a job.

I would rather my neighbors to know me as a sinner than God to know me as a hypocrite.

When a fellow learns that he does not know it all, he is in a fair way to learn something.

The man who jumps at conclusions often fractures his spinal column when he alights.

Praise and prayer are a good pair.

Happiness nests all about us, but most of us look too high for the nest.

Shun the man with two faces under one hat.

An awkward truth looks better than a polished lie. The fool who

tells the truth shames the wisdom of a hundred liars. No man can be caught in a lie who always speaks the truth.

A sermon preached behind a diamond stud never sounds just right. Short sermons often come from long heads.

A stiff-necked generation generally has a soft head above it.

We should never expect our neighbors to be better than ourselves.

Whenever a man surrenders a principle of right, the Devil always closes the trade.

W. H. WORDEN.

STEWARTSVILLE, Missouri.



A PLEA FOR BETTER EDUCATION.

It has been remarked that our young people are cheerful, yet serious; and if they are to be the future corner-stones in Zion they must be serious enough to realize to some degree the responsibility that will rest upon them in the future. But to make this seriousness effective, it must be supported by well-trained minds.

Not long ago I heard a sermon, the central thought of which was, "Study the 'three books' and with the help of the Holy Spirit get from them your knowledge—let them be your educators."

I do not wish to depreciate these books in the least,—the Bible, Doctrine and Covenants, and Book of Mormon,—but I do wish to emphasize the need of a broader knowledge than I believe the average student will get from the three.

I do not propose to give the opinion of the public in regard to our educational standing, for you all know what it is, and it is certainly unpleasant to hear. Just how far the public is in error and just to what extent they are correct, I do not propose to say, but will give a few facts. At Independence (I refer to that place because I am more familiar with conditions there than elsewhere) we have a very admirable system of schools. In the last two years there have been enrolled in the high school approximately eighty-six children of Latter Day Saint parents out of a total number of six hundred and ninety, or about twelve and one half per cent. Bear in mind that the Latter Day Saints form approximately sixteen per cent of the population of Independence. And in the last five years there have been, out of a total number of one hundred and twenty-two graduates, only eleven who were identified as Latter Day Saints. This is but nine per cent.

What do these figures mean? Simply this: that, instead of the sixteen per cent being maintained, which would be the case if our education were on a par with the rest of our community, we have only twelve per cent entering the high school and but nine per cent that graduate.

All too many of the young people are content to leave school at the grammar grades when they are insufficiently prepared for the battles of life, or to meet the demands that will be made of them later on. It may be that the same conditions do not exist in many places that do exist in Independence, for there the busy, bustling city calls too many of them from their quiet school life to its business colleges, offices, and stores and factories. I highly approve of special training for any line of business, but I would urge the neces-

sity of a broader foundation for our life experiences than a grammar-grade education supplemented by from six to twelve months in a business college or an apprenticeship of equal duration. At that time of life the fires of ambition are only kindling and the ideals are just taking form. But under the conditions that exist in most of our business colleges or apprentice shops the ambition will seldom become a consuming fire, nor the ideal a part and parcel of the soul.

We are going to be the loser by such procedure, but we can not estimate the loss. If you would have examples of what an education will do for a man or woman, take those who are now the pillars of our church. Are they not those who are the better educated, whether they have acquired it through schools or through study and perseverance? But how often do we hear young as well as more mature members of our community say, "The Lord will help us out." It is most certainly true that he has helped us out, that he does help us, and that he will, but I firmly believe that God helps those who help themselves. Don't you think it is asking a little too much of his abundant mercy to ask him to make up to us what we have lost by indifference to the opportunities he has offered to us? I do.

"For unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall have an abundance; but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath."—Matthew 25: 14.

EDNA DONALDSON.

INDEPENDENCE, Missouri.



NEWS FROM SOCIETIES.

Take special notice! The date for sending in news has been changed. Correspondents may now send items to reach the editor by the fifteenth of each month. Wait until about that date and send in fresh items.—EDITOR.

Atchison, Kansas.—Our local, only six weeks old, is strong in interest, although small in numbers. We tried to secure *Quarterlies* for the very beginning of the Book of Mormon study, but being out of print we began a year behind current work. As the president of the society I give a map talk at every session on the early history, always sandwiching in some modern proofs, also reviewing past work at every session, locating armies, cities, etc., and "connecting up" with the lesson in hand.

The members are largely adults and how to get them interested in the "after-lesson program" was taxing me. I hit upon the plan of asking some one to write up a paper in story form on the lesson, using the map as freely as he cared too. This is a regular feature. It places the matter before the society in a neat, comprehensive manner instead of fragmentary as we get it in the lesson study. Another idea is to ask two persons to be ready to tell us what point in the lesson impressed them most. As a general thing they differ, and by a little tact (on the part of the presiding officer) they are shortly in a warm discussion, all hands taking part, where a pre-announced debate would only serve to keep the timid ones away.

At our next session we will have a contest. We "choose sides" in the old-fashioned way then select Book of Mormon characters, or

cities of familiar lessons, and give them to spell and *define*. To fail to spell correctly does not constitute an entire failure for we make the definition the main issue. For example—the word *Nephi* is given. The pupil must tell if it be character or place or both, then relate some incident with reference to it. You see in an effort to amuse we still center around the Book of Mormon and educate at the same time.

FLO McNICHOLS.

Holden, Mo.—The reader of AUTUMN LEAVES would never know there was a live local at this place, from reports; however, we hope that condition is a thing of the past. We like to read of the success of Religio work throughout the land, so we will contribute our mite. November 17 and 18 the Religio stake convention convened here. A very profitable and enjoyable time was had by all attending. Some excellent thoughts, characteristic of the twentieth century, were presented by talks and papers. A fine feature of the convention was a lecture by Bro. Miller. An illustrated lecture attracts attention and gets the Book of Mormon before the people in an able and convincing manner. Will tell about the local here when I have no convention to report.

LALA SMITH JOHNSON.

Los Angeles, Cal.—Our society is still forging along with three fine classes and splendid interest. Sr. Lottie Ballard, one of our regular and most studious members, has been very low with typhoid fever but is now on the road to recovery. Bro. Hugo Adam, another faithful and conscientious student of the Book of Mormon, is now enjoying better health. He was recently called to the office of priest and seemed well qualified. Bro. J. M. Anderson is filling the dual rôle of president and vice-president with interest and ability. Sr. Odine Hawkins has proved herself a very efficient secretary the past year. The society gave a very enjoyable Halloween social at the residence of Sr. S. A. Howland, and, as is always the case, every one had a delightful time. A question arose in our young ladies' class recently, "Will the colored race ever become white as the Lamanites did and as they will again?" Any answer will be appreciated. If not, why not? if they serve God equally with the Lamanites?

The "Inspired dreams and visions" appearing in the AUTUMN LEAVES are exceeding interesting, to my mind.

The editors of the *Religio Quarterly* will certainly reap a reward in the hereafter, for no one can estimate the good it does in this world in the study of the new and everlasting covenant.

R. T. COOPER.

Burlington, Iowa.—The only social event of interest during this month was a social held at the home of the pastor. The weather was decidedly unfavorable, and as a consequence the correspondent was not present, but the report from various sources was that a pleasant evening was spent.

Our last business-meeting was held November 18, when five new members were accepted and a sixth name presented. Some time ago we reported that Burlington was "alive, though perhaps a little sleepy." We think now that Burlington may "wake up." At that

same meeting, the action of the executive committee was indorsed, which provided for a rearrangement of classes, thus forming one new adult class and making provision for the juniors who might be able to attend. We are again meeting Sunday evening, and though it almost necessarily shortens our time, it has some advantages, and we hope that, at least, in may not prove detrimental.

ETHEL A. LACY.

St. Louis, Mo.—Our November prayer-service was good. The good literature committee gave a musical November 5. A collection was taken to be used for literary purposes. The flower and music committee had charge of a splendid program November 9. The flower of the month, the chrysanthemum, used for decoration. The programs were written on hand-painted maple-leaves, colored in autumn colorings. About eighty-five were present. The program that the relief committee had charge of was good. The "Indefinite" read on the same evening was much enjoyed.

Our juveniles did nobly November 23. We were pleased to note the willingness of our future Religians to perform their duty. Souvenirs consisting of little pasteboard boxes filled with candy—red-hots representing cranberries—and a hand-painted pumpkin pasted on top of each box were given to every attendant. Most of the music and recitations pertained to Thanksgiving-time. With the activity of committees in getting up these entertaining programs, our lessons have not been neglected. Our president is very diligent in seeing that all classes are interested in their study. We now have seven classes. The attendance has been decidedly on the increase since last report. We have six added to our membership list the past month.

Fall River, Mass.—An old yet true scriptural saying is, "It is good to give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good and his mercy endureth for ever," and contemplating the goodness of God and being thankful that we have one day in the year set apart for the special purpose of showing our appreciation for all the blessings we receive, we had the Sunday following Thanksgiving for this purpose. The president and Religians worked faithfully to secure a good attendance and their efforts met with fair success. A program was prepared which consisted of readings, and an original story on the first Thanksgiving, interspersed with music and song. Response to the roll-call was to name something we were thankful for, or a quotation from the Bible bearing on thankfulness. We are sorry that our pastor, who also is our critic, and his beloved companion are to leave us the coming week, being appointed to another mission.

MRS. HATTIE HOWLETT.

Independence, Mo.—The sixteenth convention of the Independence Stake Religio-Literary society was held at Holden, November 17 and 18, with President Bushnell as chairman. The need and advisability of a condensed story of the Book of Mormon illustrated by archæology was discussed, preceded by an article from Bro. W. H. Deam on the same subject. Reports from locals are encouraging and the outlook for next year promises more thorough work. There are ten locals and sixteen home classes, making a total of

1029. The Independence local gave a reception to Professor Stewart and F. B. Blair of Graceland College on Friday evening, December 17. The Religio members were out in large numbers. Some of our prettiest girls presided at the decorated booths and dispensed sandwiches and lemon punch. The reception was held in the dining-hall. The sweet strains of the orchestra added to the babel of sounds, as we all wanted to talk at once. ALTHA R. DEAM.

INDEPENDENCE STAKE.

Some items in this report are of general interest and we gladly give it space.—
EDITOR.

Every local in the Kansas Cities can be found generally in good working order, especially in the study of the Book of Mormon. Much interest is manifested in the prayer-service in most locals though some, we regret to say, have abandoned this part of the work, and in our opinion to the detriment of their spiritual development. The literary and program work is being sadly neglected in locals, for the most part, as the committees seem to be a little slack in bringing forward new material. It takes considerable energy and persistency to seek out these recruits and the tendency is to rely on the few old standbys rather than to develop the majority.

In regard to the song-service it would be well if each Relagian would try to pay especial heed to the commands in the Doctrine and Covenants along this line. There is more of an effort being made on the part of the executives to observe better decorum and advance the drill of parliamentary rules in business-meetings than heretofore.

The home class work under the management of Sr. Deam has resulted in sowing the seed of interest among scattered members to the extent that they will probably furnish material for the establishment of two more locals in our stake.

In the stake, according to the census of 1900, the population was 478,900 and as the Religio enrollment now numbers 1,200—or one Relagian to every 400—we can see we are entitled to 400 neighbors apiece when observing the revelation which reads: "Behold, I sent you out to testify and warn the people, and it becometh every man who hath been warned to warn his neighbor."

While speaking of warning it might be well to suggest for the betterment of our condition and the progress of the work the following: The reunion such as held in Nauvoo last July, in which the church, Sunday-school, and Religio were equally represented, should be established as a permanent feature, and we trust that such an ideal is not too high to be reached in this Independence Stake."

At the last General Convention there seemed to be an appeal for a condensed history of the church and we now present the subject of arranging for a condensed story of the Book of Mormon illustrated by archæology.

It might be a move in the right direction for a petition to be sent from this body to the Board of Publication requesting the LEAVES to be published semimonthly with a more generous use of illustrations.

W. A. BUSHNELL.

From report of president.

**AUTUMN
LEAVES**



FEBRUARY, 1907

KUSTROWBRI

AUTUMN LEAVES

ELBERT A. SMITH, Editor

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From photo by Chas. Brackebury.

BURNING OF THE HERALD OFFICE, JANUARY 5, 1907.

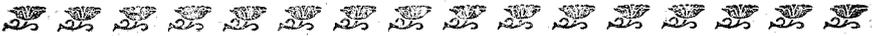
(See Editor's Corner.)

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EQUALITY.

BY BISHOP E. L. KELLÉY.

Equality is the condition or quality of being equal. Persons under this condition are neither superior nor inferior; greater nor less; better nor worse.

This does not mean that one is just as tall as another, or that all must weigh in the same notch, eat the same amount of food, or sing well in the same key; but it does mean that there are no servants and no masters, no exalted and no debased, none specially privileged and one whose rights are specially abridged.

In temporal matters each is supplied according to "his needs and wants inasmuch as his wants are just." But it is not necessary that all shall engage in the same business, or work at the same trade, nor that they shall have the same sized family, nor have a stewardship of the same amount of property. The equality of the holding is based upon the needs and just wants of all and is determined according to the reasonable demands, circumstances, business capabilities, talents, and calling of each.

PURITY OF LIFE FIRST.

There absolutely can be no idlers, loafers, busybodies, backbiters, deceivers, rogues, liars, drunkards, libertines, or covetous persons where there is equality; and conversely, where any of these things exist the rules and laws belonging to this order can not be safely entered upon; hence the divine instruction to the church in December, 1833, upon its failure to carry out the law of equality among the Saints: "Behold, I say unto you, there were jarring and contentions, and envyings and strifes, and lustful and covetous desires among them, therefore by these things they polluted their inheritances."—Doctrine and Covenants 98:3.

Also the following, June 22, 1834: "Therefore in consequence of the transgressions of my people, it is expedient in me that mine elders should wait for a little season for the redemption of Zion, that they themselves may be prepared and that my people may be taught more perfectly concerning their duty and the things which I require at their hands."—Ibid., 102:3.

The rule of conduct enjoined by Jesus at the first of his ministry in Palestine is the true governing principle to be met at the threshold of the Zionitic state of equality, and men must ever stand dazed and disappointed who undertake to bring about the hoped for conditions among a people who fail to keep this law: "Therefore, all things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets."—Matthew 7:12.

Those who attempt to force the condition without following the laws governing are in a like pitiable state as the religious enthusiast who promises that heaven may be gained any way you please, so you say, "Lord, help, I am a sinner." But Jesus taught, "Not every one that saith Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father who is in heaven."

Why not follow Christ, instead of the teaching of some man? "Enter ye in at the strait gate."

The question of conditions precedent to entering upon the system of equality has been presented to the reader at this early time in considering the question, because in the judgment of the writer, it is the one phase to which the attention of all should now be earnestly directed. It is an easy matter to awaken a desire on the part of the people to enter upon the enjoyment of the holy association of complete oneness and equality, but another thing to lead them so to live and sacrifice as to make the introduction of the order of equality possible. The error of the present age is much the same as with the Jews when Jesus taught and wrought among them; there is a great desire to be partakers of the "loaves and fishes," but too little disposition shown to commend the religion of the Master by keeping his sayings. There can be no near approach to the doctrine of equality without an earnest effort of self-denial and unselfish sacrifice.

EQUALITY OF RIGHTS.

One prominent feature of the condition of being equal is already fully reached by the people, but has been unappreciated by many and abused by many others. It is that of equality of rights. To proceed further in the way of divine oneness this must be zealously cherished and honored. It applies to every person and to every condition, and so necessarily its bounds stop at the borders of the rights belonging to every other individual. It at once opens the door of opportunity and advancement to all, but just as effectually closes the avenue of interference with the work, business, rights, and privileges of every one.

Equality of rights does not permit one to take advantage of his neighbor, interfere with the work of others, or in any way

authorize him to assume a position of influence and trust to which he is not properly called and elevated. A community of rights in parallel lines, not at angles, and properly honored, permits no clashes between the privileged membership. It follows without exception, then, that we should be at absolute peace with each other.

Again, the fact of equality of rights in the church, or state, interferes in no way with the work of officers or teachers. The work and calling of these is parallel with the rights of all others; there is a collision only when parties fail of duty, and abuse the doctrine of equality of rights. To effectually honor and guard his own rights a member must faithfully respect and recognize the rights of all others, and every one in his place and station. One under this great bill of rights can no more disrespect and disregard the rights of the official or the laymember, and stand excusable, than he can disregard the rights belonging to the sacred precincts of the home of one of these, and stand guiltless. How pertinent, indeed, is the instruction of the Lord to his people: "Let every man learn his duty." He must not only stay within his own line of work and usefulness, but he must also keep out of the way and work of others.

A full compliance with and adherence to the principles and law of equality of rights will prove our capability of entering upon a further advanced position in the work of equality. There is nothing known to the writer which so much defers the full institution of the order as that of awaiting the general notice that the entire membership, brothers and sisters, fully recognize, keep, and honor the law of equality of rights. Who is prepared to issue the order stating that all are ready?

The Bishopric has sought under the provisions of the law to ascertain how nearly the Saints were prepared for advanced conditions and has asked for financial reports and expressions of readiness to sacrifice and help as the law directs. "For according to the law every man that cometh up to Zion must lay all things before the Bishop of Zion."—Doctrine and Covenants 72:3 "And also my servants who are abroad in the earth should send forth the accounts of their stewardships to the land of Zion, for the land of Zion shall be a seat and a place to receive and do all these things."—Doctrine and Covenants 69:2.

The fact that the command was given to "lay all things before the bishop," is all that is necessary to prove that this is an essential part of the work. The Lord does not direct a non-essential thing to be done. It is written, "My word shall not return unto me void."

Many have thought they could climb up some other way, failing to recognize the fact that to insist upon our own way and wishes in this matter is but to put further from us the cherished promises.

EQUALITY IN SPIRITUAL THINGS.

It is a full and perfect obedience to the law of Christ that brings us into harmony with the divine will where all may be owned as children, sons and daughters of God, and receive of the divine Spirit and the distribution of spiritual gifts, not as we often wish and ask, but according to our needs, and "as he will."

God is not partial, and yet out of his great abundance he bestows upon his children "diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit"; not the same gift to each one, but to each according to his wants and needs, and all this that each may "profit withal." To each is given full and fair opportunity with every one else; all receiving according to their several abilities, and it is then left with the individual under this proper condition to prove what he will be.

It is represented of the church and its work that in that day before the Son of man comes, the kingdom of heaven, the church, "is as a man traveling into a far country, who called his own servants and delivered unto them his goods." "And unto one he gave five talents, to another two, and to another one; to every man according to his several ability; and straightway went on his journey."—Matthew 25:14, Inspired Translation. From this illustration it is apparent that we are made stewards of our heavenly Father and receive according to his wise provisions, gifts and stewardships, for the great and good purpose of activity and usefulness; and not simply for our own comfort and ease or satisfaction. This is also clearly expressed in the parable of the rich man and the unjust steward, Luke sixteenth chapter. The useful life and work of Jesus of Nazareth is the pattern for all, and it is written that "He went about doing good"; also, that he is our pattern in all things."

To bestow spiritual gifts, divine favor or material riches upon a people without regard to their respective abilities and capacities to properly appreciate and use, would destroy rather than build them up, and burden instead of comfort and help. Among the requisites to the desirable conditions of equality is that principle that provides that each shall receive that which to him is useful and to a great degree enjoyable. If this is not correct, then there may be less general happiness and comfort under the order of equality than there is in the reverse state, notwithstanding the many day-dreams upon the question.

The advance proposition necessary to gain true and full equality is that we reach the condition where all have a true conception of the duties we owe to God and to each other. Without this it is impossible to move together without jealousies, jar-rings, and complainings. There must be a possibility of moving with oneness of purpose and desire in order to succeed. We

should be equal in industry and interest, well balanced in frugality and economy, and all of a disposition of self-helpfulness and charity toward others. How else can we maintain the equal state and relation should it once be entered upon?

TRUE CHARACTER NECESSARY.

It is revealed that: "The Lord called his people Zion, because they were of one heart and one mind, and dwelt in righteousness; and there was no poor among them; and Enoch continued his preaching in righteousness unto the people of God."—Doctrine and Covenants 36:2.

Jesus said: "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another."—John 13:35.

Well, have we proved it to the world? We may do so by developing characters that are in full harmony with the law. These are not builded, however, by reading idle tales, or meting out such instruction as develops a feeling of enmity and hatred between brethren, or mankind in general, whether rich or poor, bond or free, or of whatever class or station.

Every move made in a spirit of selfishness and envy, or with the object of bitterly arraying men against each other, is prompted by the spirit from beneath, not the Spirit of truth that is from above. The work of the Spirit of the Lord is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, and temperance.

A people moved by this may arrive at equality and true holiness, and there is a bright future for such; but the reverse spirit leads to hatred, variance, discord, and finally anarchy and death. All then should "try the spirits" which move them to action. We can not afford to be falsely led; and the test is not the desire or will of the individual, but the word of God. Each should be careful to examine himself and ascertain the underlying motive of his efforts, and talk, about equality. Is it to serve self, or to humbly serve the Lord? If it is for the latter purpose, then be forward to put away every evil work.

INHERITANCES AND STEWARDSHIPS.

The disposition of inheritances and stewardships under the law to more fully equalize the benefits, burdens and opportunities among the Saints, presents no exception to the examples already set out, showing that the Lord deals out to every man according to wisdom and in justice and equity. The proposition is clearly set forth in Doctrine and Covenants 77:1, of the application of unvarying principles touching equality, both in heavenly and earthly things: "For if ye are not equal in earthly things, ye can not be equal in obtaining heavenly things; for if you will that I give unto you a place in the celestial world, you must

prepare yourselves by doing the things which I have commanded you and required of you."—Doctrines and Covenants 77:1.

Also Section 101, paragraph 2: "I the Lord, stretched out the heavens, and builded the earth as a very handy work; and all things therein are mine; and it is my purpose to provide for my Saints, for all things are mine, but it must needs be done in mine own way."

If there was no specific declaration upon the manner of distribution of properties then in the books, it would be determinable from the divine plan touching spiritual things as hereinbefore set out. Every one will receive "according to his wants and needs, inasmuch as his wants are just."

But the plan is made specific in word: "And you are to be equal, or in other words, you are to have equal claims on the properties, for the benefit of managing the concerns of your stewardships, every man according to his wants and needs, inasmuch as his wants are just; and all this for the benefit of the church of the living God, that every man may improve upon his talent, that every man may gain other talents; yea, even an hundred-fold, to be cast into the storehouse, to become the common property of the whole church, every man seeking the interest of his neighbor, and doing all things with an eye single to the glory of God."—Doctrine and Covenants 81:4.

Do not overlook the fact that under the Lord's plan every one has his stewardship. This is the special business, means of livelihood, particular work, or profession, whatever one is called to do, or is capable of doing and properly allotted; and these several stewardships are as distinctly separate and apart from all others and the *common fund*, as each person has his own separate, individual identity and is responsible to God for his acts, and must separately answer to God for his faithfulness in, and development of, the stewardship.

Each member, however, has equal claims upon the common fund, the storehouse, for the management of his stewardship. But the claim upon the common fund is not determined by the individual himself, any more than a member may determine what gift of the Spirit he will have. Spiritual things which are for the good of all are not at each one's direction or wish, but as God wills. And temporalities which are for the good of all are not given out upon the demand of a member as he wills, or may judge himself entitled to the same, but they are administered according to his "wants, inasmuch as his wants are just."

It is clear then, that some one must pass upon the question of the "just wants," when this common fund is to be drawn upon, and that under such condition persons may often be for a time disappointed even under the "all things common" idea,

when this is administered according to the law of Christ. Let no one misconstrue the law of uniformity as set out. All are to have "equal claims on the properties for the benefit of managing the concerns of their stewardships." This is right, and every just claim would be allowed; but what about an improper claim?

INDIVIDUAL AND JOINT OWNERSHIP.

Under the Lord's system of equality every person who is counted worthy to have part and lot therein has what is properly termed his own interests, as well as this right of claim upon the church "storehouse." This preserves the liberty and independence of the member, and this conservation of individual liberties is as essential to the state and condition of equality and the well-being of Zion, as any other vital principle. Special provision is made for this under the law so that no undue advantage may be taken one of another, notwithstanding differences of opinion, controversies, and even discipline may arise. The statement is:

"Women have claim upon their husbands for their maintenance until the husbands are taken; and if they are not found transgressors they shall have fellowship in the church; and if they are not faithful, they shall not have fellowship in the church; yet they may remain upon their inheritances according to the law of the land."—Doctrine and Covenants 82:1.

The principle applies equally to the husband or any one else, and to the stewardship as well as the inheritance. Either may be disposed of by the steward, owner, as did Esau his birthright, but can not be taken away against the steward's will, except he barter it away according to the law of the land.

Again, paragraph 2: "All children have claim upon their parents for their maintenance until they are of age; and after that, they have claim upon the church; or, in other words, upon the Lord's storehouse, if their parents have not wherewith to give them inheritances. And the storehouse shall be kept by the consecrations of the church, that widows and orphans shall be provided for, as also the poor."

Without individual ownership there would be no such thing as parents being able to give their children their inheritances. Ownership in a proper way is the order; this seems to be one of the main objects to be attained. Without this, instead of there being no poor, every man would be poor; and in case he did not walk according to any edict that might be issued by the church, although he did not believe it, he would be set adrift without a penny as effectually as it was ever possible under the darkest reign of the popes. God's ways are the reverse of this; in directing the bishop in his work he says the bishop shall:

"When he shall appoint a man his portion, give unto him a writing that shall secure unto him his portion, and that shall hold it, even this right and this inheritance in the church, until he transgresses and is not accounted worthy to belong to the church; and if he shall transgress, he shall not have power to claim that portion which he has consecrated unto the bishop for the poor and the needy of my church; therefore he shall not retain [drawback] the gift, but shall only have claim on that portion that is deeded to him. And thus all things shall be made sure according to the law of the land."—Doctrine and Covenants 51:1.

It is safe to affirm that men's rights are not jeopardized in carrying out the law of Christ, but preserved; and this is in perfect harmony with the instruction to the church April 18, 1902:

"In regard to the gathering and the work of the bishopric in regard to the law of tithing and consecration, I made inquiry what should be the attitude of the church in regard thereto. To this question I was answered, that the Book of Doctrine and Covenants as accepted by the church was to guide the advice and action of the bishopric, taken as a whole, each revelation contained therein having its appropriate bearing upon each of the others and their relation thereto; and unless the liberties of the people of the church should be in jeopardy, the application of the law as stated by the bishopric should be acceded to."—Ibid., 126:10.

The stewardship is to God, and not simply to the church. No rule of action can ever be made which invalidates the law requiring each to answer to God for his work, or that sets aside the doctrine of personal liberty of the citizen. God's children must be free; Zion is not made up of the following of slaves. This freedom, however, permits no one to live above the law, or to violate a single one of its provisions. True liberty is ever within the law, not outside.

THE GENERAL GOOD CONSERVED.

It will be observed that the doctrine of Equality is not for the benefit of the few, but for all; all are to be equal under the system. And while there may be differences in the amounts and values of stewardships in order that each "may improve upon his talent"; yet, the general results are for the common good. The gains to the extent of "an hundredfold," or less, are cast into "the Lord's storehouse, to become the common property of the whole church." This does not mean that one's stewardship can not be extended and developed under the energy and enterprise of a faithful citizen of Zion. In keeping with the extended knowledge, demands, and opportunities, it is safe to say that it will both before and during the millennium, for that matter;

but can not be done at the expense of the stewardship of any other person. All have equal claim upon the storehouse for the management of their stewardships; but some may be more industrious, self-sacrificing, and zealous in their work than others, and every one will be rewarded according to his works.

Under the system, whoever prospers most does the most for the general good and not simply for himself; and this eliminates the disposition to selfishness and jealousy from the account; for the gains, as already shown, "become the common property of the whole church, every man seeking the interest of his neighbor, and doing all things with an eye single to the glory of God."

Christ is willing to bless and enrich his people, but not until they shall have proved by their devotion and sacrifices that they can bear this, and are worthy to receive. Particular inquiry was made of Jesus upon this upon a certain occasion: "Peter said, Lo, we have left all and followed thee." "And he said unto them, Verily I say unto you, there is no man who has left house, or parents, or brethren, or wife, or children, for the kingdom of God's sake, who shall not receive manifold more in this present time; and in the world to come, life everlasting."—Luke 18:29, 30.

To those who labor and patiently wait, abiding trustfully the Lord's time, sacrificing for Zion's weal, walking unselfishly and in the truth, seeking not to please themselves but him who hath made the promises sure, there is hope—to such the redemption, gathering, and equality need not be deferred.

LAMONI, Iowa, December 15, 1906.



SOLACE.

BY DOLLIE RODGER OLSEN.

All day have the clouds hovered low in the sky,
And sadly the North Wind his tune whistles by.
The branches are bare,—not a vestige of green,—
Yet close to my window a bluebird is seen.

Thy plumage is lovely, thy wee heart is light.
Wherever thou wishest to take thy lone flight
Thou hast but to spread thy wings and away
O'er scenes that are sorrowful, scenes that are gay.

What matter to thee if the ground is all white?
And clouds overhead keep the sun out of sight?
No sorrow or grief hath thy gentle heart stirred,
Oh, would I were like thee, thou beautiful bird!

But away thou hast flown and the landscape is drear;
Save the desolate wind not a sound do I hear.
Sweet bird, come again to my window, I pray,
And gladden my heart as thou hast done to-day.

The trees all their verdure of summer have lost,
Long ago they were chilled by the cold and the frost;

No beauty is left, and yet bravely they stand,
The heart is still warm, oh, the thought it is grand!

They will pass through the sleet and the storms, until spring,
Then see what the sunshine of gladness will bring;
Again they will wave in the soft, gentle breeze,
Though at present it seems, just to look at those trees,

That nothing could ever their luster restore,
So changed are they now from their beauty of yore.
Like the forest in winter, sometimes in our life,
We stand 'mid a hail-storm of sorrow and strife,—

Yet the spring it WILL come, and the sun shine more bright;
Though the storm leaves its traces, the heart will be light;
Perhaps not so light as it was once before,
But more like the calm when a storm has passed o'er.

Wait! wait! restless heart, cease thy longing, I pray;
We are not like the bird, we can not fly away;
We must wait, though 'tis hard, we have waited so long;
But in prayer there is strength—to be patient is strong.

He who calmed the rough waters of far Galilee
Will quiet the billows on life's troubled sea;
Tho' our life-boat may drift 'mid the breakers' wild roar,
We will finally land on some beautiful shore.

God knoweth the heart, and on him we depend,—
Our solace in sorrow, our guardian, our friend.
With the sunset of life sinking fast out of sight,
May we peacefully say to all Nature, Good-night.



SCENES IN FOREIGN FIELDS.—PART IV. ✓

IN JERUSALEM.

BY ELDER PAUL M. HANSON.

(Illustrated by the author.)

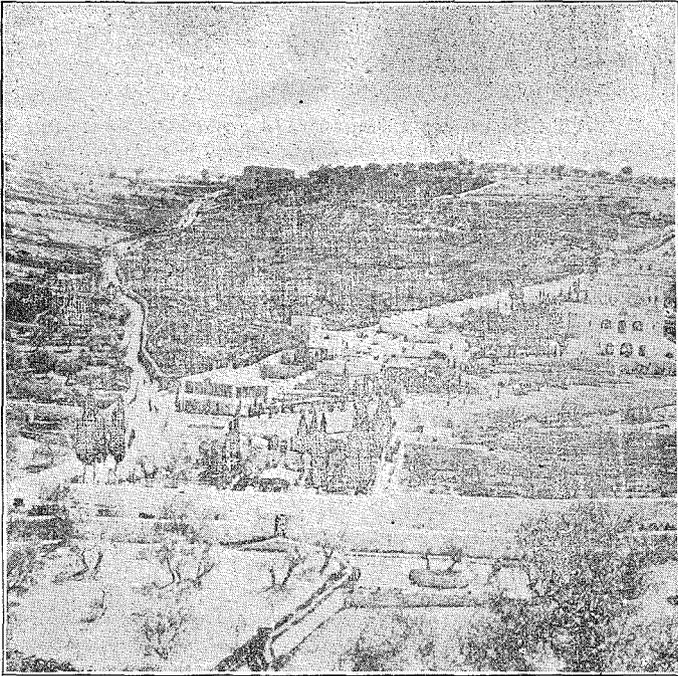
The mount of Olives is a ridge three hundred feet higher than the site of the temple. It runs north and south, and is divided into three or four summits. It is "before Jerusalem on the east." Nearly all the places of interest inside and outside of the walls of the city are visible from this point. Here we can read with a new interest the twenty-fourth chapter of the book of Matthew. As we look at the city we can not but think of the terrible scenes that have been witnessed here, of the crime that caused the heavens to grow dark and the earth to tremble. Here the Son of God, who came to save, was scourged and mocked and crucified.

Olive-trees are growing in the valley of Jehosaphat and on the mount of Olives. The mount can, therefore, at this date, with propriety, be called Olivet.

Mount Scopus and the plain on which Titus and his legions were encamped lie close to the city; to the northeast, and north, respectively.

One can not get as good a conception of the city from the mount of Olives as can be made by overlooking a modern town with wide streets and squares. You can see only the upper parts of stone walls, and plastered roofs covered with small domes. The streets are not visible, no throngs of people are seen. Near the walls to the south are patches of prickly pear, and gardens.

The hills roundabout are generally rocky and barren. In some places the stones are gathered into piles that the ground may be cultivated. Along the sides of the valley of Jehosaphat are



THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

fields and vineyards. The brook Kedron flows in the rainy season. The pathway from Jerusalem to Bethany across the mount of Olives, so often trodden by the feet of Jesus, is just by our side. Down the mountain-side, to the south, facing Jerusalem, are thousands upon thousands of Jewish tombstones, not standing perpendicularly, but lying down, and on them are Jewish inscriptions. To the westward, beginning near our feet, stretches for about fifteen miles the wilderness of Judea, a succession of barren hills.

The Jordan Valley is seen, and the Jordan River, being in flood, can be seen winding along to the Dead Sea. The Dead Sea, though twenty miles away, can be seen clearly, the lower half being hidden by the mountain cliffs, the upper part glistening in the sun. One can but be astonished to be able to see objects so clearly so far away, but the atmosphere is such that one can see a great distance. Farther to the east, through the haze that hangs over the Jordan valley, can be seen the mountains of Moab; and to the south, is Mount Nebo, from which Moses looked out upon the promised land, into which he was not permitted to enter. Along to the east of the Dead Sea is a ruined castle where it is said John the Baptist was beheaded.

At the base of Olivet, near the Brook Kedron, is a small parcel of land, supposed by many to be the garden of Gethsemane. It is inclosed by a wall of stone, is well kept, and contains several very old olive-trees and plants with flowers in bloom. There is a small entrance that leads to it, and in entering one must stoop low. This is at least near, if it is not the spot, of the Savior's awful sufferings on the night of his betrayal. Here ascended the Savior's cry, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me."

With faces turned toward Jerusalem we descend Olivet along one of its many paths. As we reach the road below Gethsemane that leads to Jericho, we are met by beggars, and as we go along our way, persons with disfigured features rise from sitting by the wayside, thrust out their hands, which are sometimes covered because of their disease, and cry in the Arabic tongue, "Unclean, unclean." They are lepers. Hospitals are provided for them, but they seem to prefer to beg by day, often sitting scantily clothed in the rain, and then seek shelter in caves of the rocks by night. One could not but wish that they were the last ones that leprosy should ever afflict.

We cross the Kedron valley, and pass the Golden Gate in the eastern wall, which is thought by some to mark the site of the "Beautiful Gate of the Temple," where Peter healed the cripple. The gate is sealed with heavy masonry, and the Mohammedans have a tradition that when it is opened, their power in the Holy Land will cease, so strangers had better not tamper with it.

We walk with feelings of gladness along the road that leads us to the northeastern corner of the city wall, where we turn to the west and after following for a short distance the road that leads along within a few feet of the northern wall, we see Gordon's Calvary on the right, and Damascus Gate on the left. We rejoice that a long-cherished desire is about to be realized—our feet are soon to stand within the gates of Jerusalem. We arrive at the Jaffa Gate and through it throngs of people are going into and coming out of the city. The gates are never closed,

no tribute-money is required. David Street, which we enter in upon, is one of the principal streets. Immediately to the right is the Tower of David. The antiquity of its lower story at once arrests attention. The huge blocks of stone, laid without cement, and bevelled, indicate to an unpracticed eye great antiquity. The Tower of Hippicus, mentioned by Josephus as having been built by Herod, is near by the Tower of David. Josephus makes the Tower of Hippicus the starting-point in his descriptions of the three walls that fortified the city at the time Jerusalem was destroyed by Titus.

To the left as we proceed along are some large modern buildings, one of which is built upon the site of the Tower of Hananeel, part of the foundation resting on the wall of that tower. This is interesting when it is known that Jeremiah, in prophesying of the final rebuilding of Jerusalem, said, "Behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that the city shall be built to the Lord from the tower of Hananeel unto the gate of the corner."—Jeremiah 31:38.

Just across from the Tower of David is the consulate of the United States, over which the Stars and Stripes float in the breeze.

Along Zion Street is an American convent; the church of St. James within is said to mark the site where James was killed by Herod.

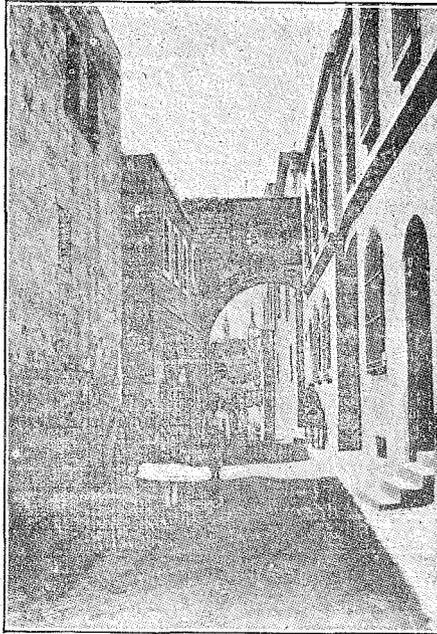
Most of the streets are narrow—so narrow and winding, and cleanliness is not found in them. The city seems to have cast off the mantle which was worn when we looked from Olivet. There is poverty and squalor. Many live in houses of four walls, no windows, and to one of the walls is built another house with a door opening into another street. The walls of each house are from three to five feet thick, and consequently occupy much space. There are crooked lanes ten or twelve feet wide, and even these are in places shut up by arches, or by the projecting walls of the houses; some of the streets are vaulted over. As you go along the narrow defiles frequently it is necessary to step aside to let a donkey pass, bearing a burden or its driver. Some of the streets are paved, and along the sides are footpaths. There are many small shops of various kinds, and throngs of people are moving along. The surface of the city is quite irregular in certain parts, and by reason of this many of the streets descend very rapidly. Many of the buildings are constructed out of the ruins of former edifices; especially is this the case with the city walls, so around us are stones from many periods, from the time of Solomon down to the fifteenth century. Around us, on the right and on the left, are men's greatest ambitions crumbled to ruins.

There are no street-cars in Jerusalem.

Money-changers still sit about in public places and do business with all nationalities.

The city is divided into quarters: the Jews occupying Moriah; Mohammedans, Bezetha; Armenians, Zion; and the Christians, Akra.

The mosque of Omar with its huge and graceful dome and grounds, just across from the mount of Olives, within the walls of the city, occupies the site of Solomon's Temple. Its dome is brilliant. The structure is in charge of Mohammedans. Chris-



ECCE HOMO ARCH.

Supposed to be a part of Pilate's judgment hall.

tains can not obtain an entrance into it without first securing permission and then drawing over their shoes a pair of consecrated slippers. Until recently the Mohammedans required Christians to remove their shoes, but now for a small fee the slippers are provided. Without the slippers or the taking off of the shoes, the Christians would, the Islams think, pollute their holy place. An armed escort accompanies us to insure our safety from fanatical Moslems. A wall surrounds the inclosure within which the mosque stands, the east and a portion of the south wall forming a part of the present city wall. The inclosure is larger than the area covered by Solomon's Temple. There

is little or no doubt that the mosque of Omar stands on Mount Moriah, where Abraham set about to offer Isaac, and where David offered burnt offerings and peace offerings. In the inclosure are a number of cypress and olive-trees, fountains, and a few small buildings with domes used by the Mohammedans as places for prayer. The mosque of Omar is built upon a paved platform, is octagonal in form, and is pierced with fifty-six beautiful windows, filled with stained glass remarkable for its brilliancy, above which are extracts from the Koran written in Turkish letters. There are four doors that give entrance. As we enter the building and look toward the ceiling beautiful mosaic work and ornamentation of gold greets our eyes. A corridor runs entirely around the inside of the building having many marble columns. The dome is of woodwork, part of it being elaborately carved. Under the dome is a large limestone rock, which occupies a considerable portion of the floor area, and is surrounded by a railing to keep it from the touch of visitors. It is very probable that it was on this rock that Abraham was about to offer Isaac, and the rock which afterward became the foundation of the Holy of Holies, the altar of the sanctuary, on which rested the ark of the covenant. If this be true, here is where the high priest sprinkled blood once a year on the great day of atonement. There is a hole in the rock that leads down to an excavated chamber. Over the hole it is supposed the altar of burnt offering stood. When the pavement of the cave is struck, there returns a hollow sound, showing there is a well or a subterranean way beneath. It has been found connected with cisterns and sewers, and possibly these were used to carry the blood and refuse from the offerings to the Kedron Valley. This underground region is called by the Mohammedans the "well of spirits," and is regarded by them as the entrance to the Mohammedan hell. The sun as it shines through the stained glass windows, fills the room with light, and casts many colors upon the decorated walls.

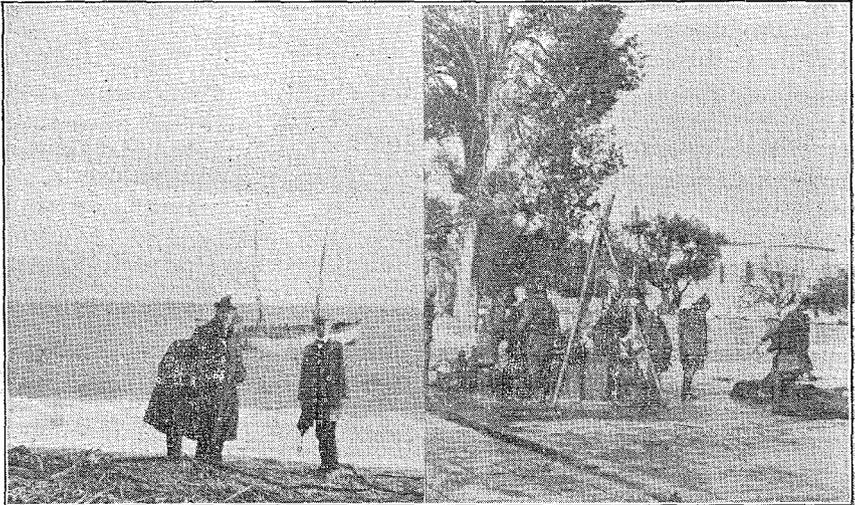
As our company was about to leave the mosque, the Mohammedan took us to see a round stone in the floor, in which were three and a half nails, each nail representing one hundred years and one nail disappearing, he said, every one hundred years. As there were three and one-half nails, the world would come to an end in three hundred and fifty years. We looked gravely on, being in their sacred edifice; just as we were about to leave, we were told if we would put a little "backsheesh" (money) on their rock we would "be sure of a passport to heaven." I told him I had "my ticket"; whereat he looked somewhat dismayed.

A little to the south is the mosque-el-Aksa, built about the same time as the mosque of Omar (about the seventh century). In it is a large room for the devotions of the Mohammedan women,

who are not allowed in the principal enclosure. On the floor are devotees of the faith sitting in a circle, one reading and declaiming to the others from the Koran. Solemnity attends their meetings, but fanaticism is marked on their faces. There are no seats, but here and there on the floor are beautiful oriental rugs.

Just in front of the mosque is a large cistern, into which water comes from Solomon's pools, three miles south of Jerusalem, through an aqueduct. It is believed that it was near this cistern where Solomon's brazen sea stood, containing, Josephus says, three thousand baths.

Leaving the mosque we descend to the vast underground vaults supported by hundreds of arches. They are called, incorrectly,



ON THE SHORES OF THE
DEAD SEA.

DRAWING WATER NEAR THE MOSQUE
OF OMAR.

“Solomon’s Stables.” It is thought they were primarily designed for the enlargement of the temple courts.

Before we take our leave of Moriah, we pause to see several Mohammedans drawing water from a cistern south of the mosque of Omar. The water is put in leather bottles, sheep-skins taken from the animal with as little mutilation as possible, and then tanned. So long as the leather is kept moist they serve very well for carrying water, but when they become dry, they crack and are useless.

In the northwest corner of the inclosure we see the rock on which the Tower of Antonia stood. Josephus says: “Now, as to the Tower of Antonia, it was situated at the corner of two

cloisters of the court of the temple, of that on the west and that on the north: it was erected on a rock fifty cubits in height, . . . the hill Bezetha was divided from the tower of Antonia, as we have already told you; and that hill on which the tower of Antonia stood, was the only place that hindered the sight of the temple on the north."—Book 5, chapter 6:8.

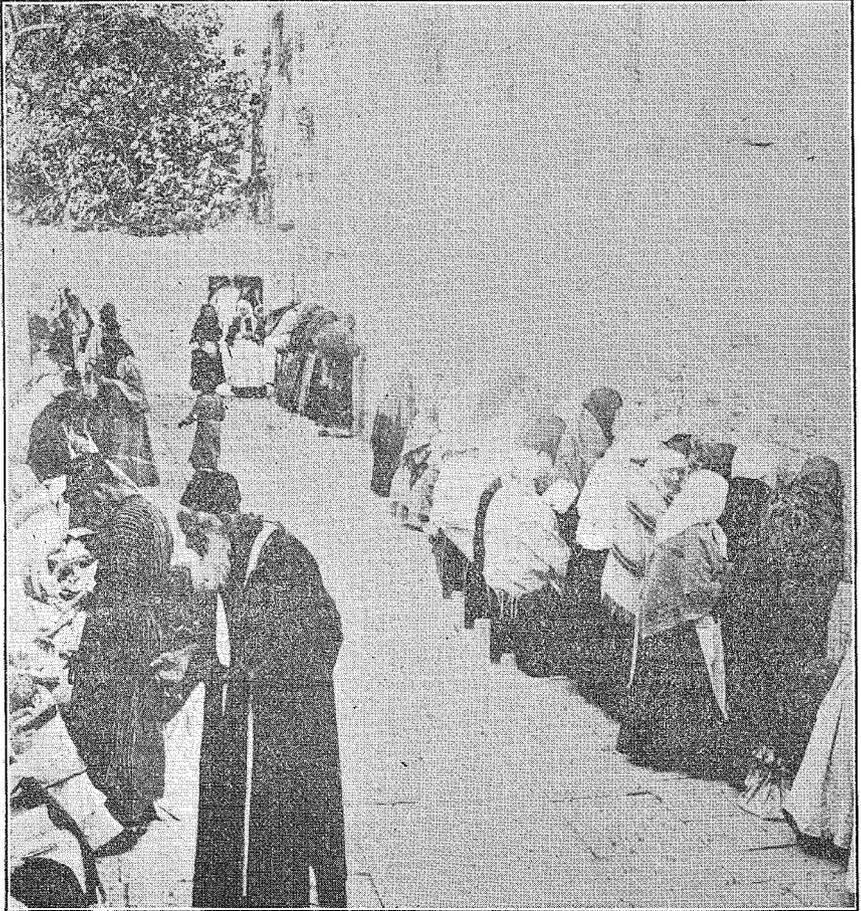
It was here in the siege of A. D. 70, after the Roman legions broke down the third and second walls of the city by their engines of war, they "raised banks." Titus' design was to take the temple at the tower of Antonia, for if the temple were taken the city could hardly be maintained by the Jews. It was here where some of the terrible scenes of the siege took place, the horrors of which have no parallel in all the annals of time before or since. It was after breaking through here that soon the temple in the hands of the enraged Romans and beyond the power of Titus to save.

Jerusalem has eight gates, viz.: Golden Gate (closed), and St. Stephen's Gate on the east; Herod's Gate, Damascus Gate, and New Gate on the north; Jaffa Gate and Zion Gate on the west, and there is one on the south.

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre is one of the places of interest in the old city, or in other words, within the walls. Roman Catholics, Greeks, and Armenians have charge of the building or mass of buildings. Its dome is visible from nearly any part of the city, but from the street in front one can not get a very good view of the structure. The street running westward from St. Stephens' Gate toward the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is known as the Via Dolorosa (Way of the Cross), and those in charge of the church say it was along here Christ walked to the place of his crucifixion. Along this street monkish tradition has fixed upon places of association connected with Calvary: such as where Simon was compelled to assist in bearing the cross, where Jesus fainted by the way, and where the virgin mother fell in a swoon, and many other absurdities so far as the place being known with certainty is concerned. In front of the church is a paved court. On entering the church one meets Turkish officials, some of them armed, who are there to keep the peace between the warring sects in charge. If one gets over his boundary the jealousy of the other is at once excited. During special festivities a detachment of Turkish soldiers (Mohammedans) is kept on hand to prevent or deal with disturbances between the "Christians." Some bloody conflicts have taken place and there is yet bitter animosity between them in their contention for the place where they say the Lord of glory was crucified and buried. Some of the priests in the church are sly old foxes: they are guilty of pious frauds, they are digging a pit for themselves. Great numbers of poor, miserable Russian pilgrims, some of them

wretchedly dressed, are seen going in and out of the church, clad in Russian style. These belong to the Greek Catholic Church. Many of them have walked to the seaboard, traveled by steerage to Joppa, and walked across by the carriage road here.

Just within the church is the "Stone of Atonement," which is pointed out to the pilgrims as being the stone on which the



THE WAILING-PLACE OF THE JEWS

body of Jesus was laid and anointed prior to his burial. It is raised slightly from the pavement and is surrounded by a low railing. The pilgrims press to the spot, bow before it again and again, crossing themselves meanwhile with the sign of the cross, and repeatedly kiss the stone. The slab is kissed as though it possessed life and affection. The pilgrims then proceed

to other parts of the building, often kissing the objects they look upon as sacred, bowing and crossing themselves before them.

Turning to the left we come to the "Holy Sepulchre," a small building of marble, which is divided into two chambers, the first called the Chapel of the Angel, which contains a piece of stone said to be a part of what closed the Lord's sepulchre and on which the angel sat; the second chamber is the "Holy Sepulchre" itself. Inside of this are many gold and silver lamps (the gifts of princes) which are kept constantly burning in the tomb. Upon entering the chamber, through a low entrance, which requires one to stoop, pilgrims are seen prostrated, rapt in intense devotion, mumbling something known only to themselves. They kiss the cross, sepulchre, etc., as though they derive great satisfaction therefrom—Christ did not derive satisfaction from the cross and the sepulchre. From what I could see the whole thing was a Pagan institution—people bowing and worshipping before relics, ikons, and images. And yet I could not but be interested in the scenes around me. Here and there a pilgrim would buy a rosary, a string of beads, or a shell with the Church of the Holy Sepulchre or some other scene rudely engraved upon it; for the poor pilgrim who had but a piaster to spend a cheap rosary or a crucifix would be provided, and for the rich, wares of silver and gold and pearl were displayed.

At the Easter festivities, a priest enters the Holy Sepulchre with candles, which are to be lighted, the pilgrims believe, with fire from heaven, sanctified seven times over. He enters, and from two holes the fire is suddenly thrust out, when there is a rush by the thousands who have assembled with candles, eager to secure some of the holy fire, some of which they take back to Russia. They believe the fire will not burn, though often they get their fingers and clothing burned.

An image representing the Virgin Mary is decked with jewelry, many rings on every finger. Rocks said to have been rent at the time of the crucifixion are shown to the pilgrims. The center of the earth is pointed out, and where God took the earth out of which he made Adam, etc. All of these things serve very well the purpose of the priests. The Russian pilgrims are not an intelligent-looking class of people.

All evidence seems to point out that this building does not occupy the site of the sepulchre where Jesus lay or where he was crucified. According to the statement in the New Testament the place of crucifixion was outside of the walls of Jerusalem, nigh unto the city; whereas the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is now within the walls, a considerable distance from the western wall, and only about forty yards distant from the northwest corner of the temple area. It is not at all likely that the site now occupied by the church was at the time of

the crucifixion outside of the walls of Jerusalem. Josephus speaks of three walls surrounding the city at the time of its destruction, A. D. 70; the first started from Hippicus, near the Tower of David, and ran directly to the western portico of the temple; the second began near the Gate Genneth (near Hippicus) and "encompassed the northern quarter of the city, and reached as far as the Tower of Antonia"; the third wall, which took its beginning from Hippicus, was built after the crucifixion and inclosed Bezetha, which was now inhabited, because of the city having outgrown its limits.

The general direction of the second wall, so far as it has been traced, is against the assumption that the site occupied by the Church of the Holy Sepulchre was outside of the city. The second wall would have to run directly from Hippicus to the Tower of Antonia to leave the site in question outside the wall, but Josephus says it "encompassed the northern quarter of the city."

We now leave the church, a center of superstition. It would be hard to convince a Jew or Mohammedan that the religion practiced in it is of God.

The "place where Jesus was crucified" was called "a place of a skull," no doubt because of its peculiar resemblance to a skull, and was "outside the gate," i. e., outside the walls of Jerusalem, "nigh unto the city." (John 19:17-20; Hebrews 13:12.) North of the city about two hundred and fifty yards from the Damascus Gate is a hill of rock known as Gordon's Calvary, he having pointed it out as the place of the crucifixion. With but little imagination it resembles a skull. Near it are rock-cut tombs. Here many authorities believe Jesus was crucified.

Across the street that leads from St. Stephen's Gate through the city, in the vicinity of the Tower of Antonia, is what is known as the *Ecce Homo* ("Behold the man!") Arch. It is supposed by some to be a part of Pilate's judgment-hall, and the very portal where he exposed Christ and told the Jews to behold their King. A large new building now occupies the site and is known as the Orphanage and School of the Latin Sisters of Zion. It was while excavating for the foundations of this building that the arch was discovered in a good state of preservation. It is clearly seen to be ancient. Upon entering the building a part of the arch is seen inside, and in the basement, eight or nine feet below the present level of the ground, is a large area of Roman pavement, consisting of large, smooth stones, considerably worn. "When Pilate therefore heard that saying, he brought Jesus forth and sat down in the judgment-seat in a place that is called Pavement."—John 19:13. A little farther along, under the present street, are grooves, which were cut in the rock, evidently to keep the horses from slipping, and there are marks

of chariot-wheels. There are also in the building two large stones, which are believed by some to be the pedestals from which, in the time of Christ, judgments were given and laws promulgated. On the pavement in certain parts are seen various games cut in the rock, where it is supposed the Roman soldiers played, when not engaged.

Nearly all of the stores open on the street, and the goods extend back into the little room. Olives, figs, vegetables, common articles of food are all in full view of passers-by. In the better part of the city are stores that resemble those of the American cities. Here and there in the Mohammedan quarter are nets spread over the goods, and no one in charge; this is done when they go to say their prayers, and while the net is over the goods, even a bitter enemy of the owner of the goods will not molest them.

One of the things seen in Jerusalem, never to be forgotten, is the wailing-place of the Jews. The wall at which they congregate is a part of the western wall of the old temple inclosure. To reach it one goes from the Jews' quarter along a narrow, crooked lane. The condition of some of the Jews along the way is to be pitied. The blocks of stone forming the wall are very large. Nearly every day, but especially on Friday evenings, just before the Sabbath, Jews meet here in great numbers to bemoan their rejected state and weep over the ruins of their once magnificent sanctuary, and, while sobbing and weeping, swaying back and forth, kissing the stones, and thrusting their hands and faces into the chinks of the rocks, pray for God to look upon their desolate state, to remember the covenants made with their forefathers, and speak to the heart of Jerusalem. They cry for the Messiah to haste, haste to Zion. They sing Isaiah 64:9-11: "Be not wroth very sore, O Lord, neither remember iniquity forever: behold, see, we beseech thee, we are all thy people. Thy holy cities are a wilderness, Zion is a wilderness, Jerusalem a desolation. Our holy and our beautiful house, where our fathers praised thee, is burned up with fire: and all our pleasant things are laid waste." And they sing Psalm 79:4, 5, 8: "We are become a reproach to our neighbors, a scorn and derision to them that are round about us. How long, Lord? Wilt thou be angry for ever? Shall thy jealousy burn like fire? O remember not against us former iniquities: let thy tender mercies speedily prevent us: for we are brought very low."

Touching are the scenes presented. Oblivious to the gaze of onlookers, they read from the Prophets, and wet their prayers with tears. Here Jews from the known parts of the earth congregate, Jews from Poland and the north, Jews from the south, some with light hair, blue eyes, and fair complexion, tall, and with intelligence beaming from their faces; others short

in stature, with dark complexion and curly hair. Little children are seen, too, with the writings of the Prophets in their hands, from which they cry out in accord with the older ones. As I saw the tears and heard the cryings, respecting Jerusalem, and felt the Spirit of the Lord, the spirit of supplication that was upon the people, I could not but say, "Amen"; and I felt constrained to say, "Lord, remember Zion, too." May Judah return, and may kings be nursing fathers to them, and queens nursing mothers. Judah is returning, and even residents in Jerusalem marvel at the onward march of the city.



THE PEACE OF JANET HAWKINS.

BY MABEL WILLIAMS CRAYNE.

"There is no use in talking, mother. I just can't like these people. They have destroyed my peace of mind ever since we have lived here. I don't see why uncle insists on us living in this poky old place, anyway."

Janet stood tapping her foot on the brick of the old-fashioned fireplace while her mother prepared the plain but wholesome evening meal. Janet would have been a handsome girl had not her face been o'ershadowed so often with discontent.

"Really, Janet," replied her mother, "I don't think you ought to speak so. The people about us are common, I know, but I believê them to be good and true and I have made many friends among them. Your uncle does not consider this a 'poky old place'; to him it is his childhood home and he felt that he had honored us by offering it to us as *our* home. I am very grateful to him, for what could we have done without his help, when we were left to face the world without your dear father?"

"Don't preach, mother," said Janet. "I suppose I ought to feel grateful for a roof over my head, but almost all of the people belong to church and are so devout they never have anything to entertain one for fear of doing wrong. I am sick of them all and of this old house, and worst of all, I am sick of myself."

Mrs. Hawkins sighed. This was not the first time she had heard her only daughter wail at her lot in life.

"I am so sorry, Janet," she said, "that you still feel as you do. I was in hopes that after you had become better acquainted you would be more contented here. Alice Horne was here this afternoon while you were out to see if you would not attend prayer-meeting with her tonight. She is a very sweet girl, and I wish you would accept her proffered friendship."

Janet threw out her hand with a gesture of impatience. "There, that is all I hear—'Alice Horne is such a sweet girl!'

Well, perhaps she is, but what do I care about their old prayer-meetings, anyway?"

"Well, dear," said her mother, "she said that she was so sorry you were out and that she was going to call to-morrow. Now, I do hope you will be nice to her. It is true she does not dress so well, nor is she interested in such social affairs as were your friends of the city, but I am sure she is a much better companion for you. To be candid, Janet, I was glad to get away from it all. I was sorry to lose your dear papa and our home, but this place seems sweet and peaceful to me and I wish that I could have the same sweet faith that these people have. The atmosphere seems to breathe of peace and rest, and were you content I would willingly live here the rest of my life." Tears came to her eyes as she spoke and Janet saw them. She loved her mother, and putting her arms around her, said:

"Don't cry, mother. I'll try to be good and just to please you I'll go with Alice Horne the very next time she asks me. But you know I was never very much on church-going."

Her mother stroked her soft hair and said: "Yes, I know, dear, and it is true, these are a peculiar people, but I believe they are trying to live up to their teachings. You know your uncle has been a Latter Day Saint for many years, and these people are very dear to him. For his sake I hope you will overcome your dislike. Perhaps they will have other things to go to besides prayer-meeting, if you will only give them a chance to ask you. Come, we will have supper now, and afterwards I will sew while you practice some of your old songs."

The next afternoon when Alice Horne called Janet received her very graciously, and they were soon engaged in a very lively conversation. Janet was surprised to find that Alice was as well posted as she was on most subjects and was not at all inclined to preach, as she had feared. Before leaving Alice asked permission to call for her on Friday evening and explained that it was a young people's meeting, and although older ones were always welcome the young folks felt more free and more at home than at any other meeting. Janet promised to go and really looked forward to the time, as she was curious to know what the meeting was like. Alice had offered no explanations on the subject. When Friday night found them trudging along the road to the little white church Janet was surprised at the interest she felt in the girl at her side. She turned to look at her and as the clear moonlight fell on her face she saw there an expression far different from that of those of her former girl friends.

At the church they found quite a number gathered, but as it still lacked a few minutes of commencing time, Alice introduced Janet to many of them and tried every way possible to make her

feel at home among them. While they were singing the first song Janet was surprised at the sweetness of their voices and even noticed that the girl at the organ was as accurate in her playing as she herself. Janet loved music and it served to draw her nearer to them. There was a lesson study that she did not exactly understand, as she had never read the book of Mormon. She tried to listen, but was glad when it was over. She had heard the Book of Mormon ridiculed anyway and did not think there was much good in it. The short program after the lesson-study was interesting and she really felt glad she had come. After this she came almost every Friday night, and one night when the organist was sick she offered to fill her place.

It was two weeks before Christmas that Alice persuaded her to attend her first prayer-meeting. She listened to the fervent prayers and was surprised to hear several *young* voices in earnest supplication to their Master. When Alice rose to her feet and spoke of her many blessings and of God's goodness to her, Janet listened to every word and for the first time there stole into her heart an answer to the expression on Alice's face. She understood it now, and as Alice sat down she was startled to hear her own voice singing "Sweet peace, the gift of God's love." Others took up the refrain or Janet would not have had strength to carry it through. It was a new experience, an awakening. After she had reached home she laid her head on her mother's lap and had a quiet little cry. Mrs. Hawkins gently patted her on the head but asked no questions. After she had gone to her room she stood before a small picture given her by a dear friend the Christmas before, and seemed for the first time to grasp its meaning. It was called "The Soul's Awakening."

A few days before Christmas Alice ran in to tell of the pretty decorations planned for the church and asked Janet to make the letters for "Peace on earth, good will toward men," and was met by a flat refusal and was hurt by Janet's resentful manner. Impulsively putting her arms about Janet she said, "Tell me, dear, what is the matter? Have I hurt you in any way?"

Janet could not longer resist the sweet influence of Alice's warm, sympathetic nature, and with tears in her eyes told how she had always lived among a careless, worldly people and had heard the Latter Day Saints ridiculed, and that it was only her respect for her uncle, who had been so kind, and her beloved mother, that she had gone to the meetings at first, and that she had felt herself growing more and more interested in the despised Book of Mormon, and was determined to quit going among them, for fear she would eventually become one of them and then become a subject for ridicule and jest among her old associates.

Alice looked very serious while Janet was making her con-

fession, and then said, "Dear friend, it is near the time we celebrate the birth of our Savior and a good time for us to remember how humble was his birth, and that all his life he bore the scoffs and jeers of his associates. He did it for us and we can do so little in return. Won't you let him come into your life, Janet? This will be a happy Christmas for you, dear, if you will."

Janet promised to consider the matter, and after Alice had gone went directly to her room and there faced the situation fairly and squarely, and the result was that she determined to do right and on her knees promised God that if he would help her she would serve him as best she could. Taking the pattern Alice had left for the letters she found her mother and together they cut and pasted. After they had finished, Mrs. Hawkins said, "Janet, do you feel so discontented as you did?" The girl's face flushed as she thought of her unjust dislike of the people and her surroundings, and in answer she told her mother of her conversation with Alice, and the promises she had made. Mrs. Hawkins' face lighted with pleasure. "My daughter," she said, "I am so glad. To have you a sweet Christian girl has been my one ambition. You do not know how I have worried because of your thoughtless disregard for religion. I have long been convinced that these people have the true gospel and was only waiting for you to discover it also. To-day I received a very queer letter from your uncle and he wants an immediate answer. He wants to know if we are favorable to the doctrine of the Latter Day Saints, and I shall write him our answer at once."

Christmas eve, as Janet was helping to place the motto she had made, some one came up behind her and read the words aloud, "Peace on earth, good will toward men." Do you realize its meaning, Janet?"

She turned and was gathered into the arms of her much-loved uncle. His kindly face beamed as she answered, "Yes, uncle, I do."

"This will be a very happy Christmas for me," he told her, "as I have no relative that has ever shared the blessings of this wonderful gospel with me. It was with hopes that you and your mother would be converted to it that I sent you to my old home to live instead of my house in town, which is at your disposal any time you care to occupy."

Janet replied, "I do not care for your house in town now, uncle, for here in this quiet little village I have found something better than all that town can give. I have found peace of mind and contentment and so indeed feel the song of the angels, 'Peace on earth, good will toward men.'"

Editor's Corner

AUTUMN LEAVES is published monthly for the youth of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. Herald Publishing House, Lamoni, Iowa.

ELBERT A. SMITH, EDITOR, LAMONI, IOWA.

THE SITUATION.

If this number of AUTUMN LEAVES is not well arranged or so well illustrated as usual, or if mistakes occur therein, we crave the indulgence of our readers. The character of the articles is such that other shortcomings may be overlooked; and under existing conditions we consider ourselves fortunate to have any magazine for this month.

Probably all of our readers have read of the destruction of the *Herald* Office by fire on the fifth day of January, and they are aware that the church publications are thereby rendered homeless for the time being. This number is printed at Creston, Iowa.

One of the losses to AUTUMN LEAVES came in the burning of the fine half-tones and zinc-etchings which we had accumulated, including those intended for this issue.

To add to the difficulties in the way, the Editor finds himself at this writing quarantined for scarlet fever—he being the offender. Several things might be said about quarantine, but possibly nothing can be gained thereby. “What can not be cured must be endured.” Our correspondents will understand why their letters are not answered promptly. The adage that troubles never come singly seems to have some vigor despite its age.

“The *Herald* Office is on fire!”

That was the alarm which was shouted on the streets and over the telephone and through the corridors of the building itself, early on the morning of the fatal day. Soon there was abundant evidence that the alarm was well founded—flames, densely rolling smoke, crashing walls, and smouldering ruins were the witnesses.

The story of the fire has been told. The story of the citizens' mass-meeting, held the next day, and how in a short time thirteen thousand dollars was subscribed toward rebuilding, has been told. Of that meeting we simply wish to say that the sum raised was a large one when we consider that the meeting was comparatively small and that those present were mostly poor people. It simply shows what can be done, and as one present said, “God don't care for our money, alone; he wants us to give, to sacrifice, and if he can't get us to do in one way he will in another way.”

We believe that the desire to help will be universal in the church and that the young people will want to take part. Permit

us to suggest that the best way to help a business concern is to patronize it. The church publications, such as were affected by the fire, will soon be on their feet again, and the best way to help them will be to send them subscriptions. Give them a fighting chance to recover themselves from their loss.

Certain buildings acquire a character and an interest of their own. There are houses of "ill repute" and there are those whose good fame is world-wide. Such as furnish a home for good men or great undertakings come to be a part of that which goes on within their walls.

The *Herald* Office was the pulpit from which most of the publications of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints addressed the world. From there the printed word went out to nearly every known civilized land.

Through its clicking types the Saints talked to each other over mountains and oceans. The rumble of its presses jarred some distant foundations which God has not builded. From its doors the mail service carried knowledge and light to many individuals and strength to many strife-weary ministers.

Conference visitors from various lands made it a point to "go through" the *Herald* Office; and so it came about that it had an interest that was by no means local. It was probably the oldest and best known landmark peculiar to the Reorganization.

It came in a measure to shelter the ideals and the ambitions of this people. Another and finer building may be erected, but in a sense it can not take the place of the old one and it will be obliged to wait and bide its time to form a character and a history of its own.

The manuscript for the closing numbers of the Autobiography of Elder Levi Phelps was destroyed when the *Herald* Office burned. We hope to be able to replace it. Some articles intended for the *Religio's Arena* were lost at the same time; but the most of the manuscript intended for *AUTUMN LEAVES* was in the editor's desk at home, where his *LEAVES* work is done, and so fortunately escaped.



POSSIBLE HISTORY.

Joseph Smith, the boy, had just finished relating his first vision to the Methodist minister of historic fame.

"You say," said the minister, "that God told you that the creeds were an abomination in his sight. The Devil certainly inspired your vision."

The Devil, listening to the maker of public opinion, said to himself, with a smile, "As usual he is mixed on the main point, it was the creeds that I inspired—but let it go."

Baughters of Zion

Truer Parenthood, Better Children, Happier Homes, Purer Society.

CALLIE B. STEBBINS, Editor.

“A partnership with God is motherhood;
What strength, what purity, what self-control,
What love, what wisdom, should belong to her,
Who helps God fashion an immortal soul.”

ADVISORY BOARD.—Mrs. B. C. Smith, president, 214 South Spring Street, Independence, Missouri; Miss Dora Young, secretary, Holden, Missouri; Mrs. M. E. Hulmes, treasurer, 909 West Maple Avenue, Independence, Missouri; Mrs. F. M. Smith, 630 South Chrysler Avenue, Independence, Missouri; Mrs. T. A. Hougas, Henderdson, Mills County, Iowa; Mrs. Callie B. Stebbins, Lamoni, Iowa.

GREETING.

I am not forgetting that it is the second month of the year I am writing for, and not the first, as this heading might lead one to suppose.

But it does seem like a time of new beginning, a time to congratulate our readers upon having AUTUMN LEAVES and the *Saints' Herald* and *Zion's Hope*, together with as good a prospect as ever of having continued to us our Sunday-school publications, the *Gospel Quarterly* and the *Exponent*, and that we have so much besides that can not be burned.

Our editors have told you how the fire came so suddenly, and how in such a short time there were only ruins left of the “nest,” as a visiting sister once called it, from which there were sent out to the world so many white winged birds bearing messages of the gospel of peace.

For a time some of these messages can not be sent, but after a little time of patience and renewed effort larger broods than ever will be ready to take their flight with the precious tidings. And in the meantime let none of us be idle. There is a way in which each may help to bear the gospel message. Let us not fail to carry our part wherever it is our privilege to take it.

Our business manager said that when the flames were the brightest his resolution was the strongest to triumph over the destruction being wrought and to see success attend the publishing department of the church work.

Mothers, is not that the spirit with which you would like to imbue your sons and your daughters—your daughters equally with your sons—the disposition to triumph over difficulties, to wrest victory from defeat?

How soon the many saddened hearts were made light by the united efforts of many such valiant men and by the comforting influence of the Spirit of God. A better, safer building was quickly assured by the willing offers of money from those near at hand.

It is assured, because, if not deemed best to build it in the same place, these offers show what will be done elsewhere.

Of the treasures that can not be replaced we can but think sadly. As with other things that we can not help, we must leave this with the Lord to furnish in their stead whatever may be essential for the furtherance of this work.

He will care for his work. It is only our own that needs give us any anxiety. I wonder sometimes if there is not some one, more than one, who is leaving undone some work that she might do for the Daughters of Zion.

Have you ever thought that this department and the one in *Zion's Ensign*, as well as the "Home Column," need sustaining? It may be that there have come under your notice or you may have written articles that would be most appropriate to appear in these departments and without a thought of the further good they might do you have destroyed them or laid them aside where no one can be helped by them.

Doubtless many of you know some most helpful incidents that need only to be written and sent, to be highly appreciated by both the editor and those who will read them when published. We need, too, the good counsel that many of you are able to give.

In sympathizing with the *Hope* editor over the loss of the manuscript that was burned, she said:

"The great misfortune of this department is that it has almost no manuscript on hand to be burned."

All have not the gift to write. If you have this gift, are you using it? If you are doing so, will you not sometimes use it for the benefit of the readers of this department? Look at its heading and see if our theme is not a worthy one. Does it not inspire you with a desire to help in so good a cause?



PARENTS' AND TEACHERS' MEETINGS.

Parents and teachers are coming to realize the necessity of working together in harmony. Both are engaged in the same important work, the mental and moral development of the children, and they are more and more coming to feel that each needs the help of the other.

The parents' and teachers' meetings that are being held in many places are exerting a good influence in bringing about the mutual understanding which is so greatly to be desired. In these meetings both the teachers and the patrons of the school have opportunity to be heard. Important questions relating to the welfare of the children are agitated and discussed. Teachers grow to feel that they have the interest and sympathy of the community, and parents are made to feel the responsibility resting upon them.

in aiding the work of the school, of coming into close touch with the teachers and of looking at the difficulties involved from the standpoint of the teacher as well as from their own.

Some very profitable and enjoyable meetings of this kind have been held in Lamoni, and it is with the thought of extending some of the help there received to those who are less favored that the paper given herewith is published. It is also with the hope of encouraging the holding of such meetings, where they have not as yet been attempted that we present it to you.



ADVANTAGES OF A CLOSE FRIENDLY ACQUAINTANCE BETWEEN TEACHERS AND PARENTS.

To the thinking mind the necessity of co-operation between parents and teachers is obvious. Upon such mutual understanding and co-operation lies the very foundation of successful school-work. These things are of the greatest interest to us all, because they most powerfully affect the welfare of all connected with the school—parents, teachers, and pupils.

The work of the teachers must of necessity prove a failure in part at least, if not seconded by the parents. And parents and teachers must know and understand one another in order to work together successfully.

In order that we may fully appreciate and work for a thing, it is necessary that we understand the thing we would work for, and the more thorough our knowledge, the more successful our work will be. So if teachers would enter into the lives of their pupils and become one with them in their hopes and ambitions, they must understand what those hopes and ambitions are. Perhaps some pupils have no ambitions, or none worthy of the name, and the minds of those pupils must be aroused to the fact that the future must contain something worth striving for. Understanding the home environments, teachers can more readily comprehend the pupil's abilities and his limitations, the difficulties he has to meet and overcome, as well as the help and encouragement which he receives at home.

And then, most parents have an understanding of the peculiar traits of their own children—of the faults that need correcting, the peculiarities that if rightly fostered and developed will bring them to a nobler and better manhood and womanhood, or if neglected or perverted will have an opposite effect. And in this the teachers need the parents' help and co-operation. Parents have known their children all their lives, and, naturally, have studied them. Teachers have known them only a short time at best, and though they may have a fairly good understanding of their peculiar needs, yet the parents can, by a few hints, help one to understand a pupil, which is half the battle with a teacher.

And besides this, in such a friendly intimacy, the teacher learns to more fully understand the needs of the school from the parents' point of view; without which understanding, teachers may grow to see things in a one-sided way, seeing only, and judging only from the teacher's standpoint. Teachers like to know what parents think about their work in school. It helps one to know others' ideas of things, and it does the teacher good to know the parents' ambitions for the children under his care. Criticisms, given kindly and kindly received, are not a hindrance but a help; and of course it encourages a teacher to feel that his efforts are appreciated, even though the results are not always all that parents or teachers might wish.

Then again, how often we fail to understand one another's motives. We are more likely to understand and appreciate one with whom we have only a slight acquaintance, than a complete stranger. Teachers like to know the parents of their pupils. I never feel that I thoroughly know a pupil, until I am acquainted with his parents, for so much depends upon the ideas and attitude of father and mother. Many parents have never considered the influence of a few words from them. I very distinctly remember that when a child I was taught that next to father and mother my teacher was my best friend. And I was disposed to feel friendly toward her. If your child feels and knows that you are the teacher's friend, will he not feel more friendly also? And without this feeling of friendliness, it is difficult for either teacher or pupil to do good work. For that reason, if there were no other, an intimate friendly acquaintance between parents and teachers is desirable. The sympathetic moral support of the parents is one of the most essential things in school work.

But though most teachers feel this necessity and are willing to sacrifice much to secure it, it is almost an impossibility to do so, unless the parents themselves realize the desirability of such acquaintance and co-operation; for while a teacher may be interested in every pupil in her school, and desires to work to the interest of each one, she finds it impossible to attend to all her manifold duties and also to get around and make the acquaintance of the parents of each one of the forty or more boys and girls under her care; and unless the parents make a special effort in this direction, the teacher who comes a stranger into a school will leave it at the end of the year a stranger to the great majority of the patrons.

Parents should make it a special object to get acquainted with the teachers of their children. Their boys and girls spend a great part of their working hours under the care and instruction of their teachers, and they have a right to know what is being done for them. The first duty of a teacher is, of course, to instruct and train the boys and girls in the subject-matter of the

course of study, and to help to train them up to become good American citizens. But there are many things to be learned at school, many of vastly greater importance in after-life than what they get from their books.

Is your child learning all that he should, or anything he should not? These are vital questions with every parent, and no parent should be satisfied to take somebody else's word for it, but should know for himself. And how better can he know than by bringing himself into touch with the teacher; understanding her aims and letting her feel that she has his sympathy and support?

The value of these meetings, where the things of mutual interest can be talked over, can hardly be over-estimated. Parents and teachers need to come to an understanding of each other's rights, difficulties, and points of view. With this end accomplished, the results will be sympathy, tolerance and mutual helpfulness.

CLARA WHITE,

Read at Patrons' Meeting, Lamoni, Iowa, November 9, 1906.



The Religio's Arena

ELBERT A. SMITH, Editor, Lamoni, Iowa.

EDITORIAL.

The drawing which headed this department last month was credited to the editor by mistake. It was furnished us by Bro. Earnest Webbe, who has done so much to make our pages interesting.

The "News From Societies" department was crowded in the last two numbers and several important contributions were omitted because we could not well find room for them, and most of the items furnished for this month were destroyed in the office when the *Herald* Office was burned; but we hope that our contributors will not lose heart.

A successful Religiian must give thought to his work. He must study about it during his spare moments at night, devising ways to improve his work and the work of the society. Those little finishing touches which raise any kind of work above the average and betray he artist's hand do not come without practice and careful thought.



THE WORK OF THE RELIGIO IN THE MISSIONARY WORK TO BE DONE BEFORE THE COMING OF CHRIST.

When his disciples asked Jesus what should be the sign of his coming and of the end of the world, among other things he declared, "And this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the

world for a witness and then shall the end come." We learned that this same gospel restored in the latter days should be taught first to the Gentiles, and when rejected by them (as a people, though accepted by many), should go to the descendants of Lehi and Israel in general. Not until this great work has been accomplished can we hope for the coming of our Lord. A part of this work has already been done by the church aided by the Spirit of truth, but much yet remains to be accomplished through unity, faith and consecrated service.

God set in the church the necessary qualifications for successful work, and among them are some designated as "helps" and "governments," and he has condescended to assure us that the Religio is accepted of him as one of those helps. Having therefore this assurance, we should earnestly endeavor to learn what our duties are in the society as individuals, that we may assist in sending the glad message to Jew and Gentile, and thus hasten the time of his glorious appearing and kingdom.

As the message to be borne to the Lamanites is found in the Book of Mormon, that they may be brought to a knowledge of their fathers and of their Redeemer and Savior, the first duty of the society is apparent; and that is to study the book and learn the history of the Lamanites, of God's dealings with them, and of the fullness of the gospel revealed therein, and to assist, so far as possible, in sending this knowledge to Jew and Gentile.

What splendid opportunities for the young to equip themselves to be able ministers of Jesus Christ! Nor are these advantages confined to any age or sex. These little boys as well as the young men, may here receive instruction which shall fit them for service, either as messengers or local workers, and the older ones may refresh their memories and gain a more extensive knowledge of the truth.

Nor does the responsibility of the missionary work rest upon the masculine portion of the church or society only. These little girls, the young women as well as the older ones, each has a work to do in the Lord's great harvest-field. Think what it means to be a handmaiden of the Lord! The very name implies a nearness not suggested by the name of servant. While the servant may minister far away in the field, the handmaiden draws near to perform the sweet and simple service of waiting upon the Lord, ministering to those whom he has sent in his stead. To you may be given the noble task of teaching and training the future missionaries of the church. As mothers, wives, sisters, or sweethearts the future must hold much for you, either of good or evil, and the work of the Religio is designed to qualify you to act well your part in the great missionary work. The statement was made recently by one of our esteemed brethren, that "even women had seen angels."

Now I object to that word even when applied to women in this manner. It seems to suggest a thought of inferiority in the Lord's sight, though this was probably not intended by the brother. Yes, the Scriptures record many instances where angels have appeared to women, and always with an important message, and because they were first at the tomb, having come to minister to the broken body of the Savior, he honored them with the first view of his glorious body and commissioned one of them to carry the message, "He is risen," to his disciples.

"The maid who binds her warrior's sash
 With smile that well her pain dissembles,
 The while beneath her drooping lash
 One starry teardrop hangs and trembles.
 Tho' heaven alone records the tear
 And fame shall never know the story,
 Her heart has shed a drop as dear
 As e'er bedewed the field of glory."

Nor is the musical and literary program less essential in training for missionary work than the lessons. Your songs are a prayer unto me, saith the Lord. "Sing unto the Lord, all ye his saints! Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands! Sing unto the Lord with a harp! Praise him with stringed instruments and organs." Thus are we admonished by the sweet singer of Israel, who knew well the inspiration to be obtained from a concord of sweet sounds. What a wonderful part music has played on every great battle-field of the world, whether carnal or spiritual! How many men have enlisted in defense of home and native land under the soul-stirring strains of martial music! The thrilling bugle-call arouses the tired soldier to action, and on the march the sound of fife and drum has put new hope and courage into his heart, stirring his blood, and quickening his weary footsteps. Likewise under the influence of spiritual music, many have resolved to enlist under the banner of King Immanuel, the weary soldier of the cross has had his strength renewed for the conquest, and the tired missionary oppressed with the burden of the work, lonely for his own fireside, is cheered and strengthened when he comes among those of like faith, to hear the songs of Zion skillfully executed by voice and instrument, rendered by the youthful soldiers, the new recruits, who like Aaron and Hur hold up his weary hands.

And here let me say—though it may be digression—that while we delight in sweet and sacred music, let us not forget the composers who have breathed forth such earnest longings for the highest and best in spiritual life. Though they may have differed from us in faith, we are greatly indebted to them. They have labored and we have entered into their labors.

“But who shall think when the strain is sung
Till a thousand hearts are stirred,
What life-drops, from the minstrel wrung,
Have gushed with every word?”

Neither is the literary or elocutionary part of the work less to be esteemed than the rest. Our young people must be trained to stand before the public and be able to express their own thoughts and the thoughts of others in a clear and forcible manner. The value of elocution and oratory in the Lord's work can not be estimated; and the time to attain and cultivate this art is now. Memorizing tends to strengthen the memory and fill the mind with beautiful thoughts and forms of expression which will prove beneficial in after-years, both in speaking and writing.

The duty of the society in regard to the “Translation Fund,” as well as other means of bearing the angel's message, may well be expressed in the admonition, “Whatsoever thy hands find to do, do it with thy might.” Thus may we not only prepare for future work, but do effectual service now, and so hasten the coming of the Bridegroom who has promised to return when the bride has made herself ready.

MARTHA PROCTOR.

SEATTLE, Washington.



A NORMAL COURSE.

The following outline for a normal course together with the first lesson of the course is prepared by Bro. Walter W. Smith.

Part I.—Five Lessons on the Book and Its Books.

Lesson i, The Book of Mormon, name, manner of writing, author and authenticity.

Lesson ii, The Divisions or Groups of Books, and number in each group.

Lesson iii, The Sets of Plates and sacred things.

Lesson iv, The Urim and Thummim, and the translation of the book.

Lesson v, The Review of Part I.

Part II.—Six Lessons in Book of Mormon History.

Lesson i, The Five Periods—First Period, the Jaredite Period.

Lesson ii, The Second Period, the Period of Migration.

Lesson iii, The Third Period, the Period of Nephite Unity.

Lesson iv, The Fourth Period, the Period of the Reign of the Judges.

Lesson v, The Fifth Period, the Period of Nephite Christianity.

Lesson vi, Review of Part II.

Part III.—Five Lessons in Book of Mormon Geography.

Lesson i, The Land of the Jaredites.

Lesson ii, The Land of Nephi.

Lesson iii, Forms of Government, Laws, and Money.

Lesson iv, The Land Northward.

Lesson v, Review of Part III.

Part IV.—Four Lessons on Book of Mormon Institutions.

Lesson i, The Temple, Synagogue, and Sanctuary.

Lesson ii, The Nephite Year and Chronology.

Lesson iii, Forms of Government, Laws, and Money.

Lesson iv, Review of Part IV.

Part V.—Five Lessons on Zion's Religio-Literary Society.

Lesson i, The History of the Religio-Literary.

Lesson ii, The Object and Purpose of the Religio-Literary.

Lesson iii, The Organization of the Religio-Literary.

Lesson iv, The Religio-Literary and the Church.

Lesson v, Review of Part V.

The Book of Mormon, Name, Manner of Writing, Authors and Authenticity.

1. The Book of Mormon is the Record of God's dealings with the inhabitants of the American Continent, of the Ministry of their priests, and the teachings of their prophets, of the reign of their kings, and the rulers of the land. It covers historically twenty-six centuries, from the Dispersion, 2200 B. C., to the hiding of the records, 421 A. D.

2. The book derives its name from the compiler, or framer of the canon, Mormon, a Nephite prophet and general. (311 A. D. to 400 A. D. "A pure descendant of Lehi and son of Mormon, named after the waters of Mormon, 3 Nephi 2:11-12.) At the direction of the Lord, he prepared plates (metallic tablets), and engraved thereon an abridged history of the Nephite and Lamanite nations, (3 Nephi 2:11. Words of Mormon 1:23.) The whole record was called after his name. (See the superscription upon the plates, the preface to the book.) In 1 Nephi 3:42 it is called "The Records." In 2 Nephi 2:3, 12:7 it is called "The Testimony," and "My Word."

3. The Book was engraven on metallic plates, to insure safety from fire or decay, and was probably suggested to the Nephites by the example of their fathers at Jerusalem, as the scriptures which they brought with them were engraven on plates of brass. (1 Nephi 1:20, 46-49.) The language in which the record was made was in all probability a dialect of the Hebrew, as the people were of Israelitish origin. (Nephi 1:1-2; Alma 1:8-1; Omni 1:6-7; Helaman 2:27). The characters used in the writing were the "reformed Egyptian characters," having the Egyptian as a basis, with modified Hebrew and original additions and changes. (Mormon 4:8; 1 Nephi 1:1-2; Mosiah 1:1).

4. The Book of Mormon, like the Bible, is a book of books,

being made up of several smaller books. It contains fifteen separate books, and we can trace it in the writings of twenty-four authors (including the Record of Zeniff, the supposed brother of Amaleki, son of Abinadom. Mosiah 6 to 10). It was ten centuries in writing, from the time Ether made his record of the Jaredite nation, about 600 B. C., to the time Moroni sealed up the records, 421 A. D.

The above may be illustrated, as follows: Write the title, "The Book of Mormon." Ask, How many letters in this title? Answer, The, 3; Book, 4; Of, 2, and Mormon, 6.

The Book of Mormon
3 plus 4 plus 2 plus 6 equals 15, the number of Books in the Book.

Ask, How many letters in the name Book of Mormon (omitting o-f)? Answer, Book, 4, and Mormon, 6.

Book Mormon
4 times 6 equals 24, number of authors.

Again,

Book Mormon
4 plus 6 equals 10, number of centuries.

5. That the Book of Mormon is what it claims for itself, i. e., a record of the ancient inhabitants of America, is proved by 1, the internal evidences of the Book; 2, by the prophecies of the Jewish scriptures; 3, by archæology, and 4, by the testimony of those engaged in bringing it forth in the English language.

BLACKBOARD OUTLINE.

1st B. of M.	Rec. G. Dea.	Anc. Am.	26 Cen.
2d B. of M.	Pro. Mormon.	Dir. of Ld.	Rec. Tes. Wd.
3d B. of M.	On Plates.	Lg. Heb.	Ch. Ref. E.
4th B. of M.	15 Bks.	24 Aut.	10 Cent.
5th B. of M.	Int. Ev.	Pro. Bib.	Arch. Tes.

What is the Book of Mormon? In what way are the matters in the book treated? How many centuries does this history cover? From what source does the book derive its name? How came there to be such a book? By what name is the book spoken of in itself? Upon what material was the record written? What characters were used to engrave the record? How many books in the Book of Mormon? How many authors wrote the book? How many centuries were employed in its writing? In what way is the book authenticated?

(To be continued.)



QUOTATIONS FROM RELIGIANS. ✓

After being baptized, your duty to the church is not wholly in attendance at the meetings, for if you do not profit by what you have heard you will never be more than a piece of furniture.

God wants workers and he can not wait for ever for you to wake up.—Mary E. Clough.

Whenever a woman sets wine before her family she is weakening her power over them. She may think herself able to put a limit to their appetite; but woman does not hold the reins of human destiny, and she can not drive her sons to the brink of danger and then draw them back.—Eva A. Jones.

It is certainly true that the Lord has helped us and that he does help us and that he will help us, but God helps those who help themselves. Don't you think that it is asking a little too much of his abundant mercy to ask him to make up to us that which we have lost through indifference? I do.—Edna McDonald-SOE.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The two articles from which the first two quotations above were taken were burned in the HERALD Office fire after the extracts were made. Can the authors rewrite them?



OUR MOTTO: "ONWARD AND UPWARD."

"Onward and Upward"—Significant, noble motto! Worthy of the great and growing society we represent, and hope ever to love with an abiding and deepening affection. Advancement, progression, elevation of heart, mind, body, and spirit, towards all that is good and great; final victory over all that is impure and neither good nor great; in fact, the final triumph of the kingdom of God, and the complete downfall and destruction of the kingdom of Satan, the attainment of the great purpose and desire of God's great heart. All this is contained, revealed, suggested in our motto.

"Onward," the first half of our motto, takes the mind back to the distant past, into the immediate presence of brother Paul of Tarsus, who with holy boldness and all the emphasis of his great soul is saying: "Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended, but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind and reaching forth to those things which are before I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus; and, "Therefore not leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ let us go on unto perfection," thus grandly stating that life here upon earth is a race—yea, a race with a glorious object in view—an invaluable prize to win—everlasting life in a pure and glorious environment. Brethren and sisters, are we "so running" that we may obtain?

We are glad that our motto begins with Onward. It is an inspiring word. Even when everything around us is dark and discouraging and the way of the race runs up rugged steepes or a thorny road and we begin to conclude that further effort is useless, did some one whisper, "Onward," brethren, "we shall

reap in due season if we faint not!" God is watching and will not suffer us to become incapacitated for the race by any fall over an obstacle in the way, for the existence of which we are in no way responsible. Onward a little farther—the great prize may be awaiting and awarded us just beyond the turn in the road in the uncertain distance, for "Behold I come quickly."

"Upward." Ah! how we are brought into the presence of Christ himself, who "spake as never man spake," "And I if I be lifted up will draw all men unto me." Whilst we upon the side of our humanity are putting our efforts upward; whilst we are stumblingly endeavoring to climb, Jesus, the all powerful Christ, is drawing us upward—Jesus and I—Christ and man together working for the one result—a twofold power which the hosts of hell combined can not resist, try how they may, for he has said, moreover, "All power in heaven and earth is given me of my Father."

There will be no impossibilities; no insurmountable obstacles in the way of our obedience to God's law if we will voluntarily and consistently act upon this gracious invitation of the Master's. Get in the yoke with him and once in stay in from January 1 to December 31 every year while you live and salvation is as sure as God lives. Let us have done with all "halting between two opinions." Discard self and the world, get into the yoke with Christ, and so demonstrate to all in your surroundings that our motto is not a matter of sound only, but the incentive and the fact of our everyday life.

P. H. PHILLIPIN.

LONDON, Ontario.



WHY PARENTS SHOULD ATTEND RELIGIO. ✓

The force of example makes deep and lasting impression upon the minds of the young. Parents who manifest an interest in Religio work by carefully studying the lessons and who assist their children to master the same, will find that their sons and daughters will be inspired with their parents' zeal.

In all our work as parents and instructors it is wisest and best to take the lead in all commendable and profitable work and say "come," rather than "go."

Parents who observe carefully the conditions of salvation as taught in the gospel, thus walking carefully in the footsteps of Jesus, will have much better success in rearing their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord than those who say to their children, "I want you to be good and pure," while they themselves walk in the way of negligence and sin.

The ministers in charge who are faithful and persevering and make those under their direction feel that they require nothing of their men but what they are willing to do themselves, will

be more successful than those who pursue the opposite course, if indeed any such can be found.

That general who is not afraid of the heat and smoke of battle, but who will face the greatest dangers to be close to his men, speaking words of encouragement and inspiring confidence, will enjoy the love and confidence of his soldiers, and they will follow wherever he may lead.

That is why Christ, as the captain of our salvation and the Commander of the hosts of Israel, has begotten confidence in every true soldier.

Parents who are deeply interested in the sublime truths found recorded in the Book of Mormon and Doctrine and Covenants are inspired with a desire to search more closely that which is therein recorded, that they may be enabled to walk more closely in that light that "grows brighter and brighter until the perfect day."

Parents who are standing or walking in the light can invite their children to step up closer to Christ and become more fully "partakers of the divine nature."

Those parents who manifest the deepest interest in the education and development of their sons and daughters are the most likely to inspire their children with that zeal that will result in final triumph. Such parents desire to attend Religio exercises to watch the progress and development of the young and encourage their instructors by helping in every legitimate way to make their work a success.

Not only so, but parents should love to worship and work with their children. The work of the Religio being good for the young, it will also prove beneficial to their parents, where proper interest is manifested by them.

Parents who manifest an interest in worshiping with their children will beget in their sons and daughters a desire to worship with their parents. Such a disposition manifested by children and their parents is sure to result in much good to both. When the clouds and shadows of life have passed away and the children meet to sing praises to their eternal Father and their Redeemer; when the children shall be clothed in white and their jeweled crowns shall sparkle with truth and life: Ah! I feel within my very soul that the parents will long to be there to mingle their voices with them. Yes, for one, I want to be there! But should that be my happy lot I feel that my joy would not be full with one son or daughter left unsaved.

CHARLES E. BUTTERWORTH.

THINGS THE RELIGIAN SHOULD REMEMBER.

It is necessary to learn a thing before it can be remembered. If the Religian learns nothing but that which is worth remembering, then we say he should remember all he learns.

Religians know that their society is still young, it is still in its childhood, but its work is as important in its place as that of its sister, the Sunday-school. In fact, the Religio does a work all its own. It is a distinctive feature of the work of this dispensation. Its chief object, the study of the record of Ephraim, gives it a peculiar relationship to the work in this gospel age.

The faithful Religian studies the history of God's dealings with

“A race that to the world's unknown,
With glories past and gone,
Yet have their crumbling ruins shown
How bright those glories shone.”

He learns what was revealed to those ancient people by the inspiration of the Almighty, concerning the way of righteousness, and concerning many glorious events that have taken place in the commencement of the gospel dispensation that are now taking place and that are yet to come in the age in which we live. He will do well if he always learns how to become like unto such men as Alma and Nephi.

The Religian should bear in mind that the Book of Mormon is a most powerful weapon in the hands of the Lord's servants to be used in the battle against any or all man-inspired religions. Its strength in great measure lies in the fact that it is so strongly supported by the record of the Jews. The Religio is doing a great work in giving the young a knowledge of this powerful spiritual weapon.

Let each Religian remember that from among those who learn how to use the sword of the Spirit, will the Lord gather out those who will be his warriors to fight the battles of Jehovah. But the Lord's warriors must know how to use his weapons.

Oh, that we Religians could remember to cease complaining of one another, and be one, as the Lord has commanded us, and clothe ourselves with humility, so that we may come into the greater light that is given us, and be enabled to rejoice more in our God-given privileges. If we could only remember always to be humble, the Religio would prosper and flourish more than in the past, and be enabled to perform its work more perfectly. We know these things, and happy will we be if we remember to do them.

ROBERT J. FARTHING.

GORE BAY, Ontario.

LIBRARY DEPARTMENT.

From S. A. Burgess, General Librarian, 415 Locust Street, St. Louis, Missouri.
THE WORK OF OUR LIBRARY DEPARTMENT IN AIDING A WISE SELECTION.

Review slightly the preceding papers, then under the *need* we would have the effect of what we read on our spiritual development, our ideas of good government, our consideration of our relationship to our fellow men. Even our ideas of good government and how we should live depends very largely upon our environment and civilization, and we have already shown our reading is very closely related thereto.

Furthermore, we can not read all the books, or even a fair percentage of the best. It thus becomes necessary that we should make not only a selection, but a wise one as well. Our creed is "All Truth," so that our field in that sense is unlimited. But certainly we wish to avoid not only the bad books—those containing mental or spiritual poison, but also the weak books, mushy ones—those which are neither particularly good or bad because they are not positively good. Some seem to think that a book is a book, though there is nothing in it; the words alone are not enough, but we should like in choosing our intellectual friends to choose those which are desirable. It is one of the strange conditions of our modern civilization, though to us a most delightful one, that the schoolboy has access to the learning of an Aristotle. Books contain a summation of the bases of civilization of precious ages—much was then written and has been written in almost every age of the world since history began, but it is only the few books that have survived, those which contain the cream and essence of the time or nation for which they were written. The best ones are really world books, written not only for one age, but for all ages, yet we find many a schoolboy pitching into this intellectual food much as he does into things good to eat, and as might be supposed very often get intellectual indigestion. They have chewed so much without digesting it, so their view of life is not only colored but very often highly colored by what they have read; so we find very often at this time of life that we begin to doubt the existence of the Supreme Being. It is somewhat as Bacon suggested, (we do not quote the exact language,) That a little learning will turn men's minds into atheism while much of truth will turn men back to God; and this has been the experience not only of a few but of many. Hence the importance of our reading and also of a careful selection, and of this selection and course of reading being continued until our horizon has become sufficiently large that we begin to gain a little glimpse of the whole of the great plan and so come to know how little we do know compared

with the unknown. We do not say the unknowable, because as man develops that which seems now to be beyond his power we believe at last becomes knowable.

The field is practically unlimited, but we can hope to achieve now only a small part, and we want that to be as good a part as possible. Of course the general librarian is to assist us with counsel in every way possible. Primarily, he is supposed to advise the mission, State, and district workers and also the scattered members. The district and State librarians are to advise and assist the local librarian in making a wise selection, while the local men have some of the most important work of all: studying their home condition and trying to build up and select the library best fitted to the local needs. But all of us, as we read a good book, should not keep it to ourselves but sit down and write its title, author, publisher, price, and a short sketch of the book and send it to the general librarian. We want to all work together to secure as good local libraries as are practicable, nor do we wish this subject considered in a narrow way, for much the same people are workers in the church, Sunday-school, or Religio, and it is the interest of the whole body that we have at heart—not isolated praise—in other words, it is not simply to build up a good Religio library but to establish one of the best for the needs of all.

FINANCES: We can not individually buy all the books we should like to read. We can not all of us subscribe to all the church papers nor buy all the church books, let alone buying many other books on scientific, philosophic, and other subjects that we should have, but by making a united effort in each locality, each branch can secure one good library which will contain all of the church books, all of the church publications and many other books of value. It is not supposed, as we shall see later, to cut out the individual library, but it is to supplement it as much as possible, so when we have this—our library established—we want to make it as useful as possible and to bring it as close as possible in touch with each and every member.



THE CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

As we have suggested before, we wish first to make the local library one of reference books, taking up the most necessary part first.

The question at once arises and has been asked several times: Shall we start a Religio circulating library? This is a question which must be decided in each district for itself, according to local conditions.

Speaking for the general organization, it does not seem wise to establish a general circulating library. The Sunday-school

has already taken up this department and needs all our help, and so we should say that in the district also it would be far better to co-operate with and assist the Sunday-school in every way possible in making their circulating library a success; but, after all, we can use it just as well as Sunday-school members as we could as Religio members. Again, it is the interest of the whole body to be first considered.

In the circulating library we would expect to find many books suitable for the children, but many of these books they would read and could then to advantage be passed to another school or another locality and move in some new books so as to have a proper variety. In our circulating library we could also put up the World's Masterpiece—in fact, any book that is not a necessary reference book. Good novels, books of travel or history, of science, of philosophy or poetry, we would expect to be placed as rapidly as our means will allow in the circulating library; the members of one school could read them, then part at least passed on to others, so that they will also receive the benefit. The time may come when we can establish one large central library with branches within a reasonable distance and so build up at the central place a library containing some one hundred thousand of books. This is a consummation to be hoped for, but in the meantime let us do the best with what we have on hand. Help the Sunday-school to build up the circulating library, not for the Sunday-school alone but for the benefit of all of them and also work together to build a good local library and then try to make it as successful as possible.

Do not forget to send your report for 1906, as December 31st has come and gone, and soon will be the General Convention.

S. A. BURGESS.



✓ HAS A BOY MORE LICENSE THAN A GIRL?

It does not concern you to know what I think in this matter, or me what you think. The question is not "Does the world give a boy more license than a girl, or does it countenance the sowing of wild oats by young men?" It is "Has he, according to the moral law of God, a right to desecrate himself without being disgraced, and be forgiven on the plea of wild oats and reap a reward equal to his sisters who have kept the straight and narrow path of virtue and purity in all things?"

When God placed Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden, he did not say, Eve, this is the tree of the knowledge of good and evil; of this you must not eat, but Adam can eat of it if he gets hungry or can not find anything else mean to do, because you see he is a man with a stronger nature than thine and he must be fed and satisfied. So let the boy sow his wild oats, Eve, and

if you are a good girl, you may some day be worthy to become his wife, after he has had his fling, grown tired of himself and the world, grown cross and morbid and sour because there is nothing more that is new and bad for him to do. After he has dissipated to his heart's content, then you may make a home for him and darn his socks and keep him looking half way respectable, whether he wants to or not. But, Eve, remember, don't eat any of this fruit.

Did he say this? No.

"And the Lord took the man, and put him in the garden of Eden to dress it and keep it. And the Lord commanded the man, saying, Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat; but of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil thou shalt not eat of it: for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die. And the Lord God said, "It is not good that the man shall be alone: I will make a help meet for him." So you see Eve was not there to receive the command, for she was not yet created; but I suppose Adam must have told her, for she told the serpent all she knew about it. Christ himself recognized this evil and rebuked the scribes and Pharisees when they brought before him a woman taken in sin. "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her," and the old libertines were convicted by their own consciences and went out one by one, and the woman stood before him alone and he said, "Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more." He did not say, Take her, punish her, stone her, she is a bad woman. Of course you are men and all have sown your wild oats, but this woman has no right to take that plea, because—well, she is a woman and she ought to have behaved herself.

No, Christ challenged the man to speak who had not sinned, and condemned not the woman whom they sought to kill, after they had destroyed her virtue. Young man, what have you to be proud of to have sown your wild oats, and what does it profit you to use the license given by the world which was never set with the seal of God and will never witness the divine autograph? As you sow, so shall you reap.

Remember that ahead of you somewhere in the unveiled future—it may be near, it may be far—there stands a woman pure and good, with outstretched arms to welcome you to a love as near divine as mortal will ever know. She stands to offer herself a living sacrifice to the altar of your love and hers. She stands, keeping herself for thee and thee alone; to comfort through sickness and through trials as long as life shall last.

What have you to offer her? God grant that you may be as pure and chaste as she, that you will not have to offer her a smoldering fire of wine-quenched youth, or ask her to embark upon the

tide of life already running toward the sea of death. Remember there are yet your children's arms to twine about your neck, and little lives to wrap so closely around your heart that if it be pure, as it should be, will fill you with a sweet, true love which only those who have tasted know. As you stand, young men, full of the life and talent that Nature and Nature's God has bestowed upon you, as you stand upon the threshold of your lives to work out your own destiny and look forward to the unborn nation of which you must be the fathers, as you would wish this nation to be great and good, as you would wish your sweethearts to be good and true, as you would wish your wives to be true and pure, as you would wish your sons and daughters to be pure and free, be all this thyself, and leave to them a legacy which the wealth of gold can never buy, nor the storms of life destroy, a legacy of physical, moral, and mental strength inherited from their fathers. Remember that in the great day when you shall stand before the judgment-bar of God to be judged according to the deeds done here in the body, no question of sex will arise, and as the recording angel opens the great book at the mottled page of your life's history, there will be no one to say, "The sins of thy youth are forgiven thee, they were but wild oats."

WILL R. BOZARTH.



NEWS FROM THE SOCIETIES.

Veve, Mo.—The Religians of Clinton District met in convention, Oct. 5, 1906, at Richhill, Mo., President Sadie Dempsey in charge. Locals reported, Richhill, Nevada, and Eldorado Springs. Enrollment of the district was one hundred and twenty-one. The Religio work seems to be good. Those who were present enjoyed themselves and departed feeling well in the work.

DORA LOWE.

St. Louis, Mo.—At our monthly prayer-meeting we had a fair attendance and a good meeting. The social committee gave a fine social. They called it a penny social as all things for sale were valued in pennies. All the gentlemen who came without a lady were given a mock trial and fined. A nice program was rendered for the entertainment of the evening. The social was held at the home of Sr. Grace Anderson. They made about ten dollars which was appropriated for our library fund.

The literature committee program was much enjoyed. They had their programs arranged on small American flags. Our Thanksgiving roll-call was responded to by several with expressions of thankfulness for the progress the Religio has made during the last three months. This is due to the president, Bro. Arthur Smith, and the committee working so harmoniously together.

We have added three names to our number since last report. The Christmas number of the "Indefinite" was edited by our president and was an excellent number, much enjoyed by all who heard it.

We are thankful for the blessings this year has brought and pray that we may live so as to be worthy of the blessings in store for us the coming year.

E. M. PATTERSON.



THE TRANSFORMED ABORIGINE.

As a matter of some interest and importance it is noted that the scarcity of labor has brought about a remarkable result in various sections of the West. The noble red man has doffed his feathers and paint and pride and all that barbaric panoply in which he was wont to display himself. He has buried the hatchet and the scalping-knife has lost its edge, having long since been devoted to more peaceful pursuits. For a while the noble red man simply loafed. But even that grew irksome to him, and now, all over the great West he is going to work. And like the newcomer from Europe or other continents, he is beginning at the bottom. He works with pick and shovel. He is building railroads and he is finding remunerative employment where the Government or great private corporations are building irrigation works in the West, are preparing to wipe out another section of the fast vanishing great American desert, and are turning the arid waste into gardens of unrivalled fertility. And the Indians, not the Indians of the territory and of some of the more progressive tribes, but what remains of the tribes, which until quite recently seemed absolutely hopeless and worthless, are tilling the soil and are becoming successful farmers.

And the world marvels much. And the scoffers who said that it simply could not be done, and that the only good Indian is a dead Indian, are for the once unable to find an explanation of the fact that they have, as has so frequently happened to them before, entirely misjudged the situation.

The fact is that if the people would only have listened to the men who knew the Indians, if they had listened to great Indian fighters like General Crook, they might have learned, many years ago, that the red man will work, and will work faithfully and diligently. Crook succeeded in what at that time was deemed absolutely impossible—in getting a band of the most warlike Apaches to locate in Arizona and to devote themselves to agriculture and other peaceful pursuits and in a single season his experience became self-supporting. And the Government would have saved many millions and the Southwest would have developed twenty-five years earlier, or her development would not have

been retarded for a quarter of a century if the local government had assisted Crook and had given his proteges the protection which they needed. But nothing was done for them, and white renegades and ruffians who were worse than the worst of the red men, despoiled the peaceful Apaches, killed a number of them and practically drove the others to the war-path, where the majority remained until they had been killed off. And it became the painful duty of General Crook to kill off these people whom he would have civilized, if only the noble white men in those regions had permitted it, and if only the authorities of the country had not been possessed of the remarkable belief that Crook, the very best of their Indian fighters, did not know the Indians and that the red man was not capable of civilization.—Burlington *Hawk-Eye*, Jan. 13, 1907.

85

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170

170

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Autumn Leaves



**ELBERT A. SMITH,
EDITOR.**

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AUTUMN LEAVES

ELBERT A. SMITH, Editor

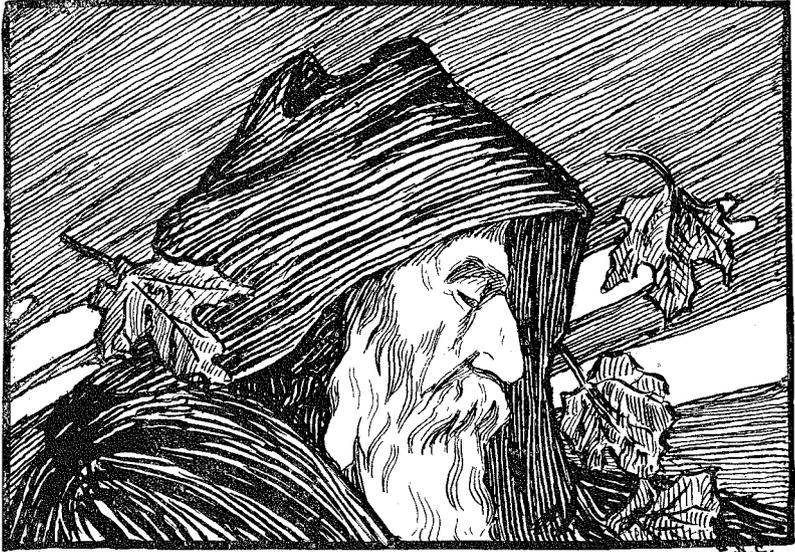
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JACOB'S LAMENTATION

(From the Book of Mormon.)

And it came to pass that I, Jacob,
Began to be old;
And the record of this people
Being kept on the plates of Nephi,
Wherefore, I conclude this record,
Declaring that I have written according
To the best of my knowledge,
By saying, That the time passed away with us,
And also our lives passed away,
Like as it were unto us a dream,
We being a lonesome and a solemn people,
Wanderers, cast out from Jerusalem;
Born in tribulation, in a wilderness,
And hated of our brethren,
Which caused many wars and contentions;
Wherefore, we do mourn out our days.

—Book of Jacob 5: 38.

(See "The Book of Mormon in Literature," Religio's Arena, this number.)

AUTUMN LEAVES

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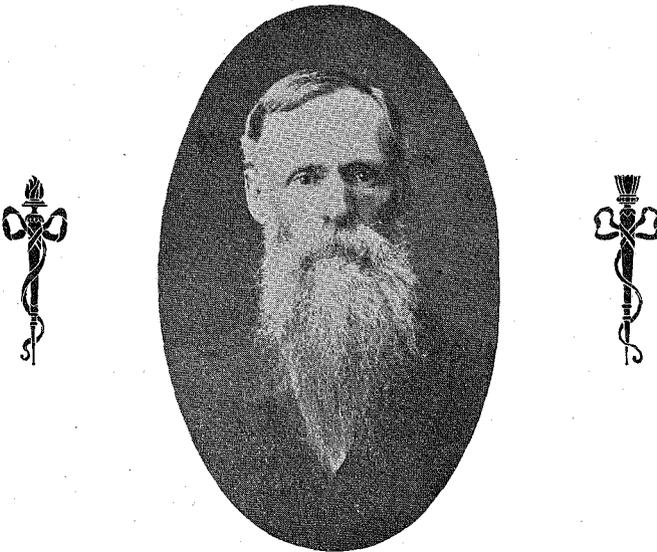


EXPERIENCES AND OBSERVATIONS OF ONE OF OUR PATRIARCHS.

BY J. R. LAMBERT.

The Editor has kindly invited me to contribute something along this line, and I can perhaps best accomplish the task by writing under the above caption.

It is fair to infer that the young people of the church, as well as the middle-aged and aged, are willing, nay, anxious, to learn all they can of the will of God, and avail themselves of all the



ELDER J. R. LAMBERT.

provisions of the divine law, made by a wise and loving Father for the timely and eternal good of his children.

“The gospel of Christ” “is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth” (Romans 1:16), and whatever contributes in any way to the important work of bringing us to God is, per consequence, a part of the divine plan. Can we

ignore it and not suffer loss? I think not; for God is still God, and the same relation continues to exist between him and man which has existed in all the ages of the past. He is our wise and loving Father, whose right it is to rule; we, if true to the covenant of the gospel, are his obedient children.

The gospel is a perfect system of truth. We can not secure its full benefits, as designed by God and Christ, unless we accept it in its completeness. As the whole system is grand and important, so, to a lesser extent, is every part which enters into this system. The system consists of facts and truths which we are required to believe; ordinances and commandments which we are required to obey; and promises which we are required to secure. The facts, provisions, ordinances and commandments constitute the immutable condition which we must believe and obey in order to secure all the precious promises, as they apply, in time and eternity.

The laying on of hands is an important part and ordinance in the divine plan. Its purpose is the conferring of spiritual blessing, through the instrumentality and authority of Christ's ministers, and in harmony with the duties, privileges and authority belonging to their office and calling. The bestowing of the Holy Ghost and confirmation in the church, ordination into the ministry, administration to the sick, and the blessing of little children, are examples of the different uses of this one ordinance. The giving of patriarchal blessings by the laying on of hands is another important use of the same divine ordinance.

Each distinct use of the laying on of hands may properly be termed an ordinance, inasmuch as the results secured through each administration are more or less different, though in complete harmony with each other, and all of them in harmony with God.

This conclusion, then, we think, is a proper one: Confirmation, ordination of ministers, administration to the sick, blessing of little children, and the giving of patriarchal blessings are ordinances of divine appointment, through which many of the choice blessings of the gospel are conveyed to the children of the covenant. These ordinances can not be treated with impunity without great loss resulting therefrom, and this is putting it in as mild a way as we know.

The following quotation from Doctrine and Covenants 83:3, throws light on the whole question and is strongly supportive of the positions we have assumed:

"And this greater priesthood administereth the gospel and holdeth the key of the mysteries of the kingdom, even the key

of the knowledge of God. Therefore, in the ordinances thereof the power of godliness is manifest, and without the ordinances thereof and the authority of the priesthood, the power of godliness is not manifest to men in the flesh; for without this, no man can see the face of God, even the Father, and live."

The calling and ordination of patriarchs, and the duties of their calling as set forth in the revelation of April 15, 1901, (See Doctrine and Covenants 125:3-6) are in complete harmony with this scripture, which is in harmony with God, and therefore is right.

(But I need not pursue this line of thought further, at present. The patriarchs and *Herald* Office have placed within the easy reach of every member of the church a little booklet explanatory of this important department of church work. It answers questions which are frequently propounded to us. An important part of it was written by Bro. A. H. Smith, our presiding patriarch, and it should receive careful consideration from every member of the church, and we would be pleased to have all others read it who desire to investigate this subject.)

It seems to be proper, at this juncture, for me to present some of the incidents which preceded and led up to my ordination to the office of patriarch, in April, 1902.

For several years my constantly failing health was a source of considerable anxiety to me. I could plainly see that, without a change for the better, I would not be able to do missionary work much longer. The arduous duties belonging to one of the twelve apostles in charge of an important mission (by the way, all missions are important) were taxing my small degree of vitality very heavily. I had a strong and prevailing desire to continue in the Lord's work. But what could I do? Was there any place where I could occupy with profit to the cause, in my weak physical condition? When alone in secret prayer, and at the family altar, I frequently poured out my soul to God, that his wisdom and love might direct in this matter. I was made to feel more and more sensibly, as time winged its rapid flight, that somewhere in his church God had a place for me, where for a few years at least I might be the means of bringing souls nearer to him. This belief, born of a rich experience, was a sweet consolation to my soul. My faith grew stronger, and I found it comparatively easy to exercise more patience and a more complete submission to the will of God.

LAMONI, Iowa, January 23, 1907.

(To be continued.)

SCENES IN FOREIGN FIELDS.—PART V. ✓

IN JERUSALEM.

BY ELDER PAUL M. HANSON.

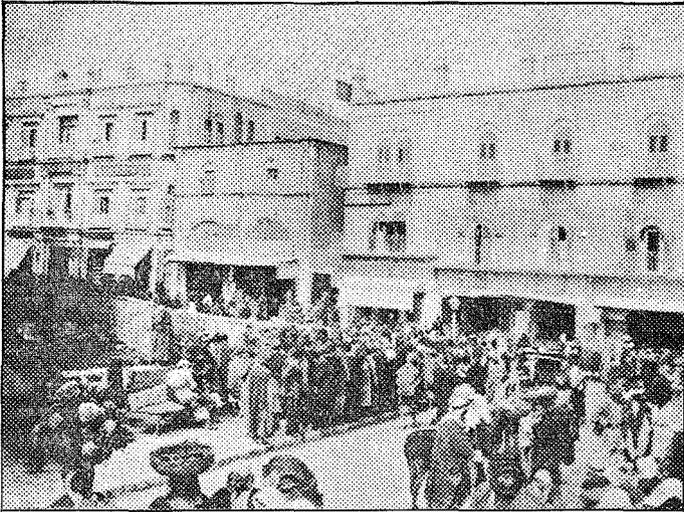
(Illustrated by the Author.)

The southwest corner of the temple area, which is within the city walls, contains blocks of stones of tremendous size. Rubbish has gathered around until now they are near the surface of the ground, but they are sixty feet or more from the foundation. One of them is thirty-eight feet four inches long, three and a half deep and seven feet high. It can be seen that as old walls were thrown down new ones were erected on the old foundations. Here and there it is seen that the wall belongs to three periods: the small blocks forming the upper part belong to modern times; the middle parts, more substantial, to the Roman period, and the most ancient course is a part of the wall that surrounded the temple. The last-named stones are stamped with antiquity and are to be found in the southwest, southeast and northeast portions of the wall that now surrounds the temple area. They resemble each other in all the different places, are from fifteen to thirty feet or more in length and five or six feet in thickness; they are beveled, so that when placed together they form a groove at the joint, and are laid without cement. These portions belong, with little doubt, to the time of Solomon, and are very distinct from the Roman masonry. The temple area was enlarged by building the walls of which the old blocks now to be seen were a part, and the inclosed place was filled up, making an elevated plateau, on which stood the sanctuary. These lower stones were no doubt covered up by the destruction that came to the temple, upper works, and the walls of the city by the Romans in A. D. 70, and afterwards served as a foundation for the new wall built by the Romans. As I viewed the great blocks, some of them high up in the wall, I marvelled at their size. All along, the ancient work of the Israelites was characterized by the bevel spoken of.

The walls on the north, east and west of the city in the time of Christ ran practically where they do today.

About forty feet from the southwest corner of the temple area is what is known as Robinson's arch. We are now on the edge of the Tyropoeon Valley, which separates Mount Zion from Mount Moriah. There are here three courses of immense stones that spring from the wall, forming a part of a large arch. The length of the courses is fifty feet, which shows the width of the former bridge. Dr. Robinson, who discovered the arch (about fifty years ago), measured the distance across the valley to the base of Mount Zion and found it to be three hundred fifty feet;

this was the length of the bridge. Away down beneath the debris excavators have found ruins of the arch resting upon an ancient pavement. The Tyropoeon Valley is now nearly filled up as a result of the rubbish that has collected and the sieges the city has gone through, but once it was very steep. The size of the stones of the arch and the manner in which they are laid correspond to the great foundation stones of the wall of the temple area. Thus Mount Zion was connected with Mount Moriah, and those who dwelt on Mount Zion, instead of having to go down



MARKET-DAY IN JERUSALEM.

(Inside the walls.)

into the Tyropoeon Valley and ascending its steep bank on the other side, were enabled to pass across the bridge to the temple service.

There is not room within the walls for all the people in Jerusalem, and as a result the city is fast building up outside. The new city differs very much from the old; its buildings are larger and more substantial.

Jerusalem has a population of about seventy-five thousands; fifty or sixty thousand of whom are Jews. There in the city stores, bakers, factories, bankers, barbers, book-binders, butchers, carpenters, china stores, dyers, grocery stores, gunmakers, hotels, photographers, policemen, harnessmakers, blacksmiths, etc.

In the market-place many languages are spoken—Arabic, Persian, French, Italian, Spanish, Greek, Russian, Hindustan, Jewish, English, Turkish, etc. Much time is spent in making a sale.

They are satisfied with few sales, but they want big profits. Many styles of clothing are seen; many characters exhibited; many nationalities represented.

The main inhabitants of Palestine are Syrians, Arabs (or Ishmaelites), Turks and Jews. The Syrians are lineal descendants of the Canaanites, who occupied the land in the time of ancient Israel, but most of their forefathers, no doubt, mixed with the Jews, Greeks, Romans, and Arabs, so there are very few, if any, full-blooded Canaanites. Some of the Syrians belong to the Moslem faith; others to the Christian. Many of the inhabitants exhibit a character worthy of commendation; others act despicably.

The confusion of the religious world seems to be focused here; there are Protestants, Roman Catholics, Greeks (that is adherents of the Greek church), Mohammedans, Jews, etc., with all their conflicting doctrines. There is more than "one faith" in Jerusalem.

The water supply of the city is for most part obtained from

The water supply of the city is for the most part obtained from cisterns that are cut in the rock, many of which are under the houses. In the rainy season sufficient water is stored away in the tanks to last a long time.

It is now the latter part of February in Jerusalem and the weather is very changeable; in the valleys the weather is warm; weather is very changeable; in the valleys the weather is warm on the hills the wind is cold to freezing. The winds are searching and one shivers with the cold. The winters are cold and wet. This shows why Jesus admonished his disciples to pray that their "flight be not in the winter." January is the coldest month; with it comes snow, ice and hail. From July to November is the hot and dry season.

The Jewish civil year begins in October, and in this month the "former" or early rains begin to fall; the seventh month of the Jewish calendar corresponds with our April, and in this month begin to fall the "latter rains." The early rains start the crops well on their way; without the latter rains crops would not mature, hence the value of the "latter rains." February is the most rainy month, the rain falling sometimes almost every day. During the twelve days of my stay in Jerusalem there was not one day that rain did not fall; some days only light showers fell, but at other times it would rain very hard the whole day and then through the entire night. Most of the rainfall of the country takes place in the months of December, January and February; the rain, however, lasts from November to June. There are, therefore, the "former rains" and the "latter rains."

Major C. R. Conder, D. C. L. R. E., leader of the Palestine Exploration Expedition that undertook the survey of the Holy

Land from Dan to Beersheba, and from the Jordan to the Great Sea, in 1873, completing it in 1877 in his book, "Palestine," page 216, says, in comparing the country with what it was in olden times, "There are still 'former and latter rains.'"

Toward the end of October the long dry spell is broken, rain falls in heavy showers and soon there is a general breaking up of the weather, and cold and rain spreads over the land. Major Conder says, on pages 215 and 216 of his book, in comparing the climate of the country with what it was in Bible times, that he is unable in any respect to see that the climate has changed.

The prophet Isaiah declared that after the sealed book of which he speaks in the twenty-ninth chapter of his writing should come forth, "Lebanon shall be turned into a fruitful field, and the fruitful field shall be esteemed as a forest." (17th verse). As a church we have believed a change would come to the land. I do not see that we should be called upon to prove there would be an increase of rain after the coming forth of the "book." Palestine has been under a curse; the country has lain for centuries uncared for; Jerusalem has been "trodden down of the Gentiles." Some say the country's condition has been caused by the wrath of God, others believe bad government is responsible for it; some say the climate has changed; whatever the cause, the land has been desolate, whereas once it was a fruitful land and supported many cities.

Whether the rainfall of Palestine increased immediately after the coming forth of the Book of Mormon (the book spoken of in the twenty-ninth chapter of Isaiah's writings), or whether the rainfall is heavier now than it was two hundred years ago, it is a fact that the rainfall in Jerusalem has increased since 1860.

In a work entitled "Meteorological Observations at Jerusalem," by James Glaisher, F. R. S., published by the committee of the Palestine Exploration Fund, the author deals with The Fall of Rain at Jerusalem in the forty-one years from 1861 to 1901, inclusive, Mr. Glaisher has subjoined tables indicating the fall of rain in inches at Jerusalem in every month in the years 1861 to 1901, and the number of days of rain in every month.

On pages 22 and 23, he says: "The average annual fall of rain, which is shown at the foot of the last column is 25.87 inches, being very nearly the same as the fall in London, though the annual fluctuations are very much greater.

"By taking the annual falls and laying them down as a diagram the result can be seen at a glance. The first thing noticeable is the evident increase of the fall of rain in the later years of the series; up to the year 1878, no fall of rain had reached 30 inches, the nearest approach being 29.75 inches in 1874, but on the diagram in the years from 1878 to 1897, the points in

twelve years viz., 1878, 1880, 1883, 1886, 1888, 1890, 1891, 1892, 1893, 1894, 1896, and 1897, were all above 30 inches.

“By taking the means of the annual falls in four parts, viz., the ten years from 1860 to 1870, ten years from 1871 to 1880, ten years from 1881 to 1890, eleven years from 1891 to 1901, the means of the four periods were found to be: in the ten years 1861 to 1870, 21.84 inches; in the ten years 1871 to 1880, 24.61 inches; in the ten years, 1881 to 1890, 27.69 inches; in the eleven years 1891 to 1901, 29.03 inches. Therefore the mean fall in the second period was 2.77 inches larger than the first, in the third 3.08 inches larger than in the second, and in the fourth period 1.34 inches larger than in the third. This is very remarkable, for it shows that the yearly fall of rain, though not distributed over a greater number of days than was the case at the beginning of the series, becomes larger with each succeeding period.”

The Palestine Exploration Fund was founded for the purpose of conducting systematic and scientific research in the Holy Land.

Since the coming forth of the Book of Mormon in 1830, the Jews have been gathering home, colonies have been organized in Palestine, and the Zionist movement that is now seeking to obtain in the Holy Land a legally assured home for the Jews is attracting the attention of the world.

The fruitfulness of the land was to be noted, as declared by Isaiah, shortly after the coming forth of the “sealed book.” It makes no difference to me whether the fruitfulness was to spring from a better government, a change of climate, a special blessing from the Lord on the land, the fall of the “latter rains,” or from all of those causes combined. From a scientific standpoint, I think it would be a little hard to show that the rainfall was heavier just after the coming forth of the Book of Mormon, for the reason in those days no measurement was taken of the rain. But measurements carefully taken since 1860 of the fall of rain in Jerusalem indicate, beyond all doubt, that there has been a gradual increase. Some writers who visited the Holy Land affirm that the “latter rains” fell, after the land’s long sabbath of them, for the first time in 1852-1853; there are residents in Jerusalem who hold the view that the “latter rains” fell at the time stated; if what the writers say be true, we have given to us a very interesting historical fact—why should their word be doubted? Joel said the Lord would cause to come down the “former rain, and the latter rain, in the first month.” The first month of the Jewish sacred year was Nisan (corresponding to our April).

In speaking of the rebuilding of Jerusalem, Jeremiah says,

“Behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that the city shall be built to the Lord from the tower of Hananeel unto the gate of the corner. And the measuring line shall yet go forth over against it upon the hill Gareb, and shall compass about to Goath. And the whole valley of the dead bodies, and of the ashes, and all the fields, unto the Brook of Kidron, unto the corner of the horse gate toward the east, shall be holy unto the Lord; it shall not be plucked up, nor thrown down any more for ever.”—Jeremiah 31:38-40.

It is remarkable that the city in its rebuilding, in the past couple of decades, appears to have pursued the course outlined by the prophets. Starting from the tower of Hananeel, near the Jaffa Gate, we pass over the hills Gareb and Goath, where the new city is built up, and over which the “measuring line” has gone; we come to the “King’s winepress,” pass over the “valley of the dead bodies,” to the ash heap, down the Kedron Valley, till we reach the northeast corner of the city wall. The new city is being built to the northwest of the old city, and apparently in the direction and within the bounds laid down in this prophecy. Nearly all of the buildings and improvements outside of the walls lie within the circuit of the walk taken.

Zechariah says: “Jerusalem shall be inhabited as towns without walls for the multitude of men and cattle therein.”—2:4.

When it is known that the gates of the city are never closed, and that here is a large entrance in the city wall near the Jaffa Gate, made a few years ago (1899) in honor of the German Emperor’s visit to Jerusalem, and that a great part of the city lies outside of the walls, it at once becomes clear that Jerusalem, today, is practically “inhabited as towns without walls.” How different are the times now from a few years ago when it was dangerous to live outside the walls, and when one at eventide would hurry home fearful lest the gates be closed and he be caught by the Bedouins.

The present walls of the city make a circuit about three miles in circumference. They present many angles, and vary in height from twenty-five to sixty feet, due to the irregularity of the ground. They are eight or ten feet thick at the bottom, but are narrower at the top. There are battlements and loopholes and, near the top, successive terraces, built for the early defenders. At convenient places are square towers. From the walls one can get a very good view of the city and its places of interest.

To the north and northwest of the old city are to be found traces of old buildings, arches, and tombs. The country around here seems to have been at one time a vast cemetery. In going northwest from the Damascus Gate, we reach, in about half an hour, the so-called “Tombs of the Judges,” situated near the head

of the Valley of Jehosaphat. They are cut in the solid rock, and over the door of one are yet remains of a beautiful carving. Here is a sepulchre which was once garnished on the outside, but inside was "full of dead men's bones." Inside of the tombs are rows of niches, one above the other, each niche cut large enough to hold one body of a full grown person. Slabs were then placed over the niches and sealed with cement. Stone doors, swung shut and bolted, once secured some of the tombs. From one chamber a small entrance often leads to another; thus one can go from chamber to chamber, and in the walls of all are niches for the dead.

Half a mile to the north of the city are the "Tombs of the King." A very interesting object here is a "rolling stone" once used for closing the door of a tomb. It is rather large in circumference, not very thick, and when in use was rolled along the groove cut in the rock in front of the door. I had never before such a conception of the rolling stone that closed the door of the sepulchre of Christ. (See Matthew 28:1, 2.)

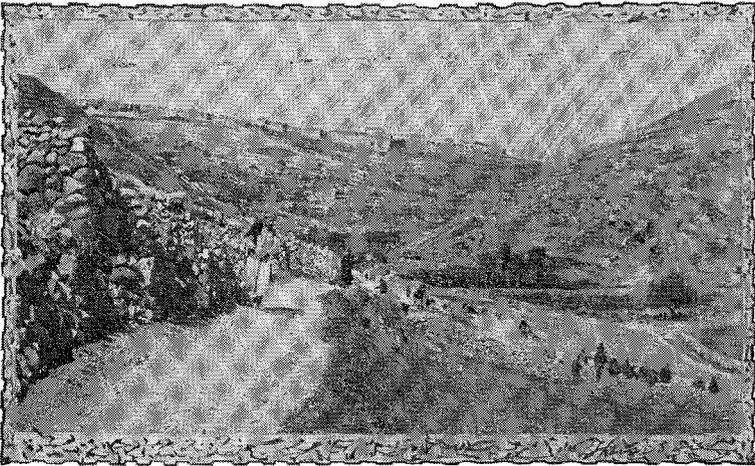
In going down the Kedron Valley, many Moslem tombs are seen along the eastern wall of the city. Around a few of the graves several Mohammedan women, with faces veiled, are sitting with men weeping and singing. In continuing our course down the Kedron, we reach, by a side path that leads from the main road to the right, the Pool of Siloam, where the blind man, by following the instructions of Jesus, received his sight. (See John 9:7). Traces of the steps that went down into the pool are still to be seen. It is just a little way south of the city and is at the base of the Tyropoeon Valley. The pool is supplied with water from the Fountain of the Virgin; the water is carried a distance of one thousand seven hundred and fifty feet, through a subterranean passage cut in the solid rock. Being thus supplied with water, it is properly termed a "pool."

In the valley just below the conjunction of the valleys of Jehosaphat and Hinnom hundreds of Jews are holiday making. In the valley is a small, rapidly flowing crystal stream of water. Old and young are engaged in mirthful festivities, and we can not but think of Jeremiah, who foretold glorious things concerning Judah and Israel. He says:

"Thus saith the Lord; Again there shall be heard in this place, which ye say shall be desolate without man and without beast, even in the cities of Judah, and in the streets of Jerusalem, that are desolate, without man and without inhabitant and without beast, the voice of joy, and the voice of gladness, the voice of the bridegroom and the voice of the bride, the voice of them that shall say, Praise the Lord of hosts: for the Lord is good: for his mercy endureth forever: and of them that shall bring

the sacrifice of praise into the house of the Lord. For I will cause to return the captivity of the land, as at the first, saith the Lord."—33:10, 11.

There is, near the Damascus Gate, in the northern wall, an entrance that leads to huge chambers under the city, known as "Solomon's Quarries." They were discovered only about forty years ago. Solomon's great works were built of such stone as is found here. Near the entrance is a large amount of debris; farther inside are piles of stone chips; some heaps contain larger chips than others. Here and there are supports that were left to keep the ceiling from coming down. Water is percolating in places from the rocks overhead, and holes have been worn in



CONJUNCTION OF HINNOM AND JEHOSEPHAT VALLEYS.

"In this valley hundreds of Jews are holiday making."

the solid rock beneath by the constant dripping. The quarries run about fifteen hundred feet in one direction and reach almost to the Mosque of Omar. He who conducted me through the chambers informed me that an architect, who visited the place, said enough stone had been taken out to build Jerusalem three times over as it is at the present time. There can be seen where one block after another was taken out; where chisels or adzes were used to mark off the sizes desired, and where wedges were used to split off the blocks. Some of the large stones remain undetached, showing the holes made for wedges to be inserted. Where the stone along the ceiling was not thick, not suitable for building purposes, great flag stones were taken for paving the streets. A large fountain, full of water, was near one of the caverns, in a good state of preservation, perhaps made for the use

of quarrymen. Niches were cut here and there to hold lamps while the men were at work. A large key stone, with a part split off, hangs from one of the ceilings, all the stone round about being taken away. The workmen were either careless, or there was a flaw in the stone, and after the stone was given its proper shape and the piece split off, it was left hanging.

From cavern to cavern can one go, a torch being necessary to illuminate the way, and all around is white stone, somewhat soft, but it becomes very hard when exposed to the air.

Passing along the Valley of Hinnom, we come to the Lower Pool of Gihon, to the southwest of the city, where it is said Solomon was anointed king.

We have now visited some of the most sacred and interesting sites in and around Jerusalem. To the southeast of the city is the traditional site of Aceldama, or "field of blood"; to the south is the Hill of Evil Counsel, where according to monks, the Jews took counsel to kill Jesus. Credence, of course, can not be attached to all the sites established by the Crusaders and religious zealots in later times. But many of the objects of interest that we have visited are known with considerable certainty.

Bethlehem lies about five miles south of Jerusalem and can be reached by carriage road. Leaving Jerusalem at the Jaffa Gate, we cross the Valley of Gihon, perhaps where Solomon was anointed, and after ascending from the valley we get a good view of the south side of the city. The Plain of Rephaim is soon reached, where the Philistines at one time prepared themselves to fight against David. We are with little doubt on the road traversed by the "wise men," when sent by Herod to "search diligently for the young child," Jesus. Olive-trees and vineyards are to be seen on both sides of the road, some of the vineyards being fenced in with walls of stone.

A cistern along the way tradition affirms is where the "star" appeared the second time. A ridge is now ascended and from it both Jerusalem and Bethlehem can be seen.

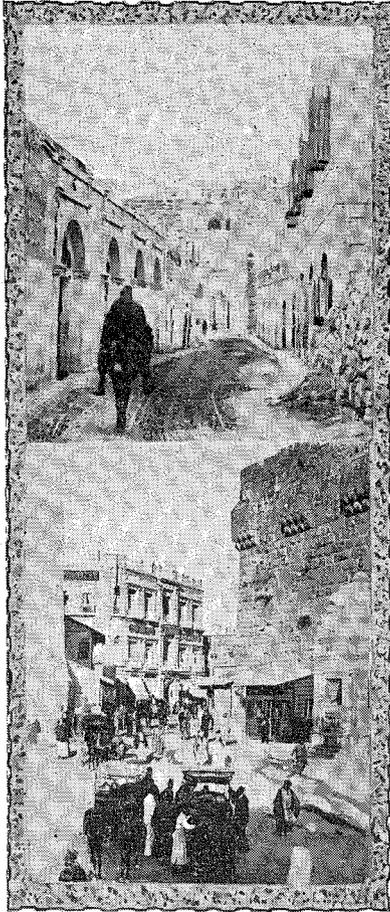
Near the road that leads from the Bethlehem road to Hebron is the reputed Tomb of Rachel. The scriptural account of her death and burial is: "And Rachel died, and was buried in the way to Ephrath, which is Bethlehem." Genesis 35: 19. The tomb is a square building surmounted by a dome, the whole being whitewashed, contrasting not unfavorably with the gray barren hills around.

A little while and we enter Bethlehem. The city crowns a hill, its houses are built of stone, the streets, most of them, are narrow. Upon our alighting from the carriage shop-keepers swarm round and flatter, beg, and sometimes scold us to buy photographs, and their goods made of olive-wood and mother-of-pearl.

It was on the hills round about that David kept his father's sheep; in the surrounding field Ruth gleaned after the reapers.

Tradition points out a spot where Christ was born, in the Church of the Nativity, built in the fourth century by the Empress Helena, mother of Constantine. In entering the church it is necessary to pass through a very low door, which requires one to bow the body low. Descending from the main floor about

STREET SCENE
IN THE NEW CITY
OUTSIDE THE
WALL.



ENTRANCE IN THE
WALL MADE IN
HONOR OF THE
GERMAN
EMPEROR'S
VISIT.

ten feet we come to the place marked out as the birthplace of the Saviour. There are numerous lamps which are kept burning day and night. The church is in charge of Greeks, Latins, and Armenians, and in it are Turkish soldiers, bearing arms, stationed to keep the peace between these sects in charge of what is believed to be the place where the Prince of Peace was born.

After leaving the traditional birth-place of Jesus, with lighted tapers we enter a long subterranean gallery, a monk going before with light in hand showing us the way. At the end we come to the Chapel of St. Jerome, in which he resided while translating the Old Testament into Latin from the Hebrew, and revised the current Latin Version of the New Testament, the work being known as the Vulgate Version of the Scriptures.

The inhabitants of the town make a living, many of them, by carving crucifixes, beads and curios, from mother-of-pearl, olive-wood, and stone from the Dead Sea, which they sell to travelers. There are several stores in which are to be seen splendid displays of the goods manufactured.

East of the city is a plain where the shepherds may have kept their flocks by night, when the angel of the Lord appeared to them and they were sore afraid, but heard the words, "Fear not; for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

Then there appeared a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."—Luke 2:10-14.

Celestial music! Worthy was the one in whose honor it was given.

Clouds are hanging heavy on the hills, and at eventide, as the rain begins to fall, we enter our carriage, filled with solemn reflections, and in an hour are in Jerusalem.

(To be continued.)



AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ELDER LEVI PHELPS.—PART IV. ✓

(Written by himself and edited by Sr. Bertha Cornish.)

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The manuscript for this number was destroyed when the *Herald* Office burned; but fortunately Sr. Cornish was able to reproduce it from the original notes. In the close of the last chapter Elder Phelps was engaged in missionary work at Caseville, Michigan, and was the subject of much persecution, several attempts having been made to mob him. Invariably the Lord had protected him.

A boy about ten years old was playing near a vacant stable one day, and hearing men talking in it he went up unobserved, listened to their conversation and found that they were plotting how they would get me that night and lynch me. The little fellow hastened to Sr. Burwell and told her about what they were saying. It was also discovered that those men were furnished liquor to prepare them for the event.

About the same time in the day a young man who was working for our young Sr. Myer's father (and who was sick) as he lay in the house upon a couch overheard the sister's father and

brothers, who were bitter against the work, telling of their design in this lynching business. They were to take the rope for that purpose. This young man informed our young sister of what he had heard, and told her to get word to me as soon as possible. On the morning of that day I had made arrangements to go to Bay Port and another brother who was a priest was left to look after the services, but very few of the Saints knowing of our arrangements. Some of the Saints heard that I had gone to Bay Port, which was about nine miles away, but they expected that I would return for the evening.

Sr. Myers had a niece visiting her who was a Saint, and she sent word by her to Bro. Burwells, where the little boy lived who overheard the conversation in the stable, and at this news coming as it did from both quarters about the same time, Sr. Burwell went or sent to Bro. Adams and advised young Bro. William Adams to go down to Bay Port and tell me not to come back that night, at the same time sending me all the information she possessed about this plot.

I sent word back to the Saints not to fear as I did not intend to return that day. I held services in both places alternately, and although the enemy continued to plot against me I was always on hand to fill my appointments; and as Bro. F. C. Smith said of me: "Those persecutors hunted him like a rabbit, yet he was always on hand to fill his appointments."

One Sunday a wagon-load of Saints went with me from Bay Port to Caseville and the same day on our return we took a different road than our enemies were expecting us to, and although they were armed with guns and hidden in ambush, we did not pass that way. We heard afterwards how we unknowingly had baffled the enemy.

There was another incident which took place in the early part of my work in Caseville, which often comes to mind, and is as follows: One afternoon I had been visiting out of town about one-half mile and as I was preparing to return young Bro. William Dowker came where I was and said that Sr. Emma Brackenbury was very sick and wanted me to go to administer to her. I left the house in company with the brother, and as we went along I was thinking of how I could arrange to go to the sister's assistance. I had an appointment for that evening, it was now late in the afternoon, and I did not know what was best to do. So we went to Bro. Adams' home and Bro. William Dowker, Sr., and wife were there. There were seven of us (Saints) present, so I said to them: "You all know that I have an appointment here for this evening and Sr. Brackenbury is sick and wants me to go to adminisiter to her. It is too late in the day to go to her and

return, to fill my appointment. Are you all willing to bow with me and ask counsel of God in this matter?"

All readily assented to this, and we knelt in prayer. Several prayers were offered and a gift was given. The instruction was to the effect that I was to fill my appointment and then hasten to our sister's relief and that the Lord would give her rest until I could reach her. As we arose from prayer, some one said: "It is five o'clock." This caused me to look at the clock and I saw it was exactly five. After filling my appointment, I found that Bro. Dowker, Sr., had his horse and cutter ready to carry me to Bay Port where the sick sister lived. Upon entering the house we found quite a number of Saints present, as our sister was very sick indeed. As I reached her bedside she aroused from a sleep.

"Oh!" she said, "you were praying for me at Caseville and the Lord gave me rest until you could come."

Several of those present stated that the sister had told them the same before she went to sleep. I immediately asked what time she said this to them. They said: "About five o'clock." So we see that the Lord gave her a portion of the same instruction that he gave to us at Caseville; but why he did not heal her in answer to our prayer is not for us to say. We know that he did not do so, then; but after I had anointed her with oil and laid my hand upon her, she was immediately healed.

Bro. Brackenbury desired me to stay that night with them, and when I arose in the morning and went into the sitting room I found our sister well and able to go about her work.

That same year I labored also in several places in Huron County, among others at Canboro, and after laboring there for a time I went to Uibly, which was about eighteen miles away. It was very muddy and I had two satchels to carry, so by the time I reached Uibly I was very tired. I arrived about one o'clock in the afternoon. Going to Bro. Flynn's I ate dinner, and rested about one hour. Then there was an irresistible feeling came over me to go to Bro. Joseph Dickinson's home, which I think was about two and one-half miles from town. Accordingly I started. While yet some few rods distant from the house, Sr. Dickinson saw me and opened the door saying, "Bro. Phelps, I am so glad that you have come, for my baby is very sick."

Bro. Dickinson was away at this time, but there were two daughters present and we all knelt in prayer, after which, I anointed the little sufferer as it lay on its mother's lap. Then I knelt and laid my hands upon its head, and as I prayed the Spirit of God came upon me in power and the little one was healed immediately. It raised up on its mother's lap and leaned over towards the floor, so the sister put it upon the floor at her

feet, and as she looked down upon her babe as it was trying in baby fashion to play she said to it, "You feel better, don't you, my dear?" and it distinctly said: "I do, I do, I do." The mother stooped down and took the little one up in her arms and as she clasped it to her bosom, said: "Bro. Phelps, this exceeds anything that I have witnessed in this latter-day work." And we feel to say that this was indeed marvelous as this child was far too young to talk only by the power of God, and it did not learn to talk until months afterwards. Below is given the name of the mother of this family who testified to the above as being correct:

"I the undersigned do testify that I know the above stated case of healing to be true; also that baby did speak as stated by Elder L. Phelps.

MARY E. DICKINSON, mother."

In April, 1890, while general conference was in session, I was at home. One evening I, with two of the brethren who were members of the Juniata Branch, went out of the village to a secluded spot to have a season of prayer. While thus engaged the two brethren were told to prepare themselves for the ministry by diligent study of the scriptures; and as we were on our way home talking upon this great work, the Spirit of God rested upon me, and I was given to know that there was something concerning me going on at conference, more than assigning me to a field of labor, but what it was I could not tell. I at once told Bro. James Davis and F. H. Brooks, (they were the ones who were with me at this time.)

In a few days after this I received a card from Bro. Etzenhouser, who was president of the Fifth Quorum of Elders, of which I was also a member, saying that I had been appointed a member of the First Quorum of Seventy. I was not ordained until the next year, and then both Bro. J. J. Cornish and myself were ordained to that office, at Juniata, on the thirty-first of August.

A few months after this my health began to fail, and it soon became evident that I had consumption. I continued to fail until Saints and friends thought that I would soon die. I was administered to several times, but received very little benefit. While in this condition Bro. James Davis, who had moved away from Juniata and was at this time living at McKinley, came to see me. While conversing upon my sickness, he said to me: "I know that this sickness will not cause your death. I do know that you will get well, for the Lord has a work for you to do that you must live to accomplish."

A district conference was held at Juniata June 17 and 18; the church in which it was held was on the lot next to our house, and many Saints came in to see me during the conference; and I knew by their conversation that they thought it would be the

last time that they would see me alive. At this time I called for administration again; and Elders J. A. Carpenter and Andrew Barr came, and after they had administered to me, Bro. Barr said: "Bro. Phelps, you will not die with this disease; for two or three years ago when you and I went into the woods to pray, while at Five Lakes, the Lord revealed to me a work that you would do which you have not yet had an opportunity to accomplish."

I received but little benefit from this administration and continued to fail.

Some time after this, one beautiful Sunday, I had a strong desire to meet with the Saints in the morning. I was able to go the little distance to the church, which was only forty-seven feet from our house.

During service I feebly arose to my feet and bore my testimony, and when I had done so, the Spirit testified that the day was near at hand when I should sound the gospel again with a strong voice.

One morning not long after this I awoke to find that the Lord had given me perfect health, and in the following spring I again entered the missionary field.

In the summer of 1894, while laboring in the city of Flint, I went three or four times to a place several miles away, called Swartz Creek. About one and a half miles from this village lived a brother in the church by the name of Harvey Nichols. His wife and son, also one of his daughters, were members of the church.

I held services in his house, also in a hall in the village. On my second or third visit there, shortly after I arrived at the brother's house, a ten-year-old son of a neighbor by the name of McLeod came and told Sr. Nichols that his mother wanted her to come over as soon as possible as their baby was very sick. The sister went over and found the child in a critical condition.

The mother of the child said to the sister: "If this were your child would you send for a doctor?"

"No," said Sr. Nichols, "I would not; but perhaps you had better send for one."

"Why not send for a doctor if this were your child?" said the woman.

The sister then explained to her about administering to the sick, and after she had made all plain to her, she exclaimed: "I believe God has the same power he always had and can heal my child." The sister advised her to send for her husband, who was working for another man not far away.

In less than one hour after the sister returned home, the little boy came again telling Sr. Nichols that his father wanted the elder to come over to his place. So I went over, and on entering

the house, Mr. McLeod said: "Elder, I don't feel like trusting a doctor to heal my baby, but would rather have you to ask the Lord to heal it. I have read in the Scriptures how he healed the sick, and I believe he has the same power now, and will answer prayer when offered in faith." This man was not a member of any church at this time.

As I looked upon the little sufferer as it lay upon its mother's lap I felt to sympathize with the parents. It looked as though death had already laid its icy hand upon the child. I spoke upon faith a few moments, after which we knelt in prayer. Then I administered to the little one, and while I was praying over it, the Spirit came upon me in power and the little one was healed immediately. Shortly after this Mr. McLeod moved away and I did not get their testimony in this healing, but I have the testimony of Sr. Nichols and her daughter as follows:

"We testify that we know that the above stated case of healing is true.

AUGUSTA NICHOLS.

"EMMA J. NICHOLS."

In 1897 the condition of my family was such that I left the field to remain at home to care for my loved ones, and in the fall of that year we moved into a new country near Farwell. Here I took up a homestead, as did some others.

After coming here my wife died. To us had been born six children. One had died and another had married; thus I was left with four children at home, all too young to be of much assistance, and being on a new place with but little means to help myself, I found it very difficult to properly care for them.

In time I became acquainted with Mrs. Anna Musser. Many Saints of Michigan are acquainted with the great trials which this sister passed through after she obeyed the gospel. We married, and in three year after I again entered into the field. Although this country was new, soon after I came here I began to hold preaching-services, and also held prayer-meetings with the few Saints who had moved into this part, and I soon baptized a few and continued to baptize until we now have a branch of twenty-six members, with officers to care for the flock.

Just before I entered into the field this last time, one day the Spirit rested upon me, and I was instructed thus:

"Hasten unto my servant, E. C. Reeves, and deliver unto him my word, saith the Lord." I started at once for this brother's place, which was about three-fourths of a mile away, and as I went along enjoying an abundant portion of the Spirit of God, I felt as though I did not want to meet any one, for fear that I would lose the influence that was upon me; but soon I heard a horse and buggy coming. The occupants proved to be my daughter-in-law and her mother, who invited me to ride, which

I did until I came to the brother's farm; then instead of going to Bro. Reeves' house to find out where he was, I left the road and was led by the Spirit through a piece of young timber which was almost a thicket. Back of this and concealed from the road was a field and on reaching it I saw the brother a few rods away cultivating corn. I walked up unobserved behind him as he was going from me, and placing my hands upon his shoulders I said to him: "Bro. Edward, I have the word of the Lord for you." As he looked me in the face he said: "All right, Bro. Levi."

When we reached the lower end of this field, we entered a grove of poplars, and as the Spirit had to a great degree abated its power, I said to the brother, "Let us kneel in prayer." We did so, and the Spirit of the Lord rested upon me in power, and I spake unto him as the Lord directed. When I was through I saw the tears of joy flowing freely down the brother's face, and he said to me: "I have never told a single person that I had desired and prayed earnestly to God that I might know just what has been revealed to me through you."

He felt that he had not sought in vain, but that the Lord had revealed to him that which he so much needed to know. I will not say what it was that was given, as it was only for the benefit of this brother.

I have only given a portion of the many incidents of my experience in this great latter day work. I have received very many remarkable blessings which I believe it is best not to relate.

I am grateful to God for his great goodness to me, and want to spend the remainder of my life in his service, doing all the good that I can until my life's work is done.

(Concluded.)



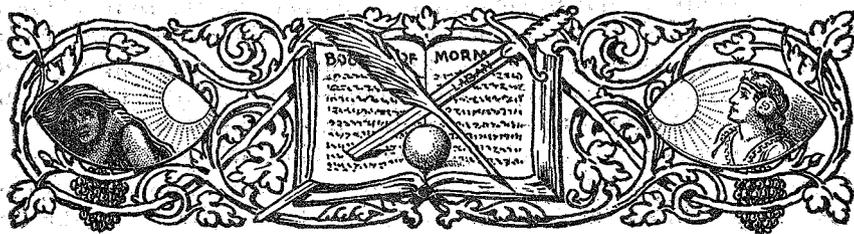
Editor's Corner

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ELBERT A. SMITH, EDITOR, LAMONI, IOWA.

THE BOOK OF MORMON IN LITERATURE.

An address by the Editor at the Nauvoo Convention. Reported by Annie Allen.



STYLE, CHARACTERIZATION, FORCE, OBJECT, TRUTH.

The Book of Mormon has been criticised by a great many people, ranging from those who have not what we would call ordinary horse sense, to those who would be considered equal to the task of criticising almost anything, like Rudyard Kipling, who spent a day or two in Salt Lake City and read one or two pages from the Book of Mormon and then criticised it. He said that its style was discursive, diffusive, and a few other things. We will comfort ourselves with the thought that it is not so bad as some of the things that Kipling has written; if it were we had better take it up with a pair of tongs and drop it into some of these garbage barrels.

Each book has certain characteristics which determine its place in literature; among them may be named, style, characterization, force, object, and truth. I have noted these characteristics on the board. As we proceed through the list of these characteristics they grow stronger; and the book is stronger on the more important counts.

In the first place, we take up the style of the book. We will admit on the start that its style might be considered bad by one who has a sensitive literary taste. But the style of a book like this is not so important as it is in the case of a work of fiction. In fact, style is all there is to some modern books of fiction. In them great importance is attached to the manner of saying a thing and none to the thing that is said; in the Book of Mormon the method is at least partially reversed. Some of our books of fiction remind me of the story of Gordon E. Duell, who

refused to cast the Devil out of a certain sign-seeker on the ground that there would be nothing but the man's clothing left; cast the style out of them and all you have left is the paper and the covers, and they are of a cheap grade.

The Book of Mormon has been objected to, and the charge has been made that from beginning to end it has just one style; and hence was written by one individual, that individual being Joseph Smith.

There are reasons why greater variety of style is not in evidence in the Book of Mormon. First, it was nearly all abridged by one individual, and his characteristics necessarily appear all the way through and tend to obscure the individuality of the original writers. Second, it was all translated by one individual, which further tended to make it more composite than the Bible, which never was abridged by one man and was translated by many.

But I think that if we examine the book we will find varieties of style preserved; at least enough to clearly indicate different writers. I wish to read two or three short extracts to show the difference in style. I will read from the letter written by Moroni to Pahoran. (See Book of Alma, 27.) Moroni was a soldier and Pahoran the governor. By force of circumstances for which Pahoran was not to blame he had been compelled to neglect the soldiers in the field. Moroni did not know the reasons, and he was angry because of the neglect. He sat down and wrote a letter from which we read:

"And now behold, I say unto you, that myself, and also my men, and also Helaman and his men, have suffered exceeding great sufferings; yea, even hunger, thirst, and fatigue, and all manner of afflictions of every kind. But behold, were this all we had suffered, we would not murmur nor complain; but behold, great has been the slaughter among our people: yea, thousands have fallen by the sword, while it might have otherwise been, if ye had rendered unto our armies sufficient strength and succor for them. Yea, great has been your neglect toward us. And now behold, we desire to know the cause of this exceeding great neglect; yea, we desire to know the cause of your thoughtless state. Can you think to sit upon your thrones in a state of thoughtless stupor, while your enemies are spreading the work of death around you? . . . I would that ye could adhere to the word of God, and send speedily unto me of your provisions and of your men, and also to Helaman. And behold if ye will not do this, I come unto you speedily; for behold, God will not suffer that we should perish with hunger; therefore he will give unto us of your food, even if it must be by the sword."

You see the character of this individual; he was a soldier, ready to make his demand known and then to draw the sword

and enforce it. His method of address shows the style of the warrior.

Next we turn to the writings of Jacob (see Jacob 5), and I wish to contrast the two. Here is his lament as he closes his record:

“And it came to pass that I, Jacob, began to be old; and the record of this people being kept on the other plates of Nephi, wherefore, I conclude this record, declaring that I have written according to the best of my knowledge, by saying, That the time passed away with us, and also our lives passed away, like as it were unto us a dream, we being a lonesome and a solemn people, wanderers, cast out from Jerusalem; born in tribulation, in a wilderness, and hated of our brethren, which caused wars and contentions; wherefore, we did mourn out our days.”

This is not the language of a warrior; it is that of a man who was born while his mother was an outcast wandering in the wilderness, and who is now a melancholy old man.

Next we read the language of Nephi. (See 2 Nephi 15.) It is also his parting message:

“I glory in plainness; I glory in truth; I glory in my Jesus, for he hath redeemed my soul from hell. I have charity for my people and great faith in Christ, that I shall meet many souls spotless at his judgment seat. I have charity for the Jew: I say Jew, because I mean them from whence I came: I also have charity for the Gentiles. But behold, for none of these can I hope, except that they shall be reconciled unto Christ, and enter into the narrow gate, and walk in the straight path, which leads to life, and continue in the path until the end of the day of probation. And now, my beloved brethren, and also Jew, and all ye ends of the earth, hearken unto these words, and believe in Christ; and if ye believe not in these words, believe in Christ. And if ye shall believe in Christ, ye will believe in these words; for they are the words of Christ, and he hath given them unto me: and they teach all men that they should do good. And if they are not the words of Christ, judge ye: for Christ will show unto you, with power and great glory, that they are his words, at the last day; and you and I shall stand face to face before his bar.”

This is the language of the preacher and the prophet. You note the styles of these various individuals. These extracts sufficiently disprove the charge that the book has but one style.

Next we take up characterization—the power of the writer to delineate and portray character. The characterization of the Book of Mormon is not so strong as that of the Bible, though it is strong. We take up the Bible and we read of men who lived in olden times, and their individual character stands out

very plainly. There was impulsive Peter—affectionate, kind, fighting for his Master, yet tempted and overcome of evil. How sharply delineated is the character of Judas, or Moses, or Pilate.

We turn to the Book of Mormon and read of Lehi, Laman, Lemuel, the brother of Jared—each stands out plainly, as an individual, with his own peculiar traits.

The next thing is force. When the Book of Mormon was published it was thought that it had no special force or power and that it would soon die. But it has proved its vitality. It is still living and is constantly increasing in circulation despite the desperate attacks which have constantly been made upon it. Few other books have outlived such persistent and malignant attempts upon their life.

The truth contained in this book has laid hold upon the souls of men with such force that because of their belief they have gone from this very city to their death. Scarcely would men die for a bad book, though peradventure they might even die for a good book. No weak book ever claimed such sacrifices as have been made for this one.

Now we observe the object of the Book of Mormon; and that is very important, whether with books or with men. We read in the beginning of this book that its object is to convince both Jew and Gentile that "Jesus is the Christ, the eternal God, manifesting himself unto all nations."

Can you imagine a higher or better object or one that would entitle the book to a greater place in literature. Notice one way in which the book is accomplishing its object: Prior to the days of Columbus this whole world was divided into two worlds, the "Old World" and the "New World," as they are called. These were separated from each other as completely as though some mighty hand had cleft them asunder.

Ingersoll at one time said something like this, "Your God was ignorant of the fact that there was another continent until Columbus told him so."

It is a fact that you may search the Bible through and you may search the libraries of the world through and you will find no clear, positive statement that God ever knew anything about the New World until Columbus told him of it. The Book of Mormon comes forward to tell us that God was not ignorant, and further, that he was not content alone to send sunshine and rain impartially upon two worlds, but that he sent them both spiritual blessing as well, and above all that both had the revelation of the Lord Jesus as the Son of God, "manifesting himself to all nations."

The next thing that we notice is truth. In a book which professes to teach men, this is most important of all. In this regard

the Book of Mormon stands side by side with the Bible. The truth of both is proved by evidences both internal and external.

Back of the Book of Mormon stand three witnesses, Aræology, Prophecy, and living human beings through whom the Spirit speaks.

The book vindicates its own right to a place in literature. I believe that in the Christian world it will be admitted that any book is entitled to respect and belief that teaches faith in God and the virtue of womanhood and integrity of manhood. When we turn to the sixteenth chapter of Alma we find one of the noblest exhortations to faith that is found anywhere. Alma exhorts his hearers to have faith, which he likens to a seed. He tells them if they have no faith to at least desire to have it. That reminds me of a statement made by James Whitcomb Riley, that if an individual would desire to have faith, and would declare, "I will believe," each year would find it easier for him to believe, until his faith would be established.

The second chapter of the Book of Jacob teaches purity of life, both of men and women, and the sanctity of the home. Polygamy is condemned more plainly than it is in any other known book of antiquity, the Bible not excepted.

The Book of Mormon is superior to most other ancient books in that it contains no paragraph which may not with propriety be read before a mixed audience or in the presence of children.

We wonder sometimes why societies, denominations, leagues and individuals pass by the presses that are turning out an enormous yearly grist of obscenity, and attack this book, that teaches faith, integrity, and virtue. Why do not they shut down those other presses, regenerate them, and set them to printing Books of Mormon?

I believe that this book is worthy to take its place in literature along with any other book that was ever written. May God help us to live its teachings.



Daughters of Zion

Truer Parenthood, Better Children, Happier Homes, Purer Society.

CALLIE B. STEBBINS, Editor.

“A partnership with God is motherhood;
What strength, what purity, what self-control,
What love, what wisdom, should belong to her,
Who helps God fashion an immortal soul.”

ADVISORY BOARD.—Mrs. B. C. Smith, president, 214 South Spring Street, Independence, Missouri; Miss Dora Young, secretary, Holden, Missouri; Mrs. M. E. Hulmes, treasurer, 909 West Maple Avenue, Independence, Missouri; Mrs. F. M. Smith, 630 South Chrysler Avenue, Independence, Missouri; Mrs. T. A. Hougas, Henderdson, Mills County, Iowa; Mrs. Callie B. Stebbins, Lamoni, Iowa.

BRING UP YOUR CHILDREN IN LIGHT AND TRUTH.

A widowed mother of seven children was anxious for them to gain an understanding of the gospel, and for this reason she moved into one of the large branches of the church, that she might have all the help to be secured from the church in the accomplishment of the good work for which she felt herself responsible.

Each department of the Sunday-school had attentive members from her family and the older ones became enthusiastic members of the Religio-Literary Society.

While appreciating the benefits her children were receiving from the various services in the church, she had not, however, relaxed her own efforts in their behalf.

She remarked recently, “It is surprising how much even the youngest of my children know about things taught in the Bible.”

She went on to tell pleasing little remarks of the children, showing how well they remembered the Bible stories, and how aptly they sometimes applied the teachings.

She added that she herself had read the New Testament through to them three times. She read to them every morning, she said.

A friend inquired, “Can you always find time for it? Where there are so many to get ready for school, I should think you would often be hurried.”

“I make time,” the mother answered. “I am usually through with my breakfast first and then I read to them while they are finishing. Occasionally, if we are hurried, I read while some of the older girls are combing the hair of the younger ones. It is very seldom that we miss it entirely. The children like the reading and would be sorry to have me omit it.”

Then she said, “I never before appreciated what the Sunday-school can do for a family. The way those children talk about the lessons they learn in Sunday-school shows that they are a power for good with them.

"The other day," she continued, "my little girl, only five years old, sat down by me for a little talk, and she began by saying:

"Mamma, Jesus looks down and sees us all the time, doesn't he?"

"I answered, 'Yes,' and she went on,

"He sees all we do and even what we think, and he wants us to have good thoughts. He wants us to be neat and clean, and he wants us to be kind. He wouldn't like me to slap my brother nor hurt my sister,' and she shook her head at the thought of it. 'He wants our hearts to be pure, like the lilies we sing about at Sunday-school.'"

The mother knew that these were things she had learned at Sunday-school. The same little girl was feverish with a cold one afternoon, and she was put to bed early, in a room just off the sitting room. When it came evening the family were all in the dining room and from there the light shown dimly into the sitting room, but the bedroom where the little girl lay was quite in darkness. At least, so it seemed to her sister next older, as she came from the brightly lighted room beyond.

"You are all alone in the dark," she said. "Shall I stay with you?"

"No, I'm not alone," the little one said contentedly.

"Why, who is here with you?" her sister asked in surprise.

"Jesus," she answered sweetly.

Who can think that religion had not already become a comforting reality to this child?

Is not that mother already reaping a part of her reward for seeking to bring up her children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord?



THE CHILDREN'S SUNDAY.

As the parents of the present time look back upon the days of their youth, a picture of a long, weary Sunday will enter the mind, and they will perhaps think how the manner of spending the Lord's day in their childhood differed from the way their children spend the holy day.

Then no book but the Bible, or some treatise on its various subjects, was allowed to be read; no games whatever were played, and about all a child could do was to go to church and keep quiet, maybe sleep through the long hours of the service and return home, hating the very thought of the afternoon which must follow and wishing and waiting for Monday to come, when it would not be wrong to do "something."

Today all people interested in children and the brightening of their little lives are trying to devise new ways of making

Sunday attractive to the little ones, so that instead of the long day of torture, a bright, happy day of peace and cheer will cause the children to look forward to Sunday as a day of spiritual happiness and privileges.

If the mother in the home plans that the hours of the Lord's day be filled with pleasant, quiet occupation and cheery, helpful talk, she will find that her little ones not only have much reverence for the day, but will remember the little lessons taught at her side; and the pleasant memory of the happy hours spent in the home, together with the love and devotion of both mother and father—all these remembrances will go with them through life. Who can tell what temptations the boy or girl will be enabled to resist because of this early gentle training? While we have our boys and girls with us, let us try to fill their lives with the purest and best, beginning with the little toddler who is ever active and seeking amusement, and not forgetting the boy or girl who is just coming into manhood or womanhood, for especially do they need wise care and guidance.

It is a good plan to make Sunday different from the other six days of the week, that the little ones may be made to feel that one day is sacred and enjoy its coming. A Sunday-box containing blocks, dolls, toys, and other little things is sure to bring much delight, if it is understood that whatever it contains is to be kept exclusively for that day.

When Saturday night comes, let all the playthings of the week, (and perhaps the books, too, if there are others which may be read on Sunday,) unless it may be some favorite doll or toy or animal whereupon the little one lavishes a good deal of love, be laid away. If the every-day toys are put away for a day they will seem all the better when again brought out. The Sunday-box may contain kindergartens, blocks, colored pencils, paints or crayons, Bible games or pictures, in fact anything which will quietly interest the children, making them happy and giving the older members opportunity to enjoy their Sunday reading or resting. Children must be doing something, but are usually ready to be quiet if they see a reason for it; so they should early be taught that Sunday was given for a day of rest and quiet, both for young and old. A child does not necessarily have to be noisy to be happy.

We should not expect a child to be as quiet as a mouse all day just because it is Sunday. The strong, healthy limbs and muscles, and even the voice, must act on this day of rest and quiet. The thing is to direct these members in the right way, not to restrict them.

Oftentimes a long walk or drive will help to pass the afternoon,

especially if there be some particular object in going out. It is a beautiful thing to see a child of tender years remembering about the sick and aged, or those deprived of the privilege of roaming about in God's beautiful world. A handful of flowers or a bunch of autumn leaves may brighten the home of some "shut-in" who used to enjoy just such a pleasant walk on Sunday afternoon in days gone by. Certainly a little beam of sunshine always follows a kindly act or a thoughtful deed, and the little ones will soon love to do these little acts of kindness if they are taught that it gives pleasure to others and pleases the heavenly Father. Gathering flowers for the hospital is another pleasant occupation for the active little people who always love to pick flowers.

After the walk, when the little ones are tired enough to sit down to rest, it is pretty work to arrange the buds and blossoms in little bouquets and place them in water until they can be sent to the hospital.

While taking a walk children may be taught to watch for some pretty trifle to take home to mamma. It may be only a few buds from a tree in the spring or the first violet; even so small a thing as a bit of a pretty moss or a stone will teach a child to think of others while enjoying himself. A collection of differently shaped leaves will amuse a child for a time, or he may try to find two leaves of a same shade of green of a different variety.

There is no better day than Sunday in which to think kindly and lovingly of others. Some old person might be pleased to have a visit from a child. Even if the child comes empty handed it pleases the aged to be noticed and to hear the happy laughter and chatter of childish voices. At all times encourage the little ones to be thoughtful of the less fortunate in life. They will love to work for children's hospitals or mission homes or schools, and if they know there is a little girl or boy of about their own age in a missionary's family, when a box is sent to that family you will see how eager the little ones are to help.

Some of the hours in-doors may be pleasantly spent cutting out stories and pictures to paste in scrap-books; or they may be arranged in envelopes or boxes to be sent to little ones who have nothing to brighten their lonely lives. In one family where three busy children lived, there was great rivalry for weeks to see who would secure the greatest variety of pictures of animals, which were pasted on a large sheet of brown paper to represent Noah's friends in the ark. The animals were collected during the week-days, and each Sunday the spoils of the week were neatly cut out and pasted. Bible texts may be arranged in alphabetical order or a map drawn to show some missionary's journeying. After children are acquainted with the important characters of the Bible they can easily make up games. One

game may be played by each child writing upon a slip of paper the name of some well-known character, folding the slip so as to hide the writing. The slips are then mixed up and each one draws one and then tells some fact about the one whose name he holds.

Another game may be made by writing or printing names in large letters so mixed that it will take some time to arrange them correctly. For instance the letters E E T P R are to be arranged to spell "Peter." Twelve of these names cut up will amuse for some time and are often quite puzzling. Children usually like letter games, and this will teach them several things at once.

Many of the smaller children consider that part of the Bible which is not in story form as of no interest. To interest the little ones in the Bible, as a whole, tell them what a wonderful book it is, preserved through ages and made up of a series of books written at different times and in many languages and how God has kept it safe through many perilous times. Let them know how the first scriptures were made and how the monks used to spend sometimes a life-time writing and illustrating a single small portion of it. Perhaps the little ones would like to write out a short psalm to better understand what slow work so much writing must have been.

Of course teaching verses from the Bible should be a part of each Sunday's occupation, and after many verses are learned, the children will delight in writing the verses, arranging them as an acrostic to spell a name. For instance, Charles might select the following verses, beginning each with a capital and arranging one under the other: "Cease to do evil, learn to do well"; "Have faith in God"; "A soft answer turneth away wrath"; "Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand"; "Love one another"; "Envy not"; "Sin not at all." If all the verses have not been memorized, the little Bibles, which each child should own, may be searched until suitable verses are found. If a few verses of some favorite Psalm or chapter are learned each Sunday, think what a rich store will be his in a year's time. It is so much easier to learn all these golden truths in early life, that it should be encouraged at a very tender age.

Learning the books of the Bible in their order will greatly aid a child in finding a text. If five new ones are learned each Sunday they will not be hard to remember and once learned will not be forgotten.

Sunday is a great mothers' day, and the true mother will find rest and happiness in devoting a part of each Sunday to her little ones, and the little stories and lessons she tells them will be remembered through life. She may read aloud out of the Sunday-school books or any good books or papers or she may

tell them stories from the Bible or other stories, but the time spent with these busy little people will not be lost and her influence will grow greater as she gets nearer to the hearts of her children. The stories of the Bible may be made doubly interesting by the addition of a few illustrations. Pictures may be obtained so easily and at so little expense that the parents should not neglect to get them. Often a true story that would otherwise have soon been forgotten, is remembered by a picture. The children may be asked to tell the mother a story from the picture, thus showing how much he really understands and remembers. Sometimes the little ones will enjoy searching in old magazines for pictures to illustrate a story.

The many beautiful lessons of Christ are so simple that a very small child can not fail to understand and be interested. The stories of his birth, the flight into Egypt, his various journeys, and how he was treated, all hold hours of instruction and entertainment if the parent will only make himself familiar enough with them to tell the eager little listeners. Encourage the little ones to ask questions about different stories for they learn much from intelligent answers.

Children are always delighted with nature-studies, and it is a short and easy road from Nature to the God of Nature. Many beautiful stories may be told about the seed-babies lying under the brown blanket of earth where Mother Nature so carefully covers them and keeps them warm during the frost and snow of winter. In the winter, during a snow storm, let the children catch some of the flakes and note the beautiful stars and shapes in which the crystals form. Tell them how the snow comes down and why God makes the snow in winter and rain in summer. If possible, teach them the grandeur of a thunder-shower, never forgetting to add how safe we are in God's loving care. There are so many subjects for stories and talks that we must leave it to the mother to select what will most interest her own little ones. The children will learn to love their heavenly Father because of the beautiful things he has given us to enjoy and the bountiful blessings he has sent to brighten our lives.

Some thoughtful mothers have little prayer-meetings with their boys and girls, or play Sunday-school, each being conducted on the usual plan, but always short and simple. A little girl has a Sunday service for all her dolls. It takes considerable time to dress each of her six dolls in her very best clothes, but when all is done, she takes the small charges to a big chair or sofa and conducts the service as any more able minister might do; she sings for them, repeats scripture, makes prayers, and for a sermon tells them some story of the Bible which she has learned. Later in the day this same little miss has a Sunday-school for a similar audience, and asks and answers the questions herself.

Little folks always want to do as their elders do, so when some one sits down to write a letter, the child wants to do likewise. Encourage him to do this, for it will please grandma to get a few lines written by the little hand; or if papa is away how glad he will be of the childish message sent with mamma's letter.

Above all, do not forget music in the home. If you have no instrument in the house teach the little ones the old familiar songs by singing them yourself. The piano or organ is a great help and will furnish added pleasure, especially in such songs as "Onward, Christian soldiers," and "Only an armor bearer." But the piano is not an absolute necessity. Marching songs are always favorites, especially if the children be allowed to march as they sing the several verses. The little ones soon have a choice as to what they sing and it should be regarded. Music in the home at the twilight hour will never be forgotten, for it will certainly bring a loving family close together and to the heavenly Father who gives us the holy day for rest and praise. In many families the usual supper is omitted on Sunday night, and a tempting lunch is served with as little work as possible. Some special treat should be provided, but it need not be anything difficult to prepare. Lemonade in the summer, with frosted cake or cookies, and in the winter hot chocolate, will make a cheery lunch. The day should close with family worship, in which the father of the household takes the leading part.

Whatever is done on Sunday, the vital consideration is to develop the moral and spiritual nature, and to make Sunday at home delightful to look back upon in after-years. This may be done whether the house be a cottage or a palace, provided it contains loving and sympathetic parents, willing to devote their time on Sundays to their children. Fifty-two Sundays in each year offer golden opportunities for the molding and gilding of our children's lives and kindling their interest in all that is good and true.

In after-life the memories associated with a happy childhood will hallow the sacred day of rest, and help to make an irreligious or a careless use of it impossible.—Grace Turner Adams, in *American Motherhood*.



ORPHANS.—A DREAM.

Ever since I learned of the intention to build an orphans' home, I have wished to help, but when I would think of our own needs, I would think we were too poor, and that we would leave that for those who had plenty and to spare. However, I had contented myself by thinking I had some nice soft quilts laid by that I would send when it was built and ready for use.

On New Year's morning my husband gave me one dollar for a

New Year's gift. I laid it by for a time when I could spend it where it would do the most good.

Shortly after this I awoke one morning very early, and not being in a hurry to arise, I lay thinking and planning for the day's work. Among other things, I planned to spend the dollar, as I thought now I could spend it to advantage. But while thinking, I fell asleep and dreamed that I went over to a neighbor's house close by, where there was a sick lady. While talking with her there came a knock at the door. The old lady opened the door and talked with some one and said kindly, "Come in. I will see." A poor, miserable looking, middle-aged man entered the room. His hair was long and shaggy, and I noticed a sorrowing look in his face, though his eyes had some softness in their depths. With him came two little boys, also poorly clad and wretched looking, and last came two sweet little girls about five or six years of age. Oh, such tender little creatures to be so thinly clad! So miserable looking, yet with such angelic faces peeping out from the tangled masses of their nut-brown hair.

I shall never forget the beauty I saw in the depths of the sad eyes of that family.

Each one carried a small bundle of things necessary for the father's work, which seemed to be mending household articles.

How they huddled near the warm stove.

When the kind old lady had found some mending for the father, he fell to work. I shall never forget the happy look on his care-worn face, as she brought him piece after piece to mend.

All the time my eyes kept turning to those two sweet little girls. They looked like twins. I thought that with some one to care for them they would be the most beautiful children I had ever seen. How I longed to do something for them. I thought that I might give the father some work to do. Then I thought of my dollar. But I said, "Oh, I need it for other things so much." I turned my head to brush away a tear and I heard a sweet voice say, "An object lesson on orphans and the need of a home."

I awoke, my eyes still wet with tears. I resolved just where my dollar should go—where it would do the most good, believing that God was trying to teach me a lesson and to show me what I could do. I had not thought of the orphans' home since I had had the money.

I began thinking differently now of our own little ones and of their needs; of how warmly they were clad, and of their nice, comfortable home, though humble it is, I must say. With kind and loving parents to care for them, I could plainly see that they were rich, compared to those poor, wretched little ones I had seen. I felt ashamed that I had not thought of sending the

dollar long before. Has not God said, "This is a day of sacrifice"? And to what grander cause could we give than to help poor orphans in their need? God has said, "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord." I believe the dear Lord knew the wish of my heart, and gave this dream to show me how I could make the dollar do the most good, not using it selfishly, but for those who were in greater need than I.

I believe that this lesson was given by the Spirit that I might see my selfishness, for the care of a family and my love of home had kept me near my own hearthstone and I have known very little of the struggles of homeless ones beyond what I have read.

Dear Saints, I know this great latter-day work is of God, for he has given me many beautiful testimonies of its truthfulness, and I also feel sure that God is behind the building of the home for homeless children. That it was his Spirit that put it into the hearts of those who started it.

Let us all sing from our hearts, "I'll do what you want me to do, dear Lord," and God will be a colaborer with every loving heart and willing hand that helps in this good work.

MATILDA MCCURRY.



The Religion's Arena

ELBERT A. SMITH, Editor, Lamoni, Iowa.

GENERAL CONVENTION PROGRAM.

The General Convention will meet at Lamoni, Iowa, April 3, at 9:00 a. m., and continue its sessions until noon of the 5th.

Let all secretaries of stakes, districts, and local societies not in districts and stakes, make their reports to the general secretary, Mrs. M. A. Etzenhouser, Independence, Missouri, promptly, so that a list of the membership and delegates may be prepared for the credentials committee, that the committee may be prepared to report at the opening session.

The following is an outline of the program suggested for the session:

PROGRAM.

Wednesday, April 3, 1907.

9:00 a. m., Prayer service, fasting from the morning meal.

10:00 a. m., Business, report of the credentials committee, reports of officers, stakes, and districts.

2:00 p. m., Business, constitutional amendments.

7:30 p. m., Business. No new business entertained after the close of this session without special order of the body.

Thursday, April 4.

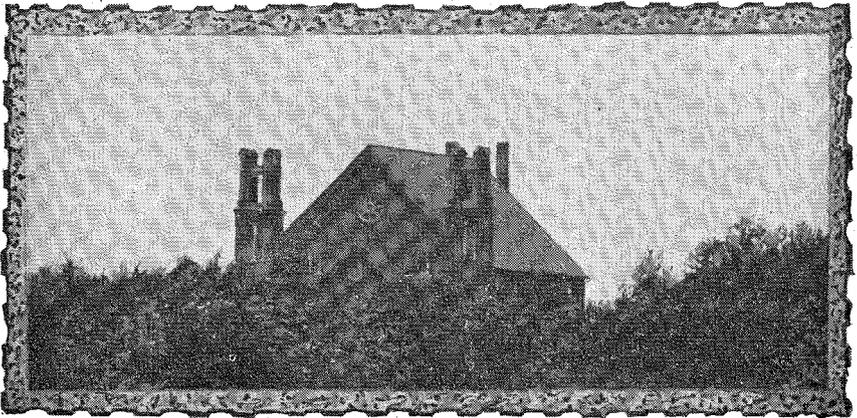
9:00 a. m., Business, election of officers the special order, unfinished business.

This program is subject to whatever changes may be thought necessary.

J. A. GUNSOLLEY, President.



THE CONVENTION OF 1907.



TO THE READERS OF THE "X-RAY:"

Dear Fellow Religians: We of Lamoni are to be greatly favored in that we are to have the next General Convention here, and I wish to avail myself of the opportunity of speaking a few words with reference to it.

What is the General Convention? Well, in the first place, it is a gathering of the Religians and their representatives from all over the world met to do business pertaining to their special work, one of the departments of the church-work, as now almost universally recognized.

Second, it is a time and place for renewing the acquaintance of those whom we have known in former years, and for making new acquaintances of those who are associated with us in the especial work of the Religio.

Third, it is a time and place of education calculated to better fit us for this work than we have hitherto been qualified, by coming in contact with those who have had more experience than ourselves, and who are perhaps better adapted to such work.

Fourth, it is a time and place where it is expected that the Spirit of the Lord will meet with his Saints to cheer and comfort them as well as to instruct them in the better knowledge of their duty towards our heavenly Father and the work he has intrusted to our hands and care.

Fifth, in general it is a time and place for feasting upon the good things of God in the way best suited to our needs, whether these needs be more encouragement, more faith, more zeal, more knowledge, more wisdom, more patience, more persistency, more self consecration, or what not.

Then how important it is that we make preparations for this time. The success of almost any undertaking depends more or less upon the environment of its location. We should not expect to hold a convention with as much success in a place where there are no Saints as where the majority are of our own faith. In union there is strength. So that the success of the convention depends in large part upon the Religians of Lamoni.

Shall a preparation be made for the occasion? Who of us would not favor preparing for the reception of the president of the United States, if he were going to pay a visit to our town? We would feel almost like saying to one who would not favor it, "You had better get out of our town." And yet, in many respects, the coming of this convention is of more importance than a visit of the president would be. Here are coming some of the best men and women upon the face of the earth, engaged upon the most precious mission (the gospel mission) ever intrusted to man. It is expected as a result of their coming that much good will be done to the cause of our Master. It is expected that they will bring with them a goodly portion of the Holy Spirit, which will not dwell in unholy temples, and we wish it to dwell in Lamoni for a time, if not always.

What shall we do, then? What can we do to help make this convention the success we always hope so much it will be? We can not all preside. We can not all be delegates. Perhaps we can not all be in attendance. But we can all do something.

Yes, we can all have our new bonnets, hats, suits and dresses. We can all have our houses nicely painted, papered, and put in such tidy condition as to please the most fastidious. We can add some things to our larder even though it may require us to go into debt a little so as to make a good appearance at our tables. We can all arouse ourselves and attend services and take part therein so that our visitors may be inspired by our activity and interest, particularly during the convention and conference, whatever we may do at other times. We can have family prayer while the visitors are here, and visit the sick frequently, so that those who have entertained exalted notions about the Saints at Lamoni may not be disappointed, and will take good report about us. Yes, we can do all these things, and we shall surely have a glorious convention long to be remembered.

I fancy that if I could be near enough to look into your faces as you read this last paragraph I could detect a smile lurking

about the corners of your mouths indicating a sense of humor bordering upon the ridiculous; and perhaps I might hear the remark, "Brother Gunsolley is joking us now." Well, if not such preparations as I have suggested, what then?

And you answer me, one saying to me, "Good clothes—new clothes—are all right, but we should not seek to make a display of them at such a time, for the true adornment, and that which pleases our heavenly Father, is not the outward adornment, but the adornment of a meek, quiet spirit." Thank you; then let us seek for that. Another says, "We should have our houses tidy all the time, and there is no harm in taking a little more care at such a time, the same as if we were going to have company at any other time, but we should not do so for the sake of display or that we might have a better looking house than some one else." Thank you, I believe you are right. Says another, "We should put ourselves to some trouble for the sake of company, and I do not think it is wrong to set a better table than when we have just home folks, but we should not go beyond our means, for display." You are right, too, and if we shall all follow out your advice there will be fewer store bills left unpaid for the month following the General Convention and Conference than has been usual in the past. Still another suggests, "If we make an effort to be more pious and religious than usual, then our hypocrisy will be apparent, the effect will be just the opposite to what we desire; and that we had better begin now, so as to get well into the habit before the visitors come." This is certainly good philosophy, and we would do well to adopt your suggestion; thank you.

Yes, you are all right in your suggestions. If we have to make beds on the floor to accommodate our guests let our apology be, "The church is calling for means to build a home for the children who are homeless, and we are trying to help." If your guests are asked to sit at a table furnished with plain food, and you think something ought to be said by way of explanation, simply say that you have been making a little extra effort to help build the sanitarium. And if you shall be wearing your last year's hat or dress, simply say, "The *Herald* Office must be rebuilt, and desiring it to be rebuilt at Lamoni, we have subscribed all we could to assist, and we want to be able to pay the subscription promptly."

Then, in answer to earnest and fervent prayer, the Spirit of God will come in mighty power, and a time of refreshing will be enjoyed such as has not been known before. The business of the convention and of the conference will be conducted peaceably, the Saints shall feel such an uplift as they have not felt before, the Lord shall be glorified in his Saints, and the people shall all be blessed indeed.

May the Lord direct and bless all to this end is the earnest prayer of your colaborer in the work of the Master.—J. A. Gunsolley in the "X-Ray," Lamoni local.



A NORMAL COURSE.

The following outline for a normal course, together with the first lesson of the course, is prepared by Bro. Walter W. Smith.

(PART I.—THE BOOK AND ITS BOOKS.)

LESSON II.

The Divisions or Groups of Books, and Number in Each Group.

1. The Books of the Book of Mormon are divided into five parts, or groups, but as all the books are historical in their nature, the division or classification is made according to the period to which the history narrated in them belongs. The five periods are, the Jaredite period, the period of migration, the period of Nephite unity, the period of the reign of the judges, and the period of Nephite Christianity.

2. The Jaredite period begins with the dispersion, about B. C. 2200, and closes with the Battle of Ramah, about B. C. 600. The books belonging to this period are one, the Book of Ether, an abridgement made by Moroni about A. D. 400, from the record of the Jaredites, written by the Prophet Ether about B. C. 600.

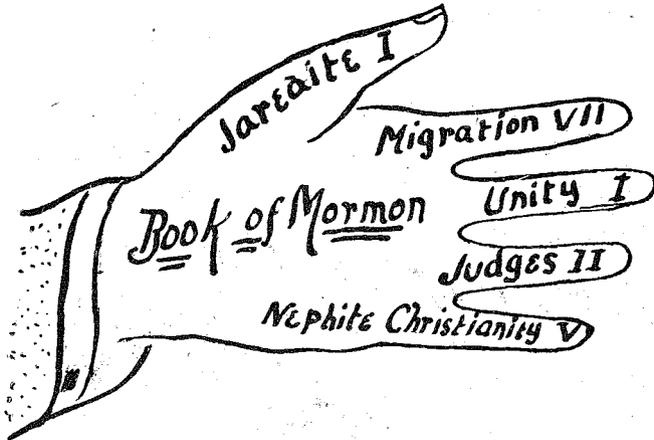
3. The period of the migration begins with the warning of Lehi, B. C. 600, and closed with the union of the Nephites with the people of Zarahemla, about B. C. 200. The books belonging to this period are six, viz., 1st and 2nd Nephi, Jacob, Enos, Jarom, and Omni. Each bears the name of its author, except Omni, which was written by Omni, Amaron, Abinadom, and Amaleki.

4. The period of Nephite unity begins with the union of the Nephites and the people of Zarahemla, about B. C. 200, and closes with the seating of Alma, the first chief judge, B. C. 92. The Books belonging to this period are one, Mosiah, written by King Mosiah, son of King Benjamin. (Chapters 6 to 10 of this book are the record of Zeniff, the supposed brother of Maleki, son of Abinadom.)

5. The period of the reign of the jugdes, begins with the seating of Alma, first chief judge, B. C. 92, and closes with the birth of Jesus the Christ. The books belonging to this period are two, Alma and Helaman, the first written by Alma the younger and his sons Helaman and Shiblon. The second written by Helaman the younger and his son Nephi.

6. The period of Nephite Christianity, begins with the birth of Jesus the Christ and closes with the hiding of the records by Moroni, A. D. 421. The books belonging to this period are five,

Nephi, Nephi the son, Mormon, Words of Mormon, and Moroni. Written as follows: Nephi, by Nephi the grandson of Helaman the younger; Nephi the son, by Nephi the son of Nephi the disciple of Christ, his son Amos, and grandsons Amos and Amaron; Mormon, by Mormon son of Mormon; as also the Words of Mormon; and Moroni by Moroni the son of Mormon.



BLACKBOARD EXERCISE.

QUESTIONS.

How many divisions or groups of books in the Book of Mormon? What is the method of classification? Name the periods of history by which the books are grouped. How many books in the first period? Name them. Name the books in the second period. How many authors? Who wrote the book recording the history of the third period? What other record does it contain? Name the books of the fourth period. Who are the authors? What books belong to the fifth period? Who wrote them?

(To be continued.)

Corrections to be made in the lesson for last month: Page 84, under part III, lesson iii, should be, "The Land of Zarahemla," instead of "Forms of Government," etc. In the lesson, paragraph 2, third line, "400 A. D." should be "384 A. D." Page 85, under paragraph 4 of the lesson and second line, it reads, "we can trace it in the writings"; it should read, "we can trace in it the writings," etc.—Editor.



ADVERTISING A LOCAL.

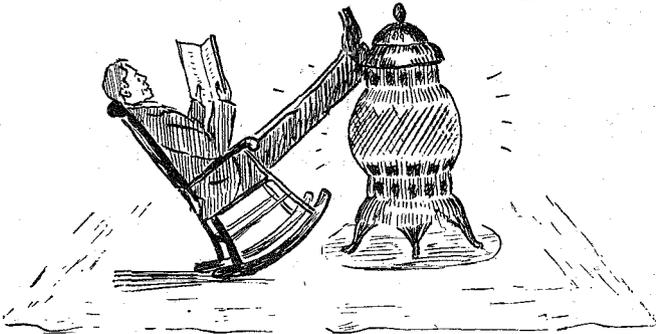
Our attention was attracted to some successful advertising which Bro. Fred H. Johnson had been doing in behalf of the Chicago (Central) local. At our request he forwarded us a series of these advertisements. We found them very interesting and unique and would like to reproduce the entire series,

were it possible. However, we content ourselves with the accompanying two, and from them you may judge of the others. We intended to use them last month, but our plans were disarranged by the Herald Office fire. These advertisements mostly were executed by hand upon large white cardboards and were placed in the auditorium so as to attract the notice of church-goers who were not attendants at the Religio. They were very successful in their mission. Following is a letter from Bro. Johnson.—Editor.

My Dear Brother Smith: Your kind letter was received Christmas eve, and I now have opportunity to reply and thank you for your good wishes and to express our hope that the year which will soon arrive will bring to you the realization of your hopes, whatever they may be, and health and happiness.

I will mail to you tomorrow the bulletins to which you refer and which cover the last quarter. I don't know that they will

Too Busy to Come to Religio!



From one of the posters designed by Bro. Fred Johnson.

be of any use to you, but while crude they have aided in creating some interest in this department of the work here.

For months the local society had been dragging along from week to week and one never could tell whether or not it would survive the next seven days. Some nights there were no meetings at all. The worst feature about it was the apparent willingness on the part of many to stand by and see this society pass away, and the motive which impelled this feeling was a no worthier one seemingly than the desire to stay home and be comfortable.

Bro. Henry P. W. Keir is vice-president and with his interested assistance we have been able to get a little enthusiasm aroused and hope to keep it up. As you will notice, we are endeavoring to create

specialties for the different sessions which might prove helpful in bringing out the indifferent.

It is our intention to make the Book of Mormon study the main feature of each evening's program and to have the literary portion secondary. For instance, last week the discussion in the classes was so absorbing that we dispensed with the rest of the program altogether, giving up the whole time to the lesson, and there was no protest.

This bulletin, with its black border, attracted immediate notice. Everyone stopped to read and afterward talked of it to others.

THE FUNERAL

— of —

THE RELIGIO SOCIETY

has been

DEEPLY INITIALLY POSTPONED

and

Meetings will be held as usual

Every Tuesday Night at 7:45 o'clock

WE TRUST

That those who were willing, and anxious, to sympathize on account of the expected demise of this Society will be able to bear the disappointment, and that

ALL WHO APPRECIATE GOD'S GIFT

of the Book of Mormon will assemble at the hall next Tuesday.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT!!

At this session will appear the latest edition of the Great Religio Periodical —

T H E A R T I C L E

Edited by H. P. W. Keir, F.R.S., in the interest of the Local Society.

Come and hear what it says about YOU!

RESPOND TO ROLL-CALL

with a quotation from anything.

LESSON :

3d Night 7th Chapter.

REMARKS!

The Religio Class is to the Book of Mormon what the Sabbath School is to the Bible!

Are YOU working AGAINST the gospel through

INDIFFERENCE!

MAKE A TERRIBLE SACRIFICE AND COME OUT!

At the present time the attendance is running about seventy per cent of the average attendance at the regular preaching-services. Of course we want the other thirty per cent, but if we hold the present membership intact and maintain interest in the services we shall not complain.

We desire to have a few papers on educational subjects in course of preparation at all times, so they can be called for when needed, and to bring out our relation to the different scientific theories so that we shall be enabled to talk intelligently with strangers who bring these theories to bear against the gospel. The members, when called upon, show a willingness to respond that is very encouraging.

You ask me to write an account of my labors in resurrecting the local society, but the above is about all that I feel justified in saying at this time. Our membership is small and I want

The
Religio Society

Lesson
3d NEPHI Ch 10: 1-5

= SPECIAL PROGRAM =

A Debate
on Divinity of
the Book of
Mormon

EVERYONE attends the
Religio NOW — IF YOU DONT
COME OUT YOU'LL BE LONESOME

745 P.M.

The second bulletin announced an increase of one hundred and fifty per cent in attendance at Religio. This one announced that everyone attended Religio.

to avoid anything that might cause some to think I had an undue opinion of my importance in this connection; besides, it is a little premature as we have had charge only a short time.

Sincerely your brother, FRED H. JOHNSON.



LIBRARY DEPARTMENT.

ANCIENT LIBRARIES.

Egypt, hieroglyphics over 2000 B. C.

Papyrus, manuscript, 1600 B. C.

Babylonia, clay tablets, Agane, 2000 B. C. (Had a catalogue.)

Ninevah, 1850 B. C. Some 10,000 distinct documents.

Greece, Aristotle, 350 B. C.; 1,400 volumes.

Egypt, Alexandria, about 50 B. C. to A. D. 640. Various-ly estimated from 100,000 to 700,000 volumes.

MODERN LIBRARIES, 1900.

National Library of France, 2,600,000 volumes.

British Museum, 2,000,000 volumes. (Parliamentary grant, \$60,000 a year for the purchase of books and manuscripts).

Russian Library, St. Petersburg, 1,200,000 volumes.

Royal Library of Prussia, Berlin, 1,000,000 volumes.

Royal Library of Bavaria, Munich, 980,000 volumes.

Library of Congress, Washington, 840,000 volumes.

Boston Public Library, 734,000 volumes.

These are but a few of the largest and will give some little idea of the books now in existence.

We would like to call your attention once more in this hour of need to our suggestion in "The Arena" of November, 1906, viz.: That we are working together for one common purpose, and that the church library should have the preference of rare books. Please turn and reread that article and then let us do what we can. One or two may not be able to accomplish much, but if we should make a united effort, how long would it take us to build even a better library than that which was lost in the *Herald* Office fire? Let us be active and see how soon we can accomplish this desirable result.

If you have not sent in your report, please do so right away. The data given above should have been given two months ago, but we send it now so that you may appreciate the program for the third week in January.

What would you think of starting a question-box in which any request for information in this department sent in should be tersely answered? Let us hear your suggestion.

S. A. BURGESS.



CORRECTION—RELIGIO QUARTERLY.

In the lesson for the last meeting in March the first paragraph (or partial paragraph) of questions belongs to the preceding lesson under "Junior Questions" to be added on at the end. This is one of those kinds of mistakes that creep in occasionally in spite of all the care possible, it seems. J. A. G.



THE ELDERS AND THE RELIGIO.

The general secretary of the Religio, Sr. M. A. Etzenhouser, Independence, Missouri, requests that all the elders who have either organized new societies or reorganized old ones should report the fact to her at once, giving the names and addresses of the presidents and secretaries of the societies, so that she may

ask for a report in case that she shall not have already received it.

Sr. Etzenhouser has been working vigorously to get the records in as good shape as possible before convention-time, so that a full report may be made, and it is desirable that none be left out, hence the co-operation of the ministry is asked for in this way. Of course, if any others have done work of this kind not included among the eldership, the request is to them as well.

In behalf of the work, J. A. GUNSOLLEY, President.



RELIGIANS, PLEASE TAKE NOTICE.

There are a number of locals who have delayed forwarding the Translation Fund collection. Kindly attend to this matter at once, so that the items can get into our annual report which will be made at the April Convention.

Please do not delay, but act at once.

Yours for the good work. RICHARD B. TROWBRIDGE,
General Treasurer General Zion's Religio-Literary Society.



NOTICE OF AMENDMENT.

At the General Convention of the Religio to be held at Lamoni, April, 1907, the following motion will be presented:

To add to section 4, article 3, Constitution of Local Societies, subject, Election, the words: "or as may be otherwise provided for by the Locals," so that it will read if so amended, "After the preliminary organization of the society, the officers shall be elected semi-annually, at the first meetings in January and July, and all votes therefor shall be by ballot, or as may be otherwise provided for by the Locals."

CHAS. J. REMINGTON,
LOUIS P. SMITH.



PROPOSED AMENDMENT.

Notice is hereby given that the following amendment will be proposed to the Religio Constitution at the Convention to meet at Lamoni, April 3, 1907:

Insert the following to Article 3 of Constitution of General Society:

"*Sec. 7. Charters.*—Each local society, in order to be identified with the General Society, should receive a charter, which will be issued by the General Secretary upon receipt of a list of the names of the officers and members of the local society, accompanied by a remittance equal to a fee of five cents for each member."

Also to change the number of the following section from 7 to 8.

J. A. GUNSOLLEY.

PROPOSED AMENDMENT.

Notice of amendment to section 5 of article 3, in Constitution of local society:

After the word *conduct* amend by adding the following words: "but no personal charge made by one member against another shall be considered in the province of their duties. Such member should proceed according to the church law, and when they have done their duty as provided therein, and a reconciliation is not effected, should report the case to branch officers and not to the religio officers.

INDEPENDENCE, Missouri, February 15, 1907.



NEWS FROM THE SOCIETIES.

Owing to our limited space in this issue we have stricken out from the list of officers elected in locals all excepting the names of president, vice-president and secretary. Correspondents should sign their names and give their address for the benefit of the general secretary.—Editor.

New South Wales District.—We find the Religians here are trying (in some places under adverse circumstances) to hold their own and keep to their motto, "Onward and Upward." The winter weather here seems to be against all kinds of meetings.

The Hamilton and Wallsend locals have been holding their meetings before service Sunday evenings, and from reports they find it much better. They have a keener interest and larger attendance. In those places the Saints are scattered, and some find it impossible to come to services more than one night in the week. They can attend the mid-week prayer meetings, but no more. I visited Tuncurry of late and found a warm interest in the study of the Book of Mormon, and also in the program one pleasing feature was manifest: All were willing and ready to do their part when called upon. Balmain local has made a fresh start and a Junior class has been formed.

Dudley home class has been in recess for some time, owing to the President (Bro. Jones) meeting with a very painful accident. Brn. Barmore and Gammidge formed this class some time ago, and through the persistent efforts of Bro. Jones, it now has a membership of 59. All the societies maintain a program with the exception of Balmain.

The district president's address is: George Stewart, Metcalfe Street, Wallsend, Newcastle, Australia.

LILY BARMORE, District Secretary.

65 Nelson Street, Rozelle, Australia.

Oakland, California.—When Bro. Joseph Ferris left us we lost an earnest worker and good president, but it seems there is always someone to take up a task where another lays it down, so our good brother Doctor W. P. Bush buckled on the harness,

with Bro. Joseph Pressly as a helper. The local is still prosperous and growing in numbers in proportion as the branch increases. The local is raising money to give our church-house a new carpet, and the branch has a committee to beautify the windows, etc., so we shall have a snug and homelike place to meet. The local in the city is building up again since the great fire, which almost destroyed it, but Bro. Cecil Hawley stood bravely at his post as president and fanned the remaining flame to its usual brightness. Bro. Hawley having been called to other work, the local placed Sr. Louella Lawn as president, assisted by Sr. Ethel Davis.

W. H. O.

Sacramento, California—We have a membership of nearly fifty, very good attendance, though some are detained away for various reasons.

An election of officers took place the first of this month. Bro. W. H. Dawson was re-elected president, and Charles Milgate vice-president; Sr. Hazel Journey, secretary.

PEARL DAWSON.

San Francisco, California.—The Religio society of our city is striving to keep pace with the city inhabitants in rebuilding, but to say that she is succeeding would be saying a great deal, as San Francisco is at present the busiest city in the world. Our Religio is not yet large, but the interest taken by some of its members goes to show that success will crown their efforts. Much credit is due those who have the work in charge here because of the extremely unfavorable circumstances under which they labor.

We hope the conditions will change with the seasons and the beauty of spring will add to the encouragement of the Religio.

Our recent election resulted as follows: Sr. Luella Lawn, president; Sr. Ethel Davis, vice-president; Bro. Virgil Hawley, secretary; Bro. A. Cecil Hawley, corresponding secretary.

We hope that all our officers will continue in the deep interest in which they have started, especially our new president. The committees are earnestly at work and the future looks bright. The journal, which has long been out of print, will shortly reappear. The program and social committees are working together for the development of the mind along proper channels.

May God be glorified in our appreciation of the "stick of Joseph."

A. CECIL HAWLEY.

Holden, Missouri.—Since last an item from here appeared in these pages we have elected new officers, adopted recommended mode of record keeping, and received twelve new members into the society.

The outlook for the year is exceptionally good, judging from

interest manifested thus far. Despite the rain, sleet, and snow, during January, we have had creditable attendance and good program work. There is a lack of enthusiasm in lesson preparation and recitation; we hope to be able to report an improvement soon.

On February 3, Bro. W. A. Bushnell met with our officers, teachers, and committee members here. A very profitable counsel meeting was held, bringing us in closer touch with general society, introducing us to ways and means of other locals.

CORRESPONDENT.

Seattle Washington.—Our society held election of officers January 6. The following officers were elected: A. W. Gorbutt, president; J. E. Rhoades, vice-president; Blanche Henderson, secretary. The social committee gave a social at the home of Bro. D. W. R. Davis. An enjoyable evening was spent. Prospects look bright for the New Year.

CORRESPONDENT.

Necedah, Wisconsin.—We elected all new officers this time, as follows: Freda Fisher, president; Richard Flohr, vice-president; Willie Williams, secretary. We have three classes, and although our attendance is not large, we are going to try to make some progress. Have several committees at work. We have a nice library started.

PERLA MOORE.

Evergreen, Iowa.—We have been gaining in quantity of late, and trust the quality may prove all right.

Have had a new class formed since the New Year with some changes in teachers.

MARTHA MARTIN.

Second Kansas City Local.—Our society is still forging along with four fine classes and splendid interest.

At our last election the following were elected: Bro. J. A. Koehler, president; Allen Tannehill, vice-president; Grace Faler, secretary. The attendance has been decidedly on the increase since the first of the new year.

G. FALER.

2348 Belleview Ave., Kansas City, Missouri.

St. Louis, Missouri.—A short prayer-service was held January 4th, after which we elected the following officers for the ensuing term: Arthur W. Smith, president; J. M. Lloyd, vice-president; Charles Tanner, secretary.

On the evening of January 18, after the lesson study a very pleasing program was rendered which was in charge of our chorister.

Our "Indefinite" was edited for January by Bro. J. M. Lloyd. It was a good number and much enjoyed. The committee on the B. of M. translation fund are busy with a subscription list.

Good attendance and interest continues to be manifested.

2739 De Jong Street.

E. M. PATTERSON, Correspondent.

Chelsea Park, Missouri.—Much interest is taken in Book of Mormon study and the lessons are usually well prepared. A new feature this year is the systematic study of archaeology by means of a ten-minute talk and review by our archaeologist at the close of the regular study hour, using Bro. Etzenhouser's "Book Unsealed" as a guide.

During the past year we have contributed to Graceland College fund, and to the translation fund. A number of our young people are paying tithing and have contributed liberally to the building fund for the purpose of erecting a church-building on the lot owned by the branch.

Our president in his last report says: "It gives me pleasure to say that the local at Chelsea has followed the motto 'Onward and Upward.'"

MRS. IDA H. STEWART,

2149 May Street, Kansas City, Kansas.

Correspondent.

Nevada, Missouri.—Our committees have been doing better work the past three months than before. Friday, December 14, we had a debate, Resolved, "The Indian has been treated worse than the negro." It was very interesting. The judges decided in favor of the affirmative side. We are very few in number but are striving to do the best we can.

SADIE DEMPSEY, President.

Independence, Missouri.—The stake president, Bro. Bushnell, has been visiting each local, giving them instruction pertaining to duties of officers and Religians, and we expect to realize a harvest of more efficient work from his efforts.

There has been a spiritual uplift in our stake for the last few months and as a result eleven were called to the priesthood at Independence, seven at Kansas City, and one at Northeast Mission. Of this number fifteen are earnest Religio workers.

On St. Valentine's eve the social committee of Independence local will entertain the members of the local and their friends, in the Assembly Hall. Some surprises are promised.

A motion prevailed at the last stake convention as follows: That a petition be sent to the General Convention in April, 1907, asking them to request the Board of Publication to publish the Autumn Leaves semi-monthly with a more generous use of illustrations.

This month the Prince of the Air and King Frost have made life difficult to all traveling below. The Saints have been walking in slippery places and how many of the mighty have fallen I dare not tell. We know of some who used knee service and many that stumbled in paths and carry the scars of battle. We see a tendency to be more careful in our daily walk, and conversation should not be repeated. "Summer is coming though snows may be deep."

ALTHA DEAM.

AUTUMN LEAVES



April, 1907

AUTUMN LEAVES

ELBERT A. SMITH, Editor

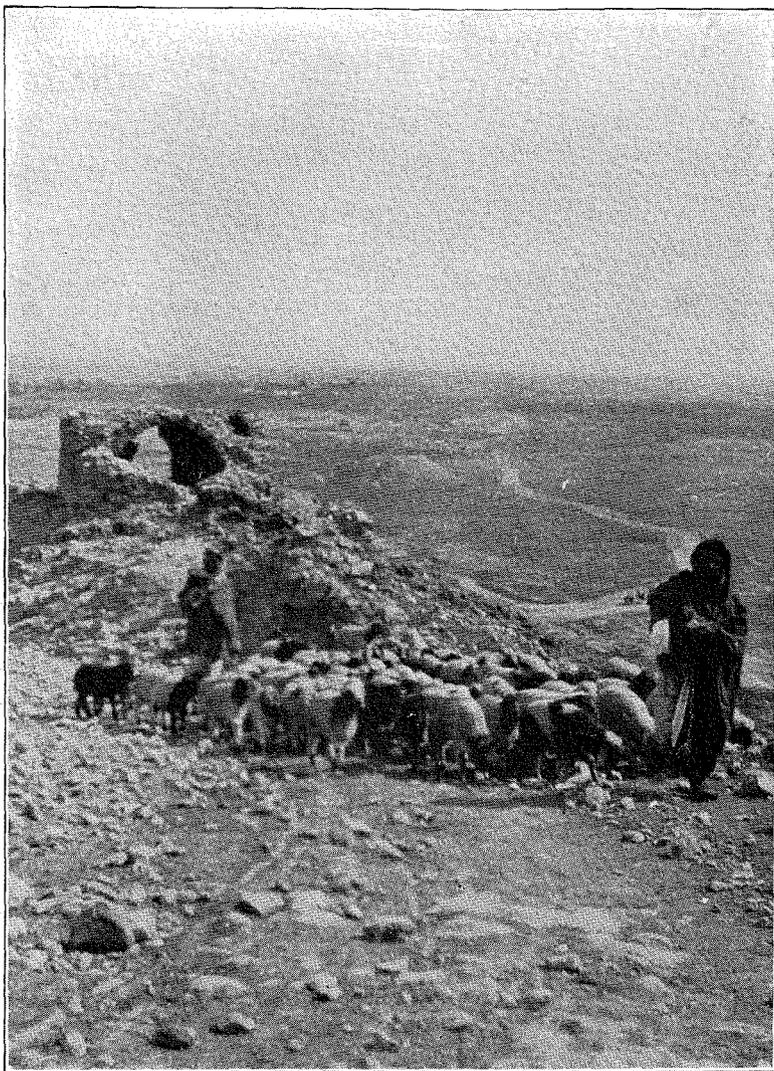
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From photo by Elder Paul M. Hanson.

SHEPHERD GOING BEFORE HIS SHEEP

“A visit to the Holy Land makes the Bible narratives seem more real.”

(See Scenes in Foreign Fields.)

AUTUMN LEAVES

VOLUME 20

APRIL, 1907

NUMBER 4



PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY.

BY ETHEL LACEY.

To begin in a practical way, it may be well to consider the accepted definition of our subject. We find that "practical" is "pertaining to practice",—"capable of being turned to use",—"derived from practice." Rightly considered, it seems to me that these definitions indicate three steps that must be taken to reach the standard called "practical Christianity." First we must practice, for "heaven is not gained at a single bound," neither is that which will entitle us to enter there. Then, by practicing our Christianity, we will learn to "put it to use" and finally we will have attained to that greater and higher Christianity which is "derived from practice."

Now, for a moment, we will consider the common understanding of the word *Christianity*, which we find to be "the religion of Christians"; and a Christian is "one who professes to believe, or is assumed to believe in the religion of Christ; especially one whose inward and outward life is conformed to the doctrines of Christ." Very numerous are those who come under the first part of this definition, but to profess is not to practice, and hence it behooves us to learn how we may best conform our lives to the doctrines of Christ.

It is evident that before we can do so, we must know what those doctrines are. We often sing

"May we who know the joyful sound,
Still practice what we know;
Not hearers of the word alone,
But doers of it too."

Then our first duty is to seek to know that word. In Doctrine and Covenants the Lord says, "Seek ye diligently and teach one another words of wisdom; yea, seek ye out of the best books words of wisdom; seek learning even by study and also by faith."

One of the first points presented in the gospel is that "we should not sin;" and then we are told that if we willfully con-

tinue in sin, Christ is not our advocate, though sincere repentance is acceptable to him.

But simply not to sin is a negative virtue; indeed it can hardly be called a virtue, for merely to avoid absolute wickedness and not make an effort to do good is sin, for it is transgression of God's will and desire that "we should *do* what we know is right."

We deplore the weakness in human nature that can not say "No" when temptation presents itself, but what about the fear to say "Yes" when a question of doing right confronts us? We then must leave our sins, and seek to grow in righteousness, for "he that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin."

Then if we do what we know is right, that will surely be done in the work of God. And here can be found plenty of room for activity---practical, actual work:

"By acts of mercy let us show
We have not heard in vain,
But kindly feel another's woe,
And long to ease his pain."
"The widow's heart shall share our joy,
The orphan and oppressed
Shall see we love the sweet employ
To succor the distressed."

But this is a place where we can not work because we have to and then expect credit for it. We must "love the work," and there is only one way to learn to do this. That is to keep steadily at it. It must be our first and chief thought if we would obey the Master's words, "Seek not the things of this world, but seek ye first to build up the kingdom of God, and to establish his righteousness." And how better can we seek to establish his righteousness than to be righteous ourselves, that our example may aid the cause, and our lights may be bright before the world.

It is natural to conclude that if we are born of him, we will be taught of him, and walk in the light of his word. The need can not be too greatly emphasized for this teaching, and for the spirit and its fruits: "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." It seems wonderful to me that when we are ready and willing to be taught of God, he will commune with us, and teach us all things that it is necessary we should know. Thus will the light grow brighter as we continue in his service, and we will learn of a truth that "The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

Before we can partake of his nature, and conform our lives to his, we must become pure and true. We are told that "every man

that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as he is pure." To me this means that every part of our lives, our pleasures, our labor, and our thoughts should be untainted by aught that is unclean or of the world, for only thus can we avoid even the appearance of evil.

Quoting directly from another: "We should not permit ourselves to be untrue in small things, lest we encourage the growth of a disposition to be careless in matters where principles of righteousness are involved. We should be as strictly true as possible, but this does not mean that we shall be rigid and severe and austere in our opinions or manners. He who comes nearest to being a perfectly true person will be nearest like Christ; his character will have in it the sweetness, the purity, the justness, the exactness, the charity, and all the virtues that make Christ perfect."

To state briefly how to live a practical Christian life, I think I should say, "Live to learn, and learn to live." This, indeed, is no easy matter, for it is sometimes far more difficult to say that we are willing to live for a thing, than that we are willing to die for it, and to live for our faith is what is required of most of us. To do this in the truest sense, we must make a complete surrender of self, must be happy in the pleasure of others, and forget our troubles that we may give sympathy to those who need it. By so doing we may reasonably hope to reap the results of a life that answers in full to what we have called practical Christianity.

To me, the following selection embodies all the objects of a truly Christian life better than I could express it:

"I live for those who love me,
Whose hearts are kind and true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit, too;
For all human ties that bind me,
For the task by God assigned me,
For the bright hopes yet to find me,
And the good that I can do.

"I live to learn their story
Who suffered for my sake;
To emulate their glory,
And follow in their wake—
Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages,
The heroic of all ages,
Whose deeds crowd history's pages,
And Time's great volume make.

"I live to hold communion
With all that is divine,
To feel there is a union
'Twixt nature's heart and mine;
To profit by affliction,
Reap truth from fields of fiction,

Grow wiser from conviction,
And fulfill God's grand design.

"I live to hail that season,
By gifted ones foretold,
When men shall live by reason,
And not alone by gold,
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted
As Eden was of old.

"I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit, too;
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do."



THE ARCHÆOLOGY OF THE BOOK OF MORMON.

BY LOUISE PALFREY.

This title implies that the Book of Mormon will admit of external demonstration, and that there is evidence by which to try its claims. The conclusion is correct. Embodying the historical element, the Book of Mormon lays itself open to be proved true or false by the traditions and monuments of the past. Whether the findings of research and discovery speak for or against the book, is the question that I am requested to write upon.

But before I can make myself understood, there has to be some knowledge on the part of my readers as to the general claims of the Book of Mormon. Primarily, as in the case of the Bible, its object is spiritual and ethical. But as human beings make the necessity for these teachings, the Bible tells us about peoples, and the Book of Mormon also tells us about peoples. We have the divine message on the one hand, and the nations unto whom it was delivered on the other hand. The Bible tells us of God's dealings with his people in the eastern part of the world. The Book of Mormon tells us of God's dealings with his people in the western part of the world. It tells us about a people, called the Jaredites, whom the Lord directed to this land two thousand years before Christ, according to Bible chronology. They came from the land of Babel, when the Lord scattered those primitive people abroad "upon the face of all the earth." Mr. Bancroft, the eminent historian, in his great work, "Native Races," calls attention to this statement of the Scriptures, and thinks its ful-

fillment made it necessary that a branch of the human family come to America.

The civilization of the Jaredites, and we are given to understand that they were a highly civilized people, radiated out from Central America, and spread northward into the United States.

“What, a highly civilized people that far back?” did you ask, and perhaps you think that surely the book is at fault there. But it claims nothing that is improbable in the light that modern scholarship has thrown on the history of civilization. We are told that when Abraham visited Egypt the pyramids were already nearly two thousand years old. We are told that the civilization of the Euphrates, to which the Greeks went to school, reached its height four or five thousand years before the Christian era.

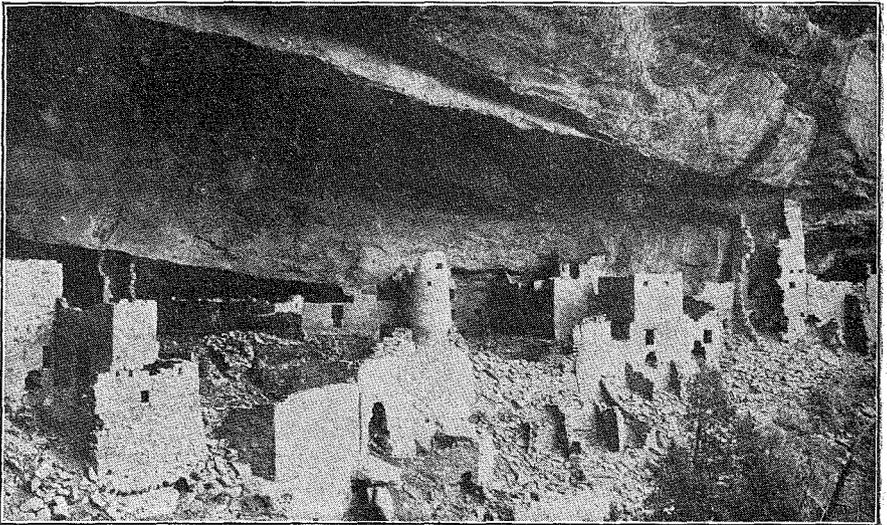
On general lines, then, the Book of Mormon claims no absurdity when it represents this most ancient American people as a civilized nation. But to proceed with our story. The Jaredites lived here a long time and flourished, but when they reached their zenith, like the Greeks and the Romans, ease and luxury spoiled them. They began to decline spiritually and morally, and finally they became extinct, and were superceded by another people.

The Nephites, who succeeded the Jaredites, were a branch of the house of Israel whom the Lord led out of Jerusalem and directed to America about six hundred years before Christ. According to the Book of Mormon they landed in South America; lived there for centuries, and then spread upward into Central America and Mexico, rebuilding and reinhabiting the ruins of the former people, the Jaredites. The Nephites were an enlightened and God-fearing people until up to about three centuries after Christ, when they, too, began to go into transgression and rapidly decline. Finally, as ancient Greece and Rome were overrun and overthrown by barbarian hordes, so were the Nephites conquered and absorbed by their uncivilized neighbors, the dark-skinned Lamanites. The Book of Mormon record closes four centuries after Christ, leaving the Lamanites in possession of North and South America.

This, in brief, is the human story of the Book of Mormon. Some have criticised the idea of peoples reaching the height that we are given to understand the Jaredites and the Nephites reached and then falling to the depths where they went, but the tendency of nations to rise and fall is one of the most commonly attested facts in history. Prof. G. Frederick Wright says:

“Whatever may be true concerning the doctrine of evolution in general, the theory is subject to great modifications when applied to human history. For, almost without exception nations have attained their highest intellectual and artistic developments early in their history. Indeed nothing is more familiar to the historian than the rise and fall of nations. From one cause or another when a nation has attained a commanding position in the world decadence begins and she loses her power to maintain the high standard which by supreme effort had been rapidly attained.”

No doubt many of you have read Prescott's histories of Mexico and Peru, and have thought it strange that on this western conti-



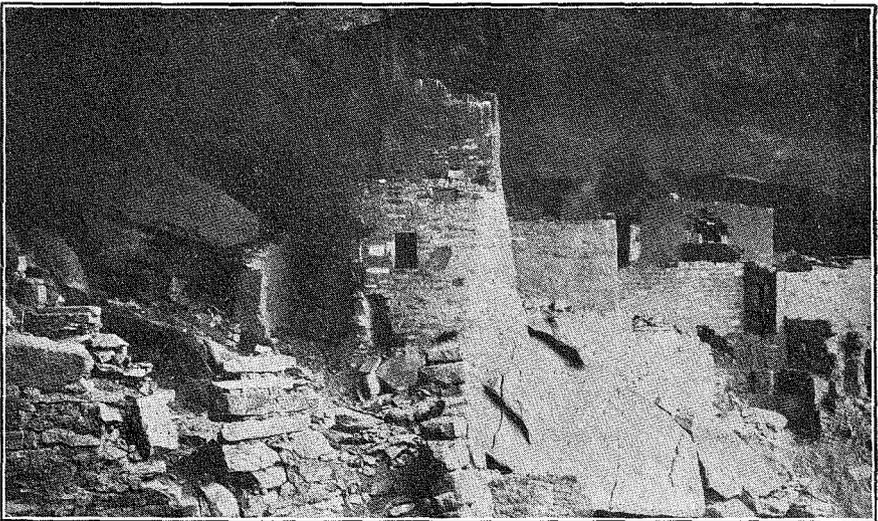
Courtesy Passenger Department

CLIFF PALACE; MESA

ment, cut off from communication with the rest of the world, there should have existed, before the Discovery, such empires as those of the Aztecs and the Incas. Two English gentlemen who came to this country to examine its antiquities said that when they left England they both doubted the accounts of the historians of the Conquest, believing they had exaggerated “the numbers of the population and the size of the cities.” But after they had investigated for themselves, then, we are told, they were “inclined to blame the chroniclers for having had no eyes for the wonderful things that surrounded them.” Wonderful as were the manners, customs, and institutions of the Mexi-

cans and the Peruvians, Prescott tells us that their civilization was but a shadow of the civilization that preceded them; that they derived all that was best among them from the people before them. Mr. Bancroft says that the Mayas never built the magnificent structures of Central America, that caused Charnay to exclaim, "These ruins of surpassing grandeur." He says that they were built by a nation that was not found here when the Europeans came; a nation whose "greatness had practically departed" before the times of the Aztecs and the Mayas.

Down in South America, the same thing is repeated. There are extensive ruins which the Peruvians, at the time of the



Denver and Rio Grande R. R.

VERDE, COLORADO.

Spanish conquest, admitted were of older date than the Inca era. They said those ruins had furnished them with models of their architecture. Donnelly states that the civilization of the Incas compared with that which had preceded it as the civilization of England in the sixteenth century compared with the magnificent civilization of Rome in the time of the Cæsars.

Were I to go on giving you testimony on these two points alone, namely, that America was the home of highly enlightened, progressive, and artistic peoples long before Columbus discovered it, and that the older civilizations were the more advanced, my paper would far exceed the limits it must observe. I have not time to

tell you about the wonderful specimens of art that have been found about the writings and inscriptions denoting a literary people of books, schools, and education. Of the advancement in science made by those ancient Americans, 'the Mexican calendar is an indication; a system of reckoning time of such accuracy that the European system was found to be more than ten days in error when tried by it. Again, "In the study of American languages," Mr. Short tells us, "it had often been a matter of surprise that their structure and expression indicate a degree of perfection far in advance of the civilization out of which they sprang."

In the outline I gave you of the Book of Mormon narrative, you noticed that there were *two* civilizations, the older starting in Central America. Listen to what Bancroft says on this point: "The oldest civilization in America which has left any traces for our consideration, whatever may have been its prehistoric origin, was that in the Usumacinta (Central American) region represented by the Palenque group of ruins." Bancroft is only one of many authorities who tell us the same thing. In fact, it is a point that the authorities are pretty generally agreed upon.

I wish I had time to present evidence in regard to the rebuilding and reinhabiting of the ruins of the older people by the succeeding people who came up from South America. I wish I had time to tell you something of the traditions recorded by early writers to the effect that the predecessors of the nations found here by the conquerors were white. Indeed, some of the antiquarians have been led to this conclusion from their study of the ancient monuments.

The American Indian is perhaps the greatest enigma in the whole field of ethnology. Who is he, and where did he come from? What accounts for the diversity in intellectual capacity, as contrast the Aztecs, the Mayas, and the Incas with the wild races that have survived them. How is it that there is such a variety of type and complexion among the Indian races? The author of Atlantis says, "When we turn to America we find that the popular opinion that all Indians are red men and of the same hue from Patagonia to Hudson's Bay, is a gross error. . . . It is easy to show that the American races show nearly as great a variety in this respect as the nations of the old continent; there are among them white races with a florid complexion, and tribes black or of a dark hue, that their stature, figure and countenance are almost equally diversified." Another authority says; "The Menominees, sometimes called *White Indians*, for-

merly occupied the region bordering on Lake Michigan, around Green Bay. The whiteness of these Indians, which is compared to that of white mulattoes, early attracted the attention of the Jesuit missionaries, and has often been commented on by travelers." We are told that many of the Indians of New Mexico are white. They have fair skin, blue eyes, chestnut and auburn hair. One writer says that a stranger in the Mandan village is struck with the different shades of complexion and various colors of hair which he sees in a crowd of Indians about him.

These conditions are all in favor of the Book of Mormon story. You remember it says that the dark-skinned Lamanites overthrew the cultivated Nephites, took possession of their seats of government, their centers of culture, and became the masters of the land. It also tells us that from time to time ambitious or unbelieving Nephite factions seceded from the government or left the church and joined the Lamanites, among whom they could attain to prominence by reason of the intellectual superiority their white blood gave them. Then, in the final wars between the two races, in which the dark race was victorious, numbers of the Nephites allied themselves with the enemy to save their own lives.

Striking among the ruins of the ancient Americans are the remains of the Cliff-dwellers. When you saw representations of their curious abodes at the Columbian Fair, or read about these singular people, have you not wondered who they were and why they built in such a strange manner, seemingly trying to hide themselves from their fellow men and shut the world off from their habitations? It is extremely difficult, even perilous to scale the bluffs and ledges in our western mountains to reach them; Dr. Cole, an archæological explorer of to-day, says that "one must have sine and grit, and a steady head" to do it, and no one will dispute his word.

So securely hidden are these cliff-dwellings in the mountain fastnesses of the West that the regions of those strange dwellings have not yet to this day been thoroughly explored, and it is an object that archæologists and archæological societies discuss from time to time. It is a puzzle in many instances as to how the ancient proprietors had access to their homes. "Sometimes there was a sort of stairway made of niches in the rock, just large enough to put the toes in and fasten the fingers in, and by this means the houseowner climbed up the steep incline to his home, while sometimes all natural niches and irregulari-

ties in the rock that could have afforded assistance in making ascent were filled in, presenting a smooth surface, to make ascent impossible, it is supposed." "There were subterranean and hidden chambers in some of the houses, with only small apertures for windows, mere 'peer-holes', they have been called; sometimes there were none at all. Walls, surrounding villages or single dwelling or a group of dwellings, and no openings whatever. It is supposed that they were scaled by means of ladders. In fact, every conceivable means and device for concealment was resorted to."

Nobody has been able to do more than guess as to who those Cliff-dwellers were, or why they built as they did. America has been truly called the land of wonders. A land of wonders, indeed with its silent monuments of an unknown past, its mysterious Indian races, and the builders of those Cliff-dwellings; "the most remarkable habitations ever occupied by man," says Mr. Short, in *North Americans of Antiquity*.

In the Book of Mormon, all these things are accounted for in the most natural, reasonable manner, and they are no longer a mystery to us. There we find described just such a people as the Cliff-dwellers. They were a secret order, numbering hundreds and thousands, that organized for the purpose of living by theft and plunder. They were outlaws, parasites, who inhabited just such regions as the ruins of the Cliff-dwellers are found in. They would pour down at unexpected times and from unknown places upon the poor victims of the open country.

America is world-famed for its scenic variety, its physical wonders. The observant traveler, as he goes through certain parts of the country, is impressed with the thought that the land must have undergone wonderful upheavals and distortions at some time. When you read in the Book of Mormon about the terrible demonstrations of Nature that took place on this land at the time of the crucifixion of our Savior—the earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, and violent storms—explanation is found for all our geological peculiarities. We are told that cities sank, mountains rose where valleys had been, and valleys appeared where mountains had towered. Dry land took the place of water, and lakes took the place of dry land. Mr. F. G. Carpenter, a well-known traveler and newspaper correspondent, noted remarkable instances of physical phenomena on his trip through South America, some years ago, while in our country the West affords numerous examples. Speaking of the nitrate fields of

Chili, Mr. Carpenter says that they are a source of wonder and speculation as to their origin. Among different theories aiming at a solution of the mystery he mentions one that supposes that "the desert was once the bed of an inland sea." Were there time, I would give you other instances, but I shall have to leave that to your own reading.

The reason of the coming forth of the Book of Mormon in our time, as set forth in its own statements, was to give the world the testimony of another people that Jesus was the Christ. The Nephites claimed to know this because Jesús visited them, the Book of Mormon says. Does the book bear true witness? Let us see what outside evidence we may find.

The most prevalent tradition one comes across in his researches is that which refers to a great character whom archæological writers characterize as Culture-Hero. Dr. Brinton gives a long list of the native races among whom belief in this wonderful personage existed in more or less advanced form, and then tells us that "the catalogue could be extended indefinitely." Bancroft says that "although bearing various names and appearing in different countries, the American culture-heroes all present the same general characteristics." This culture-hero was the great central character of the Mexican and Peruvian nations. They worship him as a god, and they revered him as a great earthly teacher. Archæological writers call him "culture-hero," because the native ascribed all that was good to his teachings. Indeed, after examining the reports of his character, Mr. Bancroft is led to say that his teachings "had much in common with those of Christ," while Dr. Brinton quotes another writer who says that "nothing was wanting" in the culture-hero "save the name of God and that of his Son, Jesús Christ." He was "endowed with every virtue and deified," says Charnay. He came by divine command; he was just and holy, and taught by precept and example the paths of virtue. He prophesied things that would happen in the future. The sick and the halt were brought to him; he touched them and they were healed. He promised to return some time, and the natives looked forward confidently to that event. You who have access to large libraries, look up this character in the works of Charnay, Brinton, Prescott, Bancroft, Short, Donnelly and others.

The most significant sign associated with the culture-hero was the cross. It was attributed to him as the sign of his office. His robe was represented as strewn with this emblem, and we

are told "*its adoration was throughout connected with worship.*" Lord Kingsborough says that the Mexicans had a tradition that their great culture-hero died on the cross, and in his antiquities he reproduces native paintings actually representing Quetzalcoatl crucified and nailed to the cross.

The nations found here by the conquerors worshiped idols, and some of them offered human sacrifices, but all authorities agree that the civilized nations before the Aztecs and the Incas did not do these things. "The religion of the Toltecs," says Charnay, "was mild, like their dispositions; no human blood ever stained their altars." He also says that "all writers agree that the monuments devoted to this horrible practice [human sacrifice] date from the fifteenth century and are of Aztec origin." Some of the traditions say that way back their forefathers worshiped "no graven images." Short says that the worship of the ancient Americans was at first purely spiritual. While most of the ruins are defaced with the heathenish ideas of the barbarian conquerors of the original builders, ruins have been found which exhibited no trace of idol worship. Mr. Bancroft shows that for some time there lingered an element that struggled to restrain idolatrous worship and the practice of human sacrifice, but at last it was overpowered and the heathen tendency gained the day. All this is in complete accord with the Book of Mormon.

And now, just a parting word about all these achæological testimonies. The world did not have them, or popular libraries did not contain them when the Book of Mormon came forth. All the facts and information concerning ancient America have been given to the public since. The Book of Mormon has stood in the same position as much of the Old Testament has; you know there was a time when it was doubted that certain cities therein spoken of had ever had an existence; when it was doubted that there was such a character as Melchisedeck; when it was doubted that the children of Israel were ever in servitude to the Pharaohs of Egypt, and a host of other things have the "higher critics" believed were mythical. But, as a current writer observes, "it is wonderful how this old earth of ours, yielding to the hand of the patient and reverent investigator and searcher after truth, from time to time gives up some precious tablet or inscription which is found to be corroborative of some obscure passage in Bible history."

As with the Bible, so with the Book of Mormon. Evidences of its divinity have been coming to light since the record made

its advent, and one by one its claims are being verified. Truth is a strange thing. It generally insists on putting our faith to a test. Truth is a courageous thing. It fears not to come out and stand alone. It wills that proof shall follow it. It is content to advance on its own merits alone, submitting to court and jury, until its vindication is acclaimed.



EXPERIENCES AND OBSERVATIONS OF ONE OF OUR PATRIARCHS.—NO. 2.

BY J. R. LAMBERT.

The impression that I was going out of the Quorum of Twelve at the conference of 1902, or soon after had obtained in my mind and was constantly growing stronger. Where I should go and



“Twenty-nine years of the best part of my life had been spent with the twelve apostles of the Lamb.”

“I found myself under the conviction that in my closing years of my life God would require me to make *special* effort to strengthen the Saints.”

PATRIARCH JOSEPH R. LAMBERT.

what I should do after leaving the quorum, up to this time I did not *know*, but I *believed* I would be numbered with the High Priests, and possibly located and placed in pastoral charge of some branch of the church. The thought of occupying in the office of Patriarch, up to this time, had found no place in my mind.

Twenty-nine years of the best part of my life had been spent with the twelve apostles of the Lamb, where I knew that God

knew that I had made a constant and hard effort to lay aside all selfishness, magnify my calling as a witness for Jesus Christ, and build up the work, the glorious work, the sacred and important responsibilities of which in part, had been committed to our trust. To break away from old associations which had been so satisfactory, fraught with such rich experiences of trial and blessing, was not easy; but believing that *under existing conditions*, God required it, I made up my mind to make the sacrifice. Before the conference convened, this part of the struggle was all over.

For several years, (and especially for one,) the leadings and impressions of the Holy Spirit had been of such a character as to enlist my attention. Previously, and in harmony with my calling as one of the Twelve, my impressions and attention were constantly divided between the condition and needs of the church and the world; but now they were largely withdrawn from the world, and almost exclusively directed to the church. I became more deeply interested and anxious about the condition and safety of the Saints, both members and ministers.

As time passed away, these impressions grew clearer and stronger, until, as a result of this change in my spiritual experience, I found myself under the settled conviction that in the closing years of my life God would require me to make a special effort to strengthen the Saints in the truth, as God has revealed it, and warn them of dangers which have and will beset the straight and narrow way in which they are required to walk.

I asked myself the question, What do these experiences mean? The only satisfactory answer that came to me was this, The Lord wants you to finish your work in this way. So, I determined to make the effort, though I might be misunderstood and opposed.

I might state with profit right here, profit to the cause, I mean, that previous to my ordination into the Quorum of Twelve in 1873, I had a very similar experience, except that my mind was more largely impressed with missionary work and the needs of the work abroad. When my calling was made known in 1873, all was plain; and so when I became convinced that God wanted me to occupy as a patriarch, it dawned upon me, gradually but forcibly, that he had been preparing me for the work of this office and calling, wisely and lovingly, for some time previous to my ordination, but I did not know it.

My sister, Mrs A. W. Head, of Stewartsville, Missouri, as

many know, has often exercised the prophetic gift. On May 22, 1901, almost a year before I was ordained, she wrote me a letter from which I extract the following:

“My soul rejoices in this latter day work, and I am again led to say it is of God. And I feel assured you will be called higher, Joseph, if faithful, which I believe you will be. I received that evidence some time ago, immediately after a season of secret prayer, at home. But I expect you are aware of the fact; if not, prepare for it, please, if not already prepared.”

In replying to this statement, I suppose I made some characteristic statements, which, as I afterwards learned, caused my sister Maggie a degree of temporary sorrow, and led her husband to say to her that she ought not to have told it to me.

This is the substance of what I wrote:

No, I know nothing about being called to a higher office. Indeed I know of but one higher office in the church, and that is in the quorum of First Presidency; and I have not one reason under the sun for believing I will ever go there. As for preparing myself for it, I know of but one proper way to prepare for a promotion in the church of God, and that is, by living a humble, prayerful life, and a faithful discharge of the duties belonging to the office already held. These conditions, I am trying to observe.

I also propounded a number of questions, and on June 17, 1901, I received quite an extended answer to my skeptical(?) statements and questions. From this reply I quote as follows:

“It was not later than last fall that I received the evidence concerning you, Joseph, in my last letter referred to. It may have been some sooner; I think not, though. I can say too that I think it would be very unwise to tell this to the Saints, therefore I have never said anything of the matter, only to my own folks, and nothing scarcely had been mentioned until the receiving of your last letter. They always count it a special favor to read, or hear read, your letters, the last one of which I was reading aloud to all those that are at home.”

Thus it appears that the manifestation was had in the fall of 1900, or about one year and a half before the sitting of the conference at which I was ordained.

I quote again: “I do not know, Joseph, just where you would go, should you be called higher. The position was not *particularly* indicated to me. I had been praying, especially for you, and asking the Lord to prolong your life, that it might be spent in

usefulness in his cause, and had been greatly blessed, during prayer, with the influence of the Holy Spirit, when soon after arising from my knees, the still, small voice of the Spirit spoke to me to the effect of which I have written you in my last letter. While it could be possible, I do not believe I was deceived. I have heard the same voice a number of times before, telling me things to transpire in the future. One thing was the death of my dear son, George, which was told me in the same manner, in words like this: 'You are going to be called to pass through the greatest trial you have ever passed through in your life. . . . But if you will put your trust in me, you shall pass through safely. These clauses in this divine revelation have been literally fulfilled. This was given to me while I was sitting in the chair, in the grove near Clarksdale, the fall the reunion was held there while Bro. J. W. Wight was preaching. Although I felt a joyful feeling when this was given, yet I felt also a kind of chill, which I always feel when warned of a death; so unlike the feeling I felt when told of this evidence in question. I felt so happy, and such a warning influence, also, although the evidence came with great surprise and wonder to me.'

I wrote again, chiefly for the purpose of relieving my sister's mind from the thought or fear that her communication had added any weight to the burdens that I was already carrying. I also submitted to her another question (one or more) the nature of which will be understood from the answer which was furnished me in a letter dated at Stewartsville, Mo., June 24, 1901:

"The way I know it to be a higher office, Joseph, was because it was indicated to me to be a higher office. Still for me to say that it is impossible for me to be mistaken, and that it *must* be a higher office, and not 'another' one, would be unreasonable, I think, although I do not believe I am mistaken in this matter."

I have been thus careful to give all, or nearly all, the material statements of Sr. Head's letters concerning the communication in question, in order that the reader may the better judge of its true character. Is it divine, human, or Satanic in origin? If divine, it is a strong confirmation of the patriarchal work.

When I met Sr. Head at the Stewartsville reunion, in the fall of 1902, I was glad to be able to tell her that, in my judgment, the communication was all right.

Lamoni, Iowa, January 28, 1907.

SCENES IN FOREIGN FIELDS.—PART VI. ✓

IN JERUSALEM.

BY ELDER PAUL M. HANSON.

(Illustrated by the Author.)

Two or three days are necessary to visit Jericho in going from Jerusalem. The distance is about twenty miles. The route is by way of the Mount of Olives and Bethany. The road passes along the north wall of Jerusalem, turns at the northeast corner of the city (close to the Grotto of Jeremiah, where tradition says he was imprisoned and wrote the Lamentations), follows along the wall to St. Stephen's Gate, then descends and crosses the Kedron Valley near the garden of Gethsemane. After which it sweeps around the southern slope of Mt. Olivet and leads through the wilderness of Judea. With little doubt this is the road the Lord traveled when he came up from Jericho to Jerusalem and his disciples went before him spreading branches and their garments in the way, and crying "Hosannah to the son of David: Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord". It was "at the descent of the Mount of Olives" this was done, perhaps just after coming around the mountain where the road now leads. The record further says, "And when he was come near, he beheld the city, and wept over it."

Bethany is about a mile and a half from Jerusalem. It is near the road to the left, on the mountain-side. The village consists of a few stone houses and huts grouped together. The soil has been washed from the hills round about; and save for groves of olive-trees the district would indeed appear desolate. Here in Bethany Mary and Martha lived; and here Lazarus was raised from the dead. In Bethany Jesus spent the closing nights of his life.

From here on to Jericho no houses are seen, but frequently we meet wandering Bedouins, who generally are seen armed with old muskets and swords; occasionally we pass by their black tents wherein they are encamped. Now and again a herd of sheep is seen, the shepherd going before them.

Jerusalem being twenty-seven hundred feet above the level of the sea and the Dead Sea being thirteen hundred feet below that level, the descent from Jerusalem to the Jordan valley is four thousand feet. The distance is about eighteen miles. It is a "hard road to Jericho." As one descends one can feel the atmosphere becoming warmer, the grass becomes more verdant;

when it is cold and rainy at Jerusalem it is often clear and warm in the Jordan valley. The road leads for several hours along deep gorges and around naked hills, through the wilderness of Judea.

After passing the "Apostles Fountain," the next stopping-place is the "Good Samaritan Inn", said to have been built on the site

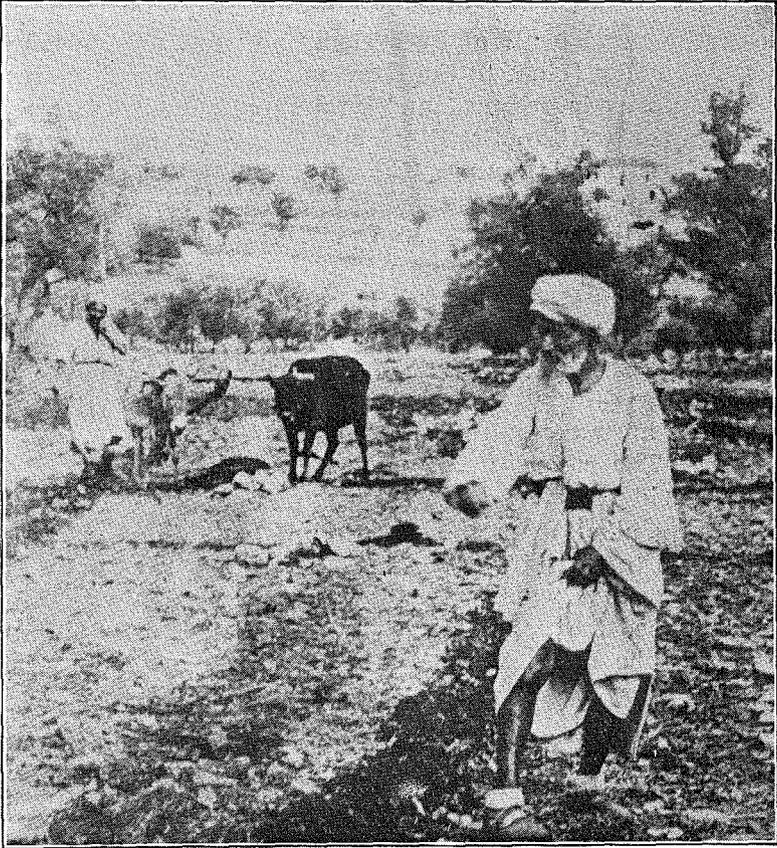


Photo by Paul M. Hanson.

THE SOWER.

One of the Master's parables illustrated from life.

of the inn into which the man who was journeying from "Jerusalem to Jericho" and who fell among thieves, was taken by the Good Samaritan. One now, unescorted, would be in danger of falling among thieves. The road is lonely. At the Inn are various articles exhibited for sale, inkstands made of stone

from the shores of the Dead Sea, beads of pearl, etc., which tourists buy for souvenirs.

Before reaching the Jordan Valley, the deep gorge is reached, in which, it is said, runs the brook Cherith, where Elijah was fed by ravens. One can but be surprised to see such a deep gorge. Several buildings can be seen from the road, built in honor of Elijah's sojourning there, in which hermits spend their time in solitude. Below, the brook runs silently as it winds its way along to the Jordan Valley. (In returning to Jerusalem, heavy rains had fallen, and large torrents of water were rushing down through the gorges making a great roar.)

Before descending to the plain, a fine view is presented to us of the Jordan Valley, stretching across to the mountains of Moab. The sites of ancient and modern Jericho are marked by green thorn-trees; before us, in the distance, is the Jordan River in flood, and to the south, the Dead Sea.

Jericho has few well-constructed buildings, among them being a convent and a hotel. The place consists in part of squalid huts made of mud. Jericho was once one of the most important cities of Palestine. There are near the village springs from which trickles clear water, one of them being "Elisha's Fountain"; he (it is said) having caused its water by miracle to become fit for use. The water is very clear, and good to drink.

Once this was a beautiful region. In the days of Joshua, one could look out upon a forest of palms, miles long and miles wide; but now there are thorns, and only a few palms. There were large barley-fields; small fields only are now to be seen. The city had towers and high walls. It was to this place Joshua sent the two spies, and it was here the walls fell down at the sound of the blasts from the rams' horns. Joshua pronounced a curse upon the one who should rebuild it, and his words were fulfilled, as the following record shows: "In his days did Hiel the Beth-elite build Jericho: he laid the foundation thereof in Abiram his firstborn and set up the gates thereof in his youngest son Segub, according to the word of the Lord, which he spake by Joshua the son of Nun."—I Kings 16:34.

The mountains of Judea are near by, just in the background, and one of the peaks, which is now crowned by a monastery, is pointed out as the place where Jesus hungered, after fasting forty days, and was tempted of the Devil.

A night is spent in Jericho; and in the morning we start for the Jordan. The river being in flood, far out of its banks, no

just idea of its regular size could be obtained. The water was not clear, and the river moved rapidly on in its course to the sea. Several took bottles which they had provided for securing some water from the Jordan, filled them up, and our journey was resumed. I thought of the time when Jesus came to the river and requested baptism at the hands of John. I thought of the time that "Jesus, when he was baptized, went up straightway out of the water: and lo, the heavens were opened unto him, and he saw

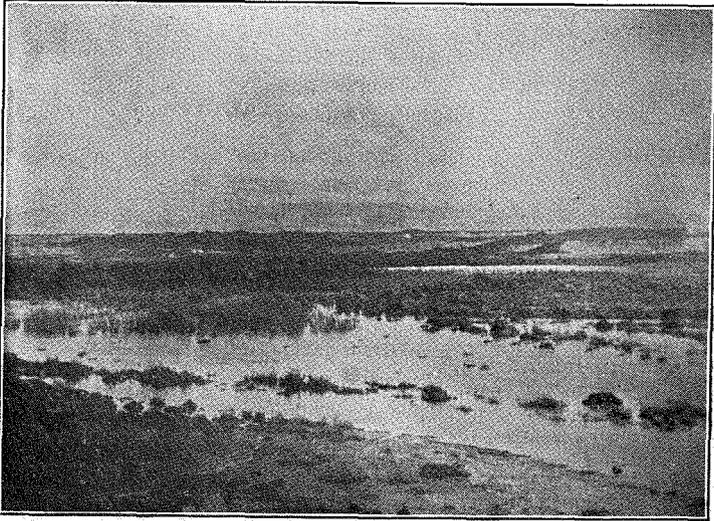


Photo by Paul M. Hanson.

THE RIVER JORDAN IN FLOOD.

the Spirit of God descending like a dove and lighting upon him: And lo, a voice from heaven, saying, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." (Matthew 3:16, 17.)

The following, also, came to mind: "And there went out unto him [John] all the land of Judea, and they of Jerusalem, and were all baptized of him in the river of Jordan, confessing their sins."

With some difficulty, owing to the Jordan being out of its banks, we made our way to the Dead Sea. We cross a series of terraces, vegetation soon disappears from view, and we are in a desolate region. The sea is found to be clear, but rather slimy, and very bitter to the taste. It contains about 27 per cent salt. Here on the shore we are thirteen hundred feet below the sea-level. On the shore is a little driftwood, carried down

by the Jordan. There is but one small boat on the sea. All around is desolation, and the very sea seems to moan as the breakers dash against the shore. The place reminds us of death: here or near by were Sodom and Gomorah which were destroyed by the Lord with fire.

We retrace our steps to Jerusalem, glad that a desire cherished in childhood days has been realized. In turning the slope of the mount of Olives, as the city bursts upon our view, tender emotions are stirred: Jerusalem's past rises before us, and overflows with thought; its future is equally impressive; the Jews are gathering home.

The ruins about the country testify that this has been a wonderful land; what hinders it from becoming what it once was, when the Lord's good will shall have been accomplished toward it? It was to be "trodden down of the Gentiles *until* the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled." I believe the time is not far distant when there shall be heard "in the streets of Jerusalem," the "voice of joy" and the "voice of gladness" and the voice of them that shall bring the "sacrifice of praise into the house of the Lord."

A spirit of improvement is at work in the land. Before many years the ruins will have disappeared and a new country will have sprung up from the ashes.

The population of Jerusalem in 1868 was as follows: Moslems, 4,000; Jews, 8,000; Greeks, 1,800; Latins, 1,300; other sects, 900; total, 16,000. Now the city has a population of 75,000 or more; 60,000 of whom are Jews.

The hand of the Turk rests heavily on the land; the government in power seems determined to prevent, if possible, the land's improvement. The people are oppressed and wronged, and money is extorted from them. The Turk acts from the standpoint that the Jew and Christian can never be equal to the followers of Mahomet. If one makes improvements and appears to be getting along very well, he is humbled. The officials are not content with their salaries. The tax for all products is one tenth, theoretically, but practically more is taken, sometimes nearly all. Until about two years ago taxes were collected in this way: instead of the people paying direct to the government, Arabic Effendas (men of high social standing) agreed to pay so many piasters to the government as the tax of the district over which their pasha (Turkish governor) had jurisdiction. These men then became "tax collectors" and collected from the poor

fellaheen (peasants) exorbitant rates, always taking care to have a great margin for themselves, after paying to the government according to the agreement.

Now taxes are paid direct to the government; but the taxes have been increased, so that after all the peasants have to pay about as much as formerly. The one tenth tax is a farce. A demand is made for a lump sum based on the number of olive-trees possessed, the amount of plowed land, etc. When there is a short crop, the people are in straits. Such a system of taxation has led in many quarters to the cutting down of olive-trees to avoid the tax on the trees. Peasants can be seen with their camels and donkeys bringing in from the country loads of olive wood for fuel. Yet in spite of such oppression a great quantity of olive-oil is exported.

The cause of the present system is, I think, the opinion that as the land is improved there will be a probability of the powers of the earth getting a foothold, and finally upon some pretext, control of the country. Or the cause of the present state of affairs may be the decadent state of the Turkish Empire. The effects of Turkish misrule are everywhere manifest, the Moslems make no advancement. The officials receive low salaries, and when they step out of office they wish to have enough to keep them for life. Bribery stalks through the land.

Though the land is sparsely settled and poorly tilled, the government exacting and oppressive, the people live. The government is not trusted, so each one makes what money he can and hordes it up. I was made sad to see in the streets little children with bright faces having no wide avenues of opportunities before them.

There is no wood near Jerusalem for building purposes; it has to come from Lebanon or be imported. The vine is still cultivated and some wine is made. More attention should be given to the vineyards. Wheat is exported. Olive-oil is sometimes so plentiful that vessels can hardly be found to hold it. Olives are a staple article of food; they are beautiful to look upon but are repulsive to the taste when fresh from the trees.

It is not so important a question what condition a country is in, as what it may become. This land has supported hundreds of cities, and it can do so again if it is cared for. A large population to attend to agriculture, some money, good roads, modern implements, and a good government would work wonders. With a good government, honest officials, and good laws, the country would make strides worthy of notice. Under such a state

the larger the population the more can the land support; that is, until the land is filled to overflowing. The productiveness of the land depends largely on the attention given to it. Why could not the land be made to abound in cereals, oil, raisins, figs, lemons, and sheep? An effort was made some years ago to lease the Jordan valley from the sultan, but with no success. This fertile valley lies almost forsaken; it could be made (some assert) with proper irrigation very fruitful.

I preached once in Jerusalem, in a private house. A portion of my audience were Jews. My surroundings seemed to give me inspiration. I was made glad in being able to offer to the people right in Jerusalem, a church having the same kind of organization, faith, doctrine, and practice as the one that in days of old was taken from the Jews and given to the Gentiles. So much for the restoration of the gospel, which will enable the Jews to enter the same kind of a church they proved themselves unworthy of entering in the days of Christ and his apostles. In the matter of a Jew being converted, how can he be logically convinced that any church is right that is not like the one taken from his forefathers and given to the Gentiles, a record of which is given in the New Testament?

The Jews are looking forward to their restoration in Palestine, and obtaining control of the country. Prophets have foretold they shall gather back to the land of their forefathers. (Hosea 3: 4; Deuteronomy 28: 37; Jeremiah 29: 9; 25: 9). The Jews have a right to look with longing eyes upon the land that was given to Abraham and his *posterity* for an "everlasting possession."

The Kedron Valley contains much debris; the result of sieges. Rubbish lies in heaps; one can but see that desolation has swept over the land. Judah's day is now dawning, and the indications are that the day will be clear. Israel's deed to this land is found in Genesis 17: 1-8. Part of it reads like this: "And I will give unto thee [Abraham], and to thy seed after thee, the land wherein thou art a stranger, all the land of Canaan, for an everlasting possession; and I will be their God."

Jeremiah says in the thirty-third chapter of his book, respecting the gathering of Israel: "And I will cause the captivity of Judah and the captivity of Israel to return, and will build them, as at the first."—Verse 7.

Since the captivity of the house of Israel (the ten tribes) by Shalmanezar, king of Assyria, 721 B. C., they have been cast out from the knowledge of the nations. Jeremiah's prophecy was

given about 590 B. C. and evidently remains to meet with a literal fulfilment. Judah returned after this message was given, from the Babylonian captivity, and remained till their captivity by the Romans 70 A. D.; but the house of Israel did not return. The prophecy says, "I will cause the captivity of *Judah* and the captivity of *Israel* to return, and will build them as at the first."

Jeremiah says in the sixteenth chapter, fourteenth and fifteenth verses: "Therefore, behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that it shall no more be said, The Lord liveth, that brought up the children of Israel out of the land of Egypt; But, The Lord liveth, that brought up the children of Israel from the land of the north, and from all the lands whither he had driven them; and I will bring them again into their land that I gave unto their fathers."

In coming from their captivity in Babylon the Jews came from the east; not from the north. The ten tribes were led northward about one hundred and twenty years before this and have never since returned to their own land; the prophecy, therefore, remains to be fulfilled.

Hosea says: "For the children of Israel shall abide many days without a king, and without a prince, and without a sacrifice, and without an image, and without an ephod, and without teraphim: Afterward shall the children of Israel return, and seek the Lord their God, and David their king; and shall fear the Lord and his goodness in the latter days."—3: 4, 5.

The children of Israel are to "fear the Lord and his goodness in the *latter days*." This sentiment is in accord with Paul's words: "Blindness in part is happened unto Israel, until the fullness of the Gentiles be come in".

It appears that the Jews will receive the Lord's work after they are restored to their own land, rather than that conversion to Christianity shall be a condition of their restoration.

In and about Jerusalem the Russians, French and Germans hold important positions, which they are constantly endeavoring to strengthen.

There is a steady stream of Jewish emigration pouring into Palestine. The Zionists who now hold conferences composed of delegates from nearly all parts of the world, and are endeavoring to get in possession of Palestine, evidently consider it a habitable place for the Jews. Some of the Zionists believe they should first get control of Palestine and then colonize it with Jews; others hold that Palestine should first be colonized with Hebrews,

and that when this has been done successfully, the sultan of Turkey shall be requested to give them political freedom in a country which will then be actually their own property. Last August, in Cologne, Germany, the Jewish national flag, in blue and white colors, was raised over the building in which their world's conference was held.

If the Jews secure political autonomy, law will be enforced, justice given, bribery will be reduced or done away, and many of the disorders now prevalent, will come to an end.

The land is yet in bondage: like Israel of old, in such a state it shows but few of its capabilities---there is not yet perfect freedom.

The "times of the Gentiles" are fast fulfilling. Jerusalem is fast falling into the hands of the Jews, concessions are frequently being made in their favor, and nations are interested in their welfare. It is evident since Jerusalem was to be "trodden down of the Gentiles until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled", that when the city ceases to be "trodden down of the Gentiles," Judah's day will begin, or in other words, the Gentile "times" will be closed. We are fast hastening to that day. It is a fact that the Jews were taken captive, scattered among all nations and that they are now returning. May their return be as glorious as their captivity has been terrible.

I have but few words to say in closing. A visit to the Holy Land makes the Bible narratives appear more real; "whited sepulchres" are to be seen; beggars and lepers as in ancient times; remains of ancient terraces on the hills; and sites of old cities. Many customs have changed but little since ancient times. Among other things that interested me was a shepherd going before his sheep; this practice is in accord with the words of Jesus; "And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him; for they know his voice. And a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him: for they know not the voice of strangers."---John 10: 4, 5.

If a sheep gets lost and mingles with another herd, as soon as it hears its master's voice it will lift up its head, look around, and start toward its master---"they know his voice". Sometimes the shepherd is caught out in a storm and night comes on; as he goes along toward shelter, with staff in hand, he taps the rocks by the way, and the sheep though they can not see follow along with full confidence in the one that goes before. The psalmist David says, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow

of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."—Psalm 23:4.

For the Lord's mercies in allowing me to visit the Holy City, and for opening up the way before me, I am grateful. May the words I have written partly repay those who were interested in my going there. May God's blessings rest upon all who peruse my writing, and give to them, if possible, a mental picture of the scenes in and about Jerusalem that shall be correct.

To those who were interested in my few words contributed at different times respecting my missionary labors in New Zealand and Australia, and have followed me in my trip from Australia to Jerusalem, I will say that in taking my departure from the Holy Land for home, I embarked at Joppa on a boat of the Russian Navigation Company, bound for Port Said. From the latter place I went by rail to Alexandria, Egypt, where I boarded the *Orione* of the Florio Rubbatino line; called at Naples, and from Genoa went overland to London, across Switzerland, via Milan, Chiasso, Lugano, St. Gotthard, Luzerne, Basle, Belfort and Paris. In England I spent one month, preached in London, Birmingham, Manchester, and Leeds---at the latter place stopping with Elder John W. Rushton, missionary in charge of the British Isles Mission. At Liverpool, March 28, I boarded the *Baltic*, and in due time reached New York; from thence I proceeded to the General Conference in session at Independence, Missouri.

(CONCLUDED.)



A DAY WI' THE DE'IL.

He cam' to my door, before I was oot o' my bed. An' lang an' loud he knocked, besides crying i' persuasive voice, "Get up! Do get up, an' let me i'!"

"But it isna wark-hours yet," I said, at las', wi' a sidewise leuk at the auld clock's honest han's.

"Opit the door!" cried the De'il again. "You shall gang awa' wi' me, and spend a bra' holiday outside the town."

That juist suited my notion, as it was a warm day i' early spring, an' I sprang to let him i'. He bowed, an' smiled, too, as though I hadna kept him waitin' a fu' half-haur.

"You stick too close to your bench, an' it's wearin' your life awa'," he said, pitying-like. "An' that's why I cam' to ak' you oot wi' me, instead."

"Sit doon," said I, "while I mak' ready."

Sae he sank into my easiest chair, wi' a' the grace o' a prince.

"Hae ye breakfasted yet?" I asked, to be a bit sociable.

"Nay, nay!" he answered. "We never dine at a', i' Tophet."

"What?" said I. "Nae breakfast, dinner, or tea, down i' the Pit? Then you'll enjoy mine, wi' wife Effie's gude cookin'."

But he shook his black heid, wi' a gesture o' real disdain.

"Let's be off, Maister Cameron!"

At that, my morning prayer was quite forgot. I dresst in the best I had, an aifter a hurried bite an' sup wi' Effie, whom I neglected to kiss, we started off together, wi' the De'il weel to the fore.

"Which way?" I asked, a bit apprehensive.

"It makes nae difference, mon," he replied. "You hae but to follow."

"Paper, sor?" ca'd a newsboy at oor side. "A' the doings, o' the day, for a penny!"

But I pushed him frae me, wi' nae gentle touch.

"Get oot wi' your chatter an' clatter! A hard-warkin' lad has sma' time for the readin' o' anything! The warl's haps an' mishaps are naething to me!"

The De'il laughed an' patted my two shoulders.

"That's the way to talk, Maister Cameron! Keep a' the lads i' awe o' you! They are a noisy crew, an' should be silenced, baith at business an' play."

We went on i' silence oorselves, for a block or twa. Then I met a mon whom I had lang awed a sma' sum o' money. I could have paid him on the spot, but the De'il, who kenned a' that was i' my heart, whispered:

"Wait a wee! You need money yearself, far mair than he does. Anither time wull do as weel."

Sae I made excuses accordingly, an' we turned doon the next street, mysel' jinglin' the siller i' my pockets, wi' a triumphfu' air.

"That's the way to manage!" cried the De'il, wi' a hoarse laugh. "Din pay a debt till you maun do it o' necessity."

The verra next person we met was my ain gude auld second cousin, Ronald Kirk. He had lang been puir i' pocket an' health, an' he stretched oot his thin wrinklet han' i' greeting, wi' reasonable hope o' quick assistance. He couldna see the De'il, who was visible ainly to mysel'.

"Ah, Cousin Cameron," he said, "this is fortunate, indeed! I was juist on my way to your ain house! A few eatables wad be the choicest o' gifties to the puir wife an' me! You wullna refuse, noo. Wally?"

I had always helped auld Ronald for my deid mither's sake, but under the De'il balefu' influence, I soon cut him short wi':

"I canna gie you anything to-day, mon—perhaps not for a lang time."

"You wadna let us starve, Wally?" he cried, i' blank surprise.

"You hae ither distant relatives besides mysel'," I made answer. "Why not gae to them instead? I hae already done mooch mair than my share for you baith. But if they wullna help you, you can come to me at las'!"

He walkt awa' at that, shaking his white heid, an' the disappointed leuk on his wan face followed me aboot a' that day, juist as the De'il himsel' did.

"You hae your ain family to support," said the latter. "That is enough for any mon. An' your gude wife is a bra' spender! Dinna forget that!"

I wanted to say a word i' defense o' frugal Effie, who had always made ane penny do the work o' twa, but he kept on wi' his insinuations aboot everything an' everybody, till we had reached the edge o' town. I was thinkin' a' the while o' my neglected wark at the bench, an' also, that an unexpected holiday was nae sae mooch o' a boon.

At las' the De'il an' I sat doon to rest beneath the thick branches o' a wide-spreading oak. Ané argüment soon followed anither. My new friend was a smooth talker, wi' fu' knowledge o' a' that was going on i' the great warl aboon his ane dark kingdom. Indeed, my whole past life seemed to be at his tongue's end. He praised me loudly for a' the meanness I had ever been guilty o', an' he wasna slow i' suggestin' mair o' them for the future. He grew familiar, too, an' clapt me on the back i' muscular commendation.

It was noon by the town clock then, but we didna gae hame to dine, as the De'il said it wasna necessary. He was brimful o' gude tales, an' kept me well entertained, or my hunger might hae got the better o' me.

But about the middle o' the afternoon we began to quarrel, as men wi' empty stomachs aften wull. The De'il had invited me doon to the Pit on a visit, an' I replied that naething could tempt me to gae—that I hoped to reach heaven at las' an' sae a' my journeyings maun be upward.

"But why not try serving me for a spell?" he spiered, wi' a wicked leer. "My earthly rewards are far greater than God's, an' your life-wark wad be mooch lichtter. I need men to do my bid-dings the whole warl over, an' a dozen o'them here i' your ain town, this verra minute."

"I might not like your service, Maister De'il. You hae been ca'd a hard tasker.

"That's libel, mon, pure libel! Juist try me, an' see for yoursel. My pay is treble what you could ever hope to get at the shop."

"Then pray, what would be the first wark required o' me?"

"Well, you hae a friend and companion at the bench, named Gilbert Burney. Get him owre on my side, an' 'the sooner you do it, the better it will be for a' three o' us."

"But Burney is a mon gude above the average. He does what is right and juist, an' I wadna turn him frae his way for a fortune!"

"Stuff and nonsense! He's nae better than the rest o' you! It's because he has never been tempted! Ainly try him aince!"

"Never!" I cried, wi' a shudder. "Gilbert Burney is my verra best friend."

"You would hae a better friend i' me, Wally Cameron! I could soon pit you i' a shop o' your ain. Be guided by me, a' prosper."

"Nay, nay, Maister De'il!"

"But you must, and shall!"

"You canna mak' me become your subject!"

"Then I'll gae instead to Effie, your bonnie wife."

"She wadna listen to any word you might say."

"Don't be too sure o' that. She is young yet, an' ainly a woman, aifter a'."

I turned frae him, indignant. Then he clutched my collar, an' I shook him off, wi' a 'the strength o' fear an' horror combined. Why had I trusted him, an' why had I ever left hame i' his detestable company? Surely his face was that o' a demon incarnate. An' he would tak' possession o' my weak, sinful soul, if he could. Puir, foolish mortal that I was, to risk it for ane second wi'in a mile o' him.

The town clock was striking six, an' well I kenned that wife Effie would soon be ready an' waitin' wi' her tea. Perhaps I was never to taste it again, i' her dear presence. An' it had been a day lost, so far as pleasure, or wark an' ages waur concerned.

"Come wi' me," said the De'il, low an' threatenin'. "If you wullna do my bidding aboon ground, you shall below. There is still room to spare i' Tophet."

"You canna tak' me!" I shouted back, defiant. An' then I began to rin—faster, an' faster, an' still on an' on, wi' the auld De'il after me like the wind, his bat-like han's a'maist touchin' my shoulder. Back through the town we went, an' I heard a fellow-warkmon, on his way hame, cry oot: "There gaes young Wally Cameron as though the De'il waur after him!" He didna guess it was the simple truth, because Auld Clooti himsel' was still invisible.

An' it was a fu' mile to my ain tidy house-door. How we baith could rin! Which would reach it first? Would Effie be on the watch? Would she ken that it was a race for a human soul? An' her turn might come next! But that thought urged

me on still faster. Nor did I fail to finally gain my quiet dair-stane, an' the dair itsel', flung to after me, recht i' the De'il's malignant face. Straight up the stair I also went, an' fell on my stubborn knees, wi' this bit o' a prayer:

"Dear God aboon, save me frae the De'il who would destroy me, body an' soul, partly because o' my ain weak wull. Gie me strength to resist him ever mair, an' be a better mon, frae this awfu' day an' hour!"

An' His answer seemed to come doon, sweet an' clear: "My son, I will protect you now and always. Only trust and serve Me."

* * * * *

It is a' true enough, though it may ha' been but an unco' dream. If the De'il didna come to my hame, he surely cam' to the door o' my heart, an' followed me roun' aboot, juist as I hae related. An' when wife Effie heard the same story, she quickly said:

"It is a warning, Wally, ane not to be forgotten! Let us begin a better life together and keep oor e'en fixed on heaven aboon, sae that neither the De'il, nor any o' his earthly followers wull hae the chance to beckon us downward, instead. An' late as it is, we'll gae to auld Cousin Ronald, wi' a basket o' substantials, yet this verra nicht. For even dreams may be sent us to point oot mair plainly the Path o' Daily Duty."—Mrs. Findley Bradin in the *Living Church*.



Editor's Corner

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OUR GUIDE.

There are various operations of the Holy Spirit and various manifestations of it. On one occasion it rested upon Saul at 'Gilgal and while clothing him with prophetic power made "another man" of him in a single day, so that the proverb obtained through all the land, "Is Saul also among the prophets." That was a great display of spiritual power.

On another occasion the Spirit came upon the disciples who farried at Jerusalem waiting their endowment from on high, and cloven tongues as of fire rested upon them, while the room was filled with the sound as of a mighty rushing wind. Tongues and prophecies were heard. So great was the wonder that the

multitudes hearing of it rushed to the scene of the miracle to speculate and marvel and hear and be converted.

Yet wonderful as these experiences are, they do not appeal to us so strongly as does the constant daily guidance of the Holy Spirit that may be given to a man all his life long. Saul fell from grace. The day of Pentecost came to an end like all other days.

It is good to have these especial days of Pentecost to look back to but it is also essential that there should be a constant daily guidance upon the part of God and a constant daily following upon the part of man.

Christ said that we should live by every word that proceeds from the mouth of God. When in need, it is not the best friend who bestows upon us a ton of bread to mold and waste---better the daily loaf. Pray for an occasional Pentecost; but pray more earnestly for the constant, never ending, unailing daily portion of spiritual food.

There is another thought concerning the Spirit as a guide. When men travel into the woods of the far North or into the Jungles of Africa, or into the Alpine fastnesses, they employ a guide. They are entering upon territory that is new to them and they secure one who is familiar with the region.

Each man may use the utmost freedom in choosing his guide. He may use a certain amount of choice regarding the route. But once the guide is selected and the journey begun the guide must direct.

Every man may select his own spiritual guide. He is given the utmost freedom. God forces his Spirit on no man. But once the choice is made and the Christian journey is begun we should follow the guide.

When I go into the Alps the guide ties a rope around his waist and around mine. He is instantly ready to save me if I fall into a crevasse. As we journey I may express some wishes as to our conduct and choice of trails; but if I persist in going where there is imminent danger, he says, "No you must not go there. It looks safe to you but I know that it is not".

If I still persist, he says, "Then cut yourself loose. You go at your own peril".

As we follow the Spirit's guidance we may express our wishes freely, but if we choose to go where there is danger, the Spirit says, "No; you must not go there." If we unwisely persist, the

command comes, "Cut yourself loose. You go there at your own peril." The Spirit will not always strive with man.

One of the beauties of the journey is that we are led into new regions. We are guided "into all truth". If the regions were not new we would need no guide. That is, they are new to us. The truths daily discovered may have been old to Job or to Enoch or to Paul; but as we learn them they are new to us, just as every ancient forest to every lad is the forest primeval.

It does not mean alone the memorizing of truths gleaned while perusing the Bible or listening to a sermon; but truths discovered by original exploration into the fields of meditation, so that one sees and knows things for himself.

Sometimes we envy one who is gifted with a splendid memory so that he can memorize chapters and verses and whole sermons. While that is a splendid gift, give us the ability to think a few thoughts for ourselves rather than the best memory that ever treasured the thoughts of the dead and gone.

Let us be faithful, and intelligent followers of our guide, taking part in the God-given plan of a co-operation between human and divine wisdom.



Daughters of Zion

Truer Parenthood, Better Children, Happier Homes, Purer Society.

CALLIE B. STEBBINS, Editor.

"A partnership with God is motherhood;
What strength, what purity, what self-control,
What love, what wisdom, should belong to her,
Who helps God fashion an immortal soul."

ADVISORY BOARD.—Mrs. B. C. Smith, president, 214 South Spring Street, Independence, Missouri; Miss Dora Young, secretary, Holden, Missouri; Mrs. M. E. Hulmes, treasurer, 909 West Maple Avenue, Independence, Missouri; Mrs. F. M. Smith, 630 South Crysler Avenue, Independence, Missouri; Mrs. T. A. Hougas, Henderdson, Mills County, Iowa; Mrs. Callie B. Stebbins, Lamoni, Iowa.

SIMPLICITY.

The keynote of the season's style is simplicity, as it is the keynote in every well-dressed woman's scheme of costume. Simplicity! Simplicity! The absence of furbelows! Of senseless lace! Of ribbons! Of ruffles!

"The American woman of taste is learning the trick of leaving off things. She knows that the art of leaving off is much deeper than the art of putting on. Dress takes its beauty from line and

the texture of the material. It is dependent on no such trivialities as trimming--- is marred by ornament as a painting already perfect in composition would be marred by a splotch or two in the foreground."

The March "Delineator" contains the words of wisdom quoted above. Worldly wisdom may have prompted the writing of them, as well as the planning of the season's style. The reign of simplicity is not assured longer than for one season, though the approach of better things is pointed to, and good reasons given why they should come. Good reasons are given, but there are better ones unmentioned.

By the wisdom of inspiration there have been given to us words with which these from the journal of fashion are in striking harmony.

"Let all thy garments be plain and their beauty the beauty of the work of thine own hands."—Doctrine and Covenants 42:12. Here is instruction that if heeded would lift us, not only for one season when fashion decrees it, but at all times to a realization of the sensible and beautiful ideal of the woman of taste. The Lord has not said that our garments should be without beauty, but that their beauty should be in the beautiful work of our hands. Do you think this means elaborate hand embroidery or other ornamentation that would take close application of eyes and hands for many hours to form the beauty of one garment? Would such a garment be plain? Is it not more reasonable to look for the beauty of the work, as the Lord intended it, in the fit and finish of a garment? How well this would accord with the declaration of the fashion writer, "Dress takes its beauty from line and the texture of the material."

The Book of Mormon commends the people at a time when they were righteous, for being "neat and comely", though they did not wear costly apparel. At that time all were equal and they had an abundance of all things of whatsoever they had need. We are told that they had "abundance of silk and fine twined linen and all manner of good homely cloth", with every thing else that denoted prosperous circumstances, but they did not set their hearts upon riches.

The texture of the material has much to do with beauty in dress and good material is nearly always economical. The leaving off of senseless furbelows, of trimmings, unnecessary ruffles and ribbons and lace, would enable many people to buy good material who have thought they could not afford it, because they must

have trimmings which often add a large proportion to the cost of a dress.

The saving in time and strength to be gained by leaving off much of the ornamentation is of equal if not of greater importance than the saving in money. How many mothers are overburdened who would not be so if they could bring themselves to adopt simplicity of dress for themselves and their children, and simplicity of living in every way. And how much more beautiful their clothing would be without "excess of ornamentation". It is true that trimming sometimes serves as a make shift in making over, or with shortage of material, and we may frequently need to sacrifice taste for economy, but even then we may hold simplicity as our ideal.

The woman of taste is learning to leave off the superfluous from her garments and so we may hope for the time when no children will be arrayed in the overtrimmed clothing so at variance with the artlessness of childhood.

If the beauty of the adult costume may be marred by ornament as a perfect painting might be marred with superfluous paint, what of the dress of the little child, who is the very symbol of simplicity?

Our dress should be in accord with our characters, which ought to be modest and sincere and free from pride.

It is true we may have pride in the perfect fit and genteel simplicity of our garments. This, too, we must guard against. We may take pleasure in being suitably clothed, as in anything else that is fitting and good that comes to us by the blessing of God. But our dress is not fitting either as to beauty or utility when not in harmony with the word of God.

In simplicity there is beauty. The Lord's ideals for us are the highest. His advice is always for our good, and if we study his word with a disposition to hearken we shall find that there is no good thing the world can present, that has not already been outlined for us in his teachings.



LEAVING THINGS UNDONE.

"Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day" is very good in its way, but sometimes it is just as much a duty to put off a task as it is to do it today. If, after a reasonable day's work, one comes with waning strength to a task one has planned to do, it is sometimes by far the wiser plan to leave it undone than to do it.

Another hour's work may make impossible the rest that ought to come to every busy *haus-mutter* sometime during the afternoon, or it may mean cutting short the time that ought to be spent with the children, or in making a change in one's dress, for that is always a rest. The children like to see mother look pretty; that the husband does goes without saying, and a reasonable time spent before the glass is not time lost or wasted, but is one of the duties that should not be left undone: leave out something else.

Take care of yourselves, mothers, take care of yourselves. Take proper rest and recreation, if the family does have to live on plain food. Make treats for them occasionally, but do not spend hours at it when you are tired with other absolutely necessary work. Plain food is right and proper and best for a family of children; indeed I think that many mothers allow their children to have food that is not good for them, against their better judgment because it has been prepared, and, with it set before them, it would be more trouble to deny than to indulge them. A well-prepared, plain little dinner, presided over by a neatly-dressed, bright-faced mother, is better than much cooking, and a tired, discontented face and untidy clothing.

An experienced mother says: "If young mothers could only learn to do the essential things and leave out the non-essentials."

So there are "non-essentials" in housekeeping. I am sure there are things that can be left undone very well and not interfere with the peace and quiet of the household.

If one's health will not permit one to keep up everything without being fagged out, dull and stupid and uninteresting, or impatient and crabbed even, study to see where something can be left out every day without materially affecting the welfare of the family.

Snappishness often has a beginning in over-exertion,---but let me tell you that it very soon gets to be a habit. And as it is a most unpleasant one for all the rest of the family as well as for the miserable snapper, it is something to be very carefully avoided.

We need to get out in the fresh air frequently, but sometimes a short nap in a well-ventilated room is what we need most, if we can not have the nap and the walk too.

Sit down sometimes and read or write and in your thoughts go miles away from the cares and worries of the household. It is a good habit to cultivate. But do not forget to come back in

a reasonable time. A mother will hardly fail to be called back speedily, as soon as a child enters the house, but after the delights of a good book one can come back smiling.

Margaret Sangster says that many women think it almost an unpardonable thing to read in the morning. But after the men and boys and girls have all gone away to work, and to school, the mother has certainly earned the right to sit down and rest, and read for a little while, at least, if she knows she can accomplish her work satisfactorily afterwards.

We do hear of people who are not very good housekeepers, or home-keepers and who do not care to be, but I think the tendency is to be over-particular and over-diligent. It is astonishing how one can, in time, learn to do housework easily, leaving out much scrubbing and scouring and cleaning, and still have the house in good order. There must be the weekly cleaning, but the whole house need not be torn up as though it were house-cleaning time and every one be made uncomfortable.

Disorder, mussiness, is worse, almost, than dust and dirt to make things look untidy, so every one in the house must have a share in keeping things straightened up. But we need not make keeping the house tidy a groaning burden under which every one is unhappy. There can be times for straightening up, but one need not do as did a housekeeper I have heard of, who if her husband moved a chair twelve inches from its accustomed place, watched when he rose and switched it back to the proper angle.

It is astonishing how easy one can bring oneself to feel even when things are not in the very best of order. I wish I had learned more of that feeling years ago. Learn to leave things undone. There are so many great things that many times the little things are truly of small importance.

One of the prettiest compliments I ever had was that my house was always "artificially neat." There are evidences of a living, growing family all over the house, and yet it usually has a tidy look.

Children can be taught when they are very young the value of tidiness. By all means let them begin early to help dust and arrange tables and dressers, and to straighten the miscellaneous things in the drawers. They will soon develop ideas of their own about the things that will please and gratify you, while at the same time you are relieved of the duty. Be patient in the first teaching, but let them really learn alone. A good way is to go right away and rest or be about a task in another part of the

house. If one stays by, one is apt to show by doing it oneself. Let children have their own ideas about things. A child's individuality must be allowed to cultivate itself in many ways.

If we can afford to hire much work done, well and good. But if the home is the greatest and most important factor in the life of the nation, as it surely is, and we are the homekeepers, then let us keep the home and not grumble about it, not give all our thoughts and time to mechanical things to the exclusion of those that are more important. If we can secure good help, let us do it; but if we can not, let us leave something undone, deliberately, and not worry or feel bad about it afterward. One woman can not do everything. We can simplify our living and not be ashamed of it.

HORTENSE SELLOM CRAMER.



The Religio's Arena

ELBERT A. SMITH, Editor, Lamoni, Iowa.



EARLY SPRING.

Again the scented breath of spring
Is floating on the breeze;
Again the leaves and blossoms
Are covering shrubs and trees;
Again the spring-bird's merry songs
Ring out o'er land and seas.

The birds and blossoms seem to sing
Their thanks for sweet spring days;
And in accordance with the earth

Our thanks to God we raise.
The transformation is his own;
To him belongs the praise.

So in the winters of our lives,
His love will also grow:
Again the buds of spring will bloom,
Again the breeze blow,
If we but trust his promises,
And serve Him here below.

RAY LAWN.



THE NECESSITY OF EDUCATION ALONG LITERARY LINES.

Webster says that to educate means "to lead out and train the mental powers"; literature means "the class of writings distinguished for beauty of style or expression, as poetry, essays, history," etc.

Have you given the name of our society a thought?---Zions' Religio Literary Society; I have, and I sometimes am forced to the conclusion that some of us have wandered far from what we were intended to be, and ought to be brought into line. Instead of being Religio musical and reading societies, let us be what we should be---A Religio LITERARY Society.

I have always contended that you should not go to Religio to be entertained, but to learn. The Religio should be a school to develop and train the youth of the church for future usefulness. We want our men and women of the future to be fully equipped with knowledge, to be able to express themselves both intelligently and eloquently; to be concise, to think quickly, and be able to put their thoughts into words, to use good language, to be able to stand before the public without embarrassment. What has your society done for the leading out of the young along these lines? I am afraid that the most of us would have to answer, "nothing". What is the character of your programs? I am answered, "Piano duets, solos, reading, etc." These are all good in their place, but they are accomplishments, outside adornments as it were, and we must let them come second.

The greatest educators are travel and association with great minds. Most of us live in small towns and do not have the means or time for travel. But there is one blessing within the reach of all---good books. We can sit down, reach into our book case, and take down the writing of some standard author, and follow him into strange lands, among strange people; we can read the biographies of the great men and women and acquaint ourselves with the best and most noble.

It has been said that "a man is known by the company he keeps," but I say that a man is known by the books he reads. His business, social, or church duties are such that he must be friendly with those people he is thrown among. But his books he chooses for himself. He reads them carefully, handles them lovingly, and knows that it is his privilege to learn of the greatest minds of the age. Then, why take anything but the best? You answer that you do not care for Shakespeare, Thackeray, Longfellow, Milton, and others. All I can say is that your education has been neglected. And it is the work of the Religio to create a taste for the good things along the line of literature.

It is a well-known fact that we are all creatures of circumstances, and are held down by our environments; if the people with whom we associate use slang, we are very apt to use it. If we read trash, we will soon find our thoughts running along the same channel, etc. But if we read elevating, soul-inspiring works of learned man, we are enabled to shake off those shackles that enslave us and rise as men and women, with noble aims and desire. We find ourselves clothing our thoughts with the language of our favorite author. We have seen the world, we have met the leaders of men; we have felt their heart-throbs, we have known their struggles and their failures that have been but stepping stones to greater successes. We are encouraged to put forth our best efforts, and every effort we put forth gives us greater strength to press forward to the accomplishing of that which He would have us do. He does not want us to be crude, He wants us to be "polished shafts."

At the close of this year let us be able to say that we have led out and trained the mental women of the young we have made them acquainted with the best in literature, we have given them a start along the highroad to success and greater usefulness. And in future years we will look back and feel proud of the work of our Religio when we note the steadily increasing thirst for knowledge, that ever leads "onward and upward."

Independence, Missouri.

MRS. M. A. ETZENHOUSER.



MARK OF THE SCORNERS' CLAN.

Wisdom crieth in the streets; she uttereth her voice without she crieth in the chief place of concourse, in the openings of the gates: in the city she uttereth her words, saying, How long, ye simple ones, will ye love simplicity And the scorners delight in their scorning, and fools hate knowledge.----Proverbs 1:20-22.

Naturally men wish to be known in the appearance of a character in which they take the most pride. So one who counts himself a "sport" delights in the jaunty appearance which is the invariable mark of their clan. True dignity has its place, but the haughty bearing, the self-important air, the gaudy apparel, the "knobby" appearance of the frivolous minded, mark them all with the clan of their pride.

It is as sport to a fool to do mischief; but a man of understanding hath wisdom.—Proverbs 10:23.

That first cigarette or cigar, or that glass with "the boys" was



"Two atoms of this chaff meet on a cold day, and the first proceeds to give the password by saying, —."

Drawn by Arthur Yates.

indulged in more for the appearance of reckless boldness than for the gratification of the appetite.

The individual who is in the mood to do such things is also ready to scoff at reproof, scorn righteousness, and laugh at the suggestion of danger; and as it is said in Proverbs, 14:9, "Fools mock at sin." We have all such placed in that class; and they need not hope for a better grade till such foolishness is abandoned.

By the contrast of such frivolous actions with standard ideals of life drawn from the divine, as revealed in the Holy Scriptures, wisdom is heard by the ears of the wise, "to cry without, to

utter her voice in the streets, in the chief places of concourse" and her call is especially to the young (for the old are set) to avoid such folly.

If men would learn that their thoughts make them what they are, and that even the wickedness and follies which they fondly imagine hidden depict themselves in the countenance, in the conversation, in every act, and in the whole make-up of their life, there would be less time wasted in futile efforts to keep up a sham; and more earnest heed given to the removal of the root and germ of sin instead of its shadow. On the street or in places of business, the flippant who so unwittingly form the chaff of society are heard to give the fools' password as a token to their fellow fools, and which serves as the voice of wisdom calling, calling, to the thoughtful saying: behold a victim of folly being lured to the snare of woe.

Two atoms of this chaff meet on a disagreeably cold day and the first proceeds to give the password by the remark, "D----- cold this morning ain't it?" And notwithstanding the reputation which the lower regions have for being so extremely hot, the other atom replies, "Yes, cold as h-----" and by this senseless language each knows the other a member of his clan and a "good fellow."

Young man, be not allured by the common glaring display of false dignity nor the shallow, contemptible counterfeit of true manhood.

JAMES YATES.



NORMAL COURSE.

(PART I, THE BOOK AND ITS BOOKS.)

LESSON III.

The Sets of Plates.

NOTE.—It has been found impractical to put all the matter contemplated by the outlines, in this lesson, so two lessons have been arranged, one on "The Plates" and one on "Sacred Things."

1. The brass plates were at the time of Lehi's departure from Jerusalem in the possession of one Laban. They were obtained by direction of the Lord and brought with them to America. After the division of the Colony they were retained by the Nephites, and handed down from generation to generation with the sacred records, until Mormon deposited them with other sacred records and articles, in the hill Cumorah, just prior to the Battle of Cumorah, A. D. 384.

This record contained the five books of Moses, the record of

the Jews from the beginning down to the reign of Zedekiah, B. C. 600. They also contained the prophecies of Joseph while in Egypt, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Zenock, and Zenos. The genealogy of the family of Lehi, of whom Laban was a relative, was engraven upon the plates. (1 Nephi 1:20, 35, 36, 46, 47; 3:39; 6:1, 2; 2 Nephi 3:1; 4:2; Omni 1; Mosiah 1:1, 3; 12:3; 13:1; Alma 30:5; Nephi 1:1; Mormon 3:2.)

2. The larger plates of Nephi were made by Nephi shortly after they left Jerusalem and were handed down from one ruler or "Nephi" to another down to the days of Mosiah II, who delivered them to Alma, and from him they were handed down the prophetic line, and were finally deposited in the hill Cumorah, about A. D. 384.

They contained the civil history of the nation from the time they left Jerusalem until the battle of Cumorah. Upon them Nephi inscribed the history kept at first by his father Lehi. After the smaller plates were full, about B. C. 160, in addition to the civil history, the ecclesiastical history of the nation was also kept on these plates. It was from these plates that Mormon made his abridged history. (1 Nephi 1:7; 2:1, 27; 5:46; 2 Nephi 3:5; 4:5, 6; Jacob 1:1, 2; 2:11; Omni 1:5; Jarom 1:6; Words of Mormon 1:4; Mosiah 1:3; 13:1; Alma 17:5; Nephi the Son 1:6; Mormon 1:1, 5; 3:2.)

3. The smaller plates of Nephi were made at the command of God by Nephi thirty years after they left Jerusalem, and were handed down from one generation to another through the line of prophets, being last in the hands of Amaleki, who filled them and delivered them into the possession of King Benjamin, about B. C. 160. They were preserved among the sacred records of the people and became a part of the record deposited by Moroni in New York, and translated "The Book of Mormon."

They contained the sacred history of the nation from the time they left Jerusalem until the days of King Benjamin (1 Nephi 1:1, 7; 2:1, 27, 28; 3:1; 5:46, 47; 2 Nephi 3:5; 4:5, 6; 13:1; Jacob 1:1; 5:9; 2:11; Enos 1:1; Jarom 1:1, 6; Omni 1; Words of Mormon 1:4.)

4. The Record of Zeniff was written on plates; who made them we are not informed. The record was begun by Zeniff, the supposed brother of Amaleki, son of Abinadom, but by whom it was afterwards kept we are not told. The plates were in the possession of King Limhi, who, about B. C. 121, deposited them with the sacred record in the possession of Mosiah II.

The record contained the history of a party who in the days of Mosiah I left the Land of Zarahemla to reinhabit the land of Nephi. It records the reign of Zeniff, his son Noah; and his son Limhi; the prophecy of Abinadi; the conversion of the first Alma; the establishment of the church; and the deliverance of the people from the bondage of the Lamanites. (Omni 1; 14, 15; Mosiah 5: 1, 2, 9; 6: 1; 7: 1; 8: 1; 9: 1; 10.)

5. The twenty-four gold plates of Ether were made by the prophet Ether, a descendant of Jared, who led the first colony to America. Ether made the record about the time of the battle of Ramah, which was fought about B. C. 600, and deposited it in the place where it was discovered by the searching party of King Limhi, B. C. 121, in the Land Desolation. They were deposited with the sacred records in the possession of Mosiah II, and were preserved with them, after the death of Mormon, A. D. 384. Moroni made a short history of the people of Jared from them and inscribed it upon the abridged plates, as the book of Ether.

They contained the history of the Jaredite nation from the time they left the Tower of Babel at the Confusion of language, about 2200 B. C., until the battle of Ramah, about 600 B. C.; also a history of the human family from the creation down to the time of the building of the tower. (Mosiah 5: 9; 9: 26; 10: 3; 12:3, 4; Alma 17:9; Helaman 2:30; Ether 1:1, 6, 9; 2:1; 3: 13; 6: 2, 6, 9; Omni 1: 9, 10.)

6. The plates of Mormon's abridgment were made at the command of God, by Mormon, about A. D. 384. They were made of gold, and upon them Mormon inscribed the abridged history of the Nephite nation, taking the record from the larger plate of Nephi. The plates were about seven inches by eight inches in size and a little thinner than common tin. The whole volume was about six inches in thickness, and was held together like a book by three rings running through the edge of the plates. Mormon inscribed the record upon them in the characters called reformed Egyptian, the characters were very small and skillfully executed upon both sides of the plates. About the time of the battle of Cumorah Mormon delivered the plates into the hands of Moroni his son, who finished the record and buried it in a hill called by us Cumorah, in western New York, A. D. 421.

The abridged record contained the history abridged from the larger plates of Nephi, from the time of the departure from Jerusalem until the battle of Cumorah. It also contained a duplicate history from the time of the departure till the days of

King Benjamin, about B. C. 160, in the smaller plates of Nephi which Mormon inserted at the place where he recorded the reign of King Benjamin; this he did without abridging. After the death of Mormon, Moroni records a few things touching the downfall of the Nephite nation, then makes upon the plates, an abridged history of the Jaredite nation, and writes a few of the teachings of Christ and some of his father Mormon's writings. He then inscribed upon the plates in the remaining space, the mysteries shown to the brother of Jared in the mount. Where he obtained access to these we are not informed; these last he sealed, not to be opened until such time as God should give direction. (1 Nephi 1:7; 2:27; 5:46; 2 Nephi 3:5; Words of Mormon 1:1; Mosiah 1:3; Helaman 1:20; Nephi 2:11; 12:1; Mormon 1:1, 5; 2:3, 5; 3:2; 4:1; Ether 1:1, 9-11; 2:1; 5:2; Moroni 1:1; 6:1; 8:1; 10:1; Doctrine and Covenants 3:8-10 Church History Vol. 1, chapters 2-6; Letters of Oliver Cowdery; Visions of Joseph the Seer.)

QUESTIONS.

Who kept the brass plates? What was written on the brass plates? What became of them? When were the larger plates of Nephi made? Why called plates of Nephi? What history was recorded upon them? Who kept them? What great purpose did they serve? Why did Nephi make the smaller plates of Nephi? What was recorded upon them? Who was the last writer? When were they filled? Who was Zeniff? What record bears his name? Who brought the record to Mosiah? Who wrote the twenty-four gold plates? When were they written and discovered? What record was engraven on them? Who made the plates upon which the abridged history was written? Who wrote the abridgment? From what record was the abridgment made? What was the size of the plates? Of what material were they made? What characters were used in the writing? To whom did Mormon deliver these plates? What did he write upon them? Where and when did he hide them up?

WALTER W. SMITH.



LIBRARY DEPARTMENT.

THE LOCAL LIBRARY.

What Books—1. Church books. 2. American Archaeology. 3. Commentary and Bible Concordance. 4. Books to assist in the preparation of the Sunday-school lessons. 5. Books of general

reference and encyclopedia. 6. Books written by others "for or against the church." 7. Files of church publications.

This list does not pretend to be exhaustive nor are we supposed to fill up any one department before beginning on the next, nor are they necessarily stated in the order of their importance.

Local conditions, material, and finance will largely determine which books should be secured first.

As the library grows we may find many other books that are desirable and profitable, as there are many such.

Our first idea, however, is to make this local library one of reference and to assist us in our studies.

Who In Charge of Buying.—It would seem well to have a committee appointed to supervise the purchase and care of a library and those chosen who are likely to be best informed in regard to desirable books.

Who In Charge of Distribution.—The actual charge of the books may very likely be laid to the local librarian, and his or her assistant, under the general direction, however, of the library committee. The library committee should draft and prepare a rule and should specify what books may be taken out and what books are to be kept for reference, and also make such rules as to protect valuable volumes. You may note that this is distinctly a local work, although we may well look to the district librarian for counsel and advice, and the district or State librarian may confer with the general librarian when necessary, but we recognize the fact that those on the ground should be better prepared to meet the local needs. You may note that this is a local library and not a district or circulating library. Still, this is not intended to remain an ironclad rule, especially if it is found that more good can be done by changing some of the books over to the circulating library.

How Combine Accessibility With Due Care of the Books.—It would seem that the books should be as accessible as possible; that the library should not be open only for one hour a week, but if possible should be open at every meeting so that those desiring to consult any of the authorities, may do so. We shall be pleased to receive your suggestion as to how this may be best accomplished, and also as to how to overcome this difficulty in your local, because we hope to have many valuable books on our shelves and we must take care of these books and only let them out in such a way as to insure their return. The library committee should consider this in preparing their rules.

Should the Branch Co-Operate With Us In This?—We would

suggest that the branch should. Whether we act as members of the Religio, the Sunday-school or of the branch, we are still the same person and have the same interest at heart, and it would seem well that all three should co-operate and work together for the mutual good of all and for the joint purpose of securing one good local library. Of course this is not supposed to conflict with the Sunday-school circulating library and it may be found wise to set aside certain shelves in the same book case for the use of the circulating library with the books of general character and other shelves for the use of the local library, but a moment's thought will show the wisdom that we are all working together and should not duplicate the same books, calling one a Sunday-school library and another a Religio library; but this does not mean that the Religio library must wait until the Sunday-school and branch will co-operate, if they seem unwilling to do so, but yet it would. By this we mean that the Religio library has authority under the Constitution to try to provide for the local needs in the way of good literature, but it still seems to us far better if we can all work together and work harmoniously to make one good library of which we may well be proud.

The Individual Library; Books We Should Own.—First, the Bible and other church books. We should have such books as these for our daily companions and not have to depend on the Local library. How many of them we should have will depend upon our ability to buy. The local library is supposed to round up and make a complete individual library in this particular.

Second, technical books of our trade or profession. Of course we shall need for our own home use books of engineering for engineers; books of farming for farmers; medical books, law books and other books according to our profession or means of gaining a livelihood.

Third, our choice friends. That is our own particular books, our favorites, as we may say, the books that we like to read and reread in a quiet hour, and perhaps marked "favorite passages." These books may include gift books, but let us hope that they contain as many as possible of the world's masterpieces.

Note, As the May "Arena" will doubtless be taken up with convention reports we include in this sketch notes for both April and May, and shall be pleased to receive any suggestions you may care to make on either subject.

S. A. BURGESS.

NEWS FROM THE SOCIETIES.

Pleasant Grove, Utah.---Though we are few in number we are striving to do a good work in this locality. The Religio society of our city is striving to keep pace with the city inhabitants. Our Religio is not yet large, but the interest taken by some of its members goes to show that success will crown their efforts. Much credit is due to those who have the work in charge here, because of extremely unfavorable circumstances.

Our recent election resulted as follows: Sr. Geneva Sterrett, president; Bro. Oscar W. Okerlind, vice-president; and Sr. Beatrice Sterrett, secretary.

Our hope is that the conditions will change with the seasons and the beauty of spring will add to the encouragements of the Religio workers.

We have a membership of nearly twenty, and a very good attendance.

BEATRICE STERRETT, Secretary.

St. Louis, Mo.---Very sincerely do we regret that owing to business affairs our worthy president, Bro. Arthur W. Smith has had to leave us, having taken a position some miles south of St. Louis. He has been a diligent and earnest worker and has done an excellent work in the Religio.

Our vice-president, Bro. J. M. Lloyd, has been doing nobly as our acting president. He is also a hustler and has the interest of the work at heart.

We were pleased to note a splendid attendance at our prayer service.

A very interesting feature of our programs is an original serial story, the first chapters of which were given by Sr. Florence Burgess, the next by Bro. E. C. Bell, followed by Sr. W. Weidman, to be continued by different members and conclude about April 26, by Sr. Florence. Our president considered this an excellent plan to promote attendance and we have enjoyed it very much thus far.

Our "Indefinite" was good, edited by Bro. J. A. Tanner. A very enjoyable valentine social was given by the social committee at the beautiful home of Bro. and Sr. J. Dawson.

The program Washington's night was arranged by the social committee, and was instructive as well as entertaining.

The Lansdowne Saints have now organized a Religio local, and we granted seven letters of removal to members desiring to be indentified with them.

The junior program in charge of Sister Anna de Jong was a

decided success. Sr. Anna's success with the little folks no doubt is due to the great love she has for them, which causes them to love her and desire to please her.

A rendition of the "Village Blacksmith" by the children was very much enjoyed, as was also an original poem on Spring, by our young juvenile poet, Bro. Joe Tanner, recitations and musical selections completed a most pleasant entertainment.

MRS. E. M. PATTERSON.



RESOLUTIONS OF CONDOLENCE.

At a meeting of the Lamoni Stake Sunday-school and Religio associations, (Feb. 23,) a committee was appointed on resolutions of condolence in behalf of their former officer and sister, Alice Thorburn. The committee reported as follows:

"The Sunday-school and Religio associations of the Lamoni Stake in convention assembled, hereby express their realization of the loss they have sustained in the removal from this life of our beloved sister, Alice Thorburn. In token of the high esteem in which our sister was held by us and in which she still lives in our memories this expression of affection is tendered to those who were most nearly related to her and to all who loved her. Respectfully submitted for the societies. Anna Salyards, Flora L. Scott, Eliza Chase.

The convention ordered that a copy of the resolutions be sent to the *Herald, Ensign*, AUTUMN LEAVES and near relatives of deceased.

NELLIE M. ANDERSON, Secretary of the Covention.

AUTUMN LEAVES

J. C. Danielson

May
1907



EDITED BY
ELBERT A. SMITH

AUTUMN LEAVES

ELBERT A. SMITH, Editor

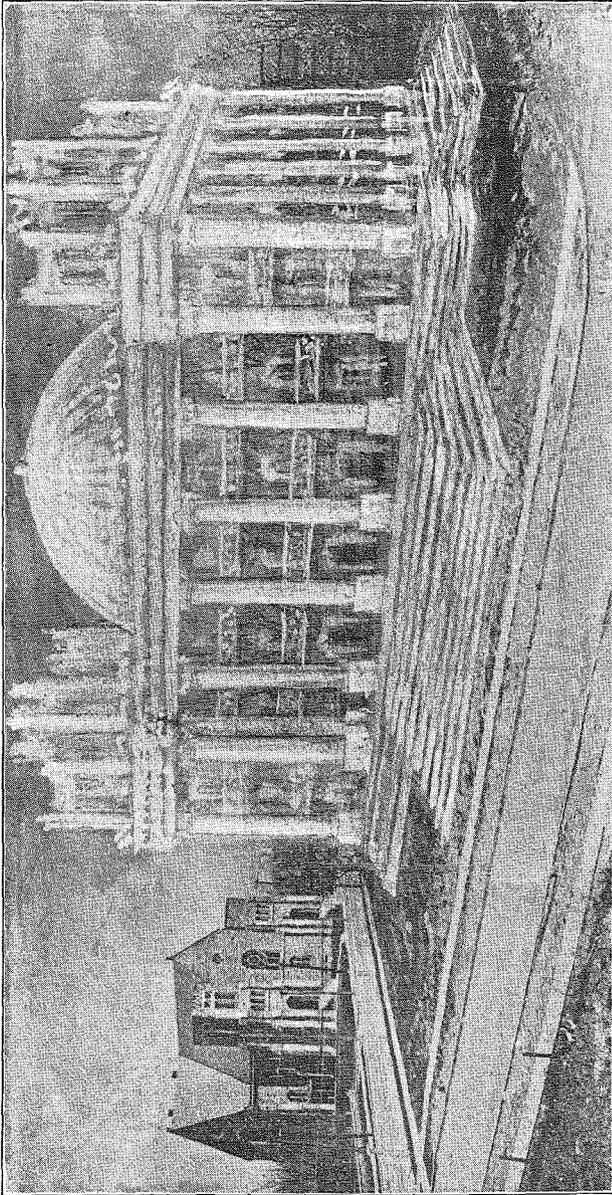
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From a painting by Earnest Webbe.

DREAM OF THE TEMPLE THAT IS TO BE

(See opposite page.)

AUTUMN LEAVES

VOLUME 20

MAY, 1907

NUMBER 5



A MEDITATION.

HERE came a simple picture print
Into my hand one day.
It showed the meeting-house of Saints,
And the lot across the way;
But the place loomed sad and solemnly,
From out the humble card,
And bade we wait and meditate,
While distant strains were heard:

“O Zion! O Zion! Rouse ye and array ye in purity;
For he cometh! He now cometh! Prepare ye the way of the
Lord!”

And as I mused what years might see,
A misty scene appeared:
Across the view there tier by tier
A temple fair was reared.
I saw not who the workers were;
But ever, as it grew,
There swelled the grandest chorus,
Whose voices well I knew:

“O Zion! O Zion! Rouse ye and array ye in purity;
For he cometh! He now cometh! Prepare ye the way of the
Lord!”

My soul was troubled as I gazed—
The need of workers true.
Ye skillful ones, ye willing ones,
Take up your work and do!
And then such consecration,
His favors freely win,
The temple will open wide
For hosts to march therein;
For hosts without, will flee from doubt
To seek for peace therein!

“O Zion! O Zion! Rouse ye and array ye in purity;
For he cometh! He now cometh! Prepare ye the way of
your Lord.
Prepare ye! Prepare ye in the excellency of his word!”

AN INSTRUMENT IN HIS HANDS.—PART I.

BY MARY LELAND CARTER.

MARGARET BROWN sat by her window, an open letter in her hand, a troubled look on her face. The sweet scent of apple-blossoms filled the air and the birds were singing joyously, but all these failed to rouse her. She had just read a letter from a favorite cousin whom she was expecting to visit her for a few weeks. When the letter was received she had felt very much pleased, as she expected it to inform her of the date when Eva would arrive. But her look of pleasure was soon changed to one of dismay.

"My dear cousin," she read, "I have news for you; good news. I feel that I have found peace at last. You know how long, ever since I was a little girl, I have been troubled about my soul's salvation. You know I never could seem to feel satisfied about my being accepted of God as his child; and you know how often I have sought help from this religious worker and that, but all to no purpose. They would tell me I need not be anxious, I need only to believe in Jesus and I would be saved. But I have never felt sure that I did believe, for I never felt that peace and assurance that the consciousness of being a child of God should give. But you know all this, for we have often talked of it, and you, too, have failed to find that which your soul is longing for; now, dear Margaret, I believe I have found that which will satisfy.

"How often we have wished we might have lived in the days of the apostles. What would you think of a church with apostles and prophets in it now? A church where sick are healed, where the blind receive their sight, where the signs promised in Mark 16 do follow the believer; would you not think such was the true church of Christ?

"All this and much more I find in the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. Now don't be startled. This is not what we have been brought up to call 'Mormonism.'

"'But,' you say, 'the Latter Day Saints surely believe in Joseph Smith. It can't be she believes that!' But I do,—just that. I believe he was a prophet sent of God to clear away the creeds that are so blinding the religious world to-day, and to establish the pure gospel of Christ again upon the earth. I believe that he was a good man, that these stories about him are but a device of Satan to hinder his work; and I believe the Book of Mormon to be the word of God.

"But I have not time in this letter to tell you more. Now don't worry, dear cousin, and fear I have been deceived. I have given much thought and prayer to this, and feel that the Lord has directed me.

"I should have written you of this before, but have been so busy with my school-work; and I thought I could tell you so much better than I could write it. I did not expect to be baptized before seeing you, but two weeks ago an opportunity was given me and I dared not delay.

“Look for me next Saturday. Till then, good-bye; and do not judge me until you have heard more.

Lovingly yours,

“EVA HARVEY.”

Letting the letter fall from her hand, Margaret sat, deeply troubled. Her cousin a “Mormon”! Surely she had taken leave of her senses! Her mind must have been affected by so much ill health and the loss of her parents!

Finally, taking the letter, Margaret went down-stairs and read it to her mother, who was sadly grieved and troubled.

“Poor Helen’s child is as dear to me as my own,” she said. “To think of her coming to this. I would much rather have seen her laid in the grave with her mother.”

“Hard work in the schoolroom, and the trouble she has passed through, have been too much for her,” said Mr. Brown. “We must try to keep her with us till she gets well rested, and perhaps we can get these fancies out of her mind,” said the mother. “I wish we could persuade her to stop teaching and to make her home with us altogether,” said Mr. Brown. “Of course she does not feel that she can let her brother support her, but she would be as welcome here as our own children, and there is enough for all. Then I am sure we could get her right again along religious lines, for a more honest, conscientious little Christian I never saw.”

At family prayers that night Mr. Brown prayed earnestly for the niece who, as he thought, was drifting into so great darkness.

During the next few days many plans were made to bring to her senses the supposed poor, misled girl. Also not a little apprehension was felt as to how she would conduct herself—whether she would be changed in any way.

“I feel most ashamed to have her come,” confided fourteen-year-old Alice to her mother. “At school to-day Jennie Mayo told me she heard my cousin was a Mormon, and the other girls got hold of it and they think it is so queer.”

“Well, dear, your cousin isn’t very well and we must try to be very good to her,” said her mother. “You know she has no father nor mother.”

When Saturday came and Eva arrived, a little constraint was felt by all. This, however, soon passed away, for she seemed her old, bright self, and more happy than they had seen her for a long time.

“How well you are looking, dear child,” exclaimed Mrs. Brown.

“Yes, auntie, I am perfectly well, I think,” she replied.

Not till Eva and Margaret had retired to the room they were to occupy together was the subject of religion mentioned.

These cousins had been the closest of friends, having been play-mates in childhood and afterward roommates at the seminary. Both were members of the Baptist Church and had been accustomed to read and pray together each night before retiring.

But to-night Margaret hesitated: Will she care for the Bible now, she thought, and will she pray as of old? I have heard that the Mormons put Smith in the place of Christ.

She also remembered hearing that the Latter Day Saints had

written the Bible over, so she was somewhat relieved when Eva took from her traveling-case the old, well-remembered Bible and asked Margaret what she would like to read. After a chapter had been read and they had knelt in prayer the ice was broken.

Eva had already met with many rebuffs in attempting to talk of her faith with those whom she had thought would be very glad to hear the truth, so she asked a little timidly if she might tell her cousin more about the light she had found.

"Why, yes," Margaret replied slowly, "I suppose you may talk if you wish, but it is only fair for me to tell you that I was very much surprised and grieved when I received your letter; and I certainly think you must be sadly deceived. Why, just think of all the things that are said of the Latter-Day Saints, of the way they are looked upon by all. And they make trouble everywhere they go. This of itself shows that they can not be a good people—surely not the church of Christ."

Eva lifted up her heart a moment in prayer for help to bring the truth before her cousin, then replied, "Have you ever stopped to think how the early Christians were regarded by those of their times? We learned that at school from history; but please take your Bible and see what they say: first, look up Luke 12: 51-53; we have there in Christ's own words that his teachings would cause division among the people. Then read John 7: 43 and Acts 28: 24, 29. We see from these that it did cause division. The twenty-second verse says they were a sect everywhere spoken against. From 1 Corinthians 4: 12, 13 we learn that Christ's followers were reviled, persecuted, defamed, 'made as the filth of the world.' Christ, in Luke 6: 22, bids his followers rejoice when men hate them and cast out their name as evil for his sake. So it seems to me, since it is a fact that our people are a sect everywhere spoken against, their name cast out as evil and divisions caused among the people by their teachings, that these things are not to be used against us as you say but are in our favor. Could we be the church of Christ and be free from these things, I wonder? You know Paul says 'all who will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution.'"

"I do not think that applies to our day," replied Margaret, "for none of the churches, those that we know must be true churches of Christ, are persecuted."

"How do you know that the churches which you have in mind are, as you say, the churches of Christ?" asked Eva.

"What a strange question," said Margaret; "do they not worship Christ and believe the Bible and require their members to follow its teachings?"

"If they taught their members to follow the teachings of the Bible, would there be so many different churches? Does the Bible teach directly opposite things, each to be right, and each to be the only way? For instance, one says we must be baptized; another, that baptism does not matter; one, that baptism is immersion; another, that it is sprinkling. Can both be right? The Bible says 'one baptism.'"

"All can not see alike," said Margaret; "I don't think it is meant that we should, for the Bible is not plain on many points."

"But we have the promise of the Holy Spirit which will lead us into all truth," said Eva; "will it lead one minister to teach one way, another to teach the opposite? This is one reason why I believe the ministers of to-day do not preach by the Spirit, for then their teachings would be alike. 'He that is sent of God will preach the word of God.' I don't believe they would have to attend theological schools to learn how to preach if they were called of God; like those boys in our class at school, for instance: they chose the ministry as a profession just as Albert Small chose law. Where does their call come in?"

"Why, didn't Christ say, 'go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature?'" replied Margaret, quickly. "I don't think one needs any call besides that, provided he is a Christian and has the desire to help."

"If you will read the sixteenth chapter of Mark carefully," replied Eva, "I think you will find Christ was talking to the eleven only. Men have no more right to act under the apostles' commission than under one given to Washington; for instance, Hebrews 5: 4 says 'no man taketh his honor unto himself but he that is called of God as was Aaron.' I think one reason for the present religious confusion is because men do take the priesthood upon themselves, not waiting for God to call whom he will. So they are not given the Spirit but have to preach by their own learning."

"Let's not talk any more to-night as it is getting late," said Margaret. "I expect there may be truth in what you have said. I have thought often of Christ's words that his disciples must be one. I don't see just how they are one. Still it must be all right or it wouldn't be so. Now don't say another word for I am going to sleep."

But, notwithstanding her words, Margaret did not soon sleep that night.

"What if it be true after all," she thought. "What if men are preaching without authority so that God does not give them his Spirit? That would result in many creeds, just as we now have, for each would teach as he saw."

"But then, even if our churches are not just right surely the Latter Day Saint Church can not be, with their Joseph Smith and their Book of Mormon. I must get Eva to tell me about that, for it seems so strange that any one with her education would listen for a moment to such stories. But how strange it seems to hear Eva talk so much and seem so familiar with the Bible. Why, I hardly knew those passages were in it at all. It can't be that she has discarded the Bible after all, even if she does believe the Book of Mormon, too."

Eva also remained awake for some time. She felt thankful for the kindly welcome given her. She had feared it might be otherwise, as she had already been made to realize the change that can take place in one's dearest friends when they learn that one has obeyed the gospel of Christ. "I wonder why it is," she mused.

"Surely if they think they have the gospel and they are mistaken they should with kindness seek to show us our mistake, instead of treating us with coldness and scorn. That is not following Christ's teachings."

Eva earlier in the week had received a rather harsh letter from her brother telling her she had brought disgrace upon the family, and that though she should always have a home while he had one, yet she must never seek to bring her strange beliefs before them nor mention them in any way.

She had also received a cold letter from one who had been a close friend all through school-days and of whose sympathy she had felt so assured. To add to the trials of the week, the school superintendent had informed her that her services would no longer be needed in his schools, that while none had done more satisfactory work and he had no fault to find with her personally, yet he realized there was a strong feeling of prejudice against her, and that in whatever school he might place her trouble would be likely to follow.

"Perhaps you did not know, Miss Harvey," he had said, "that even in this district where you have taught for so long and have been so well liked there were some who wished me to close your school when you took the step you did two weeks ago."

Under these circumstances it is small wonder that Eva was touched and grateful for the kindness of her uncle's family. Before sleeping that night she prayed earnestly that they might come to see the truth for themselves. She prayed too for strength to bear whatever might come to her of trials and that the Lord would direct all her ways and bring good even from these bitter experiences.

(To be continued.)



THE RESCUE.

BY CARA BAILEY MOORE.

AWAY down among the Ozark Mountains, some ten miles from any town or railroad, was a lumber-camp.

A beautiful picture was this quiet little valley. On all sides rose the mountains, showing dark-green, because of the tall, straight pines on their slopes; while overhead the sky was cloudless and warm. All that marred the scene was the profusion of rocks at one's feet—rocks everywhere, showing the results of some sudden upheaval which had brought them to the surface.

All day long one could see the teamsters bringing in their huge logs, and hear the buzz of the great saws as they made those logs into boards.

Not far from the sawmill were perhaps a dozen small, rudely-built houses, the homes of the mill-hands. Not much time had been spent in building them, for the climate was warm, and at the longest they would use them but a year.

A woman came to the door of one of the houses and called to a group of children asking where Ted was.

"He just went down the path for a stick he wanted," was the answer; so she re-enters the house.

Looking out a half-hour later and still missing him from the group, she grew anxious, and determined to know where he was; for Ted was only four, and might go too far down the path that led into the woods.

She walked along for quite a distance, carefully looking among the trees in the hope of seeing the little one. She called his name



A TYPICAL SCENE IN THE LUMBER REGION WHERE "THE RESCUE" OCCURRED.

hoping to hear a cheery little answer, but an echo was the only response.

"I'm foolish to worry," she thought; "the children likely are mistaken about his coming this way." So she retraced her steps.

When she got back, the round sun was slowly sinking in the far west. Soon it would sink utterly behind that fringe of dark forest whose gloomy shadows were already coming out across the opening. The mill had closed down for the night, and tired loggers were coming in with their teams, but none had seen the little one for some time. Each inquired anxiously of the other, and ere long

it dawned upon them that the child was lost, and that only too soon all would be hidden by the deepening curtain of the night.

His playmates of the afternoon were all positive that he had gone down a certain path in search of a long stick that he wanted. Without stopping for supper, the men at once began the search. In fact supper was forgotten by those warm-hearted people. Who cared for supper when a little one was missing, perhaps scared and lonely, wanting his mother and his evening lullabies!

As darkness came on, the men made pine torches and carefully searched in every direction from the mill.

At midnight they came back, but no child was with them. A lunch was then eaten, and although they knew it was almost useless to hunt until the day came, they found it easier to tramp over the rough rocks in the darkness than to sit down at home waiting for the daylight.

Toward three o'clock in the morning the men wandered back, and held a short council as to what was best to do when the day should dawn. One man said, "We had better send some one to the next mill-camp and get their men to come and help us."

"Their foreman is a Mormon," said one in a horrified tone.

"Yes, I know he's a Mormon, but who cares; he will probably help hunt a child that's lost, and we need help."

So one of their number who knew the mountains and minded not the loneliness that comes to one as one listens to the whispering of the pines, started at once.

While the messenger is rapidly covering the distance between the mills, let us take a look at the one where the foreman is a Mormon.

The sky in the far east is already growing gray with the coming dawn. The few light clouds overhead are scurrying away northward. The heavy river fog that has hung so dense is now rising, revealing the grandeur and beauty of the stream as it surges around the rocks and boulders in its path. Farther down, the holly-trees spread out their branches far over the stream. As one listens to the rushing of the water there steals in upon him the subtle charm of that scene of wilderness beauty, and with it comes peace and satisfaction.

Early as it is the foreman is already there, looking everything over, that all may be in readiness for the day's work.

He carefully examines the different parts. Here he tightens a screw or adds some needed oil. So while he is at work unmindful of curious eyes, we can observe him at our leisure. I doubt his being thirty. He is rather tall, and has an erect carriage that in a drawing room would cause people to say he was distinguished looking. But all these are trifles compared with the kindly look upon his face—a face that the beggar would single out from the crowd when in need of help.

A man enters the mill and asks, "Are you Bishop Hurd, the foreman?"

"Yes, sir; I am the man. What can I do for you?"

"A child has been lost since yesterday and I have come to see

if you would bring your crew and help us in the search, as it is liable to be a difficult one."

"A child lost!" he exclaimed. "Certainly we will help you."

The man refused to stay longer, saying, "I will go back and tell the folks you are coming."

After calling his men and telling them about the child he paced back and forth on the long low porch at the boarding-house. He thought of his own little ones at home, and then of the little one that had spent the night alone with only the moaning of the pines for its lullaby. Quickly he walked away down a beaten path into the woods, where unseen by any one he could pray and ask God to help him find this little child that he had never seen. As he prays he sees a deep ravine between two mountains; through it a full stream rushes heavily down over bowlders and crags. The banks on each side are high and rocky, and there, by an old log, is a child, his arm thrown up over his head and on his face the tear stains still.

"Alive and well!" These words he said aloud and the scene was gone, but he knew the place now and the way to go to reach it.

When he returned to the house he found his men about ready to start. Going into the dining-room he ate a few bites and putting a small lunch in his pocket he joined his men on the porch. When he outlined the direction they would take in going to this neighboring mill to most of the men it seemed very foolish.

"It will take us longer than to go the traveled road," said one.

"Yes, I know," said Mr. Hurd, "but when we get there we will have that much ground covered."

Still it seemed unlikely to the men that the boy could have wandered in that direction.

Mr. Hurd was one of the few foremen that could be one with his men, and yet remain their leader, not because of the position he occupied when at work, but because he was a natural leader. So when only a little had been said, one man spoke up saying, "Oh well, Bishop, if you say that's the best plan I am willing to follow, so lead out"; and away they started.

The trail was fairly clear of under brush, but rocks were everywhere, making the way a difficult one. They walked some distance apart, their foreman always ahead.

When all but the last mile of the distance had been covered they came around a curve of the mountain, their leader stopped and looked down, then he smiled and held up his hand warningly. As they joined him they could see far down below a little child asleep. One arm was thrown up over his head. For a moment they stood as if drinking in the beauties of the scene. The sun now lighted up the dark ravine with its dense shadows of pines, revealing the jutting stones overspread here and there with moss and fern. Nothing was to be heard but the mad rushing of the mountain stream near by.

Mr. Hurd lifted the child tenderly in his arms telling him he had come to take him home. He soon had the child eating, and all of the night's experience was apparently forgotten.

Two guns were then fired which was to be their signal should the child be found alive. The people from the mill came and met them part way, proving by their actions that there is more rejoicing over the return of a lost one than over all that are safe in the fold.

The mother's face was wan and haggard from the night of anguish. She held the child in her arms, and kissed him between her sobs. Finally she said, "Who found him? Tell me, that I may thank him."

Some one whispered to her that it was the "Mormon" foreman at Short's mill.

"I care not what he is," was her quick reply; "point him out that I may tell him how I thank him for giving me back my boy."

When she had again and again thanked him, telling him that a woman's blessing would always follow him, the man said, "My dear woman, I am glad that I could help find your boy, but give your thanks to God, who knowing our needs, led us the right way."

That night the mother went into the room to look again at her child safe in his own bed. There was such a look of gladness on the little sleeper's face that tears sprang to the mother's eyes as she thought of what might have been. Softly to herself she said, "Dear Father, I thank thee, and may thy blessing follow the Mormon foreman at Short's mill."



"CHILDREN'S DAY" IN JERUSALEM.

BY VIDA E. SMITH.

IT WAS the quiet Sabbath in Jerusalem's beautiful days;
The worshipping Jewish people all had gone their many ways;
The latest rays of a summer sun shone on the Temple wall;
And the cool deep shadows lay here and there wherever they
could fall:

On the steps of the Temple's outer court a group of children sat,
In half-sad voices entering into a wistful, earnest chat—
There were Esther, Ruth, Salome, and Mark, and Magdalene, and John.
The soft still air was sweet to them with thoughts of one now gone.

"I wish that he would come again." It was Magdalene who spoke;
Then over every childish face a smile of gladness broke:
"He will, he will! my father saw, and heard the angel say,
'Weep not for he shall come again just as he goes away,
Down through the gold-lined, fleecy clouds, with angels standing near,
He is coming again'—but I wish, how I wish that he were here."—
John's boyish tones, staunch, sober John, whose eyes were blind for years
Until the Master touched the lids and dried the mother's tears.

The children who look in their clear blue depths all knew their story well;
And over the little sad-faced throng a hush of longing fell.
"When he comes again," chimed Ruth's glad voice, "there is one thing
good and sweet,

I shall not wait but shall run to him for he healed my crippled feet.
I remember the day my crutches fell, and I left them and ran to play—
O, I wish he were coming, I wish he were, like he did when he went
away."

Salome's dark eyes were filled with tears, and her tones were very low;
"I do not see why he went away, when he knew we loved him so."

"But the angels, Salome, and the beautiful home in his Father's glorious place"—

The children turned and looked at the glow on Elizabeth's tender face.

"Here he was lonely and sad and poor and troubled for all below;

Up there he is happy with rest and peace and sunshine where soft winds blow."

He *will* come again, for he said he would come, and his promise ever is true,

But he left on the earth a wonderful work for the children who love him to do:

The eyes that he opened should clearer see the way of goodness and kindness and love;

The feet that he healed should be quicker to run and faithful and tireless prove;

The hearts that so love him be firm to obey, whenever whatever he says; And the proof of our wish be the fact that we work while waiting through all the long days.

Jerusalem lay in the twilight deep, as the children turned toward home, And the wish of each heart trembled on their young lips, "O I wish that Jesus would come."

The stars and the moon and restless night-wind seemed to sing o'er Jerusalem's street,

And the voice of the song was a voice children love, tender and soothing and sweet.

Through the clouds and the sunshine, we do not know when, Our Jesus, dear Jesus, is coming again.



EXPERIENCES AND OBSERVATIONS OF ONE OF OUR PATRIARCHS.—NO. 3.

BY J. R. LAMBERT.

AS THE conference of 1902 drew near, I felt, more and more keenly, the weight of responsibility that rested upon me, not only with reference to where I should go and what I should do, but other important issues pending before the body. Nevertheless, as I continued to pray, there came to me sweet peace and a bright hope of final victory for the people of God. I made up my mind while passing through these experiences, to move forward, so far as I should be able, and do my duty as I should be able to see it, without regard to results.

My refusal to accept the office of patriarch, as indicated in the vision which had been indorsed by the church, the unique manner in which I afterwards accepted it, the subsequent attack, made on my action in the case, through the *Evening and Morning Star*, together with my defense, which appeared in the *Ensign*, are all matters of record which do not need to be repeated here, only so far as needed to show that nothing was received, claimed, or said, by me, which in any way cast reflection on the office of patriarch or the duties belonging thereto.

I might say in this connection, however, that so sure was I that I would go out of the Quorum of Twelve that I said to Bro. James Caffall (who was staying with us during the conference) before the vision was ever read, "Bro. Caffall, I know nothing about the contents of the communication referred to, but I can tell you that

you and I are going out of the quorum; and so far as I am concerned, I am prepared for it."

"I am not prepared for it," said Bro. Caffall. "Where will we go?"

"Into the Quorum of High Priests, I presume; and, under existing conditions, I have no objections whatever."

On Saturday, April 19, 1902, I made my little speech, in which I declined to accept ordination, at that time, and under the authority of the vision, which had now been accepted.

In the Conference Minutes for 1902, pages 537 and 538, will be found these words:

"With reference to the future I will not state, only this, that if at any time in the near future or in the remote future, I shall see my way clear to accept and the body desires it, I shall be only too glad to correct my mistake now, or my failure to receive enough evidence. I shall be only too glad to harmonize with the document in its entirety."

Before making the above statements, as may be seen by reference to the same speech, I had said the following:

"I am not averse to occupying the position that seems to be indicated. I have had some spiritual experiences, especially in the last year, that have satisfied me that I would go out of the quorum [of Twelve] soon and occupy somewhere else; but the simple fact that President Smith saw a vision and saw me with others in this position is not definite enough for me to act upon and accept. There is no authority in it that we should be placed there, no authority for ordination, nothing said in reference to the time. The vision is prophetic, but there is not one word said in reference to the time."

At the close of Saturday's session of conference, I felt clearly impressed that I had reached an important juncture in my life work, and that much, very much, to me, depended upon the course I should take. I desired to be right, and betook myself to earnest prayer, without any unnecessary delay. In the night, I lay awake for a long while, thinking and praying.

Early Sunday morning, the light came more and more clearly. To my mind, it was like the morning light of the east chasing away the last shadows of night, but this was not all done at once.

I became convinced that I ought to accept the office; and with the evidence came peace, "the peace of God which passeth all understanding." Still, there was one more thing needed to relieve me from undue embarrassment, and set me right before the body—that is, as I saw it. At once I addressed a note to President Joseph Smith, who read it at the Sunday afternoon meeting, answered my question satisfactorily, and my ordination was ordered by the body.

At this particular juncture, my feelings were intense and somewhat peculiar. My descriptive powers are too weak to express them as I would like. Once more I began to review my work as a minister in the church, acting in the offices of teacher, priest, elder, and apostle; occupying in the last office named for twenty-

nine years. I ran over the ground somewhat hastily, this time, for other matters were crowding in upon me.

One thing gave me greater consolation. I knew, and I knew that God knew, that I had always tried to be true and faithful. I had never knowingly sacrificed other men or the work, with the hope of building up self. But how well have I succeeded in representing God and building up his work? I thought I had received many evidences of approval from God, but in my weakness (for I felt very weak) I was led to wonder why he did not signify his approval to somebody else. I thought if it was his will I would like a little confirmation through some other instrumentality, given in such a way as to reach the people of the church.

I was sensibly aware that one class regarded my call to the patriarchate as a God-send, the leading purpose of which was to get rid of a "kicker." On the other hand, some of my staunch and long-time friends would regard my acceptance of the office as an evidence of unlooked-for weakness, a departure from the right. Even my wife, who had stood faithfully by me in the trials, sacrifices, and blessings incident to my work for nearly twenty-nine years, could not think that it was right, or according to the will of God (which is the same thing) for me to leave the Quorum of Twelve. The whole movement, including my acceptance of the new office, was a great trial to her. She grieved and wept over it.

I said to my wife one Sunday just before dinner, "I would like for you to attend the meeting with me this afternoon, if you possibly can." She replied, "You know I have supper to get for a number of conference people and the first part of the work must be done before the adjournment of the meeting."

Our daughter, Maude Mills, who was then staying with us, attending the conference and helping her mother, immediately came to the rescue. She said, "Mamma, I would like to attend that meeting real well; but it is far more important that you should be there. I will gladly stay and take care of the supper if you will go."

"Well, all right," replied her mother, "I will go." But it was easily seen that it was an expression from a calm but wounded spirit.

As the minutes show, I was ordained by F. G. Pitt (high priest) and I. N. White (apostle); Bro. Pitt being spokesman. I herewith present the ordination prayer as furnished by the official reporter:

"Bro. Joseph, in the worthy name of Jesus Christ, our Lord, we lay our hands upon you and ordain you to the office of Evangelical Minister in the Church of Jesus Christ; and we ask God, the eternal Father, to let his Holy Spirit rest upon you, even at this time, and confirm you, as we are confirming you, in the truthfulness of this call; and that it may manifest itself unto you, that you shall be satisfied as to the call of God to this important office.

"We pray that God will enlighten your mind with his Holy Spirit, that light, and comfort, and peace may be given, and that you may receive all that is required to make you a bold and efficient minister in the office to which you are now called.

“Our Father, we beseech thee to bless thy servant; thou knowest what it has cost him to stand as he has in defense of what he has believed to be right. Wouldest thou accept thy servant and give unto him a witness of thy acceptance. Quicken his mind, and his body, that it may be strengthened, and that his last days may be, really, the best days of his life. Give him success in the ministry and make him one that shall be a comfort and stay, not only to individuals, but to thy church.

“Our Father, hear our prayer and seal unto him the blessings that we have asked for, and all that thou seest he needs, and to thee will we ascribe all the praise, honor, and glory, through Christ. Amen.”

So far as time and my faithfulness have permitted, the above prayer has received a marked fulfillment. That it was peculiarly adapted to my condition and needs, none knew better than myself.

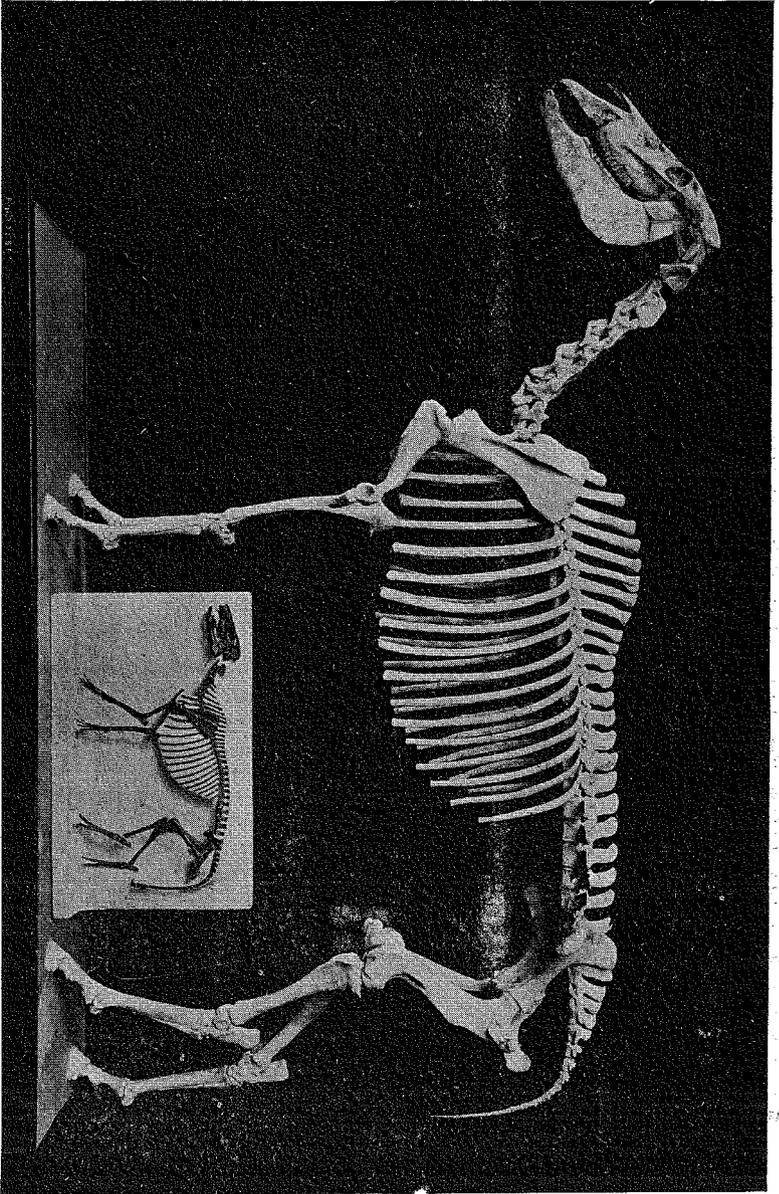
LAMONI, Iowa, January 30, 1907.



REVELATION ANTE-DATING SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY.

[The following article is interesting as showing that the many statements in the Book of Mormon, that horses were abundant on the American continent during Nephite and Jaredite times, were translated by inspiration and published to the world prior to the discovery by Darwin, and other scientists, of fossil remains of the horse on the American continent. It also shows that these statements were made and published in the Book of Mormon at a time when it was generally believed by all that no horses had ever existed on these lands. The article also gives a clear account of the discovery of the fossil remains of the horse in America. The author might have added, further, that more recent investigations have led to the conclusion that America is the original home of the horse. The embarrassing difficulty, however, that the fossil remains are held to be of very much greater antiquity than either Jaredite or Nephite times, still confronts us. But it must be remembered that a too great antiquity may be claimed for most of the evidence relating to the existence of the horse in the western world; and there is also evidence found by Charnay, as quoted by Nadaillac, and referred to in the Y. M. M. I. A. Manual for 1905-1906, pages 554 and 555, that points to a more recent existence of the horse on the American continents. More evidence in this line may yet be looked for, as more perfect and more extensive explorations are instituted.—Editors' *Improvement Era*.]

A SHORT time ago it was announced through the papers of New York City that a certain divine would deliver a lecture on the “Relation of science to Catholicism.” The meeting was to be held in the greatest of American churches—Saint Patrick’s Cathedral. The house was filled to overflowing. Most of the people were regular attendants, but a few, like the writer, were transient, having been attracted solely by the topic to be discussed.



Courtesy Improvement Era.

TWO ANCIENT AMERICAN HORSES THE SKELETAL REMAINS OF WHICH ARE NOW ON EXHIBITION
IN THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, AT NEW YORK CITY.

The speaker summarized his remarks by comparing religion and science to water and heated fat; the two do not and can not agree. When placed together turmoil and strife inevitably result. The individual who attempts to carry religion in one hand and science in the other is sure to fall; God and Mammon can not be served simultaneously. He warned believers to shun science and scientific literature, and concluded by stating that the clergy alone should investigate such matters.

"We believe all things," coupled with "if there is anything virtuous, lovely, or of good report, or praiseworthy, we seek after these things," plainly announces the position of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. One of its fundamental tenets is that its doctrines include all truth, no matter from what source that truth may come. Facts can not be at variance one with another; they can not be created or destroyed; they are all factors in the great plan of human redemption and exaltation.

It is true that religion and so-called science occasionally clash, but this is always due to an incomplete knowledge of the scientific facts, which condition frequently results in erroneous deductions. When, however, the full glare of research and investigation are turned upon any scientific problem that problem is found in full accord with the revealed word of God.

Revelation not infrequently ante-dates scientific discovery. Scores of illustrations could be cited in connection with the Book of Mormon, but the writer will confine his attention in the present article to a single instance.

The Book of Mormon, published in the fall and winter of 1829-1830, contains several statements relating to the existence of horses upon the American continent for many centuries before its discovery by Columbus in 1492. The profane histories at the same time were a unit in the thought that no horses existed here previous to their introduction by the Spanish. Science was silent in the matter, no fossil remains of horses had been found, and it was not expected that any would be. But here, as in every other case where facts are fully known, science has come to the support of revelation, which it has vindicated beyond the doubts of even the most skeptical. It is now fully established that immense herds of horses roamed the plains and forests of America centuries before its discovery by the Europeans, and also that these horses had completely disappeared at the time of the landing of Columbus. Thus the historians were correct in the statement that the horses brought by the Spanish were the only ones on the continent, but they were wrong in thinking that they were the first.

In enumerating some of the animals used by the Jaredites in America for centuries before Christ the prophet Ether has this to say:

"And they also had *horses*,* and asses, and there were elephants and cureloms, and cumoms; all of which were useful unto man, and

*All the italics in this article are the author's.

more especially the elephants, and cureloms, and cumoms."—Ether 9: 19.

When the American continent was discovered by Lehi's colony, about 590 B. C., many varieties of animal life flourished abundantly. Concerning this Nephi writes:

"And it came to pass that we did find upon the land of promise, as we journeyed in the wilderness, that there were beasts in the forests of every kind, both the cow and the ox, and the ass and the *horse*, and the goat and the wild goat, and all manner of wild animals, which were for the use of men."—1 Nephi 18: 25.

That horses were used among the Nephites as domestic animals the prophet Enos leaves little doubt. He says:

"And it came to pass that the people of Nephi did till the land, and raise all manner of grain, and of fruit, and of flocks and herds, and flocks of all manner of cattle of every kind, and goats, and wild goats, and also *many horses*."—Enos 1: 21.

About one century before the Christian era, Ammon, son of King Mosiah II, undertook the converting of his brethren the Lamanites. He was captured by them, and later became servant to their king, Lamoni. At one time he protected his master's flocks against the attacks of thieves. This act greatly pleased the king, who desired that Ammon should be brought before him. Concerning Ammon he inquired:

"Where is this man that has such great power? And they said unto him, Behold, he is feeding the *horses*. Now the king had commanded his servants, previous to the time of the watering of their flocks, that they should prepare his *horses* and chariots, and conduct him forth to the land of Nephi; for there had been a great feast appointed at the land of Nephi, by the father of Lamoni, who was king over the land. Now when King Lamoni heard that Ammon was preparing his *horses* and his chariots, he was more astonished, because of the faithfulness of Ammon, saying, Surely there has not been any servant among my servants, that has been so faithful as this man; for even he doth remember all my commandments to execute them."—Alma 18: 8-10.

One of the Book of Mormon writers incidentally mentions the existence of horses as late as the third decade of the Christian era: "And now it came to pass that the people of the Nephites did all return to their own lands, in the twenty and sixth year, every man, with his family, his flocks and his herds, his *horses* and his cattle, and all things whatsoever did belong unto them."—3 Nephi 6: 1. (See also 3 Nephi 3: 22; 4: 4.)

From the foregoing quotations it is evident that the Book of Mormon emphatically declares that horses were abundant among the early inhabitants of the American continent. It should be remembered that this book was published at a time when even the most profound thinkers were positive that no horses had existed here previous to the Spanish conquest. The statements in the Book of Mormon relating to the horse were at that time used by its opponents as proof that the book was untrue, and written by

some one who was not acquainted with even the crudest facts of history.

Science, however, soon asserted itself. About the time of the publication of the Book of Mormon the English vessel, *Beagle*, under the command of Captain Fitz Roy, started for a trip around the world. The object was scientific investigation and discovery. Charles Darwin, who later became one of the world's foremost thinkers, accompanied the expedition. Several parts of South America were within the itinerary. Darwin studied the Pampaeian deserts with considerable care, and there, on *October 5, 1833, scarcely four years after the appearance of the Book of Mormon*, he discovered the first evidence of the existence of ancient horses. Writing of that date he says:

"In the Pampaeian deserts at the Bajada, I found the osseous armor of a gigantic armadillo-like animal, the inside of which, when the earth was removed, was like a great caldron; I found also teeth of the *Toxodon* and *Mastodon*, and one tooth of a *horse*, in the same stained and decayed state. This latter tooth greatly interested me, (I need hardly state here that there is good evidence against any horse living in America at the time of Columbus,) and I took scrupulous care in ascertaining that it had been imbedded contemporaneously with the other remains; for I was not then aware that amongst the fossils from Bahia Blanca there was a horse's tooth hidden in the matrix, nor was it then known with certainty that the remains of horses are common in North America. Mr. Lyell had lately brought from the United States the tooth of a *horse*; and it is an interesting fact, that Professor Owen could find in no species, either fossil or recent, a slight but peculiar curvature characterizing it, until he thought of comparing it with my specimen found here. He has named this American horse *Equus curvidens*. Certainly it is a marvelous fact in the history of the Mammalia, that in South America a native *horse* should have lived and disappeared, to be succeeded in after-ages by the countless herds descended from the few introduced with the Spanish colonists."—*Natural History and Geology of the Countries Visited During the Voyage of H. M. S. Beagle Round the World*, vol. 1, pp. 165, 166. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York, 1846.

In 1866, Andrew Murray, the scientist, published his work on *The Geographical Distribution of Animals*, from which I extract the following:

"We know that the *horse* existed in the Old and New world both previous and subsequent to the glacial epoch. . . . Extinct species are known belonging to three genera of *horses* (*Hipparion*, *Hippotherium*, and *Equus*). Two of these are confined to the tertiary strata; and the third, containing species which approach most to the living horse, is found in the drift or post-glacial deposits of a recent period. . . . The occurrence of a distant species in America is very interesting, considering their subsequent extinction, and the rehabilitation of the common species by man in both South and North America. The first trace of it was discovered by Darwin.

In his *Journal of a Naturalist*, he mentions having discovered in the Pampaeen deserts at Bajada, one tooth of a horse in the same stained and decayed state as the remains of a Mastadon and Toxodon, as well as a gigantic armadillo-like animal. This tooth greatly interested him, for it was well established that no horse was living in America at the time of Columbus, and *no remains of any had previously been found*; and he was not then aware that amongst some other fossils which he himself had procured at Bahia Blanca, there was a *horse's tooth* in the matrix; *nor was it then known that the remains of horses are common in North America*. . . . Certainly as Mr. Darwin says, *it is a marvelous fact in the history of the Mammalia, that in South America a native horse should have lived and disappeared, to be succeeded in after-ages by countless herds, descended from the few introduced by the Spanish colonists.*"—*Geographical Distribution of Mammals*, Andrew Murray, pp. 134, 135. Published by Day & Son, London, 1866.

Flower and Lydekker's work on Mammals, published in 1891, contains the following:

"Fossil remains of horses are found abundantly in the deposits of the most recent geological age in almost every part in America, from Eschscholtz Bay in the north to Patagonia in the south. In that continent, however, they became quite extinct, and *no horses, either wild or domesticated, existed there at the time of the Spanish conquest*, which is the more remarkable as, when introduced from Europe, the horses that ran wild proved by their rapid multiplication in the plains of the South and Texas that the climate, food, and other circumstances were highly favorable for their existence. The former great abundance of *Equidae* (horses) in America, their complete extinction, and their perfect acclimatization when re-introduced by man, form curious, but as yet unsolved problems in geographical distribution."—*Mammals*, Flower and Lydekker, pp. 381, 382. Published by Adams and Charles Black, London, 1891.

During the last decade the American Museum of Natural History, situated in New York City, has spared neither time nor money in collecting the remains of ancient American horses. Geological parties have been sent into the field season after season in search of these fossils, with the result that this institution now maintains the most complete collection of any museum in the world. Professor Henry Fairfield Osborn, curator of the department of vertebrate palæontology, very kindly presented the writer with a photograph of the skeletal remains of two of these ancient horses; it is reproduced in the accompanying figure. It will be observed that these animals ranged greatly in size, in fact even more than the diminutive Shetland, and the gigantic Clyde. In 1903, the museum issued a pamphlet on the Evolution of the Horse; from a topic headed, "Fossil remains of the age of man," I quote the following:

"The Age of Man or Quaternary Period is the last and by far the shortest of the great divisions of geological time. It includes the Great Ice Age or Glacial Epoch (Pleistocene), when heavy

continental glaciers covered the northern parts of Europe and North America, and the Recent Epoch, of more modern climate, during which civilization has arisen.

"In the early part of the Quaternary Period, wild species of *horse* were to be found on every continent except Australia. Remains of these true native horses have been found buried in strata of this age in all parts of the United States, in Alaska, in Mexico, in Ecuador, Brazil, and Argentina, as well as in Europe, Asia, and Africa. All these horses were much like the living species and most of them are included in the genus *Equus*. A complete skeleton of one of them (*Equus scotti*) found by the American Museum expedition of 1899 in Northern Texas, is mounted in the large wall case. [The accompanying reproduction is from this skeleton.]

"Remains of these fossil *horses* from various parts of the United States are shown in the counter-case. One very rich locality is on the Niobrara River in Nebraska, another in Central Oregon. Many separate teeth and bones have been found in the phosphate mines near Charleston, South Carolina; other specimens have come from Central Florida, from Southern Texas, Arizona, Kansas, Louisiana, and even from Alaska. They are, in fact, so often found in deposits of rivers and lakes of the latest geological epoch (the Pleistocene) that the formation in the western United States has received the name of *Equus Beds*.

"In South America, in the strata of the Pleistocene Epoch, there occurs, besides several extinct species of the genus *Equus*, the *Hippidium*, a peculiar kind of *horse* characterized by very short legs and feet, and some peculiarities about the muzzle and grinding teeth. The legs were hardly as long as those of a cow, while the head was as large as that of a race-horse, or other small breed of the domestic horse.

"*All these horses became extinct*, both in North and South America. Why, we do not know. It may have been that they were unable to stand the cold of the winters, probably longer continued and much more severe during the Ice Age than now. It is very probable that man—the early tribes of prehistoric hunters—played a large part in extinguishing the race. The competition with the bison and the antelope, which recently migrated to America—may have made it more difficult than formerly for the American horse to get a living. Or, finally, some unknown disease or prolonged season of drought may have exterminated the race."—Supplement to the American Museum Journal, W. D. Matthew, Ph. D., January, 1903.—Fred J. Pack, A. M. Ph. D., Logan, Utah, in *Improvement Era*, February, 1907.

BEHOLD THERE WENT OUT A SOWER TO SOW.

BY JAMES L. EDWARDS.



From the painting by Sir John Millias.

A sower went forth to sow his seed,
And some of it by the wayside fell;
But he noted not in his earnest speed,
'Twas devoured by fowls, as the Scriptures tell.

And some of the seed by chance did fall
On rocky ground, where the sun's fierce ray
On the shallow earth soon scorched it all,
And having no root it withered away.

And some amongst the thorns were cast,
As the sower scattered his seed amain;
But the thorns sprung up so thick and fast,
They choked to death the springing grain.

But the seed the sower cast on the land,
In the place made ready in the rich warm mold,
Brought forth good grain to the reaper's hand,
Some thirty, some sixty, some a hundred fold.

Have we sown with a will through joy and pain;
Have we borne the cross through cold and heat?
Shall we come with sheaves of golden grain,
And lay them down at the Master's feet?

MELROSE, Massachusetts.

THE VALUE OF GOOD TEMPER.

BY W. A. SINCLAIR, M. D.

A MERRY HEART maketh a cheerful countenance." Good temper is the key to the heart's treasures, the sun to the human countenance, and the balm to many of earth's woes.

Many people have an idea that if they pay fair respect to what are usually understood as physical laws, all will go well with them so far as bodily health is concerned. But few seem to understand the sympathy existing between the moral and physical man. We can not persistently do those things which we feel to be wrong, without wearing away (by slow degrees, perhaps, in some cases) the nervous strength which to-day sustains us in violations of our moral sense.



"Grumbling gives the features a pinched, sour-milk expression."

It is not necessary that a man should do as his conscientious neighbor, or as society dictates. So long as mankind are not run in one mold, there will be diversity of opinion; and each man will form from investigation and reflection a moral standard considerably his own, or at least modified by his individuality. It is not what others say of us individually, or what people of other nationalities say of our nation, that will make us great, powerful, and happy. It is what we can feel regarding ourselves; it is the self-respect which a noble life creates; if our consciences can unequivocally pronounce the ver-

dict, RIGHT, we are at once invincible, we are happy, we are healthy. The applause of others may tickle our vanity, at the moment we think it misapplied; but the applause of conscience sinks a shaft of moral strength, an unfathomable pleasure, down into the very soul's center.

Good temper and a clear conscience are necessary for the preservation of health. Just exactly to that degree in which men and women are improved by a cheerful, unprejudiced condition of mind they are physically injured by a morose, bigoted, and selfish habit of thought. Anger, jealousy, envy, distrust, and personal dislikes, all tend to induce nervous diseases. When the white man hates the Indian; when the Irishman detests the colored man; when the Yankee feels like fighting the "Cockney"; when the Hindoo, laboring under prejudice of caste, will not associate with the European; when the Mohammedan regards the Christian as a hog; when a full-blooded African disdains to associate with a mulatto or quad-

room, there are certain mental emotions experienced which contort the features and disturb the harmony of the whole system. The indications of such feeling are at once conveyed to the face, and to some extent leave their impression on the facial muscles, giving to the individual habitually indulging therein a countenance more or less disagreeable.

They make themselves felt upon the nervous system by irritating it, and disturbing the harmonious circulation of the nervous forces. They also impair digestion and interfere with the healthy action of the liver.

Chronic grumblers are never really well. They can not be. They keep their sensitive nerves constantly vibrating with discordant emotions; yet grumbling is indulged in by people of all religious and nationalities. The farmer leans over his fence and grumbles about his crops. Showers have been too frequent and the ground is too wet; or a drought is scorching his growing vegetables. The tradesman grumbles because trade is too dull; or when customers are coming in numerously, he grumbles because of overwork. Even the parson grumbles because his parishoners fail to "come to time" in requiting him for his labors in the pulpit. It reminds one of the old rhyme of The Kicker. Thus:

"In Winter when the cold winds blow,
 Man kicks.
 He doesn't like the ice and snow,
 He doesn't like to see the mercury go
 To zero; if it falls below,
 He kicks, oh, how he kicks!
 In summer when the 'sizzers siss,'
 Man kicks.
 He growls, Great Scott! How hot it is,
 As if no misery equaled his;
 And as he wipes his steaming phiz,
 He kicks, oh, how he kicks!"

"So whether it is cold or hot,
 Man kicks.
 He's never pleased with what he's got
 But growls, and fumes, and swears a lot.
 And whether it is right or not
 He kicks, oh, how he kicks!"

Grumbling gives the features a pinched, "sour-milk" appearance; vitiates the gastric juices, and dries up the secretions. These effects are only just penalties on the person who allows his temper to be thus disturbed; but his innocent family and friends suffer with him, as they are kept in a perpetual "nettle," and this induces nervous derangements in them. Many a good wife has been worn into her grave by a grumbling husband; and many a good husband has been driven from intimate association with his family by a fault-finding wife. The children in either case, are brought up in a hot-bed of discontent, which makes its impress first on the buoyancy of their young spirits and then on their nervous system.

Petulance is worse than grumbling. Many people are like snapping-bugs—that can not be touched without snapping; or like rattlesnakes that can not be looked at without hissing from their

throats and rattling their bones. Such folks are said to be "full of bile," but the petulance causes the bilious condition, instead of the later causing the petulance. Petulance often causes hypochondriasis (melancholia, depressive insanity, low spirits or dejection) among men, and hysteria among women.

It was said by Artemus Ward that "George Washington never slopped over." Petulant men and women are constantly slopping over, and there is no nervous rest or happiness for those who get bespattered with their venomous utterances. Even dogs stand about them with ears and tail down, and with an increased susceptibility to distemper and hydrophobia. Perfect health is incompatible with a petulant disposition and can not be maintained by those who are compelled to associate intimately with petulant people.

Violent temper is worse than petulance. It is absolutely dangerous to life as well as to health. People have been known to bring on attacks of hemorrhage by indulging in explosive anger; and in certain affections of the heart, it has caused immediate death. Such tempestuous emotion causes congestion. At such moments the blood presses the brain and jumps violently through the delicate machinery of the heart; it unduly fills the arteries and veins of the lungs; it completely arrests digestion, and suspends biliary secretion. All the vital machinery is clogged with the undue presence of the perturbed vascular fluids.

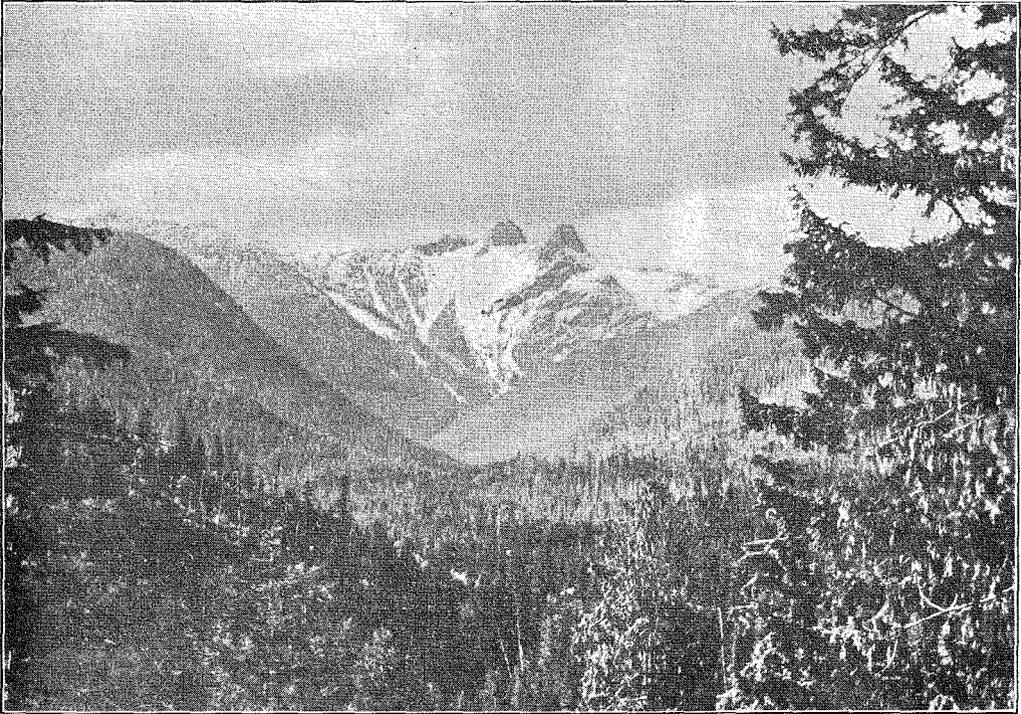
People who have naturally good temper deserve no credit for being habitually good-natured; but those who have a fretful disposition or violent temper are censurable for indulging in grumbling or rage. There is no work so necessary and ennobling as that of rooting out inherited bad qualities. As soon as they are discovered the work should begin in earnest, nor should it be suspended till they are completely eradicated. If the desire for moral perfection is not sufficient to prompt this effort, then selfishness should, for every one desires to have health, and this is not permanently compatible with the indulgence of an irritable or violent temper. Move around good-naturedly. Let your soul shine out as brightly as the sun. It will warm yourself within, and all those whom you hold dear without. It will promote harmony of action in your intricate physical machinery, and make all about you happy and more nearly healthy; life will hold more charms for you than you ever hoped to behold, and your record at last will be sufficient to gain you inheritance in eternal sunshine and cheerfulness.

SUNSET SCENE; FRASER RIVER.

BY EDITH M. KINNEY-HOWER.

A SWEET, soft hush has fallen over the earth. All nature seems to be in an ecstasy of holy, calm delight. The birds that have made glad the way-side hedges are slowly, one by one, seeking their night's repose in the depths of the forest retreats. The lazy cattle are wending their uncertain ways across the fields, stopping ever and anon to nibble at a bit of grass or to browse a tender twig, little caring whether they reach home for the usual milking-time, but caring more to arrive in time for the soft, warm mash in waiting at the comfortable stable.

The housewife steps to the door when she hears the distant tinkle of cowbells; she wonders if the bars are down. The sun is



“Her eyes seek the lofty summits of the everlasting hills, where rests the purple haze of evening.”

sinking slowly to his rest and the glory of the fast-approaching night lures her from the house. She shades her eyes with her hands as she looks out over the Fraser River wending its majestic way so quietly, so solemnly, yet so certainly to the great expanse

of sea lying in the distance ready to swallow it up and make of it a part of its own great self. She sees moored, close under the bank, the little boat-house of a Siwash Indian. This quaint abode is the only home he knows, save a dirty tent pitched at convenient times on the shore, and both are shared by a fat, dirty "clotch-man" and several as fat and as dirty papooses.

The beautiful sunset has enticed them all out-of-doors, and they sit like so many statues. Grim and uncanny at all times, they are infinitely more so in the gathering gloom of evening. The children can remain quiet only for a short time, for even in an Indian the spirit of youth will assert itself, and they frolic and play much the same as the more cultured children of the "pale-face."

The "clotch-man," squatted in her favorite position, near to her children, is tranquilly puffing at an old pipe as dirty as herself. We may safely say she is smoking her "peace-pipe," for she seems to be at variance with no one, so engrossed is she with her pipe, with the calm, still river flowing before her, and with the merry youngsters who are splashing water on each other and who are not over particular if some drops do happen to reach their swarthy dame.

The Indian sits apart, in much the same position as she who bears the burden of his toil, his knees drawn up, his long arms fallen carelessly across them, his unkempt head bowed upon his broad chest, and his whole attitude one of deep meditation. Evening's subtle power draws his mind away from the present. He is not thinking of the merry group in the edge of the water, nor of his dark "clotch-man," happy in her cloud of tobacco-smoke, but in reverie he is once more a brawny youth, sculling his blithe canoe up and down the river, or following a party of braves through the trackless forest in quest of game, or seated around the blazing camp-fire listening to tales of the aged fathers and medicine-men who repeat to the young the legends of their forefathers, handed down from father to son. In his mind wanderings he is again in the tent of a brave warrior, courting one who to him is the fairest among all the swarthy maidens, and he steals a tender glance at the smoke-begrimed image squatted near him. He is again in the present, and a guttural "Ugh!" escapes him as he arises and passes down the plank into his little boat-house, followed by his wife, and later, by the frolicking group, one by one.

A hush settles down over the humble abode and they sleep to dream of the beautiful salmon they will catch the next day.

And the housewife? She too feels the soft stillness of approaching evening, and the gentle calm steals quietly over her soul, filling her with holy thoughts, while her eyes seek the lofty summits of the "everlasting hills," where rests the purple haze of evening. The glory of the setting sun is flooding everything; even the meanest shrub is transfigured and made beautiful. The hedges, the holly, the cedars—everything about her is receiving the last softening touches of the light of a day almost gone. Her eyes wander once more to the summit of those mighty hills, their snowy peaks now almost hid in the mist of gathering darkness, as the sun sinks lower and lower behind the dark firs.

Still she lingers, so sweet to her is the delight of evening, so soothing to the tired nerves, so refreshing after a day of toil. She sees a tall form approaching; she opens the little gate; a strong arm is thrown caressingly about her shoulders; they saunter lovingly into the house.

Fair British Columbia! Her brave sons and true daughters have earned another night's sweet repose.

Day has folded her wings and gone to rest; and night takes up her silent watch from darkened towers. She draws close her sable robes and no light is seen save that which gleams from her starry studded crown—emblems of many glories.

In a moment of inspiration Longfellow wrote this beautiful hymn to the night:

“I heard the trailing garments of the Night
Sweep through her marble halls!
I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light
From the celestial walls!

“I felt her presence, by its spell of might,
Stoop o'er me from above;
The calm, majestic presence of the Night,
As of the one I love.

“I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,
The manifold, soft chimes,
That fill the haunted chambers of the Night,
Like some old poet's rhymes.

“From the cool cisterns of the midnight air
My spirit drank repose;
The fountain of perpetual peace flows there,—
From those deep cisterns flows.

“O holy Night! from thee I learn to bear
What man has borne before!
Thou layest thy finger on the lips of Care,
And they complain no more.

“Peace! Peace! Orestes-like I breathe this prayer!
Descend with broad-winged flight,
The welcomed, the thrice-prayed for, the most fair,
The best-beloved Night!

FERNDALE, Washington.



Editor's Corner

AUTUMN LEAVES is published monthly for the youth of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. Herald Publishing House, Lamoni, Iowa.

ELBERT A. SMITH, EDITOR, LAMONI, IOWA.

WHAT IS A MAN WORTH?

JUDGING from the acts of a great many men, they do not think themselves worth much to God, to themselves, or to the community. They are willing to sell themselves for a barrel, more or less, of alcohol. I do not know how much alcohol one can get away with before it gets away with him, but at best it is a bad bargain. The man who is trying so hard to break into a drunkard's grave should ask himself, Am I not getting the worst of this deal? I am bartering away body and soul, the respect of my friends and the peace of my family; and I get in return rags, hunger, filth, bruises, insults, and an amount of drink proportionate to my hoggishness.

Others, both men and women, put themselves and their home life in the pawn shop for the privilege of being fashionable and drinking from the cup of pleasure. Some go for a cash consideration, as in the case of some of our senators and post-office officials and judges and mayors who have been discharged and impeached and disgraced during the past few years. Probably the proportion of these who have been exposed is small compared to those who have escaped.

Then there are many in business who are dealing in short weights. The fourteen ounces of meat that they sell for a pound is not all they have sold. They have sold themselves and have gone for the price of two ounces of meat.

Man prizes himself and his honor too lightly; and if himself, certainly others. So long as men will sell themselves for drink or drugs, men will be found to profit by their foolishness.

Sixty thousand men was the price of Port Arthur. These men were the pick of the two nations who fought over the walls of that doomed city. They were the pick physically and in many cases mentally. And what were they given for? That Russia might seek to add somewhat to her domain at a time when she still had undeveloped territory that makes the United States look small.

So long as dirt means more than flesh and blood, there will be war,—National, civil, individual.

The doctrine of total depravity used to be a favorite one with the churches, and it must have been eminently pleasing to Satan. We read that man was made in the image of God. In what sense? In a physical sense? Well, no; because we have been told that God is a being without a body, or parts, or passions. Man has these. Then it must be that man is in the image of God spiritually and mentally; and at the same time he is by nature and inclination

totally depraved. No wonder God said those creeds were abominable.

That very act of creation shows the price God sets on men. He placed upon man the stamp and image of the divine form; and certainly he did not do that to worthless metal. Man was the crowning act of his creation, the culminating revelation of God's power and majesty; and we are told in the eighth Psalm that he was created only a little lower than the angels and crowned with glory and honor.

He was in the image of God in body and spirit, but on a lower plane; just as a child may resemble his father in form and disposition, yet be but a child. Man's growth has been perverted, and perhaps some few may become totally depraved; but I never saw one whom I dared to say was that.

Let us rather preach the dignity and worth of man as something too valuable to be used for a base end. Jesus said, "Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God." Even the sparrow is God's handiwork, and when it falls to the ground, wounded, the same natural law begins to heal it that heals you of your bruises. It is not forgotten. Then the point of the lesson is driven home, "Ye are of more value than many sparrows." If it be a tragedy when the sparrow falls, how much more a tragedy when man falls!

The parables of the lost sheep, the lost piece of money, and the prodigal son were all designed to teach the worth of the individual and the pains God takes to save him and the joy there is in heaven when he is saved.

The parable of the prodigal son teaches that it is never too late to break a bad bargain; make the best terms we can; get back home; make the very most we can of ourselves. When the prodigal got into serious trouble "he came to himself"; he had been a little bit deranged before. He saw that he could do better than herd swine and eat husks.

In Luke we read of a rich man who said to his soul, "Take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry." All that he thought he was good for was to eat and drink and have a good time. God said that man was a fool. The beasts are satisfied to eat and drink and take their ease; but a wise man should have a higher ideal.

The sacrifice that Christ made, the suffering he bore, prove the value he set upon men. Yes, even upon sinners. How much then must a good man be worth to God? See what God did for you. What are you doing for yourself?

Paul says, "Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost . . . and ye are not your own? for ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's."

God made man of the dust but that is no reason for him to trail himself in the dust.

Diamonds are carbon, and so is coal; but we do not burn diamonds. The gross material has been glorified.

An ounce of paint serves a savage to disfigure his face; an artist

will paint a splendid picture with it. He glorifies the pigment into a thing of art.

And herein is revealed the genius of God that he makes a sentiment and lovely creation from the dust.

We have disfigured that work and it is our business to gain once more our lost estate, and this we will do with the aid of Christ, "Who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body."

Man is priceless in God's sight; apparently worthless in his own sight. How much work do we put on our houses and gardens, on our dresses and hats, on our farms and stores; yet these all shall perish. The one eternal thing within our reach to bestow untiring labor upon is the human character. No labor too long, no study too arduous, no sacrifice too great that makes it greater or better.

What are you worth to God?

You are worth something at the worst; but prize yourself at the best.



Daughters of Zion

Truer Parenthood, Better Children, Happier Homes, Purer Society.

CALLIE B. STEBBINS, Editor:

"A partnership with God is motherhood;
What strength, what purity, what self-control,
What love, what wisdom, should belong to her,
Who helps God fashion an immortal soul."

ADVISORY BOARD.—Mrs. B. C. Smith, president, 214 South Spring Street, Independence, Missouri; Mrs. H. A. Stebbins, vice-president, Lamoni, Iowa; Mrs. T. A. Hougas, secretary, Henderson, Mills County, Iowa; Mrs. F. M. Smith, 630 South Crysler Avenue, Independence, Missouri; Mrs. S. A. Burgess, 5920 Etzel Avenue, St. Louis, Missouri.

NEWS FROM THE GENERAL SOCIETY.

DURING the time of the General Conference of the church, at Lamoni, which has just closed, the general society of the Daughters of Zion held two business-meetings, one on Tuesday, April 9, and one on Thursday, April 11.

On the evening of Wednesday, April 10, a meeting was held in the church, at which a program was given in the interest of their work.

The character of meetings in the church having been left to the First Presidency they kindly granted the request of the Daughters of Zion and announced that on Wednesday evening the services in the upper auditorium would be under their direction.

The meeting was presided over by Elder T. W. Williams. Elder Elbert A. Smith delivered a very interesting address upon the subject, "The power of example in the home." This address was re-

ported and will appear later, either in this department or in the "Home Column" of the HERALD.

Three very good papers were read, one, by Mrs. Walter W. Smith, on "Courtesy in the home"; one, by Miss Louise Palfrey, on "Conversation in the home"; and one, by Mrs. B. C. Smith, on "The power of example in the keeping of the Sabbath day." These papers will also be given to our readers at some future time.

Most appropriate and acceptable music was rendered by Mrs. Fred H. Johnson of Chicago and Mrs. Wallace N. Robinson of Independence.

Throughout the exercises, including two hymns by the choir and congregation, prayer by Elder G. E. Harrington, and benediction by Elder F. M. Sheehy, a deep earnestness was manifest, and the gentle, uplifting Spirit of Him who in wisdom and love established the home, seemed present to inspire each heart to lay hold of the lessons presented and to determine to show at home an example worthy of being followed. At the close, many expressions were heard in the large congregation in praise of the enjoyable and profitable evening.

Of the reports presented in the business-meeting, we give the president's report in full, as follows:

"To the Daughters of Zion in Convention Assembled, April 9, 1907: During the year that is just passed, we have tried to do what we knew to be our duty as president of this organization. There have been times when we have longed to know just what we could do that would most advance the interests of this work; but we have each time fallen back on the conviction that, if we faithfully did the work at our hands to do, the Lord would open up the way for the next step, and truly we have found it so.

"We have done nothing but little things, but as fast as one was done there was another at hand to be done; so that our time has been just about as nearly filled as it could be. We have written about twice as many letters this year as last, in the endeavor to extend this work. A few of the letters have resulted in the organization of new locals, but from many of them we have seen no results.

"We are pleased to be able to say that the work is growing in favor with the people; so much so that, in some places, we are now invited to represent our work instead of having to seek an opportunity to do so. And that makes us earnestly desire that we had more efficient workers among us. We see a great field opening up for studious, consecrated workers.

"Last summer we were invited to represent our work at the Independence Stake reunion, held near Independence, at which a varied program was rendered, and a very good interest manifested. It made us wish that we could have such meetings at other reunions.

"Our secretary's report will show that we are growing, but the figures do not express the extent of our growth. If they did, it is but small; but they do not represent the change of feeling that has come over the people with regard to the work. We could cite many

instances of persons who were once prejudiced against it, who are now its friends.

"Money for the children's home has been coming in quite generously, as you will learn from the treasurer's report, and perhaps that is the reason why our general fund has been so low during the past year. We have been compelled to let some things go undone that should have been attended to, for want of money. Sr. Walker has supplied us with some excellent readings for the past year, which, I believe, from reports I have received from locals, have been highly appreciated. They are surely such as should be in the hands of every parent in the church.

"Our leaflet work is not so satisfactory as we wish it were. We have subscriptions for about half of what we have published each month, and the money that we receive for them barely pays the expressage and postage on them while the printing of them must be paid from the society's fund. It is true there are leaflets left over for free distribution, and we need leaflets for that work. Nevertheless they are accumulating pretty fast, notwithstanding we sent several hundred to the various reunions held last fall.

"The society is very much indebted to the editors of its different departments in the church papers for their very faithful and efficient work in its interests. I frequently learn from different sources of the good that persons are receiving from these departments, and how they always turn to them first when they receive their papers, and I have sometimes thought that it might be an encouragement to these editors, who are laboring so hard without pecuniary remuneration, if, occasionally, they could learn of the good they are doing.

"Praying for the blessing of God on this work, I am,

"Yours in the service,

"MRS. B. C. SMITH, President Daughters of Zion."

Reports were received from nineteen local societies. Why may we not hear from all of them next year?

The report of the literature committee stated that because of failing strength Sr. M. Walker would not be able to continue her work of writing by which we have been provided with readings and leaflets for the past year and for much of the time previously. Many regrets were expressed in regard to this and the following resolution of appreciation was adopted:

"In consideration of the faithful and devoted service of our sister, Marietta Walker, in promoting the work of the Daughters of Zion, and deeply appreciating the value of her indefatigable efforts in establishing and encouraging this movement, we desire to express our heartfelt gratitude for her years of sacrifice and toil in behalf of our cause, and by this means to extend to her our grateful acknowledgment.

"It is with sincere regret that we learn of the failing health that will deprive old and young of the pleasure and benefit of her further work upon the literature of the Daughters of Zion.

"Our sympathies go out to her because of the physical weakness

that stays her pen in the work she loves. We do assure her of our continued love and earnest remembrance in our prayers.

"Lovingly submitted,

[Signed]

"VIDA E. SMITH.

"EVALINE BURGESS.

"CALLIE B. STEBBINS."

LAMONI, Iowa, April 10, 1907.

In later communication with Sr. Walker, we were pleased to learn that her health was improving and she had hope that she might still be able to give us some assistance. She gave assurance that her desire to continue the work was as strong as ever.

The treasurer's report showed that a sum of over one thousand dollars had been received during the year for the children's home fund. The treasurer was authorized to turn the amount over to the Bishop. We learn from the Bishop's report to the conference that with the sums heretofore paid in by the Daughters of Zion and those that have been paid directly to the Bishop the fund for the children's home now amounts to six thousand nine hundred and twenty three dollars and twenty cents (\$6,923.20), not including the excess of the Christmas offering which was to go to this fund. The Christmas offering amounted to four thousand eight hundred and ninety-one dollars and thirty cents (\$4,891.30). All over three thousand dollars was to go to the children's home. The additional one thousand eight hundred and ninety-one dollars and thirty cents swells the fund to eight thousand eight hundred and fourteen dollars fifty cents (\$8,814.50).

The new Advisory Board elected by the Daughters of Zion is composed of Mrs. B. C. Smith, Mrs. F. M. Smith, Mrs. S. A. Burgess, Mrs. T. A. Hougas, and Mrs. H. A. Stebbins. Mrs. M. E. Hulmes was continued as treasurer. (For addresses, see the list at the head of this department.)

At a meeting of the Advisory Board, Mrs. B. C. Smith was chosen president, Mrs. H. A. Stebbins, vice-president, and Mrs. T. A. Hougas, secretary.

The Daughters of Zion presented to the General Conference a report of the meetings held by them and made request by resolution that the conference authorize them to appoint a committee to act in conjunction with the Bishopric in the establishing of the children's home. The conference granted the request, authorizing the appointing of such committee.

It being impracticable to call another general meeting after this action of the conference, the matter rested with the Advisory Board, who announced to the conference that the board would constitute the committee to act with the Bishopric this year. The conference took action approving of this committee.

The Bishop has spoken encouragingly to members of the Advisory Board of the amount of means on hand as being sufficient to start the home, and we are pleased to announce to our readers the good prospect that at no distant day our children's home will become a reality. Then there will be grave responsibilities to be borne by those who have it in charge. Let us pray that competent

persons may be provided and moved upon to consecrate themselves to this work of love.



THE SALE OF LEAFLETS.

The last series of readings written by Sr. Walker on the subject of "Our boys" is worthy of continued use and may be published in book form.

These readings have also been published in leaflet form each month and have been sent to those who have subscribed for them. The subscription list has not been large, possibly smaller because some may have overlooked the notices advertising them. These leaflets are valuable to give or to lend to mothers, and may now be obtained in sets containing the full series. Ten of these sets may now be had for forty cents. When we consider that the material in each set will be the same as will be furnished in the book, if published, and that for forty cents one may secure ten books, minus the binding, we may realize how cheaply we can be supplied with a large amount of valuable reading-matter with which to carry good into the homes of those who might be induced to read it.

Send your orders to Mrs. B. C. Smith, 214 South Spring Street, Independence, Missouri. A standing notice will soon appear concerning the sale of other leaflets.



"BE OF GOOD CHEER."

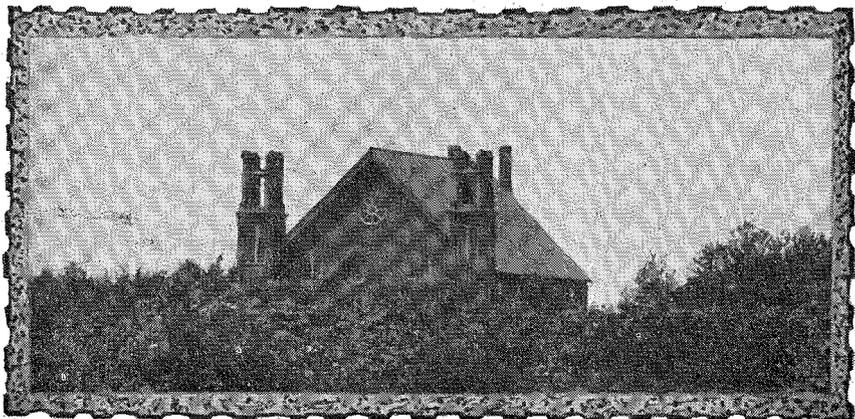
Let me keep your place while you rest your eyes
 On the glad, green hills or blue bent skies.
 I will watch by the words you love so well,
 While other things their story tell.
 Go thou singing or praying, through days bright or drear,
 From the earth, winter storm-swept, spring blossoms appear.
 So ever, dear heart, from the night of your gloom,
 Sweet hope shall arise like as Christ from the tomb.
 Do you deem that a friend has been faithless, unkind,
 That those who should love you are carelessly blind;
 That the day is too long and the night is too dark?
 There's a voice in the garden; go softly and hark.
 'Tis the Master's; go meet him where the spring air is sweet,
 And lay all your heartaches down low, at his feet.
 Then gather new Hope from the sweet Easter bloom
 And a song from the echoes in Christ's empty tomb.

VIDA E. SMITH.



The Religio's Arena

ELBERT A. SMITH, Editor, Lamoni, Iowa.



THE RELIGIO CONVENTION, OF 1907.

SUMMARY OF BUSINESS.

Four amendments to the Constitution adopted.

Three months' field work by the president authorized, and two hundred dollars appropriated for other general work.

Provisions made for properly ruled district and local secretary's record books.

A new course of study chosen.

The entire staff of officers re-elected.

Eight hundred dollars pledged toward the printing of the Book of Mormon in German.

A normal course provided for.

Committee appointed to perfect a plan for library work.

Midsummer reunion left with the executive committee.

SUMMARY OF REPORTS.

Twenty-seven new locals and three new districts organized; total enrollment in locals and home classes, 6,708; gain for the year, 531. Home class membership 1,204; gain for year 177.

Total receipts for the year, \$1,439.15; expenditures, \$809.64; balance, \$629.51.

April 3.—The General Convention of the Religio met in the lower auditorium of the Brick Church at nine o'clock Wednesday morning. The opening service of prayer and testimony was in charge of Walter W. Smith and S. A. Burgess. The meeting well carried out the sentiment expressed in the opening song, "One sweet hour with Jesus." Many testimonies to the worth of Religio work were

borne. Perhaps they are best epitomized in the words of one brother, uttered during the meeting, "The ever-increasing product of the Religio is its best recommendation; wherever the Religio is established, an army of active young people is developed."

After a short intermission, business-meeting convened at ten o'clock, with President J. A. Gunsolley in the chair, and with the secretary, Sr. M. A. Etzenhouser, at her post, assisted by Bro. H. H. Gold. In his opening speech the president cautioned the assembly to avoid the spirit of levity.

After the opening exercises the report of the credential committee was read. Being so authorized, the chair appointed D. A. Anderson chorister and Elbert A. Smith press committee, they to select assistants. By vote, interested visitors were granted the privileges of the floor—the right of speech but not of vote.

The reading of reports from the various officers occupied the balance of the session.

At two o'clock in the afternoon the convention again assembled in business-session, with Walter W. Smith in the chair. After the opening exercises and reading of the minutes, an additional report of the credential committee was received. Proposed amendments to the Constitution were taken up. An amendment to section 2, article 3, was adopted by which district conventions are permitted a choice in the manner of electing officers, the former rule being to elect by ballot. The proposed amendment to section 7, article 3, as published in March AUTUMN LEAVES, requiring locals desiring membership in the general society to obtain a charter from the general secretary, was adopted. Two other proposed amendments were referred to a committee of three, S. A. Burgess, J. W. Wight, and D. A. Anderson.

The Executive Committee, instructed one year ago to consider the matter of a field worker, reported, advising a continuation of the yearly three months' work of the president and an additional appropriation of two hundred dollars per annum, to be used in other ways in general work. Their recommendations were adopted.

The matter of providing properly ruled record books for districts and locals was left with the executive committee.

The question of a new course of study was taken up. The president suggested that whatever course should be taken up should include a study of the needs of now rather than a continued study of the past. After an earnest discussion, the matter was placed in the hands of a committee of five, consisting of J. W. Rushton, J. W. Wight, F. M. Sheehy, Louise Palfrey, and Fred M. Smith, with instructions to report at the evening meeting.

At half-past seven in the evening the convention assembled in the upper auditorium of the church. One brother declared, "The up-stairs is not a particle too good for the Religio."

President J. A. Gunsolley occupied the chair.

After the opening exercises a communication from the First Presidency of the church was read.

The president of the Religio was authorized in the future to

appoint an auditing committee to audit all accounts before the assembling of the convention.

The report of the committee on amendments was heard, and section 4, article 3, was so amended as to permit locals a choice in the method of electing officers, and to include the rule that in case of balloting where no one receives a majority on the first vote the succeeding ballots shall be confined to the two receiving the highest number of votes. Section 5, article 3, was amended by adding the words, "But no personal charge made by one church-member against another shall be considered in the province of their duties."

The committee on selecting a new course of study reported, advising that the Book of Mormon be studied topically and the Book of Doctrine and Covenants be used in a supplementary way. Their report was adopted. The matter of reprinting the former *Quarterlies* was left with the executive committee.

April 4.—The convention came to order at nine o'clock in the morning. Walter W. Smith occupied the chair.

After the opening exercises, the auditing committee reported the treasurer's books correct.

The assembly then proceeded to elect officers. All the former officers were re-elected; in each case the assembly authorized the secretary or her assistant to cast the entire delegate vote for the individual nominated. This was a splendid expression of satisfaction with the work of all the officers during the past year.

The convention voted to pledge eight hundred dollars toward the printing of the Book of Mormon in German. A sum amounting very nearly to six hundred dollars is already at hand for such a work.

The question of normal work was taken up and the executive committee was appointed to co-operate with a similar committee from the Sunday-school in the preparation of a normal course. The president defined normal work as the training of teachers to teach. The vice-president suggested that this work is done by correspondence by other denominations and that we can do it as well or better than they. The parliamentary programs were ordered continued in the *Quarterly*.

The recommendation of the First Presidency of the church, touching library work, was taken up, and a committee of three, consisting of S. A. Burgess, Walter W. Smith, and Altha Deam, was appointed to confer with similar committees from the Sunday-school Convention and General Conference to perfect a plan for concerted library work.

The question of holding a midsummer reunion was left with the executive committee.

Following the reading of the minutes, adjournment was had. The President declared that the convention had been almost unique because of the "unanimity of spirit."

PARTIAL REPORT OF PRESIDENT J. A. GUNSOLLEY.

Another year has gone by, and the doings of us all have become history, whether written or unwritten. Some of our acts have been and will be, recorded here below, and will be read in years to come

by our fellow workers, and by coming generations. All will be recorded above, and will be open for our review at the judgment. What shall the reading be? Would we have it read differently? Too late now! We shall have to meet the record. No regrets because of not having done better will affect a single word of the record. No. If there are regrets, they can only serve to spur us on to greater determinations to do better in the future. If we have done what we could, it will be a source of great joy and comfort to know that our record will be influential in leading others to nobler and better lives. Whether we have done well or ill, we all might, perhaps, do better; and a retrospective view will reveal the possibilities for improvement sufficient to make the new year more fruitful in good works.

By such a retrospect of our organization it does not appear that we have gone backward, but on the contrary, we have improved materially in some respects. We seem to be steadily gaining in the confidence of the church, and in the estimation of the individual membership of the church. This is because, in the main, our work is better understood, because the only thing necessary to make one friendly to our work who is not now so, is for him to get an understanding of it.

We have made advancement in the matter of records and reports, due largely to the persistent efforts of our secretary, of which more will be said.

We have evidently made some growth along spiritual lines, as can be testified to by many, and as is manifest by the greater activity among the young people who are workers in the Religion and in other departments of the church-work. And it is very gratifying to note that, as a rule, an active Religionian is active in other departments. There seems to be a conviction becoming more or less settled in the hearts of the young, that to gain favor with God means more than nominal membership in the church. It means to be a "doer" and not a "hearer" only. After all, will not a live worldling stand as good a chance for a reward as a dead Christian? (if such a term is allowable at all), for men are to be rewarded according to their deeds, not according to their professions.

We have made advancement numerically, at least in the number of local societies and districts. Twenty-six new locals and two districts is not a bad showing. The item of total membership is more or less indefinite from the fact that some have not reported. And while upon this point it may not be amiss to call attention to the fact that some of our people are very remiss along this line. The rules of common courtesy demand that a letter of common interest should be answered, though return postage should not be inclosed; and that when postage is inclosed, it is a species of dishonesty to retain the postage and not answer. It may be startling to some to learn that there are grounds for just complaint here, but such is the fact. Inquiries have been sent time and again and no answer received. Possibly in some instances letters never reached the one addressed. If such be the case, then Uncle Sam is

derelict, for they were not returned. Somebody got them, and if they fell into other's hands, they should have been forwarded. It is certainly not encouraging to a general officer to utilize precious time and energy in trying to push the work along, to meet with such conditions, and yet it is not of rare, not to say infrequent, occurrence. But of this, doubtless, others will have more to say.

The correspondence of this office has not been heavy, though in the main, important. It could be made much more voluminous by being pushed, to the advantage of both general and local work, but lack of time has not permitted. The letters addressed to the president have partaken more of the nature of constitutional matters, or organization, duties of officers and committees, relationship between committees and the body, and the like. However, such letters as asking for "pieces" for an entertainment, and how to conduct a local society meeting, have claimed their share of attention. Judging from the correspondence, it would appear that there is a general effort to understand the work better, and to rise to higher grounds of effort.

REPORT OF THE VICE-PRESIDENT.

I beg leave to report as vice-president. My labors the past year have been limited to correspondence and the work in the Eastern Department. I have organized one district and conducted institute work at one reunion, with very good interest.

We have before us a great field with plenty of opportunities and the Relistian that does not take advantage of the opportunities open to him or her is not wise. I have no new things to recommend, no departure to advise only the doing well of the things we have tried. We have in my judgment found our field, and we shall be accounted worthy if we occupy well.

WALTER W. SMITH.

SECRETARY'S REPORT.

During the past year I have been greatly blessed in my work. I have worked under the direction of the president to the best of my ability.

Early in the conference year I found a slackness in the keeping of the district and local records. After much correspondence I found the chief cause of this was the fact that we have no uniform record, and secretaries had not been instructed as to how their records should be kept.

Upon invitation of the president I took up the work of the district and local secretary and their record at the Nauvoo Reunion, also at the reunion held in the Independence Stake. To reach all of the districts and locals outside of districts we had an article published in the AUTUMN LEAVES on "The work and records of the district and local secretary" and had cuts made showing the manner in which the records should be kept, and outlined the work of the secretary. Letters were written to every district and locals outside of districts calling their attention to this article and asked that their records be kept in the manner outlined. We also asked the districts to take the matter up with each local in their district,

giving them the necessary instructions. We received many answers asking where such records could be purchased, to which we had to answer, "We did not have any, you will have to rule one for yourself."

I would suggest that this convention authorize the printing of a district and local record, following the outline in the December AUTUMN LEAVES, also authorize the purchase of an especially ruled record for the General Association, that would show the enrollment, average attendance, and Home Class members, etc., from year to year, of every local in the world, in its respective district. This record would last for years and would be a history of the General Association.

I wish to thank the AUTUMN LEAVES for the assistance it has given me in locating the officers of districts and locals outside of districts, whose names and addresses were not a matter of record.

There is one other matter I wish to call to your attention. Last year the secretary in her report comments on the good work done by the elders. This year we have heard from but two, Elders B. S. Lambkin and Rudolph Etzenhouser. We had notices printed in the *Herald*, *Ensign*, and AUTUMN LEAVES asking all elders to report work done in the Religio department to the general secretary but received no response. We believe that good work has been done by them but they have been negligent in reporting.

We have received a complaint from one of our live district officers stating that in the past, locals have been organized by elders in their district, and have died before they had heard of their organization, others have been organized, but were not instructed along the lines of receiving their charter, and have had to be reorganized by the district officers. The district officers suggest: where elders interested in the Religio are working in regularly organized districts, that they confer with its officers and report all work done to them. Outside of organized districts the reports should be made to the general secretary. I believe that if this suggestion were followed, a much greater good could be accomplished and the work would grow as it never has before.

COMMENTS ON STATISTICAL REPORT.—In compiling our statistical report, we thought by having it printed, and placed in the hands of each delegate, we would be able to give you a better idea of the work that is being done, and perhaps it would be an incentive to better service.

The report shows as per its headings, the number of locals in each district; the average attendance; the number of home class members in each district; the loss or gain for the year; the new locals organized during the year; the inactive locals in the district, the locals disorganized, and the locals that have not reported to the district.

We are not able to show the loss or gain in every instance as some of the districts did not report last year. By inactive locals we mean those locals which for some cause or other are not now active, but expect to again take up the work in a few weeks or months. These locals are being worked with by the district

STATISTICAL REPORT OF Z. R.-L. S. TO 1907 GENERAL CONVENTION

DISTRICTS	No. of Locals in District	Enrollment	Average Attendance	Home Class Members	Gain	Loss	New Locals	Inactive Locals	Disorganized Locals	Locals not Reporting
Alabama, Mobile,	3	85	67							
Australia,	4	203	75	59						
Canada, Chatham,	9	115	83							2
Canada, London,	29	833	379	72	100		3	1		
Colorado, Eastern,	5	114	69	3		8	1			
California, Northern,	5	167	86	6	20		1			
California, Southern,	3	120	43		35					
England, (about)	3	100	50							
Illinois, Central,	3	52	23			27		1		
Illinois, Kewanee, (inactive)	5									.5
Illinois, Nauvoo,	5	85	43	1		44		1		
Illinois, Northeast,	2	84	19							
Illinois, Southeast,	3	95	22			67		1		
Iowa, Des Moines,	7	152		65	117					
Iowa, Little Sioux,	8	312	173	8	32					
Iowa, Lamoni,	7	478	207			126				
Iowa, Fremont,	2	98	48	30	88					
Iowa, Gallands Grove,	3	158	100	6	74					
Massachusetts,	6	314	133		6					
Michigan, Northern,	5	123	64				1			1
Michigan, Western,	6	211	93		62					1
Michigan, Central,	5	80	32							2
Michigan, Eastern,	8	182	68			14	2	3		
Missouri, Clinton,	4	180	41		22			1		
Missouri, Far West,	8	373	141	47	17					
Missouri, Independence,	12	818	411	158		62	2			
Missouri, Spring River,	6	218	141		48		1			
Missouri, St. Louis,	5	164	85		33		1			1
Nebraska, (new)	2	102	52							
New York and Philadelphia, (new)	5	127	59				3	1		
Utah,	4	72	34		2		1			1
LOCALS OUTSIDE OF DISTRICTS										
Alabama, Pleasant Hill,	1	50	27							
Colorado, Pueblo, (inactive)								1		
Hawaii, Honolulu,	1	28	22							
Hawaii, Waikiki, (new)	1	9	8				1			
Iowa, Council Bluffs,	1	58	20		16					
Iowa, Carson,	1	24	13							
Indiana, Byrneville,	1	40	40			6				
Kansas, Atchison, (new)	1	33	20				1			
Kansas, Blue Rapids, (new)	1	23	23				1			
Kansas, Topeka,	1	34	11							
Minnesota, Clitherall,	1	18	10	4		1				
Minnesota, Minneapolis,	1	16	10		7					
Missouri, Bevier,	1	50	22			3				
Nebraska, Nebraska City, (new)	1	37	37				1			
Nebraska, Waterloo, (no report)										1
Ohio, Akron,	1	19	15							
Ohio, Cleveland,	1	23	13			3				
Ohio, Kirtland,	1	42	20							
Oregon, Portland, (inactive)								1		
Oregon, Condon, (new)	1	68	34				1			
Oklahoma, Teriton, (new)	1	48	30				1			
Pennsylvania, Sharon,	1	32	9							
Pennsylvania, Fayette City,	1									1
West Virginia, Wheeling,	1	21	20							
West Virginia, Chester, (new)	1	11	11				1			
Washington, Humptulips, (disor'nized)										
Washington, Tacoma, (inactive)								1		1
Wisconsin, Madison,	1	24	15		14					
Wisconsin, Searles Prairie,	1	46	11			5				
Wisconsin, Flora, (new)	1	14	14				1			
Totals	207	6,249	3,296	459	692	366	25	12	2	16
Total enrollment Locals and Home Class			6,708							
Total last year			6,177							
Net gain			531							

officers. Wherever the word *new* follows the name of the district or local, it signifies that the district or local has been organized this year.

We wish to call attention to a few of the districts. First, London, Canada. This district *leads* in point of number of locals in their district, their enrollment of locals, and new locals organized during the year. They come second in point of gain.

England. This is the only district that we have not heard from the Religio officers. Bro. Rushton tells us that their enrollment is about one hundred and their average attendance about one half; we have used these figures. He states that the work there is not making much headway. They need good live Religians with executive ability and push, to take the lead.

Kewanee, Illinois. While attending the Nauvoo Convention we learned that this district had not held a convention for over two years. We took up the matter with the officers, and received word that a meeting of the Religio district would be held the last of February at which time the district would either be disorganized or continued and an election of officers take place; they would also send us report and credentials. The latter part of March we received word that the president had not called a meeting, the locals had not reported to the secretary, and so there was nothing to report to us. We received this information too late to get the addresses of the local secretaries and ask them to report direct to us.

Des Moines, Iowa. Their report was incomplete, as they did not give their average attendance. They lead in number gained for the year.

Lamoni, Iowa, shows the greatest loss. This can be accounted for by the fact that last year they had ninety members in the home department and this year they have none.

Independence, Missouri, comes second in point of number of locals in district, and enrollment. They lead in the home department.

New York and Philadelphia is second in new locals organized.

UNDER LOCALS OUTSIDE OF DISTRICTS.—We have two locals that have not reported, Waterloo, Nebraska, and Fayette City, Pennsylvania. We have not at any time heard from Waterloo, and do not know whether they have been disorganized or not. Fayette City, Pennsylvania, is a local that was organized this year. We have written to the president four times asking for report, but he has not answered any of our letters.

We wish to call your attention to Hawaii. We have received a letter from Bro. Waller from which we quote: "The work of the society has been productive of good in this mission, and it is pleasant to note the interest taken by the natives in the Book of Mormon lessons, and likewise the readiness with which they take hold and assist in the program feature. I can safely say that as far as this mission is concerned, the society has come to stay. The Honolulu local has two classes, one for the English-speaking members, and the other for those natives that can not speak English. In

the other local which has just been organized, only the president and vice-president are Latter Day Saints.

Just before leaving for Lamoni we received word that a district had been organized in Kansas, taking in Atchison, Blue Rapids, and Topeka.

You will notice by the totals at the bottom of the sheet, that we have 207 locals with a membership of 6,249, and average attendance of 3,296. There have been 27 locals organized this year and three districts. We have a net gain of 531 over last year.

MRS. M. A. ETZENHOUSER, Secretary.

PARTIAL REPORT OF THE "QUARTERLY" EDITOR.

My year's work is completed, and with the July, August, and September quarter we finish the Book of Mormon. We shall have been five years going through it. The first issue of the *Religio Quarterly* was for October, November, and December, 1902.

Appreciation of the Book of Mormon has been growing, and as we near the close of our course of study the value of the record is held in higher esteem, generally, than ever before.

LOUISE PALFREY.

PARTIAL REPORT OF THE TREASURER.

While we are aware that about the only report of the office of a treasurer that is generally expected is the account of the moneys received and disbursed, yet we feel to break over this line a little and call your attention and consideration to a few other items of importance along this line of the work—(as we see it).

The past year has been the most prosperous the society has ever known financially. This may be due to increased growth, and to new life the society seems to be taking on. We wish, however, it were partly due to other reasons—for, individually, we believe, in years past we and the Sunday-school and even the church, perhaps, have all lost much of the real good which should come to us collectively and individually, by not properly understanding and intelligently occupying along the lines of making our financial offerings.

We all have demands made upon us. We all have our duties which if intelligently performed will bring blessings. How have we met these demands? Often as societies has not the response been, "Just any old way to raise the money"? We fear yes, and in so doing we have robbed ourselves of great blessings. If the "cattle on a thousand hills" and the "gold of the everlasting mountains" belonged to the Lord, can not we draw from it sufficient wealth to carry on his work? He certainly can. Then why call on us for help? Do you not think that it is because the very act of helping helps us and blesses us? We do.

In connection with the translation fund we have tried to urge the thought that it was a privilege to help—not a burden. We would have liked to have had the principle tried more thoroughly than it was; however, the results as they are have forcibly emphasized to us that in the future more attention should be given to

how means are to be raised than has been in the past. And we must get away from two prevailing ideas: viz., that giving of our substance to the cause is a burden and that it matters not how money may be gathered together just so it is gathered sufficient to meet demands.

We trust that you will prayerfully consider the matter and see if you are one of the losers.

We have nothing but good to say of this wonderful latter-day work both in its main and auxiliary departments and trust we may merit God's blessings. May God speed the right, is our prayer.

Yours for work,

RICHARD B. TROWBRIDGE.

PARTIAL REPORT OF THE HOME CLASS SUPERINTENDENT.

There has not been an unusual in-gathering of new members nor has any other remarkable change taken place. We have tried, however, to advance the interests of the work as far as possible, trusting the results will come later. We know whereof we speak, when we recommend the home class work to *all* Saints, young, old, or middle-aged. During the year just closed, your superintendent has made an extra effort to reach each local with a circular letter and Home Class leaflet. In this way we thought to arouse an interest and to get the Religio societies to assist in getting the work started in their localities. We are patiently awaiting results. Again let us urge the districts and locals to make an earnest and *determined* effort in this department of Religio work, for the year 1907. The home class is with us to stay, and many who have partaken of its benefits, can testify of the blessings that have come to them; how God's Spirit with its comforting and enlightening influence has been with them, and how this beautiful gospel has been made plainer and grander by the study of this sacred record.

CATHERINE HAINES.



NORMAL COURSE.

(PART I, THE BOOK AND ITS BOOKS.)

LESSON IV.

The Urim and Thummim and Sacred Things.

There were in the possession of the prophets and kings of the Nephite nation certain sacred things, which were preserved and handed down from generation to generation with the sacred records; among them we notice the urim and thummim, the sword of Laban, the ball or directors, and a breastplate.

1. The urim and thummim, called by the Nephites interpreters. It is said that the words mean in the Hebrew "light and perfection." They are believed by some to have been in the possession of Abraham about 1921 B. C. They became a part of the sacred vestments of the high priest in the time of Moses, about 1491 B. C. They were used in obtaining revelation from God, and those who

had and used them were called seers. The prophet Samuel was a seer and had the urim and thummim, from whom King Saul sought light, about 1056 B. C. Ido was a seer and kept the genealogies, about 971 B. C. Amos, the prophet, was mentioned as a seer as late as 787 B. C. This is the latest mention of seers among the Israelites. After the Captivity, the lineage of certain claimants to the priests' office could not be determined because no one among them had the urim and thummim, B. C. 536. (Exodus 28:30; Leviticus 8:8; Numbers 27:21; 1 Samuel 9:18, 19; 28:6; 2 Chronicles 12:15; Ezra 2:63; Nehemiah 7:65; Amos 7:12; Mosiah 5:10, 11.)

2. Whether there were two sets or not we can not say, but are inclined to the belief that there was only one urim and thummim. The one which we are studying in connection with the Book of Mormon was given to the brother of Jared in "the Mount" on the Eastern Hemisphere, about 2200 B. C., for the purpose of translating languages and revealing to the children of men the secrets of the Lord. No further mention is made of them till 124 B. C., when King Mosiah had them. We are not told where he obtained them, but he used them to translate an unknown language and gave them to Alma the younger. From Alma they were handed down from generation to generation with the sacred records and other things, and were deposited with the abridged record, and a breastplate by Moroni A. D. 421 in the stone box in the manner that they were discovered by Joseph Smith, Jr., A. D. 1827.

3. They consisted of two transparent stones, set in the rims of a silver bow, somewhat like spectacles, though much larger, in fact so large that the seer could use only one of them at a time. The manner of their use by the seers was on this wise: prayer was offered unto God for light upon a matter and the seer looked in the stone and before him appeared the answer. Languages were translated by looking into the stone (for as we said before only one could be used at a time), and beneath the line of inscription would appear before the seer the matter in the language which he understood. (Ether 1:10, 11; Mosiah 5:9-11; 12:3, 4; 13:1; Alma 17:9; Moroni 4:8; Doctrine and Covenants 3; 15:1; Church History, vol. 1, chaps. 2-6; Oliver Cowdery's Letters, and Lucy Smith's History.)

4. The Sword of Laban. This was a very precious implement of war, the blade of steel, the hilt of gold, skillfully made. Nephi obtained it from Laban while he lay in a drunken stupor, at his own door in Jerusalem, where by constraint he slew its owner and obtained the plates of brass. It was carried by Nephi to America, and was used by him as a pattern for other swords to defend the Nephites from the Lamanites. It evidently descended through the line of Nephis or kings, as King Benjamin had and used it in defense in his time, and gave it to his son Mosiah 124 B. C. It was preserved thenceforward with the sacred things, and deposited with them by Mormon, and was shown to Joseph Smith and the three witnesses by the angel of the Lord. (1 Nephi 1:32-36;

2 Nephi 4:3; Jacob 1:2; Words of Mormon 1:5. Mosiah 1:3; Doctrine and Covenants 15:1; Whitmer Interview.)

5. The ball or directors, called "liahona," or compass, was a round ball of curious workmanship, made of brass, with two spindles or pointers, that worked according to the faith of the operator, directing the travel in the most direct path. Revelations also were received through it, appearing in the form of writing upon the ball, from time to time. It was given to Lehi in the Wilderness along the Red Sea in Arabia, while on the journey toward the promised land. It was carried with them in all their migrations, and was deposited with the sacred things, and was viewed by Joseph Smith and the three witnesses in same way as the sword of Laban. (1 Nephi 5:4, 7, 11-13, 38, 42; 2 Nephi 4:2; Mosiah 1:3; Alma 17:12, 13; Doctrine and Covenants 15:1; Whitmer Interview.)

6. The breastplate. With the plates and the urim and thummim Joseph Smith found a breastplate. It is described as being large enough to cover the vital parts of a man of extra large size, having four straps of the same material by which it was fastened to the wearer, two to fasten over the shoulder and two about the hips; the whole breastplate was shaped so as to conveniently fit the wearer. Where this was obtained we are not told; we are told, however, that when the forty-three men of Limhi found the twenty-four gold plates they also found breastplates of brass and copper, which they brought with them to King Mosiah B. C. 121. It might be one of these or it might be another. (Mosiah 5:9; Church History, vol. 1, chaps. 2-6; Lucy Smith's History.)

QUESTIONS.

What sacred things were kept by the prophets and kings of the Nephites? What was the urim and thummim called by the Nephites? Give the history of the urim and thummim. What is said of there being two sets? Describe them. How were they used? What is a prophet called who has the urim and thummim? Where did Joseph Smith get them? What kind of sword was the sword of Laban? Where did Nephi get it? To what use was it put? What became of it? What was the ball or director called by the Nephites? Who gave them to Lehi? What purpose did they serve in their travel? How did they work? What other purpose than a compass did they serve? What became of them? What did Joseph Smith find in the stone box besides the plates and urim and thummim? Describe the breastplate. What is known of its history?

WALTER W. SMITH.



NEWS FROM THE BRANCHES.

Webb City, Missouri.—We are pleased to write that interest in the Religio here is increasing. A number of new members have joined with us, which has made it necessary to divide into more classes.

On April 1, a lively crowd from our local went to Joplin, our neighbor society, to hold Religio. It was their regular meeting-night. We took charge and rendered a program and recited our lesson together. The trip was a success and all had a most enjoyable time. Joplin local will come here some time in the future.

Our flower committee favors us with lovely carnations each meeting-night. The literature committee is circulating the tract, Latter Day Saints, Who Are They? We trust much good will come of their efforts.

GRACE H. DICKESON.

Box 344, WEBB CITY, Missouri.

San Jose, California.—May I step into your circle long enough to tell you something about our society in this city?

It has been some time since there has been a report sent to the LEAVES from our society, so by request of our worthy president, Sr. M. Bates, I will endeavor to inform you that the Religio of San Jose is very much alive.

We meet every Sunday at 6 p. m., in the A. O. U. W. Hall, 162, First Street, where all of our church services are held. We have our lesson and nice little programs.

There are three classes; Number 3 is the children, to whom the president gives special care.

They had a very pretty Easter program, Sunday evening; then on the following Tuesday evening the Religians gathered at the home of one who is a shut-in.

Words fail to express how much such acts of kindness mean to those who are shut away from the meetings and all that is going on outside of their homes. We will know only when we shall all receive our reward, when the Master will say to each, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of one of these ye have done it unto me.

MRS. C. W. HAWKINS.

1223 Delmas Avenue.

Omaha, Nebraska.—On the 29th of March the Religio local of this city held a "supper social" at the home of Bro. and Sr. W. N. Hill. It was one of the most enjoyable affairs it has ever been my good fortune to attend. More than fifty were present and a lap supper was served from half past six to eight o'clock. It was not intended that those who came would have supper at home, and some came direct from their work, so it made the evening much longer and avoided much unnecessary work. It was the unanimous opinion that we had a delightful time.

EDWARD RANNIE.

St. Louis, Missouri.—March 2 and 3 the district convention was held at Bellville, Illinois, at which time the following were elected for the ensuing term: L. Joerndt, president; F. E. Smith, vice-president; Robert Scott, secretary; G. A. Kendall, treasurer; Anna de Jong, librarian. An excellent prayer-meeting and good program was enjoyed.

The flower committee presented a beautiful floral offering as a token of love for our young brother, Roger S. Parrish, who was called home to the mansions above on March 18. The committee

did not wait, however, to bring all their offerings till he was gone, but also cheered him while living.

Our chorister, Bro. Will Creviston, formerly of Kansas City, was married to Miss Colly this month, to the surprise of their many friends.

Friday, the 29th, the program was in charge of the mite society. Bro. and Sr. Burgess had charge of the "Indefinite," and the old choir of thirty years ago, led by the chorister of that time, sang several of their old anthems, which were much enjoyed.

The serial story has proved to be very interesting. The last chapters were written by Sr. Etta Weidman and Bro. Walter Evans.

E. M. PATTERSON.

2739 DeJong Street.

Fall River, Massachusetts.—Once more we have started on another year's work with its many opportunities and privileges opening up before us. Are we keeping alive within us the thought of what it means to be a true Religiian? If we can not do much, let us do the little, if we would see the work advance and by so doing add God's blessing. Some of our younger members here are now holding office and are quite zealous in the work, while others do not realize the responsibility that should rest upon them and are not as a result taking hold of the golden opportunities which lie before them. The poet says, "Be not weary of exhorting," then let us not grow weary of setting a good example for the young and inexperienced.

MRS. HATTIE HOWLETT.

CLINTON DISTRICT, MISSOURI.

Nevada, Missouri.—We are striving to push the Religio-work and make it a success. Interest has increased from our programs. So far they have proved to be a success, especially the debates that have been held. We hope to do more in the future for this great work.

Richhill, Missouri.—Our local has improved during the three past months in membership, and more interest is now shown in our local than has been known for some time. All the officers seem willing to do whatever is placed upon them.

Eldorado Springs, Missouri.—We have not had as much interest in the Religio during the past few months as we should. But now, since the weather is getting warmer, we have better attendance and better interest. What few attend take active part in the work. We hope in the future to increase our number and interest in the work.

PLEAS BUDD,

ELDORADO SPRINGS, Missouri.

Cor. Editor of the District.



CHRIST OR DIANA?

"Once it called for a great, a living faith to be a Christian; it was an unpopular thing and often brought the believer face to face with the choice of rejecting Christ to save one's life or of forfeiting this life for principle and immortality."

AUTUMN LEAVES

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NUMBER 6



“CHOOSE YE THIS DAY WHOM YE WILL SERVE!”

BY ERNEST WEBBE.

ONCE it called for a great, a living faith to be a Christian; it was an unpopular thing and often brought the believer face to face with the choice of rejecting Christ to save one's life or of forfeiting this life for principle and immortality.

To-day we are surrounded by popular beliefs, discreetly trimmed here and privileged there to suit human requirements but sadly lacking harmony with the pattern given by Jesus the Christ and observed of them to whom he said, “I will build my church.”

When Christianity was remodeled and popularized, it was at the expense of its original virtues and blessings: then, a return to the earlier and simpler course would mean a decided step toward heavenly things, even though some worldly prestige be sacrificed thereby.

These questions confront us now: Shall we drift with the multitude, yielding to the temptings of merely social benefits? Shall we fear the frown of stern formality or take a stand for principle? Can we say

“My faith looks up to thee,”

feeling that it is the “faith that was once delivered to the saints,” for of a surety that Faith is upon the earth in these the latter days; “His church” exists after the pattern given in the early days by the wise Master Builder, and this is an appeal to investigate (without prejudice) its claims.

Do not reject it in ignorance and blindness, but suspend your judgment until you have honestly investigated. Then, having discovered the truth and beauty of the message, make your choice, and do not permit the fear of persecution or of unpopularity to turn you from Christ.

Surely no greater sacrifice will be required of you than was cheerfully made by men and women in days of old; will you be as brave, as loyal, and as true as they?



✓ EXPERIENCES, AND OBSERVATIONS OF ONE OF
OUR PATRIARCHS.—No. 4.

BY J. R. LAMBERT.

AFTER the ordinations were completed, the meeting was given into the hands of the Saints for prayer and testimony. Several manifestations of the Holy Spirit were claimed and delivered in that sacred name. One of these was through Bro. James Kemp, from Colorado, who stood near to myself and wife, and addressed himself to Bro. Caffall and me.

In my part of the communication was contained good promise and encouragement in the work of my new office and calling. My past record was referred to in strong terms and with marked emphasis. the very terms employed to express divine recognition were of such a character as to be very instructive, comforting, and encouraging to the one who had gone through the actual experience. To illustrate, among other things he said the following:

“Thou hast been a true minister for God.”

If this statement be true, it is enough. It covers the whole ground. I know what I desired and tried to be. If I succeeded, as expressed in the above sentence, God is surely entitled to great credit, and to him be all the glory.

This is number four, and I have only just passed my ordination! I now began to think seriously how I should start out in my new office to make a success of it. By success I mean to secure, as fully as possible, the approval of God.

A few things were presented to my mind quite readily and clearly, and as a result, I concluded not to attempt to give any patriarchal blessings until after I had conferred with the Presiding Patriarch, and had received from him my own blessing. At this time he was in Australia, where he had been for some months.

It is far from my purpose to reflect in any way upon those who commenced to give blessings as soon as they were ordained, for it is well known that some men can get quite a ways on their journey while others are preparing to start. This course seemed



PATRIARCH JOSEPH R. LAMBERT.

“I know what I desired and tried to be, and if I succeeded, God is entitled to great credit. To him be all the glory.”

consistent to me and I was impressed to take it. Moreover, I presented my conclusions to Bro. Joseph Smith, who as I understood it, approved of them. He told me that I could do the other work belonging to my office and calling, but not to attempt to give blessings before I felt fully satisfied that I should. This advice I appreciated, and acted in harmony with it.

Bro. A. H. Smith, the presiding patriarch, reached home on June 27, and in the afternoon of the same day, I called on him, asking him for counsel and advice. He promised to give me my blessing as soon as his stenographer returned to Lamoni, and other circumstances, concerning him and me, would permit.

I had already promised to attend the Stewartsville (Missouri) reunion, to be held in September, and I frequently wondered what would befall me there.

On September 2 I received my blessing; the statement of which, as will be seen from the quotations made, are in complete harmony with what has already been presented in this article.

(In this connection, and before I quote, will the reader please bear in mind that the purpose of these evidences is to support the work of patriarchs, as indicated in the word given to the church, and not to build up self. Were it not for this, I confess that the presentation of so many evidences, which seem to be personal, would appear to be in bad taste):

“And I feel this morning, in laying my hands upon thy head like bearing thee in my prayers to the throne of our heavenly Father, that he may influence thee by his Holy Spirit, that thou mayest realize under these circumstances that he is pleased with the covenant which thou hast made, and with the effort which has been thine to keep thy covenant pure and inviolate before him. And I pray that the influence of his Holy Spirit may come to thee, and give the comforting words and assurances that shall increase thy faith, if it were possible, and make it firmer in him.

“And while I am thus pleading with God for thee, Brother Joseph, I feel to bid thee to be comforted and let thy heart be content. The Lord has known the circumstances which have surrounded thee all the days of thy manhood. He hath known the weakness that hath been thine. He hath known how hard thou hast struggled to overcome and to bear patiently the cross of life that has been upon thee. He has witnessed thee and known thy sufferings, when none other has known them, when thou hast suffered in silence, bearing patiently the trials and the pains that have been in thy person, and for these things he will bless thee and give thee thy reward. . . .

“And while it has been hard for thee, sometimes, to realize why God suffered thee thus to be oppressed and to be weakened, yet thy very suffering, and the trials that have been with thee in consequence of it, has drawn thee nearer and nearer to the Master, and enabled thee to form thy character more like his,

that the integrity of thy heart has been made known, and he hath led thee by the influences of his Holy Spirit. He had a purpose in thus laying upon thee these cares, and while thou hast thus been afflicted, thy strength has been in him; thou hast leaned upon him, thou hast trusted him, and he has never yet failed thee; though sometimes it has been hard for thee to see his divine providences with viewing the silver lining that might be found in the clouds that rested upon thee.

"I bid thee, dear brother, to be contented, and to be cheerful, still trusting in the promises of the Savior, and thou shalt be guided along the pathway of life yet remaining.

"The efforts which thou hast made have made a record for thee which shall stand in the great day when the books shall be opened, and thou shalt find them as evidence and witnesses for thee in that day, those works of thine which shall go before the Master to plead for thee.

"I bid thee to be still faithful and firm in the efforts which thou shalt make to fulfill the obligation resting upon thee. Remember that in the past the Lord has been pleased with thee, and with thy effort, and this shall bring comfort to thee and help thee in thy labor that is yet allotted thee in life. The field opening before thee is one that is comforting, and one that is full of possibilities; one that shall enable thee to realize God's leadings more, if possible, than thou hast felt them in the past; for thou hast felt his leadings. The influence of his Spirit has been with thee, though sometimes the positions thou hast been forced in thy investigations to assume and take, have caused thee sorrow and made thee feel sad, because it seemed that thou wast opposed by thy brethren; yet do not be disturbed. Remember the influences of the Spirit will guide; will bring about God's purposes, that man can not hinder; but they will be brought to pass in time, and God will establish his work securely. . . .

"But if thou wilt be faithful thou shalt not be troubled in thy anxiety of mind, but thou shalt feel that God is guiding. As in the past, God has permitted thee to see the lights that have guided thy way, so in the future there shall be lights that shall guide thy way. Thou shalt behold them, and thou shalt feel the influence of God's Spirit with thee, firmly leading thee onward and upward and nearer to him. Thy feet have walked in the valley of the shadow of death, and thy pathway has been along the humble lines of life, yet God will bless thee for the integrity of thy heart and purpose, and he will lead thee along the path that leads out of the valley, up, along the mountain-side, through the mists and the clouds that obscure the view, until thou shalt come out from the mists and the clouds into the light of the presence of the glory of God, and thou shalt be filled with this light and comfort, and shall be content."

I am now about to present an extract from my blessing which will, perhaps, by some, be regarded as a grave reflection on one who had been called to be a leading minister for Christ. But

as I have furnished parts of the best, I will now present the worst (?) it contains, lest my representation be misleading.

"Thou hast not been altogether free from thought relative to this great latter-day work, as to whether it is what has been represented.

"Thou hast in thought many times contemplated whether it may not be in error, and whether after all, all thy work and all thy labor, and all the diligence which thou hast put into thy labor, may not be of no avail; and that the events that are transpiring in life, and have transpired, have been continuing throughout countless ages among the children of men; and that those events are but in keeping with their organization, and that they may continue and continue, ages without end. Thoughts have come to thee relative to these things, and thou hast studied the matter deeply. Questions have been forced upon thy mind by the adversary, and by the events that are transpiring. The natural trend of the minds of men in the present time, when everything is being tried as it were in the crucible, that that which can be shaken and overturned will be, and changed. Thy mind has not been at rest; but thou hast been active in thought, even in these directions, and thou hast studied upon the propositions that have been made by thinking men, by men who have thought to establish laws of nature and laws of continuance, in that which has been created and established, seeking to the origin of all things, and following the lines that are represented in the evolution of the world, from cause to effect.

"Thou hast not been without thought upon these lines. But there has been with thee an influence that has not been with those who have not named the name of the Lord Jesus. There has been an aid and assistance standing by thee that has, oh, so many times, answered thy questions as quickly as those questions have been formed in thy mind, and answered them to thine own satisfaction. And yet, many times the questions that have been propounded have been left for thee, and thou hast had to solve them—dig them out—and learn the truth of them, to get the answer to thine own mind, satisfactorily."

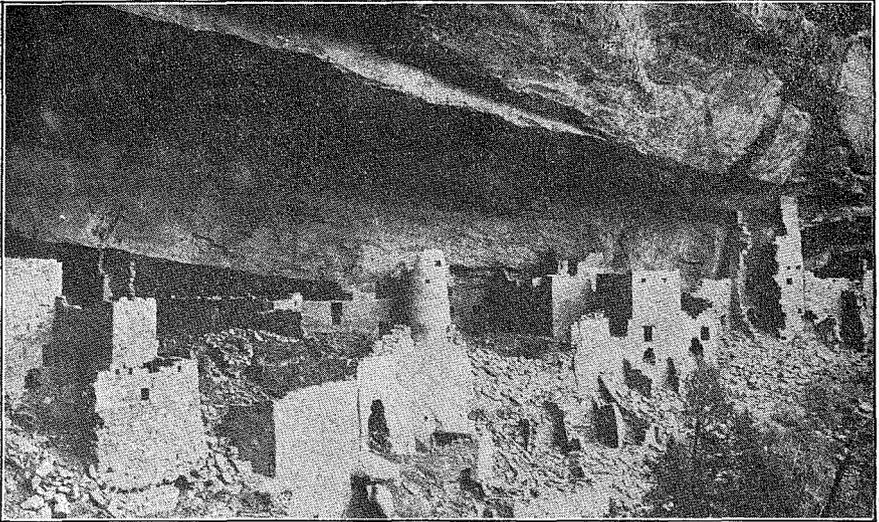
To help the reader to interpret correctly, it is only necessary for me to say that my seasons of doubt have been of short duration; that at the end of each season of doubting, I came out with more faith in God and the Christian religion than I had at the beginning. My questioning or doubting was a feeble effort to do full justice to the claims set up by opponents, which is seldom, if ever, done by us poor mortals, without a degree of doubting. But I must concede that "questions have been forced upon" my "mind by the adversary," for the evident purpose of luring me away from the path of truth and right. But my testimony is that God is stronger and more lovely than Satan, and truth is far more desirable, and stronger than error. On this platform of belief, we should all stand together, *and we must*, before we can be fully accepted of God.

LAMONI, Iowa, February 5, 1907.

(To be continued.)

THE CLIFF-DWELLERS AND GADIANTON ROBBERS.

BY ELDER CHARLES H. BURR.



“Many of these ruins are in a good state of preservation, but all show marks of age and decay.”

NEARLY eighty years have passed into the great sea of time since the introduction into the world of that peculiar work believed by many to be the fulfillment of the prophecy found in the twenty-ninth chapter of Isaiah in which the Lord says:

“And the vision of all is become unto you as the words of a book that is sealed, which men deliver to one that is learned, saying, Read this, I pray thee: and he saith, I can not, for it is sealed. And the book is delivered to him that is not learned, saying, Read this I pray thee: and he saith, I am not learned. Wherefore the Lord said, Forasmuch as this people draw near me with their mouth, and with their lips do honor me, but have removed their heart far from me, and their fear toward me is taught by the precept of men: therefore, behold, I will proceed to do a marvelous work among this people, even a marvelous work and a wonder: for the wisdom of their wise men shall perish, and the understanding of their prudent men shall be hid.”

And notwithstanding the fact that during these passing years the wisdom of men has been used in nearly every conceivable way in opposition to the claims of those who believe that the Book of Mormon is the sealed book of this prophecy, yet human wisdom has proved unavailing so far as the overthrow of those claims is

concerned; but rather to the contrary, the research of some of these wise men in the open fields of science has year by year brought forth additional evidence in support of those claims.

The ethnologist, archæologist, and linguist, each in his turn, unwittingly no doubt, has contributed his quota of evidence along his peculiar line in support of claims for this "marvelous work and a wonder": and thus though his understanding has perhaps been hid from his own eyes, so far as its purpose was concerned, an unflinching and superior wisdom has directed his energies in channels intended to confirm the truth enunciated by divine inspiration in the ages agone.

The writer of these lines, by reason of circumstances over which he had no control, was compelled to remain at home a few weeks during the last weeks of the year 1906, and having access to a public library, he thought it best to pass the time and improve the mind by reading. While doing so he read a book entitled *Arizona Sketches*, by A. J. Munk, which he found to be quite interesting and the more so as he discovered in it that which to a remarkable degree corroborated and supported the claims of the *Book of Mormon* in relation to the story of the Gadianton Robbers.

By referring to the *Book of Mormon*, (large type edition,) Alma thirtieth chapter, we are told of a migration from the land of Zarahemla to a land Northward. The first company that started on this emigration consisted of five thousand and four hundred men with their families; also some embarked on an exceedingly large ship built by one Hagoth, sailed by way of the west sea, (Pacific Ocean) by the narrow neck (Isthmus of Darien) which led into the land northward. The final fate of these who embarked in this ship is not stated, save that they were never heard of more; but the same writer in this chapter informs us that there were many people who went forth into this land Northward. Just how far north this people went this writer does not state, but Helaman in the second chapter of his writings informs us that there were a great many who went forth into the land Northward and that they spread forth into all parts of the land, and he gives us a brief description of the country, enough to enable us to safely conclude that a large portion of Southern North America was occupied by them.

As we study the geographical location and consider the course of their emigration, it is but reasonable to believe that it would be the southern and western portion of the country that would be first occupied by them; this would be that portion of the country now known as Mexico, New Mexico, Arizona, and Colorado. And the archæologist strengthens this idea by telling us that it is in these regions that he finds the evidence of an early occupation by the prehistoric nations who at some time in the remote past have occupied North America.

In verse 34, first chapter of Helaman, we have the first account of the formation of a band which afterwards figured quite conspicuously as the Gadianton Robbers, whose sole purpose seems

to have been that of murder and plunder, and who for many years successfully withstood all efforts to either conquer, capture, or subdue them. This fact in itself is sufficient to establish the idea that this band of robbers must have had some place of hiding not easy to find in the wilderness into which they fled when pursued, and some stronghold in which they could defy every effort to capture them.

And when we read Mr. Munk's description of the cliff-dwellings, their geographical location, as well as many other things which he says in regard to Arizona, we saw much to corroborate the Book of Mormon story.

We also learn from Helaman that the people became expert masons and skillful in the use of cement, a fact strongly supported by Mr. Munk.

We are also told that this land into which they went was very rich in mineral, both in gold and silver, and that some portions of it were very fertile and productive.

Again, in Helaman, fourth chapter, we learn something of these robbers: that their hiding-place and stronghold was in the mountains and wilderness; and Nephi, in book of Nephi, first chapter, twenty-sixth verse, clears away all doubts by saying these "robbers dwelt upon the mountains," and it is apparent that they preyed upon the peaceful inhabitants of the valleys.

Having these statements from these different writers in the Book of Mormon, let us now introduce to you Mr. Munk, and some extracts from his writings in Arizona Sketches, by A. J. Munk:

"Arizona is a land that is full of history as well as mystery and invites investigation. It has a fascination that every one feels that crosses its borders. Paradoxical as it may seem it is both the oldest and the newest portion of our country—the oldest in ancient occupation and civilization, and the newest in modern occupation. There are ruins galore, cave- and cliff-dwellings, crumbled pueblos, painted rocks, the Cassa Grande, and the old Spanish Mission.

"Any one in search of the old and curious need not go to foreign lands, but can find right here at home in Arizona, and in the southwest, a greater number and variety of curiosities than can be found anywhere else in the same space on the face of the globe.

"When the Spaniards under Coronado first entered the land more than three hundred and fifty years ago in search of the seven cities of Cibola, they found upon the desert sufficient evidence of an extinct race to prove that the land was once populated by an agricultural and prosperous people.

"When, or how, the inhabitants disappeared is unknown and may never be known; it is even in doubt who they were, but presumably they were of the Aztek or Toltek race, or perhaps of some civilization even more remote.

"The Pueblo Indians are supposed to be their descendants, but if so they are as ignorant of their ancestry as were their discov-

erers. All that is known of this ancient people is what the ruins show, as they left no written record, or even tradition of their life, unless it be in some inscriptions consisting of hieroglyphics and pictographs which are found painted upon the rocks and walls, which undoubtedly have a meaning, but for lack of interpretation remain a *sealed book*. (Italics ours.)

“The deep mystery in which they are shrouded makes their history all the more interesting and gives unlimited scope to speculation.—Pages 15, 16.

“In the canyons of the Colorado River and its tributaries are found the ruins of an ancient race of Cliff-dwellers. These ruins are scattered over a wide scope of country which includes Arizona, and portions of Utah, Colorado, and New Mexico. Many of them are in a good state of preservation but all show marks of age and decay. They are not less than four hundred years old and are in all probability much older. Their preservation is largely due to their sheltered position among the rocks and an exceptionally dry climate. They are invariably built upon high cliffs, on shelving rocks, and in places almost inaccessible.

“In some instances they can only be reached by steps cut in the solid rock which is so old that they are almost obliterated. Their walls so nearly resemble the stratified rocks on which they stand that they are not easily distinguished from their surroundings.

“In search of evidence of their antiquity, it is believed that data has been found which denotes great age. In the construction of some of their houses, notably those of the Mancos Canyon, is displayed a technical knowledge of architecture and mathematical accuracy which savages did not possess, and the *fine masonry* of dressed stone and *superior cement* seem to prove that the Indians were not the builders.

“On the contrary we quote from a recent writer, ‘The evidence goes to show that the work was done by skilled workmen who were white masons and who built for a white people in a prehistoric age.’ In this connection it is singular if not significant that the native when first discovered believed in a bearded white man, whom they deified as the ‘Fair God’ of whose existence they had obtained knowledge from some source and in whose honor they kept their sacred altar-fires burning unquenched.

“The relics that have been found in the ruins are principally implements of the Stone Age, but are of sufficient variety to indicate a succession that was both primitive and cultured, and as widely separated in time as in knowledge.

“Among the relics which have been found are some very fine specimens of pottery which are as symmetrical and well finished as if they had been turned on a potter’s wheel, and covered with an opaque enamel of stanniferous glaze composed of lead and tin that originated with the Phœnicians; can it be possible that the Cliff-dwellers are a lost fragment of Egyptian civilization? . . .

“Many well-preserved mummies were found buried in the graves that had been carefully closed and sealed. The bodies were

wrapped in fine cotton cloth of drawn work, which was covered with a coarser cloth resembling burlap, and all inclosed in a wrapping of palmillo matting tied with a cord made from fiber of cedar-bark. The hair was fine and of a brown color and not coarse and black like the hair of the wild Indian.

"Mummies which have been exhumed have red or light colored hair, such as usually goes with a fair skin. This fact led some to believe that the Cliff-dwellers belonged to the white race, but not necessarily so, as this quality of hair belongs to the Albinos who doubtless lived among the Cliff-dwellers, as they do among the Moquis and Zunis at the present day, and explains the peculiarity of hair just mentioned.

"These remains may be very modern, as some choose to believe, but in all probability they are more ancient than modern. Mummies incased in wood and cloth have been taken from the tombs of Egypt in almost a perfect state of preservation which can not be less than two thousand years old, and are perhaps double that age. As there is no positive knowledge as to when the Cliff-dwellers flourished, one man's guess is as good as another's. . . . Reverend H. M. Baum, who has traveled all over the Southwest and visited every large ruin in the country, considers that the Canyon de Chelly and its branch del Muerto, is the most interesting prehistoric locality in the United States. The Navajos who live in the canyon have a tradition that the people who occupied the cliff-houses *were all destroyed in one day by wind and fire.* (*Records of the Past*, December, 1902.) The occurrence evidently was similar to what happened to the Island of Martinique, when all the inhabitants of the village of St. Pierre perished in an hour by the eruption of Mont Pelee.

"Contemporaneous with the Cliff-dwellers there seems to have lived a race of people in the adjoining valleys who built cities and tilled the soil, and judged by their works they must have been an industrious, intelligent, and numerous people. All over the ground are strewn broken pieces of pottery that are painted in bright colors and artistic designs which after ages of exposure to the weather look as fresh as if newly made.

"The relics taken from these ruins are similar to those found in the cliff-houses and consist mostly of stone implements and pottery.

"In the Gila Valley, near the town of Florence, stands the now famous ruin Casa Grande, which is the best preserved of all these ancient cities. It was a ruin when the Spaniards first discovered it, and is a type of the ancient communal houses. Its thick walls are composed of concrete adobe that is as hard as rock, and its base lines conform to the cardinal points of the compass. It is an interesting relic of a past age, and an extinct race, and if it can not yield up its secrets to science, it at least appeals to the spirit of romance and mystery.

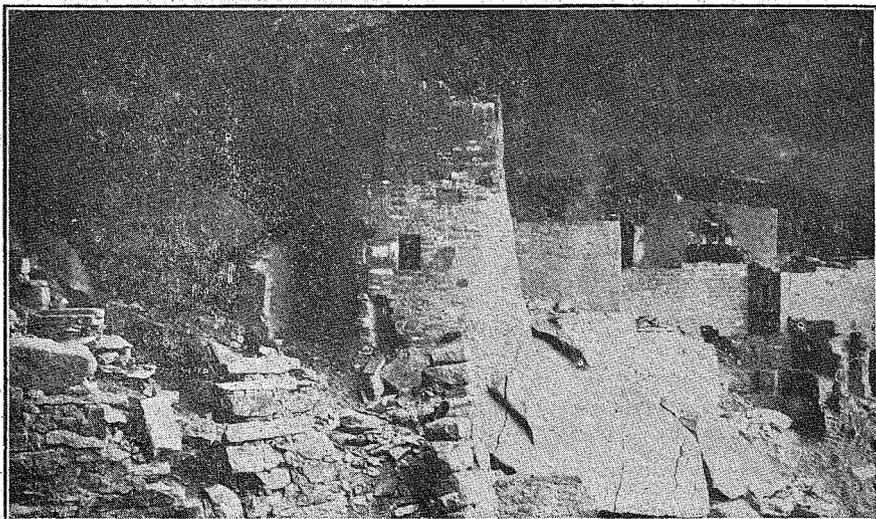
"Irrigating ditches which were fed from reservoirs supplied their fields and houses with water. Portions of these old canals

are yet in existence and furnish proof of the skill and diligence of their builders. . . . Whatever may have been the fate of this ancient people, their destruction must be sought in natural causes rather than by human warfare. An adverse fate probably cut off their water supply and laid waste their productive fields.

“With their crops a failure and all supplies gone, what else could this people do but move or starve? But as to the nature of their exodus history is silent.

“Just how ancient these works are might be difficult to prove, but they certainly are not modern. The evidence denotes that they have existed a long time. Where the water in the canal flowed over the solid rock, the rock has been much worn.

“Portions of the old ditches are filled with lava, and houses lay buried in the vitreous flood. It is certain that the country was



“The fine masonry of dressed stone and superior cement seem to prove that Indians were not the builders.”

inhabited prior to the last lava flow, whether that event occurred hundreds or thousands of years ago.”—Pages 167-176.

Although much more might have been quoted from this writer, of interest to the reader, yet we believe the foregoing is sufficient for our purpose, which is revealed in the heading of this article, i. e., to prove that the Cliff-dwellers and the Gadianton robbers were identical.

We have yet to learn of the writer who has satisfactorily explained why these prehistoric dwellings were built where they are: it is true some have advanced the idea that it was for security from the attacks of enemies and that theory is in accord with the

Book of Mormon story and the Gadianton robbers, but none have told us, so far as the writer knows, that there was any evidence that the inhabitants of these nearly inaccessible places were robbers, but surely there must have been some very strong reasons why men should choose these peculiar and apparently dangerous places for a residence and to make their homes and raise their families, other than a mere love for a picturesque and romantic situation.

And then we should consider, How did this people subsist? was it wholly from the spoils of the chase? Hardly consistent; and it will be just as inconsistent to tell us that they tilled these fertile valleys below, for those who did so occupied them and built these cities whose ruins now remain silent witnesses of this fact. But as we read Mr. Munk's sketches he says these dwellers in the valleys who built these cities lived contemporaneous with the Cliff-dwellers, and that there is ample proof that they did in the relics found in these ruined cities and in the cliff-houses which are identical, we conclude here is strong proof that these Cliff-dwellers lived by robbery and preying upon the inhabitants of these fertile valleys, and hence a logical reason why they builded where they did, that they would be secure from the attacks from the incensed people upon whom they preyed.

PLANO, Illinois.



THE PUEBLO INDIANS.

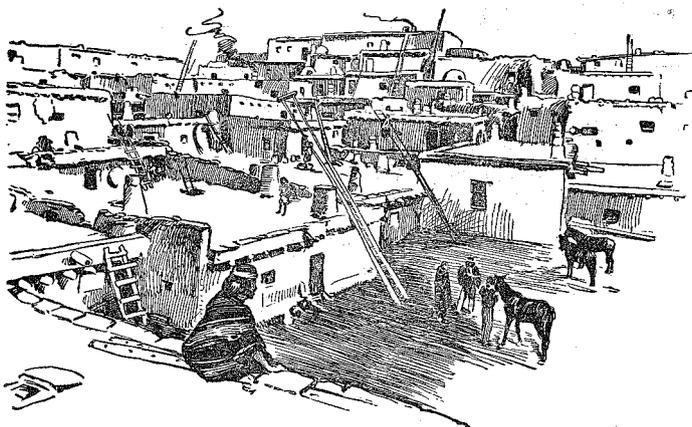
MORE than a score of these many-chambered communal homes are scattered over New Mexico. Taos, Picuris, San Juan, Santa Clara, San Idelfonso, Pojoaque, Nambe, and Tesesque are within twenty to ninety-five miles of Santa Fe, their population varying from twenty-five to four hundred persons. From Domingo one may reach the pueblos of Cochiti, San Domingo, and San Felipe, while Sandia, Jemez, Zia, and Santa Ana are in the vicinity of Albuquerque. Few tourists know that the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico own nine hundred thousand acres of land, and that since the treaty of Guadeloupe Hidalgo in 1848 they have been full-fledged United States citizens, though not voting, and maintaining their own forms of government. Three of the most important pueblos are Isleta, Laguna, and Acoma. Isleta and Laguna are within a stone's throw of the railroad, ten miles and sixty-six miles, respectively, beyond Albuquerque, and Acoma is reached from Laguna or Cubero by a drive of fifteen miles.

The aboriginal inhabitants of the pueblos, an intelligent, complex, industrious, and independent race, are anomalous among North American natives. Many are housed to-day in the self-same structures in which their forebears were discovered, and in three and a half centuries of contact with Europeans their

manner of life has not materially changed. The Indian tribes that roamed over mountain and plain have become wards of the Government. But the Pueblo Indian has absolutely maintained the integrity of his individuality, self-respecting and self-sufficient. The extent to which he has adopted the religion of Spanish conquerors, or the teachings of his present guardians, amounts to only a slight concession from his persistent conservatism.

Laborious efforts have been made to penetrate the reserve with which the involved inner life of this strange child of the desert is guarded, but it lies like a vast dark continent behind a dimly visible shore, and he dwells within the shadowy rim of a night that yields no ray to tell of his origin.

He is a true pagan swathed in seemingly dense clouds of superstition, rich in fanciful legend, and profoundly ceremonious in



Courtesy Santa Fe Railway System.

THE PUEBLO OF ZUNI.

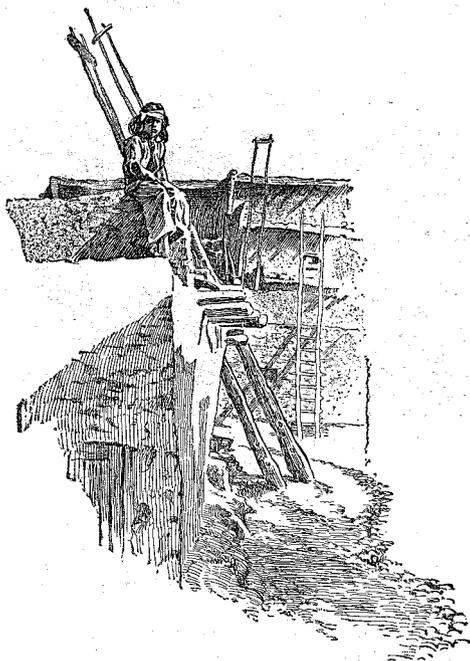
"Many are housed to-day in the self-same structures in which their forebears were discovered, and in three and a half centuries of contact with Europeans their manner of life has not materially changed."

religion. His gods are innumerable. Not even the ancient Greeks possessed a more populous Olympus. On that austere yet familiar height gods of peace and of war, of the chase, of the bountiful harvest and of famine, of sun and rain and snow, elbow a thousand others for standing-room. The trail of the serpent has crossed his history, too, and he frets his pottery with an imitation of its scales, and gives the rattlesnake a prominent place among his deities. Unmistakably a pagan, yet the purity and well-being of his communities will bear favorable comparison with those of the enlightened world. He is brave, honest, and enterprising within the fixed limits of his little sphere, his wife is virtuous, his children are docile. And were the whole earth swept bare of every living thing, save for a few leagues surrounding his tribal home, his life would show little disturbance. Possibly he might not at once

learn of so unimportant an occurrence. He would still alternately labor and relax in festive games, still reverence his gods, and rear his children to a life of industry and content, so anomalous is he, so firmly established in an absolute independence.

Pueblo architecture possesses nothing of the elaborate ornamentation found in so-called Aztec ruins in Mexico. The house is usually built of stone, covered with adobe cement, and is severely plain. It is commonly two or three stories in height, of terrace form, and joined to its neighbors. The prevailing entrance is by means of a ladder to the lowest story.

The most strikingly interesting of New Mexican pueblos is Acoma. It is built upon the summit of a table-rock with eroded



Courtesy Santa Fe Railway System.

LIFE IN THE PUEBLO.

"Were the whole earth swept bare of every living thing, save for a few leagues surrounding his tribal home, his life would show little disturbance."

precipitous sides, three hundred and fifty feet above the plain, which is seven thousand feet above the sea. Acoma pueblo is one thousand feet in length and forty feet high, and there is besides a church of enormous proportions. Formerly it was reached only by a hazardous stairway in the rock, up which the inhabitants carried upon their backs every particle of the materials of which the village is constructed; but easier pathways now exist. The

graveyard consumed forty years in building, by reason of the necessity of bringing earth from the plain below; and the church must have cost the labor of many generations, for its walls are sixty feet high and ten feet thick, and it has timbers forty feet long and fourteen inches square.

The Acomas welcomed the soldiers of Coronado with deference, ascribing to them celestial origin. Subsequently, upon learning the distinctly human character of the Spaniards, they professed allegiance, but afterwards wantonly slew a dozen of Zaldivar's men.

By way of reprisal Zaldivar headed threescore soldiers and undertook to carry the sky citadel by assault. After a three days' hand-to-hand struggle the Spaniards stood victors upon that seemingly impregnable fortress, and received the submission of the Queres, who for three quarters of a century thereafter remained tractable. In the interval the priest came to Acoma and held footing for fifty years, until the bloody uprising of 1680 occurred, in which priest, soldier, and settler were massacred or driven from the land, and every vestige of their occupation was extirpated. After the resubjection of the natives by Diego de Vargas the present church was constructed, and the Pueblos have not since rebelled against the contiguity of the white man.

Anciently, according to a native tradition, for which Mr. C. F. Lummis is authority, the original pueblo of Acoma stood upon the crest of the Enchanted Mesa, four hundred and thirty feet above the valley, three miles away, but its only approach was one day destroyed by the falling of a cliff, and three sick women, who chanced to be the only occupants—the remainder of the population being at work in the fields below—perished there, beyond the reach of aid from their people, who then built a new pueblo on the present site.

In 1897 an Eastern college professor laid siege to the *Mesa Encantada* with a mortar and several miles of assorted ropes, supplemented by pulleys, a boatswain's chair, and a team of horses. By these aids the summit was reached, but the party reported that nothing was found to indicate that it had ever been visited before by man.

A few weeks later, Doctor F. W. Hodge, of the Bureau of Ethnology, made the ascent with several companions, aided by a few short ladders, a guide rope, and experience in mountaineering. This party found a number of potsherds and fragments of implements and ornaments, all of ancient type, and vigorously championed the claim that the mesa was once inhabited.

Afterward another party, including Mr. Lummis, Doctor David Starr Jordan, and Professor T. H. Hittell, similarly ascended and were similarly rewarded. The adherents of the legend assert that the gnawing tooth of centuries of summer storm and winter frosts would inevitably denude the summit of every relic of that olden time save such as have been securely pocketed in crevices instead of washing away. The talus of

mesa abounds in ancient potsherds, and the rapid rise of rock detritus at the foot of the cliff not only lends corroboration but shows how recently the mesa has ceased to be unscalable. Even so, it will be long before the casual tourist will aspire to its giddy crest.—To California Over the Santa Fe Trail.



SUNSHINE.

BY W. A. SINCLAIR, M. D.

IT IS SAID that if a potato be put into a warm cellar with one small window, the potato will sprout, and that the leading vine will run along the floor of the cellar until it reaches the window, when it will make directly for it and continue to grow in that direction as long as it can support itself. House plants instinctively turn their leaves toward the windows, thirsty for sunlight. A running vine planted in a shady locality seems almost to possess intelligence in creeping around where the rays of the sun may fall upon it.

Should not mankind be as wise as the plant? or as sagacious as the potato?

The celebrated Doctor Moore in his metaphysical works, speaking of the necessity of sunlight, says, "A tadpole, confined in darkness, would never become a frog; an infant, being deprived of heaven's free light, will grow into a shapeless idiot instead of a beautiful and responsible being." "Hence," continues the same writer, "in the deep, dark gorges and ravines of the Swiss Valais, where the direct sunshine never reaches, the hideous prevalence of idiocy startles the traveler. It is a strange melancholy idiocy. Many of the citizens are incapable of articulate speech. Some are deaf; some are blind; some labor under all these privations; and all are misshapen in every part of the body. I believe there is in all places a marked difference in the healthfulness of houses according to their aspect with regard to the sun, and those are decidedly the most healthful, other things being equal, in which all the rooms are, during some part of the day, fully exposed to the direct light. Epidemics attack inhabitants on the shady side of the street, and totally exempt those on the other side; and even in epidemics such as ague, the morbid influence is often thus partial in its labors."

Sunlight not only imparts vital magnetism to the extent of preventing disease, but it has been resorted to with success as a curative agent.

Sir James Wylie, one time physician to the emperor of Russia, attentively studied the effects of light as a curative agent in the hospitals of St. Petersburg; and he discovered that the number of patients who were cured in rooms properly lighted was four times greater than that of those confined in dark rooms. This led to a complete reform in lighting the hospitals of Russia, and with the

most beneficial results. In all cities visited by the cholera, it was universally found that the greatest number of deaths took place in narrow streets, and on the sides of those having a northern exposure, where the salutary beams of the sun were excluded. The inhabitants of the southern slopes of mountains are better developed and more healthy than those who live on the northern sides; while those who dwell in secluded valleys are generally subject to peculiar diseases and deformities. The different results above mentioned are due to the agency of light, without a full supply of which plants and animals maintain but a sickly and feeble existence. Eminent physicians have observed that partially deformed children have been restored by exposure to the sun and the open air. As scrofula is most prevalent among the children of the poor in crowded cities, this is attributed; by many persons, to their living in dark and confined houses—such diseases being most common among those residing in underground tenements.

Doctor Edwards advises isolation in the open air, and nudity where it would not be incompatible with comfort, as calculated to restore the sufferers in scrofulous affections and bodily deformities.

People suffering from tuberculosis or those having a tuberculus ancestry should pay particular attention in the choice of a location in which to dwell, to select one which has a southern exposure. Sick people are too apt to be regardless of their surroundings, and depend entirely upon their physician to cure them.

A wise, thoughtful man, when he is afflicted with illness, seeks to discover the cause, also influences surrounding him which might aggravate the complaint. In his investigation, he may not only find that his rooms are not well ventilated; that the location is not free from swampy dampness; but that his dwelling is so situated behind hills, or under so much shade, as to entirely shut him in from the light of the sun. If he should discover these disadvantageous conditions, he should at any sacrifice of business or property, if he values health and life, remove to some spot where he may secure all of Nature's agencies for his recovery.

Occasionally, some one daily exposed to the sun in the heat of summer, gets an overdose of the curative agent, and has an attack of sunstroke, but simply because he has received an overdose and is made sick, does not argue that a moderate amount would be harmful. All active medicines are injurious taken in overdoses. Sometimes the sun's heat is censured for what bad habits are responsible for. If a man eats and drinks excessively, or sets his blood on fire with whisky, he is more liable than anybody else to have sunstroke. Some medicines become injurious by mixing, and it could hardly be supposed that the pure sunlight, fresh from the laboratory of God, would mix well with the vile drinks of our low saloons. However, as the lightnings sometimes kill innocent people, continuous exposure to a summer's sun may, in some cases, strike down sober, temperate men. To avoid this, those who are

compelled to work in the sunlight during the hottest days of the year would do well to wear a wet napkin or handkerchief on the top of the head, under the hat.

Let no one, however, be afraid of sunlight because of occasional cases of sunstroke. If it were possible to obtain the statistics regarding those who die directly or indirectly from want of sunshine, we would find that this class would number a thousand to one who dies of an overdose. People who live in the country are apt to bury themselves beneath the foliage of shrubs and trees, even shutting out the few rays that do penetrate, by closing the green blinds which shelter the parlor windows. Mechanics and a great many of the business men in cities are contented to pursue their avocations all day by gas-light. There is a story told of one of the offices in Nassau Street, New York City, the window of which is so shut in by its contiguity to another building that the sunlight never enters it, to the effect that every one who has occupied it for a number of years has died of consumption.

Sunlight is the greatest germicide known to the medical science, hence its exclusion allows the multiplication of deadly germs.

People who break away from their business for summer recreation and make tours to the watering-places, think that they derive great advantage from change of air. No doubt this is true. The qualities of the air are greatly modified and affected by the geological formations beneath the surface, and the vegetable products which present themselves above; so that one can not breathe the air of any of these locations without extracting certain properties which the system requires. In this way, change of air frequently proves highly beneficial; but in many of these cases, benefits are attributed to this cause when they are more generally due to exposure to sunlight.

When people allow the sun to paint their faces brown, torpid livers are less liable to paint them yellow, sickness will be less prevalent, and health and cheerfulness will be the common inheritance of all.

SOMERVILLE, Massachusetts.



THE RELATION OF BOOKS TO CIVILIZATION.

BY ETHEL A. LACEY.



WE FIND under the definition of the word *civilization*, the following quotation from Edmund Burke:
“Our manners, our civilization, and all the good things connected with manners, and with civilization, have in this European world of ours, depended for ages upon two principles. . . . I mean the spirit of a gentleman and the spirit of religion.”

We may take up the subject, then, with the definite statement that civilization in general centers around Christianity, and representative of the Christian religion, we have the greatest book of the world—the Bible. In this we find the acknowledged foundation of our laws to-day; in it are teachings from which come the common laws of courtesy.

Civilization, refinement, and culture depend closely upon law; law can not be without government. Andrew Jackson says: “That book (the Bible) is the rock upon which our republic rests.” Here then, we find evidence of the dependence of civilization upon religion, and the book which represents it.

To sustain the government upon which it is plain that civilization depends, the spirit of patriotism is essential, and throughout the ages that spirit has been aroused and fostered by the thrilling words, written and spoken, of men who were themselves ardent patriots. (Oratory and literature have always been so closely linked together that it is almost impossible to separate them here.) It was possibly some such thought as this that prompted the familiar words: “The pen is mightier than the sword.”

James Freeman Clarke’s words are also full of meaning in connection with our subject. He says: “When I consider what some books have done for the world, and what they are doing, how they keep up our hope, awaken new courage and faith, soothe pain, give an ideal life to those whose homes are hard and cold, bind together distant ages and foreign lands, create new worlds of beauty, bring

down truths from heaven, I give eternal blessings for this gift."

There are many thoughts in this for us. It emphasizes the idea that literature has much to do with religion, and hence, as we have seen, is of primary importance to civilization. It shows how, in "binding together foreign lands and distant ages," it transmits the civilization of one country or one age to that of another. Again it shows that good books "give an ideal life to those whose homes are hard and cold." Surely such an influence as this would engender the "spirit of a gentleman," which, according to Burke, is so essential to civilization.

Another writer says that "the only true equalizers in the world are books." This may sound a little overdrawn, but in the strictest sense it is true, for books are, in general, the means of education, and through that and because of it, true equality may be established, when without it such a thing could not be.

Equality is also one of the elementary principles of our religion, so again we see how literature joins hands with religion and with civilization.

High ideals we must have if we would perpetuate the "spirit of religion," and attain to more advanced civilization. And if we would have the best ideals, we must read the best books. The good literature of to-day, as of all ages, tends to uplift and purify our thoughts, and thus to aid much in character-building. J. M. Barrie tells of one man's great longing to be able to write, and how, "once or twice in a long life," he had nearly gained his desire; how in doing so, he had "risen higher than himself, and that is literature." The grand simplicity of this thought should, in itself, be sufficient to convince us that the books we read will inevitably determine the plane of our civilization.

So, in consideration of all these things, we may well join our sentiments with those of Thomas Carlyle, who says: "May blessings be upon the head of Cadmus, the Phœnicians, or whoever it was that invented books."



AN INSTRUMENT IN HIS HANDS.—PART II.

BY MARY LELAND CARTER.

THE MORNING dawned clear and pleasant. After doing the morning work and studying their Sunday-school lessons the family went to church. Eva felt it best to accompany them, but it must be confessed that she dreaded the day very much. She did not know how her old friends would receive her.

It proved indeed to be a trying ordeal. Noticing how this one and that greeted her niece with coldness, while all seemed to regard her with curiosity, Mrs. Brown marveled at Eva's composure.

"I know it must be very trying to her," she thought, "for she

was always painfully sensitive and shy and the least disapproving word seemed to take the courage from her.

"I do not believe she will have the courage to cling to her faith if she has to receive such treatment as this. I hope not, I am sure. But whatever she does the poor child must suffer for the sad mistake she has made. We must be as good to her as possible, and I will have a talk with her."

That night as Eva sat alone, looking rather sober, her aunt came in, and seating herself by the girl, took her hand and said, "I know this has been a hard day for you. I was surprised at the way the people treated you, but you see, dear, what your act is bringing upon you. Why not give it all up. We will all help you, and soon all will be forgotten and you will have your old place with your friends."

"I can't give it up, Auntie," replied Eva. "It means more than all things else to me. I shall have to cling to it even if I lose every friend I have."

"Well, I don't know but you will lose every friend you have," said her aunt, a little impatiently. "How you can turn away from everything good and follow such a people is more than I can understand—a girl brought up in a Christian home. I don't see how, when you have been brought up to believe the Bible and love the Lord, you can turn away now."

"Aunt Nell, I have not turned from the Bible. It is more to me than ever before," replied Eva, earnestly, "and I am trying to show my love for the Lord by obedience to his commandments. Christ said, 'He that hath my commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me.'"

"Well, if your people have not turned away from the Bible they have surely added to it," said her aunt. "The last chapter of the Bible says no man shall add to the word of God."

"Yes, but it nowhere says God could not add more nor that he would not."

"He has spoken all that is necessary," said her uncle, who with Margaret had entered the room while they were speaking. "Revelation has now ceased and we need no more prophets."

"I don't think the Bible teaches that way," replied Eva.

"Well, how does it teach? Come, prove your statement, my girl," said her uncle.

Eve took her Bible, and turning to Amos 3:7 read, "Surely the Lord God will do nothing but he revealeth his secret to his servants the prophets." Then she read the promise in Joel 2:28 that God would pour out his Spirit upon all flesh, that some would be able to prophesy.

"Oh, but that was fulfilled on the day of Pentecost," interrupted Mr. Brown.

"Peter said, 'This is that which was spoken of by the prophet Joel,' " replied Eva. "I think he meant that this was that same Spirit. At least it could hardly have been entirely fulfilled at

that time. Peter says 'in the last days.' They were not then living in the last days."

"Well, go on with your reading," said her uncle.

So Eva read passages from 1 Corinthians 12 and 14, where prophecy was given to the church, and where Paul commanded the saints to desire to prophesy. Also she read John 16: 13 where Christ promises among other things that the "Holy Spirit should show them things to come." She also called their attention to several other passages, and spoke of Christ's warning his disciples to beware of false prophets. "He would hardly have done that if there were to be no true ones. He said we should know them by their fruits. The Bible test of a prophet was that if what he said came not to pass he had not spoken in the name of the Lord. Many prophecies of Joseph have already been fulfilled," she said.

"What do you believe about him?" asked her aunt. "I have heard that it is really he, and not Christ, that you people worship."

"We believe that he was a prophet; that the church of Christ had become disorganized, that the gospel was no longer preached in purity and power, and that it was his work to organize the church just as it was organized by Christ and his inspired apostles; that it was his work to clear away the creeds, the commandments of men, that the pure gospel might again be preached, the gifts and blessings be enjoyed as of old. He taught no new gospel, and is not in any way put in the place of Christ any more than those old time prophets were."

"But he was a bad, immoral man," said her uncle, "and was under arrest many times."

"He was not a bad man," replied Eva, "and while his enemies caused his arrest many times, he was never once convicted of any crime, even though tried by hostile courts. When his enemies found they could get no hold upon him that way they said if the law could not reach him powder and ball could, and they finally murdered him."

"But his having so many wives, and teaching polygamy; I don't see how any one can overlook that," said Mrs. Brown, warmly.

"But he had only one wife," replied Eva, "and he never taught polygamy, but his teachings were directly opposed to it. This matter was thoroughly sifted in the United States Circuit Court a few years ago, when our church and the Brighamites went to law about the ownership of property held by the church before the death of the prophet, when the church became disorganized. The Utah people claimed they were the true successors of that church and brought all possible evidence that their practices and teachings were the same as those taught by the Prophet. But Judge Philips, after thoroughly and impartially going over all the evidence on both sides, stated that the Utah church had materially departed from the faith, and that Brigham Young—not Joseph Smith—was responsible for the introduction of the Adam-god theory, blood atonement, polygamy, etc. He cleared the good

name of Joseph Smith, and only those who are ignorant, or those without principle, who wish to blind the eyes of others, use these arguments against him now."

"But there must have been some trouble with him," said Mr. Brown, "or such charges would not be brought against him. A truly innocent man is not likely to be very much misjudged."

"Didn't they misjudge Christ?" asked Eva. "They accused him of being a wine-bibber and a deceiver. 'The servant is not above his master.'" Then she asked, "May I read some passages from the Doctrine and Covenants?"

"What book is that?" asked Margaret.

"It is a book containing the covenants and commandments of the Lord to his people in these days. It was written by Joseph Smith, by the inspiration of God's Holy Spirit."

Eva saw and felt hurt by the look her hearers exchanged, which said as plainly as words, "Poor deluded child," but she quietly got her book and read section 49, paragraph 3: "Whoso forbid-deth to marry, is not ordained of God, for marriage is ordained of God to man; wherefore it is lawful that he should have one wife, and they *twain* shall be one flesh, and all this that the earth might answer the end of its creation." She read from section 42, paragraph 7: "Thou shalt love thy wife with all thy heart, and shall cleave unto her and none else; and he that looketh upon a woman to lust after her, shall deny the faith and shall not have the Spirit; and if he repents not he shall be cast out." She read section 111 on marriage, calling attention to the obligation each must take before being pronounced man and wife, viz.: "You both mutually agree to be each other's companion, husband and wife, observing the legal rights belonging to this condition; that is, keeping yourselves wholly for each other, and from all others, during your lives." Not until this promise is made will they be pronounced man and wife.

When she had finished she said, "You see what the teachings of the church are along these lines. If Joseph Smith was a bad man (which can not be proved), that does not affect the teachings. They remain unchanged and they, not Smith's life, are our standard."

"Tell us about the Book of Mormon, Eva," said Margaret. "The shower will not be over so that we can go to meeting this evening."

"This book contains an account of the people who formerly dwelt in this country," replied Eva. "It is a history or record kept by themselves and handed down from generation to generation. It also contains the gospel in its purity as delivered to them by Christ himself. For this reason it is a useful book for us to have, as it throws light upon many points which the Bible, after passing through so many hands, no longer treats upon with absolute plainness. But it is not to take the place of the Bible. It is to confirm its teachings."

"A book teaching the principles of the gospel with greater plainness would be of use just now, when there is so much confusion,

so many private interpretations of scripture," said Mr. Brown thoughtfully, "but we have no promise in the Bible of such a book, and I could not take stock in anything not sanctioned by scripture."

"I think, Uncle James, if you will have patience to listen to me I can show you that this very book is foretold in the Bible," said Eva eagerly.

"Well, go ahead," said her uncle. "I've been reading the Bible these forty years and I never saw any reference to the Book of Mormon. I would like to know where you find it."

"First read Genesis 48:16-20, where Israel was blessing Joseph's sons, Ephraim and Manasseh. Here we see that Joseph's descendants were to become a great people.

"Read the next chapter, verses 22 to 27, and we see the blessings to be given them; also Deuteronomy 33:13-17 describes the land they were to have. The little part assigned them in Palestine will not answer that description. No land so fully answers it as America.

"Not only was Ephraim to have a land but they were to have a book corresponding to that had by the Jews. Hosea 8:12 speaking of Ephraim says, 'I have written him the great things of my law, but they were counted as a strange thing.'

"Do you remember hearing the professor at school telling of a meeting he attended in a Jewish synagogue?" Eva asked, turning to her cousin. "He said the scriptures were in a long roll or stick, just as in Bible times, and they called it the 'stick of the law.' Now read Ezekiel 37, beginning with the fifteenth verse. Here the Lord says, 'Take one stick and write upon it, For Judah and for the children of Israel his companions, then take another stick and write upon it, For Joseph, the stick of Ephraim, and for all the house of Israel his companions.' The Lord says that when he takes the stick of Joseph in the hand of Ephraim and puts it with the stick of Judah, then will he prepare the way for the children of Israel to gather to their own land.

"We believe the 'stick of Judah' to be the Bible and the other to be the Book of Mormon. There seems strong proof that it is the Book of Mormon for when that book was placed with the Bible God began opening up the way for the Jews to gather home, just as he said he would.

"We have further proof in Isaiah 29. This speaks of a book to come forth at a time when there shall be no prophets nor seers, and says that shortly after its coming forth Lebanon is to be turned into a fruitful field. That this book was to contain the gospel is shown by the nineteenth verse, which says, 'The meek shall increase their joy in the Lord, those who err in spirit shall come to understanding and those who murmur learn doctrine.'

"Shortly after the Book of Mormon was published the former and latter rains were restored and Palestine is now a fertile land. The eighty-fifth Psalm also says when truth shall spring from the earth our land shall again yield her increase. In Joel 2:28 the

Lord promises after the rains are restored and the land once more fertile, that he will pour out spiritual gifts and blessings. I do of a surety know that these spiritual gifts are again upon the earth, but I will tell you of that another time.

"Now if the Bible is true, there must be a book to come forth, and since the time is already past, where is the book if it be not the Book of Mormon?"

"Is it at all strange," continued Eva, who had forgotten all shyness in her efforts to make the truth plain to her hearers, "is it at all strange, if certain of God's chosen people came to this country, that God would continue to speak to them here as well as in Palestine? And if he did so speak would not they be as likely to make a record of it as the Jews were?"

"Then you think there have been Hebrew people here in America," exclaimed Margaret.

"Yes," replied Eva. "There is plenty of proof of that from archæology. Most scholars admit that."

"Do you think the Indians are of Israelitish descent?" inquired Margaret.

"Yes, of the little colony that came out from Jerusalem there finally became two great nations, called the Nephite and the Lamanite. The Nephites, as long as they were obedient to God, were an intelligent people, highly favored of God, having many spiritual blessings.

"The Lamanites, because of their rebellion against God, were cursed with dark skins and became a savage, benighted people, and it is from them the Indians have descended."

"What became of the Nephites?" asked Alice, to whom anything relating to the Indians possessed a charm.

"They finally became very wicked, even after receiving so much light," said Eva, "and the Lamanites were permitted to destroy their nation about four hundred years after Christ's coming."

"Can you give any proof that the Indians are of the house of Israel?" asked Mrs. Brown. "That is a new idea to me."

"Yes, I have something along that line in my note-book. These statements were gathered from writings of those not of our faith, so it can not be said that they were prejudiced. First I will give you what the Book of Mormon teaches about this, then give the conclusions arrived at by eminent scholars who have made careful study and investigation along those lines. Then you may judge for yourself whether there is any foundation for the Book of Mormon statements.

"The book tells us that the first inhabitants of our country came here at the time of the dispersion at the Tower of Babel, when the people were scattered upon the face of all the earth. These became a great nation, occupying here about fifteen hundred years, and finally becoming extinct through civil wars.

"A second colony came here from Jerusalem about six hundred years before Christ. This colony consisted of Lehi and seven other men with their families, or eight men in all, and the book

says that four of these, the sons of Lehi, became the principal leaders, of whom the youngest was the greatest. Indian tradition tells us the same. In Brazil, Peru, Hayte, Bogota, Paraguay, Columbia, and Mexico, the tribes formed there all claimed to have descended from four brothers, or chiefs, the youngest being the greatest. The Navajos, Pawnees, Ottos, Chocktaws, and Iroquois claim to have sprung from eight ancestors. The Shawnees, Natchez, Virginians, Creeks, Algonkins, and Dakotas, from four. They claim that their birthplace was across the sea. The Book of Mormon says these early inhabitants were of light complexion, but that on account of rebellion against God the Lamanites were finally cursed with dark skins that they might not look pleasing to the people of Nephi, so that they would not mix with them. The book says they brought with them the sacred writings of the Jews, up to the time of Zedekiah, and including a few of Jeremiah's prophecies. Inscriptions have been found since the book was given to the world; these inscriptions proving that the dwellers here did have a knowledge of Moses and other Old Testament characters, the ten commandments, etc., and these are written in what scholars say is Hebrew of about the time of Ezra. Another proof of their descent is that Hebrew words are found in the Indian language, one scholar stating that five hundred words within his knowledge are like the Hebrew.

"The book says that the inhabitants were visited by Christ after his resurrection and were taught the gospel, thus harmonizing with John 10:16, where Christ speaks of other sheep who were to hear his voice.

"The traditions and customs found among the Indians indicate that they must have had, at some time, some knowledge, not only of the Mosaic law, but also of the gospel. The old Spanish fathers who first came here declared that the Devil had given the Indians an imitation of the gospel to destroy their souls. So the Spaniards destroyed most of the books found among the enlightened tribes of the south. These early explorers witnessed many rites much resembling those of Christianity, for the natives worshiped the Great Spirit, had high priests and prophets, practiced confession, absolution of sin, and baptism.

"They had religious feasts, one resembling the sacrament, bread and wine being distributed by the priests; another resembled the Jewish Passover; another the Feast of Tabernacles. They observed a jubilee year. They made offerings of the first-fruits and the best of everything. Some tribes practiced circumcision. The women were not allowed to worship with the men. Bathing and ablutions were a part of their religious observances.

"They have a tradition of a god born of a virgin. This god came to visit and teach them, and presently disappeared in some mysterious way, after promising to visit his people again in the future, but who has so long delayed his coming that they call him the 'cheat.' All of the tribes had traditions of him. Roger Williams mentions him as found among the New England Indians,

viz.: 'A man had wrought miracles among them with some kind of broken resemblance to the sonne of God.'

"Quetzalcoatl, as he was called in Mexico, was said to have been born of a virgin. 'He was of a white complexion, clothed in long white robes, and with a full beard.' In Kingsborough's Mexican Antiquities he is represented as a person crucified.

"Such was the impression made upon the natives by this person that even though so many centuries had elapsed since his appearance, the Aztecs thought he had returned when they first saw the Spaniards.

"The teachings of this god of their traditions were filled with loving kindness, the loftiest and purest of moral teachings and precepts. 'Nothing was wanting in them,' says a historian, 'but the name of God and Jesus Christ.'

"After the Nephites lost their identity as a nation, Moroni, who had charge of the sacred records, said he was about to hide them in the earth, as the Lamanites were seeking to destroy them.

"The Stockbridge Indians say they once had a sacred book which was finally hid in the earth. Other tribes also have a tradition of a sacred book, and that while they obeyed its teachings they were blessed and prospered in every way. And they also say that their fathers were possessed of an extraordinary divine spirit by which they foretold future events, and which they enjoyed only upon condition of their obedience to the commands they had received."

"That is really interesting," said Margaret, "I don't know where you learned so much. I believe I will have to go to studying."

"I am surprised at so much to verify the statements made in the Book of Mormon, and all of this evidence you say has been furnished by those not of your faith," said Mr. Brown.

"Yes, and there is much more that might be presented."

"I want to know more about the Book of Mormon," said Mrs. Brown; "what are its teachings? Doesn't it teach polygamy?"

"No, indeed," replied Eva, and taking her book she read,

"Behold, thus saith the Lord, This people begin to wax in iniquity: they understand not the scriptures: for they seek to excuse themselves in committing whoredoms, because of the things which were written concerning David and Solomon his son. Behold David and Solomon truly had many wives and concubines, which thing was abominable before me, saith the Lord, wherefore, thus saith the Lord, I have led this people forth out of the land of Jerusalem, by the power of mine arm, that I might raise up unto me a righteous branch from the fruit of the loins of Joseph. Wherefore, I, the Lord God, will not suffer that this people shall do like unto them of old. Wherefore, . . . hearken unto the word of the Lord: For there shall not any man among you have save it be one wife: and concubines he shall have none: For I the Lord God, delighteth in the chastity of women. Wherefore, this people shall keep my commandments, saith the Lord of hosts, or cursed be the land for their sakes.'

"There is no book in the world more positively condemning sin of every kind. It teaches us to believe in the one true God and in Jesus Christ his Son, and that there is no salvation except through obedience to his teachings."

"Well, I must say you have surprised me a good deal," said Mrs. Brown, after Eva had read several passages. "I have always supposed the Book of Mormon was something upholding sin. Have you read it through? Are you sure?"

"Yes, auntie, and I would like to have you read it and see for yourself."

"Good people," interrupted Margaret, "do you know it is eleven o'clock?"

"Well, I declare!" said Mr. Brown, in a surprised tone. "No minister ever kept me so interested that I forgot to go to bed. I must confess, little girl, that you have made quite an argument. I should think they would have you out preaching," he added jokingly.

But though he spoke lightly he was more interested than he cared to confess.

(To be continued.)



BLOWING BUBBLES.

Crimson and green and gold—
Look how the last one slips
From out the common pipe you hold
Between your laughing lips.

Mid-air, it sways and swings,
Drawn earthward from its place,
Yet, stayed, as though on unseen wings,
It drifts a little space.

See how your face is caught
There in the shining ball,
And like a vivid rainbow wrought
Are window, floor, and wall.

Strange: with a moment's breath,
You made a crystal world,
All color-spanned—above, beneath,
Flame-painted, shadow-pearled.

Strange: in a moment's breath,
Light-pinioned, downward set,
It breaks to spray; and underneath
Your watching face is wet.

Nay, little drooping lip,
Your bubbles burst in vain—
Look up and laugh; take pipe and dip,
And launch a world again!

—Nancy Byrd Turner, in *St. Nicholas*.

Editor's Corner

AUTUMN LEAVES is published monthly for the youth of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. Herald Publishing House, Lamoni, Iowa.

ELBERT A. SMITH, EDITOR, LAMONI, IOWA.

REMINISCENCES OF CHILDHOOD.

"Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy,
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!"



WE SELDOM fully appreciate any particular period of life until it is passed. Just as distance draws a purple veil over the hard inequalities of the mountain way and reveals only its soft, exquisite beauty, so does the passing of the years obscure our memory of the painful details of life while all that was pleasant takes on a new beauty. To-day is an artist who paints with the brush of a realist and often the picture is harsh and offensive; but To-morrow belongs to the romantic school and with the true skill of a master he gives the picture a few sure touches and it becomes a thing of beauty.

"The joys we share to-day, when they have flown
Into the past upon their shining wings,
Are not from out our power wholly gone,
But shall refresh us like deep hidden springs;
Treasured by memory in her picture hall,
Screened from the busy world of every day,
At lonely times, lo, at her magic call
They shall unfold and flood with light the way!"
—David H. Smith.

Memory often gives us back a day to which we gave little heed when it was with us, and so it is not lost, but each time we live it over it becomes more bright.

There were those days when I went out into the broad prairie fields, where the virgin sod had never been plowed and where fences and cultivated fields were unknown. Acres and acres stretched away purple with the wild sweet williams, or "pinks," as we called them; here and there was a white one, with a red center—a wonderful find! The sun shone pleasantly, the summer breezes ruffled the short prairie grasses in little waves that chased each other across the fields, ground-squirrels whistled shrilly here and there, bumble bees busied themselves with the wild pea blossoms, the low, distant horizon was a dreamy haze of undu-

lating heat, and—pshaw! why attempt to describe it? No one but a child ever saw such pictures and no one who ever saw them ever forgot them. But who thought then that those days would be sanctified and canonized?

Say, the toy-man and the candy-man make some very fine things, but God makes the day that is remembered!

It is said that “man made the city but God made the country”; and it is our opinion that the man who does not remember a great many boyhood days spent in the country has missed something that wealth can never buy.

Memory takes her unexpected flight from scene to scene without regard for connections; memory is also eminently personal. So our readers will pardon us if these reminiscences are both personal and disconnected.

My memory does not go back to the days spent in Nauvoo. They are a blank. The bank of the great river in our very doorway must have been an extremely interesting yet dangerous play-ground. The “traditions of our fathers” have preserved some of the events of those times. For instance, I often have been told how my cousin Don Alvin and I started out with the evident intention of wading across the mighty stream. We were playing with fate; but grown men do that, and like them I excused myself with the plea that “Stonnie told me to.”

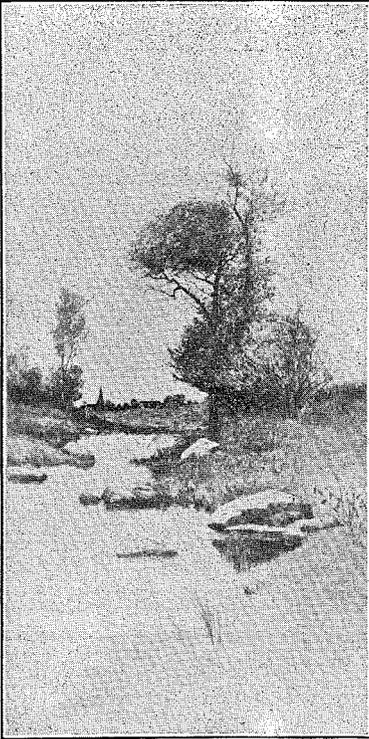
One day we were at considerable pains to liberate the old hen

and her brood. We saved ourselves by explaining that the old hen must have “kicked the steetin coop over.”

Old Major Bidamon also used to tell how we threw his hoe into the river at the foot of Main Street to see if it would float like the ducks did.

Poor Don! I hope that the disease which ate his life out in later years gave him back the care-free joy of childhood. We set out gaily enough together, but God alone knows the end of the road.

I do not remember any of the days spent at Plano, where my



“God makes the day that is remembered.”

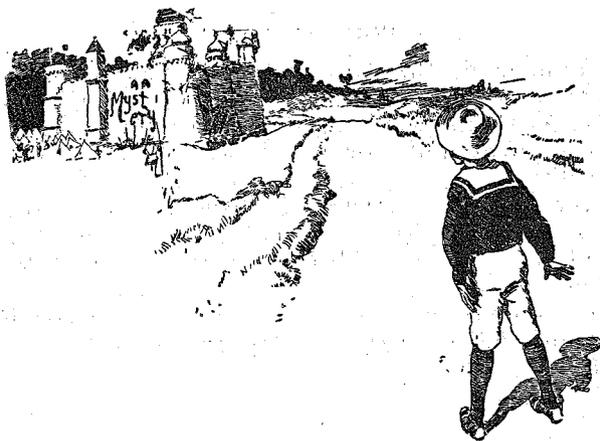
father was for a time on the editorial staff of the *Saints' Herald*.

I have not the pleasant recollections of a father's association which many cherish, because very early in my experience his active work in life was terminated by his unfortunate mental affliction. I have but one recollection of him, when he held me in his lap on a certain occasion; and even then the cloud had settled. But his paintings, his poems, his songs, and his pictures came into my possession and I was enabled to construct a personality that became very real and always remained young. He was the one ideal man. It was my dream that he would return and we would work together. Well, he did not return, but in a sense we have worked together.

He seems to have been a man of great capabilities. One tells me of his power as a preacher, another of his skill as a musician, a third admired his work as an artist, while his hymns are still sung in every prayer-meeting. He seemed always able to bestow those skillful finishing touches which raise every piece of work above the ordinary and give it originality—or was it that pure Spirit of Inspiration which was with him so constantly?

So it comes about that I always think of my father as a young man, just as we always think of his father as a young man.

The first events which I clearly recollect transpired in Sand-



"The boy comes into a world of which he is entirely ignorant. It is a world of mystery."

wich, Illinois, and one of these was connected with the giving of a promise when I was about four years old. I recollect that I was out by the front gate, drilling back and forth on the walk with a short stick in my mouth, giving an excellent imitation of some older people. Grandma Hartshorn found me there and inquired what the act was supposed to represent. "Smoking," was the reply. She then read me a long lecture on the evils of smoking and extracted a promise from me that I would never smoke.

The whole affair may seem absurd enough, but it is a fact that the promise was never forgotten and it was never broken.

What a strange experience it is to come into a world of which one is entirely ignorant; its language, ideas, and material things being absolutely unknown.

Every material thing must be looked at, touched, and if possible tasted. A bug or a worm must submit to the same process of analyzation that is applied to a lump of sugar; and it is the same primitive process that children used five thousand years ago. The five senses are still the main thoroughfares to the soul; and the child always prefers the direct route of personal experience.

Then there are the ideas, customs, and laws of a mature world to be learned and adopted. The child is ever prone to doubt and deny these and test their strength until he proves them false or else has been compelled to submit for the same reasons that compelled the adoption of those laws in the first instance.

This spirit of inquiry and revolt on the part of each new generation keeps the world young and breaks down old superstition and idle forms; even if it is trying to parents, teachers, and rulers, and often disastrous to the protestants.

(To be continued.)



CORRECTIONS.

The first number in the May AUTUMN LEAVES was a poem accompanying the picture of the "Dream Temple." The poem was entitled "A Meditation." Earnest Webbe was its author, but owing to an oversight, for which we apologize, he was not given due credit.

In the March number, article, "Experiences and observations of one of our patriarchs," page 98, paragraph 2, line 9, read conditions, instead of condition. Also paragraph 3, line 3, read blessings, instead of blessing.

In the May number, same article, page 205, paragraph 1, line 1, read great, instead of greater. Paragraph 3, line 1, read on, instead of one.

Daughters of Zion

Truer Parenthood, Better Children, Happier Homes, Purer Society.

CALLIE B. STEBBINS, Editor.

“A partnership with God is motherhood;
What strength, what purity, what self control,
What love, what wisdom, should belong to her,
Who helps God fashion an immortal soul.”

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WINSOME WOMANHOOD.

HAVE YOU read Mrs. Sangster's book, *Winsome Womanhood*? It is full of helpful thoughts, whether for “the girl in her teens, for the older woman bearing the responsibilities of middle life, or for her whose outlook is toward the setting sun.”

It has been truly said that “the name of Margaret E. Sangster stands in literature for ‘whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are lovely, and whatsoever things are of good report,’ and ‘if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise,’ her writings enable one ‘to think on these things.’”

If you have read *Winsome Womanhood*, you may be glad to be reminded of some of the good things found in it. If you have not done so, the extracts which follow may induce you to read it. This book would be an appropriate present for either mother or daughter.

“I have called the book ‘*Winsome Womanhood*’ because it is my firm belief that we are strongest as we are gentlest, that the ‘loving are the daring,’ and that the ideal Christian woman should be especially serene, tender, and full of charm. In the twentieth century, with Martha, she may be enterprising, busy, and efficient, but with Mary also, she shall find time to sit at the Master’s feet.”

“The reserves of girlhood are often an unfathomed sea. For no reason which she can explain, the young girl often withholds her thoughts and fancies from her parents, and folds herself in secrecy, like a rosebud not yet ready to bloom. It may be that her mother, who is her natural confidante, has been so busy and so cumbered that she has lost her hold upon her child, and when this occurs it is a deplorable misfortune. For a daughter’s first refuge should be her mother, her next best shield her father. . . . The two watchwords of her life are sympathy and freedom and she needs both in equal measure.”

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"It is well for our young girl if she form the habit of going every day by herself for a little quiet time, of reading her Bible and praying in the morning and at night. When a little girl she said her prayers as she was taught. Now she must enter the court of the Most High, and for her own soul's sake, confess her sins, ask grace to resist temptation and commune with her heavenly Father. No earthly love, no tenderness of parent or wisdom of preceptor can impart to her at this time the strength, the grace, and the beauty which will be hers as she seeks the throne of our ever blessed Immanuel and turns to him as Master and Friend. . . . Not merely a few hurried texts in the early morning, and a few verses at night when you are half asleep, but with a listening ear, and with a reverent eye, realizing that you are in God's presence and that he is speaking to you, read the divine word. Do not omit the Old Testament nor forget the New: the one is the following out of the other, and the two are interdependent. Do not read to criticise: come to the book as they who are thirsty come to a well, as they who are weary to a pillow, as they who are afraid to a refuge. Learn the Bible by heart, whole chapters of it, and be assured the day will come when the precious bits of truth will be to you as the fine gold and the fadeless gem. Choose where you will: the whole Bible is God's message to humanity and you can not read a single book without profit. Whatever other literature be noble, this is nobler; whatever else be full of sweetness and light, this book of God surpasses it. It is as a lamp on a dark night, as a book in the desert, as a flower in a fallow field, as a star in the sky."

"If the daughter of the house wishes to make herself still further useful in her day and generation, still further able to 'serve the present age,' let her take the beautiful series of lessons which the kindergartner finds prescribed for her, not that she may teach the babies, but that she may acquire the precision, the serenity, the matchless tact and the sweet winningness which distinguish and adorn the teachers of Froebel's system. A young woman will be the lovelier in society, the better fitted for her future responsibilities as they come one by one, for having taken a course at a kindergarten school."

"The home daughter who is not discontented with her lot, but on the contrary who is willing to accept her household, her people, and her quiet post of service as the one God meant for her, will not find time hanging heavily on her hands. There is much room for tillage in the home vineyard. No background ever stands for as much to the conscientious young woman. Nowhere else can she find so many occasions for that lending a hand which lightens every pack, and so bravely helps the fellow pilgrim along on his journey to the heavenly city."

"I am sometimes asked whether our young girls in business are not subjected to a variety of temptations and whether they are not peculiarly unprotected. My answer is that a young girl who

is preoccupied with her work is so impersonal in its exercise that she repels those who would offer insult, while the large majority of men with whom she associates do not think of her in her feminine character at all—they take her on her merits as a fellow worker. The young girl who flirts with men, her associates in business, or her contemporaries whom she meets on her way to and from her daily task, who looks conscious, jests openly, makes herself a sort of good fellow, or apes mannish attire and masculine manners, invites the unprincipled to forget her womanhood. She need not do these things, and as a rule, she does not do them. She is a girl working for her own living; she is a daughter or a sister, helping the dear ones at home; she has better things on hand than the silly gratification of being admired and complimented by men who are either brainless or heartless.”

(To be continued.)



APPLE BLOSSOMS.

The youngest class in the Sunday-school had just started the march to its own little room, when one of the foremost ones held back the line by stopping to reach for something under the seat. What was it she must have before the march could go on? Teachers and others were wondering. A penny dropped by some other child?

When she rose in her place, her dainty fingers held to view a little stem of apple blossoms. She moved forward with a look of unconscious pleasure, her face reflecting the delicate sweetness of the treasure she had found. Only a few saw the picture—so pretty that it filled with delight the heart of the one who was leading the line. She thought perhaps no one had caught it but herself. But glancing up she saw a smile light the face of a man who, too, was watching. He did not know he had been observed, but the smile seemed like a breath of apple blossoms. It might be hard to explain why, but is it not cause for gladness to know that hearts are tender to the touch of beauty—God-given beauty? There was beauty in the dear child's face and form just passing out of babyhood, beauty in her sweet unconsciousness, beauty in her love of flowers, beauty in the flowers themselves. Such little things! and yet they touched the soul of a man who is strong for the Master's work.

We sing with the children,

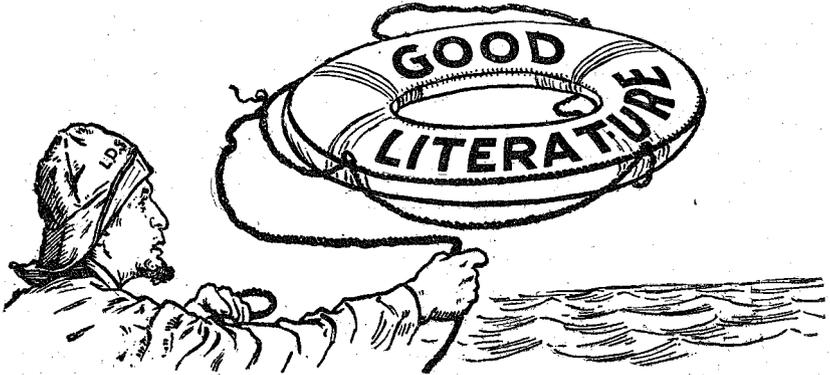
Jesus loved the birds and flowers;
“Jesus loved, Jesus loved; he loved and so do I.”

Jesus loved the children too, and when thoughts of him are mingled with thoughts of the beautiful things he loved, do they not open our hearts to his wonderful love so that with increasing depth of meaning in the words we can sing, “He loves and so do I”?

The Religio's Arena

ELBERT A. SMITH, Editor, Lamoni, Iowa.

THE PRINTED WORD.



RELIGIO WORKERS to-day have in the printed word an effectual instrument that was denied former day saints. They should not be slow to avail themselves of it in their work of salvation, for surely the Devil has not hesitated to use it as an instrument of damnation.

We can imagine how eagerly Paul would have sought the aid of the press had there been such in his day, that he might reach the multitudes who could not come to hear him thunder at Mars Hill. He who was all things to all men would surely have studied how he might best use another and a splendid avenue to human souls. He used well the means at his hand, and if other opportunities come to us they simply bring an added responsibility that we must bear if we wish to express the same satisfaction at the close of our work that was experienced by the great apostle when he neared the end.

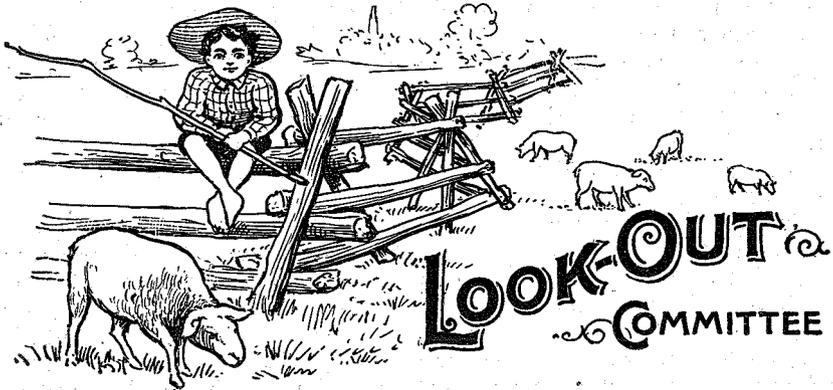
The Devil has used the printing-press almost constantly since its invention to scatter obscene, indecent, false, and worthless literature far and wide. He has worked it overtime since 1830 to damn and blacken the reputation of the restored church.

Shall we take the same instrument and make it the purveyor of clean, truthful, spiritual, profitable literature? Shall we use it in the work of setting ourselves right before the world? Shall we use it to convey hope and life to those who are for ever lost unless they shall be reached with the saving message?

Keen, studious, alert minds should formulate the message in a thousand attractive ways. It should be printed in a thousand attractive forms. The willing hands and feet of "good literature committees" everywhere should scatter it the world over.

EDITOR.

DUTIES OF THE LOOKOUT COMMITTEE.



In every organization there must be a system by which the work of that organization can be performed in a systematic and uniform way. When the Lord organized his church he gave each officer a certain specific work to do and no other officer was to interfere with the performance of the duty of that officer placed in charge of any certain line of work. The apostle then could not say to the deacon, "I have no need of you."

This grand church was so organized that each one has a duty to perform and the Lord spake to his servants and said, "Let every man learn his duty and continue in the office in which he is called."

The object of this paper is to show the object and work of the Lookout Committee, and as we have briefly pointed out the necessity of a perfect organization of the church of Christ so that each officer might know his duty and perform it with an eye single to the glory of God, it would also show or prove to us that in any organization for good that we should pattern as nearly as possible after that body which was made perfect by the infinite one.

Now to name all the duties of the lookout committee would far exceed the time that we have at our disposal, and additional wisdom would have to be given to the writer of this article to fully cover all the work that is or could be done by this important committee.

It may be said (and rightly, too,) that the success of the Religion depends largely on this committee. If you have a wide-awake lookout committee the success of your Religion is assured. We will now attempt to define the most important duty that comes to this committee to perform. First, the secretary is chairman of the committee, and by a careful examination of the record of the names enrolled as members of the society it can be found out who are regular in attendance at the sessions of the society. Those who do attend need but little attention given them by this com-

mittee, but those who absent themselves and do not attend should be visited and if possible find out why they have not attended.

Wisdom should be used upon visiting them so as not to injure the feelings of those whom it becomes necessary to visit. Let them know that you are interested in their welfare and that they are missed from the society; and if possible try to get them to attend every session. This is one of the most important duties to be performed by this committee, and also one of the most disagreeable. If you are able to persuade your brother or sister to attend you have done a work that may mean "eternal life" to him or her.

In every society there are some of this class that we have just referred to, and so if we are doing our duty we have always something to do; and if we are not doing our duty we are in as bad a condition as our brother who is also neglecting his duty.

The duty that is next in importance is to use your influence in getting the young to become interested in your society and to encourage those whom you think would make honorable and good helpers to enroll their names as members. The growth depends largely upon your efforts, and many times a member once enrolled on your books will take interest and become an active member, which he would not do if he was not affiliated with the body.

When a stranger attends any of your meetings it is your duty to make him feel "at home," and to do all you can to interest him in your work, and thereby cause him to have a desire to return. Too much stress can not be placed on this important work. Many times people who attend our meetings fail to even return because no attention is paid to them. The Lord sometimes moves upon people and causes them to have a desire to hear our work, and when they come into our midst, let us, who have been enlightened, try to give light and encouragement to those who are in darkness, whether within or without the fold of Christ.

If there is hardness between two members of the society, this committee should lend their aid to bring about a reconciliation between the offended parties. Of course it must be understood that this committee should not interfere with the officers placed in the church whose duty it is to regulate and do this work, but they should advise with those officers whom God has placed in his church for the benefit of that body.

We should also bear in mind that the work given us to do will not be performed by any other committee, so if we do not do the work allotted to us then that work will suffer as a result of our carelessness or from a non-performance of our duty. We may think that it is not worth doing. In answer to this let me say, How many of us can look down the stream of time and see and know all things? and when we think that no good will come it is simply presumption on our part as we do not know the good we may be doing.

If in our lifetime we save only one soul, should we not make the effort? and many souls may come to a knowledge of the truth

by our doing our duty. The Religio is one of the "helps" placed in the church for good, and the Lord has recognized it and the good it is doing, by speaking unto his servant and saying that he had "placed his seal upon it." So let us remember that when we are laboring in the Religio we are doing work that is pleasing unto our Master; and in conclusion, let us repeat the words of the poet,

"Arise, arise, why idly stand,
Why sit at ease with folded hands;
There is a work for you to do
No other one can do for you.
Arise and work though great or small,
For by our works we stand or fall."

SEATTLE, Washington.

SR. BLANCHE HENDERSON.



THE NEED OF A WISE CHOICE OF BOOKS.



When this subject was given me to write upon, my first impression was that the statement was so plain, so self-evident to every one, that further elucidation or explanation would be unnecessary, but I have almost concluded after thinking the matter over that the proposition must be too commonplace, that it has been stated so many times and reiterated so frequently that it must have lost its suggestive force; that the great truths lying back of the mere words must have lost their power to arouse us to action—or is it because we are retrograding in the scale of intelligence? our

faculties becoming less alert? our perceptive powers more inactive? We must each answer these questions for ourselves, after a critical, impartial, and unprejudiced examination.

All people everywhere, under all conditions, whether consciously or unconsciously, have an object in everything they do, in everything they say, and in every thought they think. This, of course, includes authors of books. Suppose the object of an author is to produce commercial books, that is, books which will have a ready sale and command a good price. Will he always write the truth, or will he seek to please the people from whom he expects to receive his revenue? Will he, like Dickens, unsparingly proclaim against the evils of the day, or will he, like a good many contemporary authors, put up some straw characters, assail them in one chapter and apologize in the next? We are told in the Scriptures that the world can not receive the Spirit of truth; and until people do receive the Spirit of truth, is it possible for them to have the right motives? Is it possible for them to proclaim sufficient truth to effect any permanent good? While Dickens by vividly portraying the enormities of British penal practices, finally succeeded in bringing about reform even in the circumlocution office, yet he did not pretend to point the way to a condition where prisons might be entirely abolished, because unnecessary. Other secular authors have failed in their mission, because they have sought to change conditions instead of going to the root of the matter and removing the cause of the conditions. If the thousands of books which have been printed each year upon one pretext or another, and the millions upon millions representing the grand total of the world's books, had been written with the sole object of teaching people obedience to law—all law—the millennium might now be about over and the earth nearly ready to enter into her glorious era of celestial existence.

In all our deliberations, all of our efforts to solve the problems of life, in all of our endeavors to understand the conditions existing in the world to-day, we must take into consideration as a basis of reasoning the spiritual forces. We must first develop that spiritual vision, that psychical insight or foresight which will enable us to penetrate the veil of materialism that shrouds the world in darkness, to look beyond the sordid, sensual, or carnal perversions of creation and behold the peaceable things of the kingdom, the forces which are operating, governing, and controlling the destinies of this old world of ours. There is only one way by which these faculties may be developed in any individual, whether he be a Milton, a Shakespeare, a Dante, or an Emerson, and that is by obedience to the gospel. If there is, the testimony of Jesus is false, our hope is vain, and we may as well eat, drink, and be merry.

I know I will be charged with narrowness for expressing these views, but do not condemn them unless you can prove them false, and I will tell you how to prove them. Seek the Lord in fasting and prayer for more of his Spirit, the Spirit of truth, the intelli-

gence of God (they are all synonymous) and I will assure you that just in proportion as this increases in your soul, the desire to read secular books will decrease, except as incidental in your education. In other words, we will make the question of eternal life paramount and all we read will be for the one purpose of making that happy culmination more secure, more certain. After having planted in our hearts the seed of truth, then to learn the art of sublime expression, to give form and color and name to the inspirational emotions that swell our bosoms and expand our souls, we may read Milton and Shakespeare; if to describe the condition of the sinner read Dante, if to learn how near the wisdom of man can come to finding out God and of the depths of human inspiration, read the philosophy of Emerson—most of the other authors have simply said what these great men have said, only in different ways. But I want to again emphasize the fact that we should always get our inspiration as direct as possible and then we may employ these masters to teach us the technique of our education. The same rule applies to purely technical or scientific books. These also must be judged by the only safe standard, "that which is written," and if they agree not with these, it is because there is no light in them.

Sometimes, of course, it is pretty hard for us to separate the wheat from the chaff, because there is a certain brilliancy employed by the wisdom of the world which dazzles the novice—there is a profundity of reasoning which tends to mystify and to dull clearness of discrimination. So my advice would be to first become thoroughly familiar with the scriptures, the word of God, the rod of iron—make them a very part of our being by the help and enlightenment of the Holy Spirit, which leads and guides into all truth, and then we can read anything else we want to; but I am sure that we will never be led to read the prolific productions of Mary J. Holmes, Bertha Thorne, N. Rider Haggard, M. Zola, Balzac, the Duchess, and hundreds more who have written for revenue only.

Amid the great sea of secular books, expressing for the most part but fragments of truth amongst a cloud of error, speaking in all the languages of modern Babel, all opposed more or less aggressively to the gospel of peace, there is certainly a very great need of a wise choice being made, and I know of but one source from which wisdom comes—the inspiration of the Almighty. We should be even more careful in selecting our book friends than our personal friends, because if we should make a bad selection of an associate there is always the possibility that we can reform an individual, but a book never. A bad book corrupts its hundreds of thousands where a bad person at the most can influence only a few.

J. F. RUDD.



THE JUNIOR CLASS.

Editor Arena: Dear Brother—I wish to tell my experience in getting the "little tots" and young children interested in the Book of Mormon. Before leaving Condon, I had charge of the pri-

many class at Religio, consisting of children from three to twelve years of age.

We began with the Jaredites and told the story, part by part. There was the "burning stone," which was just as interesting as the "burning bush"; the gathering of seed was also interesting; the rebuke by the sea contained a good lesson; and so on, until we came to the destruction of the people because of their disobedience. About two lessons were all that we gave to their wars and contentions.

Then it was very easy to take them to the land of Palestine, to Lehi and his people.

I never taught a class before that gave me the satisfaction and pleasure that class did.

At the close of each lesson I would tell them what the next lesson would be about, and nearly always they would want me to tell them right then; and some of the older ones not wanting to wait would ask me where to find it so they could read it at home.

It was also satisfying and surprising to see how well they remembered the stories and could join them together and give a short history of the people.

I believe the same plan is being followed there still with marked success.

I think it would be nice if we could have a book of lessons prepared along that line similar to the Sunday-school primary lessons.

It would be nice, not only for the little ones, but also for those just beginning in the book.

I have heard so many say they could not get the history of the book straight in their minds. We have tried the *Quarterlies* twice in the Religio at Condon, but with poor success, as they are too far advanced for the majority.

I think the normal course now beginning in AUTUMN LEAVES is a good idea.

I hope others will try the plan I have been trying to explain, and meet with the success that we did.

Yours for the advancement of knowledge and truth,
(SR.) O. W. PROPST.



□ THE NORMAL WORK.

Bro. Walter W. Smith expects to begin the preparation of a new course of normal lessons to be published in "The Arena." Probably the first number will appear in the July number. He writes the editors as follows:

"I will not be able to do anything with the Normal Lessons for probably ten days. I send you one of our leaflets on teacher-training work and you may use as much of it as you have room for in announcing the normal work. We have a class of twenty already in Philadelphia; one at First Kansas City, Missouri, Branch; one at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, numbering twelve mem-

bers; one at Holden, Missouri; and I will do something in the way of introducing the work at Elk Mills, Maryland, Saturday, May 17, when the Sunday-school and Religio conventions meet. We want all the Religio workers to take the Bible study first and then the Book of Mormon study for second year's work. This you may say in your announcement of it."

The leaflet referred to in this letter is both interesting and instructive and we reprint most of it, as follows:

"The greatness of the teacher's work calls for thorough preparation of both heart and mind. Officers of both locals and schools tell us the greatest weakness of the work is the lack of competent teachers. The teacher-training work is being introduced to overcome this weakness. The best teachers we have feel the need of better equipment for their work, while the poorly prepared find themselves wholly unfitted, because of the lack of help of this kind.

"The church ministry can by this study be equipped to properly encourage the efforts of the members in their endeavors.

"The majority of present teachers being unable to go away to schools where the training is afforded, they are enabled to use this department to acquire the fuller equipment afforded in these courses of study.

"Because they are a part of the Sunday-school a class of these prospective teachers can be easily maintained, and thus contribute toward making the teacher-training work permanent.

"It is perhaps needless to urge the necessity of officers taking this course of study, for without it how could such officers judge the competency of teachers or with what propriety could they urge the members to be interested or enrolled in this movement?

"There is no time limit; the course for diploma is usually covered in one year; some may desire to do the work in less time.

"The first course is comprehensive enough to cover the demands that are immediately pressing, and at the same time so easy that the student will find encouragement in pursuing it. The following will indicate the ground to be covered.

"1. A course in the Bible—Its structure, its history, its geography, its biography, its institutions, its evidences and literature.

"2. A course in Sunday-school organization, management, etc.

"3. A course in elementary psychology.

"4. A course in Sunday-school pedagogy.

"The text-book adopted by the department is Hurlbut's Revised Normal Lessons. This book may be obtained at either the *Herald* or *Ensign* Office at the cost of thirty cents paper covers, or forty-five cents cloth binding, postpaid. This is an outline intended to help one to study the Bible itself. It deals only with the history, geography, and construction of the Bible, leaving the matter of doctrine to the church and the ministry. Besides this the study of the Constitution and By-laws of the Sunday-school Association is required in connection with the chapters on Sunday-school. The reading of other books is not required in the course of study, but it will be found very helpful.

"It is very important that all students undertake the work with a view to graduation.

"As soon as the class has been organized inform the normal superintendent that he may send you an enrollment blank. This should be filled out and returned that the names may be entered on the normal department record.

"Examinations are given in three parts. Examination paper No. 1 covers lessons 1-10, paper No. 2 lessons 11-22, and paper No. 3 lessons 23-40.

"Upon application examination blanks will be sent, and after they have been filled out they should be returned promptly to the normal superintendent for examination and marking; seventy per cent is the passing grade.

"When the first course has been successfully completed, the student will receive a diploma signed by the normal superintendent, the president, and secretary of Zion's Religio-Literary Society, and the superintendent and secretary of the Sunday-school Association. A charge of twenty-five cents will be made to cover the expense of the diploma, mailing and so forth.

"Let some one interested in the work call the Religio and Sunday-school workers together and let a leader or teacher be appointed; this need not be either the president or superintendent, but some one who will look after the interests of the training work, then order the books and begin the study. As you progress let the superintendent know of your work, by application for enrollment blank.

"Address all communications to the Superintendent of the Normal Department, W. N. Robinson, 1335 West Electric Street, Independence, Missouri."



APPLIED SCIENCE.

I have some new ideas for my gardening this year;
I cultivate the corn by reading Browning in its ear,
And when the trees need pruning, my surgeon, Doctor Simms,
Injects an anæsthetic, and then amputates their limbs.

I'd have an expert dentist attend my garden rake,
If any of its teeth should ever chance to break.

My scientific methods need cause you no surprise
Should I tell you that an-occulist treats my potatoes' eyes.

—Mary Street.



THE LIBRARY COMMISSION REPORT.

Special Notice to Branch and Religio Presidents and Sunday-school Superintendents.

At the fifty-fourth General Conference of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, which convened at Lamoni, Iowa, on Friday, April 6, 1907, upon recommendation of the "First Presidency," a Library Committee was appointed to meet with similar committees, appointed by the General Sunday-school Association, and Zion's Religio Literary Society.

The purpose of those committees was to formulate ways and means by which the literary departments of the three separate organizations could be brought together under one general head, thereby avoiding the duplicating of effort in the establishing of libraries in the branches, districts, stakes, and in general organizations.

This joint committee chose three general officers: E. A. Blakeslee, from the church, E. H. Fisher, from the Sunday-school, and S. A. Burgess, from the Religio, and appointed them a Library Commission, with full power to put into operation, as soon as practicable, the plans for the consolidation of the library interests of the church.

It has been the experience of those engaged in library work in the different departments of the church, that the library departments of the branch, Sunday-school, and Religio have in many places worked at cross purposes and to great disadvantages, by reason of having three separate libraries.

The object of this movement is for the betterment of this department by the consolidation and unification of all our library interests, thus doing away with unnecessary duplications, either in the selection of books, or in the election of officers, and the bringing of the local libraries into closer touch with general library of the church.

In harmony with foregoing, the commission urges that in every branch, the church, Sunday-school, and Religio, each call a separate business-meeting, and choose, on account of his special fitness or adaptability for the library work, one committeeman, and these three appointees constitute the Library Board, having full power and authority to appoint a librarian and his assistants, to raise money, to purchase books, and to do such work as will further the library interests in the local branch.

At the meeting of the district organization of these societies, they will select a library committeman from each of these societies. These three shall act as a library board for the district, and appoint a librarian and assistants, who shall look after the general library interests of the districts and receive the reports from the local boards.

A choice list of library books will be published, and upon request a duplicate list will be sent with instructions as to how and where they may be purchased at the lowest library rates.

It is desired by the library commission that reports be sent in from the branches as soon as any definite work is done towards the consolidation of the library interests. If we can be of any service to you in settling any difficulties that may arise, we shall be pleased to hear from you.

All communication should be addressed to the Secretary, E. H. Fisher, 100 Sycamore Street, Somerville, Massachusetts.

E. A. BLAKESLEE,
E. H. FISHER,
S. A. BURGESS,
Commission.

CONVENTION NOTICE.

London District Religio association will convene at Cedar Valley, Ontario, 2 p. m., June 13, 1907. Credential committee will be appointed prior to convention, so please send credentials to James Pycock, Humber Bay, Ontario, before June 10. We request a large attendance to take part in an instructive program.

FLORALICE MILLER, President.
JAMES PYCOCK, Secretary.



NEWS FROM THE SOCIETIES.

San Francisco, California.—With a sensibility of both duty and pleasure, we express ourself in this column. All correspondents feel it their duty, but do they always sense it as a pleasure? Those of a prosperous Religio certainly do. They are proud of the “best gifts” which are recognized in a prosperous society. It has been said by some that they do not write because of the lack of progress; but taking the Religio work in a broader sense and comparing each local with the member of a family where love is a predominating quality, should there be any hesitation? Would we not rather expect spiritual assistance both from our own local and those abroad, than uncharitable criticism, if we impart our real condition and needs?

The prosperity of our local is not altogether based upon a great enrollment nor the amount of youthful talent among us, but such as we have are impelled by a spirit of love, unity, zeal, earnestness in the study of the Book of Mormon, and a delight in parts taken on the program. We appreciate the normal course given by the general vice-president. Bro. and Sr. Lawn make this a very interesting and instructive part of the program. Our president, who is out of the city on a much-deserved vacation, has shown her earnestness by her works.

Industrial strife prevalent in our city makes conditions inconvenient and disagreeable. We think San Francisco is getting her share of the “judgments.” Methinks I can see “Onward and Upward” as a part of the ensign which shall continue to wave above the commotion “when the fullness of His wrath cometh on them when they are ripened in iniquity.” In this we joy.

A. C. H.

Second Kansas City.—Our society feels very much encouraged at present over the prospects of our new building that is being erected. We are trying to put forth our very best efforts to help it along. We donate one night's collection each month to the building fund.

We were pleased to know the collection at the corner-stone laying amounted to one hundred and fifteen dollars, and we hope,

by the aid of the different Religio societies, to be able to add much more to this fund.

A crowd of our young people were invited to render music at the Third Kansas City local. This we willingly did, as they are only a few in number, and our assistance seemed to encourage them.

We are glad to note the interest taken of late in the lessons of our junior members.

We were happily surprised last Wednesday, May 8, by two of our former Religians, Sr. Cora Moneymaker and Bro. Walter Criley, taking upon themselves "Hyman's yoke." We extend to them our many congratulations.

GRACE FALER.

2348 Belleview, KANSAS CITY, Missouri.

Fall River, Massachusetts.—Our local is progressing favorably. Our vice-president of but eighteen summers has recently been called to the office of priest; the word of the Lord in his behalf was, that the Lord would make him mighty, that his voice should be heard as thunder in proclaiming the gospel to the people. Our secretary, who is also young in the work, was called to the office of deacon.

(MRS.) HATTIE HOWLETT.

Lamoni, Iowa.—The Religio has gained in membership since the first of the year. A good interest is shown by the members.

The executive officers of the Religio, also of the Sunday-school, have met with the presiding officers of the branch, usually about once a month, that they may work in harmony for the good of all. This tends to draw the two auxiliary societies closer to the branch, causing greater interest among the members.

CORRESPONDENT.

St. Louis, Missouri.—The auditing committee had charge of a good program April 5. Prayer-service the second week of the month was well attended.

A nice program was held after our lesson study, April 19, in charge of the sunshine committee. The "Indefinite," edited by Srs. Grace Anderson and Maude Master, was also read on the same evening, and contained many items of interest. The vice-president of the district gave us a talk on district work at the close of the meeting.

The program rendered by the music committee April 26 was good. Besides the musical part the serial story was read, (arranged and read by Sr. Florence Burgess, who will conclude it next month). It has been very interesting indeed, and the different authors are to be commended for the manner in which they have connected the story, and the style of writing shows their literary talent.

We are enjoying the lesson study of this quarter very much.

(MISS) E. M. PATTERSON.

Plymouth, Massachusetts.—We are pleased to report the Religio work to be looking up here. The faithfulness of some is to be commended; and the unfaithfulness of some to be deplored. The

past winter has not found our social committee as active as we think it should have been. We have now residing with us our former president and present district president, Bro. Alma Nickerson, whose helpful influence is already felt in our local society. The matter of a library is now occupying our attention in special business-meetings appointed for that purpose. In the past we have been at a loss to fill up the musical parts of the programs that are now very ably taken care of by Bro. Charles Douglas, Jr. Our report would not be complete without mentioning the fact that no small part of our success is due to our efficient president, Sr. Florence Nickerson.

B. W. L.

Atchison, Kansas.—Our local was organized last October with only fifteen members. We now have thirty-three names enrolled, and the interest seems to increase with both old and young. We do not go to Religio to entertain, or to be entertained; but we go to study and to learn, and the time is all too short for the lesson. Our program usually consists of papers on archæology or ancient history, or a paper on our favorite Book of Mormon character—always something bearing on the lesson. We started with three classes, but now we have five; our latest being a primary class. The little tots were in the habit of going to sleep, but with some one to tell them the lesson story, they stay awake and seem quite interested, and who can tell what fruit will be gathered in future years from the seed sown in their young minds?

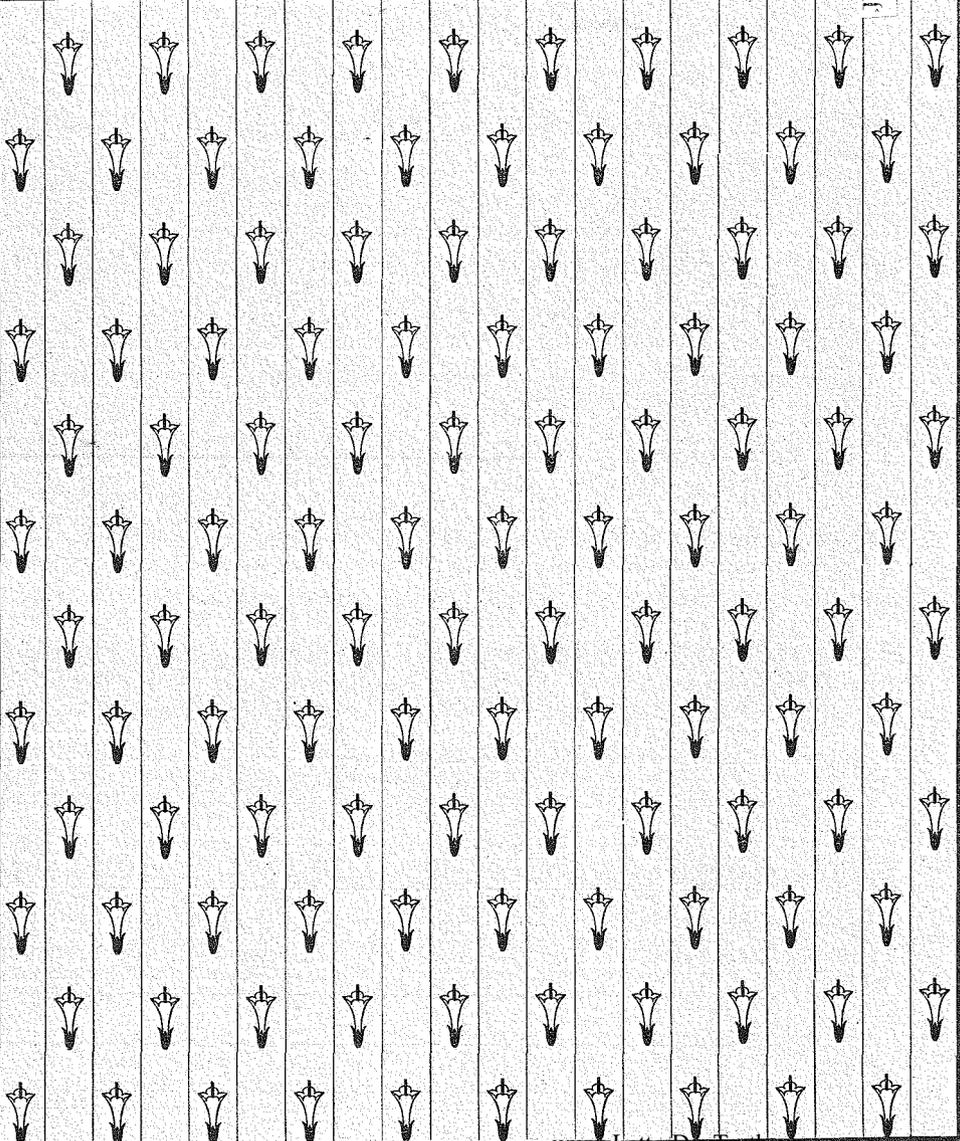
Our president, Sr. Flo McNichols, has a way of getting every member to work. She began by asking different ones to write a paper, or sing a solo, or give a map talk, but so often met with pleadings of inability that she decided to change her tactics. So now each meeting she announces the program for the following week and says, "Sr. _____ will give us a paper on _____" (naming subject) or "Bro. _____ will tell us what he can concerning _____" (naming some historical event) "and we will have a solo by _____" (naming the one expected to sing), and she finds it works much better, for every one will try to do what is required; and by so doing the older ones are learning to have more confidence in themselves, and the young are gaining ability and knowledge that will fit them for future work in the church; for they will learn to think quickly and to express themselves intelligently, and they will lose that self-consciousness that is such a hindrance to those not accustomed to speaking in public. As a branch, those of the members who attend feel that the Religio is an awakener, and we are beginning to realize something of what we have lost by not organizing a Religio long ago.

ELMIRA MILLER.

AUTUMN LEAVES

JULY, 1907

J. C. Danielson



AUTUMN LEAVES

ELBERT A. SMITH, Editor

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Photo by Stella and Lyman Wight.

THE WOODLAND PATH

AUTUMN LEAVES

VOLUME 20

JULY, 1907

NUMBER 7



THE WOODLAND PATH.

BY DAVID H. SMITH.

ADOWN the woodland path, at break of day, I love to roam,
To brush the dewdrops from the fresh, green grass;
To hear the wild bird singing in his cool and shady home,
And watch the painted moths and butterflies go past.
The minnows dart along the stream,
And in the golden sunlight gleam;
The distant hills are hazy like a dream;
And all is fair, adown the woodland path.

In every nook some sight of beauty wakes a tender thought;
Some flower blooming by some old gray stone;
Or tiny bird's nest with abundant skill and labor wrought;
Or faithful shadow over shining waters thrown.
The thickets darkly dense and still,
Where scarce the slender vine leaves thrill;—
Unbend, O, brow! and sad heart, take thy fill
Of rest, beside the lonely woodland path.

O, bend above me, honeysuckle, blooming in the wood;
And breathe upon my face thou low, sad wind;
Whose gentle cadences will do my weary spirit good,
While care and toil, a moment enter not my mind.
The forest brings to me a balm;
Its moving gives my soul a calm;
As if the Spirit of the great I AM,
Came to me, while I roam the woodland path.



AN INSTRUMENT IN HIS HANDS.—PART III.

BY MARY LELAND CARTER.

SEVERAL DAYS passed uneventfully. Little opportunity was given Eva to talk of the subject nearest her heart, but she improved every spare moment to study. She was eager to learn more of the gospel and to become able to present it to others more clearly. For a long time she had been investigating; seeking to know the truth for herself. Nearly a year before that, while traveling, some one had handed her a tract entitled Creed Making. Reading at first from curiosity, her interest was soon aroused and she read with eagerness. This little book was read by her several times, and finally, using the address on the book, she had sent to the

publishing house for a list of publications and was soon hungrily seeking to know more and yet more of the word of life.

A few weeks before this to her great delight an elder had come to the little town where she was teaching, and gladly had she been baptized. This had created quite a stir and, as we have seen, caused her to lose her place as teacher.

Though wondering at times where she should go and what she should do next, Eva sought to cast all anxiety from her mind and trust all with the Lord. Meanwhile she decided to remain for a few weeks with her uncle's family, as they so much desired that she should.

Until the death of her parents, this community had been Eva's home and she had here many friends. Among them was one who had sought to be more than friend. He was a church-member, and bore the name of being an upright and honorable young man; but although Eva felt a strong friendship for him she had hesitated, and when he had eagerly pressed his suit she had put him off for a time, feeling that she did not know her own heart.

He had been away for a time, but was now coming home, and the time was drawing near when she had promised to give him a decisive answer. They had not corresponded, as Eva had wished to prove whether their affection for each other was strong enough to survive an entire separation. This had resulted on her part in inclining her heart more to him. Absence and memory had perhaps clothed him with virtues he did not possess. Also her recent experiences had made her long for a home and for some one to protect and shield her that she would no more have to go out teaching or working and have to endure all manner of treatment on account of her faith. But she realized the step she had taken might make a difference in his feelings toward her, also in her duty.

One day while praying for guidance there came clearly before her what her life would be if yoked to an unbeliever. She saw what a lack of sympathy there must be under those conditions, with a husband disbelieving, perhaps ridiculing and working against all that she held most sacred; and even if he should make no opposition yet indifference on his part would tend to make her indifferent too. She saw how difficult it would be to maintain her own interest and be active in helping on the work under those conditions.

"I dare not risk it," she thought.

"But perhaps he will be glad to listen to the gospel," Hope whispered to her.

A few days later Ralph Brown arrived home. Almost the first words with which his sister greeted him were, "Eva Harvey has turned Mormon."

"What!" he almost shouted.

"Yes, son," said his mother, "it is true. One of those elders was there in M—— and he somehow blinded her, and got her

into their hands. Where it will all end I don't know, nor what the results will be for her."

"That ends it all," he thought, angrily, as he went to his room.

But his anger was of short duration as the thought of Eva and her pure, sweet face rose before him.

"I can soon talk her out of it," he thought, "though I don't know when people will forget the disgrace."

His pride was hurt and he did not go to see Eva that night, as he had planned. But the next day his longing to see her overpowered his fear that people would know he had been to see a "Mormon."

As Eva came into the room it seemed to him that she had never looked so charming before. His heart beat fast and the harsh speeches he had planned were forgotten in the longing to take her in his arms and call her his own.

Their greeting, however, was somewhat cold and constrained as each felt some embarrassment. They were soon chatting busily of his trip, the weather, her school, almost everything but the subject uppermost in the thoughts of each.

Presently a silence fell between them, broken finally by Ralph, who said with some effort, "What is all this they tell me about you, Eva? It is not true, is it?"

"I don't know what you may have heard," replied Eva. "I understand there are stories very far from true going through the neighborhood, as to what I have done and why I did it. I have done nothing more serious than to unite with the church which I believe to be the true church of Christ, the only one on earth in perfect harmony in organization, faith, and doctrine with the church organized by Christ and his inspired apostles."

"In perfect harmony with the church of Christ!" he exclaimed. "Eva, the idea! A church with Joe Smith as its head, polygamy one of its most popular doctrines!"

"But that is not true," she began eagerly, "Polygamy has never been one of the doctrines"——

"Oh, but it has, and is," he interrupted. "I don't know what fine stories they have been telling you, but I know, and I don't see how you can help knowing that they both teach and practice polygamy."

"Ralph, you are getting the churches confused. The church that does those things is not the one I am a member of. I belong to the Reorganized Church. The two are entirely separate organizations. When Joseph Smith was killed that left the church without any leader. Brigham Young usurped the place of authority and taking those whom he could get to follow him went to Utah with them. He baptized them over, and he was the one who started polygamy, the Adam-god theory, and all those things. After a while those who had remained true to their first teachings, refusing to follow Young, were reorganized, and it is to that body that I belong. Their teachings are, and always have been pure and good. They are the teachings of Christ."

"Perhaps they tell you these things, Eva, but it is only to blind your eyes. It is only their trick to catch those whom they could not reach if the faith were shown as it is. They really are one and the same thing. You had better give it all up, for it is a delusion. Come, I have been around the world more than you; can't you take my word for it?" he asked, taking her hand.

"I certainly can not," she said. "We are commanded to prove all things and hold fast that which is good, and that is just what I shall do."

"It is just what you are *not* doing," he said, rather impatiently, "Don't you know, Eva, what they want of you? They will get you into some trap."

"Oh, Ralph, you don't understand," she said sadly, "let me explain it all to you."

"No, I will not," he said. "I know more now than I wish I did. The name alone would have been enough to know. I know, too, that they have blinded the dearest girl in the world. You will see it some time and thank me for this plain speaking. But let's not talk of it any more now, I want to talk of something more interesting. Are you ready now to tell me I need not wait any longer for my girl?"

"Do you still want me, Ralph, now that I am a Latter Day Saint?"

"Oh, you will soon give that up," he said confidently, "my Eva is too sensible a girl to long be blinded. Yes, I do want you. I know it will be some time before this is forgotten and you as well thought of as of old; but I am willing to bear that," he added, with as he thought, great generosity.

"No, Ralph, I shall never give it up," she replied, slowly, "and we could never be happy together not being in full sympathy."

Just at that moment the others entered the room and the conversation became general. Shortly afterward Ralph took his leave. He was not very much discouraged by Eva's reply for he was, it must be confessed, inclined to think rather highly of himself and his powers. He had seen her face light up with pleasure at his coming and he could not believe she would long refuse to listen to his pleadings, and to be guided by his superior wisdom.

As for Eva, she realized that the friend she had been picturing to herself these past weeks did not exist after all, that she had not been thinking of Ralph as he really was. She knew now that he could never satisfy her heart.

"Poor Ralph," she said to herself, "how faithful he has been to me ever since we were little tots, and now I must disappoint him."

She felt sad at this, and a great wave of loneliness swept over her as she thought how father, mother, and home were gone, her only brother vexed with her, most of her friends looking down upon her, regarding her out of her senses or even worse, her school that was her pride and delight taken from her, and now she must give up the friend that, half unconsciously, she had been depending upon so much.

"What if I am mistaken after all," she thought. It did not seem reasonable that she had found the truth which all the wise doctors with their wisdom had failed to find, as they must have failed if what she had found was true.

"How presumptuous I have been," she felt. Then the way being opened, one doubt after another crept in, and she lay through the long hours of the night, perplexed and unhappy. At times she tried to pray, but all seemed darkness. Finally she fell to reviewing the past, living over again those weeks when she had sought so earnestly for the right path, and the many, many times that she had lifted her heart in prayer to her heavenly Father not to let her be deceived, but not to let her reject anything that was his truth.

The thought that God has promised wisdom to those who ask it came to her mind. She knew she had asked guidance with an honest heart and a full determination to do God's will if she could but learn it. She knew that she had taken each article of the Latter Day Saint faith to the Bible, that she had found each one in perfect harmony with the teachings contained therein. She had also measured other churches by the same standard and had found them wanting.

"Oh, how foolish I have been to have a doubt," she began to feel. "Why be moved because the wisest and best educated fail to teach this way. The Bible says man by his wisdom can not find out God. It is only by the aid of the Holy Spirit that we can know him, and that is given only to those who are obedient to the commandments. Any amount of learning can not take the place of that. 'If any man will do his will he shall know of the doctrine.'"

Creeping quietly out of bed, that she might not disturb Margaret, she knelt in prayer, seeking forgiveness for her hours of doubt, asking help that she might become stronger, and that she might be able to keep a straight course whatever pressure might be brought to bear upon her and however difficult and lonely the path at times might seem.

She arose from her knees comforted and strengthened, and as it was already daylight, a beautiful June morning, she dressed and taking her Bible went down by the brook to her favorite seat under an old oak-tree. Here she spent an hour reading, praying, and enjoying the peace and beauty of all about her. Here she found the rest the night had failed to bring, and returned to the house refreshed and cheerful, with a joy in her heart deeper, it seemed to her, than she had ever felt before.

Before the day was over she had reason to be glad for the quiet time for it proved to be a very trying day.

Going to church her friends had greeted her with much coldness. Especially Mrs. Brown and her daughter seemed to take pains to make her feel the weight of their displeasure, for though they had long hoped to receive her some day into their family,

they now felt such a thing to be particularly undesirable, and were using their influence to try to turn Ralph from her.

Ralph himself greeted her rather distantly and did not offer to accompany her home as had been his custom formerly. This, however, was somewhat of a relief to Eva. She knew now there could be nothing but friendship between them, and felt, though she shrank from it, that she must take the earliest opportunity to have this understood by him.

Sunday afternoon her father's sister, living in an adjoining town, drove over. She was a rather stern, harsh woman, and Eva had never quite gotten over her childish fear of her. So now it was with a little feeling of dread that she greeted her aunt.

"Well, Eva Harvey, I must say you have done a pretty thing now," Mrs. Adams at once began. "To think of your father's daughter, my own niece, to be so lacking in sense! Why, you are a disgrace to the family!"

"I don't see, James, what you keep her here for," she went on, turning to Mr. Brown, "but I dare say that you even encourage her in it. That would be just like you, for you are always that easy."

"I certainly shall not discourage her in doing what she believes to be right," said Mr. Brown, with dignity, "even though I may think she is mistaken, but I shall try with kindness to reason with her and show her that she has made a mistake; I might further add that whenever I have attempted to do this, I, myself, have learned much of good. Come, Martha, don't be hard on the girl. Remember, truth is truth wherever found."

Eva felt grateful to her uncle for his kind words and her heart was filled with joy to think he was willing to admit truth as soon as he saw it.

So she listened patiently to her aunt's talk, trying at times to make some defense of her faith and people, but finding little opportunity.

It was a relief to all when Mrs. Adams finally drove away.

It was now time to go to the evening meeting and Eva realized with disappointment that there would not be the good opportunity for talk that she had enjoyed the previous Sunday.

Little had been said during the week but Eva had several times seen her uncle reading the Book of Mormon, and she had noticed that when about his work he had seemed preoccupied as though his thoughts were busy upon something else. Margaret seemed to avoid the subject entirely, but Eva, on entering the room unexpectedly, had twice found her reading some of her tracts.

One evening, as the family were all assembled in the sitting-room where the girls had been having some music, Mr. Brown said suddenly, "Well, Eva, I have read considerable in your Book of Mormon and must confess that it teaches nothing but good. It is an altogether different book from what I imagined. It certainly is impossible for a young lad, uneducated as we know Smith was, to have written a book like that. I am a little inclined, though,

to think the story of its being written by that clergyman, or at least founded upon his story of the lost tribes, is true."

"Why, uncle, if Mr. Spalding had written it do you think he would have filled it with a doctrine so unlike his own belief? And as to its being taken in substance from that story he wrote I have positive proof that it was not, for that missing manuscript has come to light. There is no doubt about its being the very one Solomon Spalding wrote. This manuscript is now held by Oberlin College, Ohio, and a certified copy can be procured at our publishing house and a comparison made.

"The late Professor James H. Fairchild, so long president of Oberlin College, states that he has compared this story with the Book of Mormon and that there is no resemblance between the two, in general or in detail. He says, 'Some other explanation of the origin of the Book of Mormon must be found, if any explanation is required.'"

"Well, supposing the book is true, of what use is it if one lives up to the Bible teachings?"

"Perhaps in one sense it might not be necessary, if as you say, we live up to the Bible teachings, for it teaches no doctrine contrary to the Bible or not found in it," Eva replied; then asked, "What do you think, uncle, about this that they call higher criticism?"

"I don't like it at all," he replied warmly, "the idea of picking the Bible to pieces that way, telling what we can believe as it reads and what we can not. They are bringing the Bible down to their own level, cutting out everything beyond their power of comprehension."

"Well, then, if the Book of Mormon, teaching the same truths and with such plainness that there can be no question of their not meaning just what they say, comes just now to confirm the Bible, don't you see one use that it is, uncle?"

"But the purpose of the book as claimed by itself is to show unto the remnant of the house of Israel what great things the Lord hath done for their fathers, also to the convincing of the Jew and Gentile that Jesus is the Christ. The Bible, alone, has proved insufficient to convince the Jew on this point, but now they have the same testimony from their brethren in this land."

"It seems to me, Eva, when you say the Bible is not plain, that you are criticising not only the book, but the Lord himself, since it is his book," said Mrs. Brown.

"I think the Bible as given by the inspiration of God was perfectly plain," Eva replied, "but just think of all these centuries and of the different translators. They say there is no New Testament manuscript dating back beyond the fourth century. According to Alexander Roberts, D. D., the number of different readings of the New Testament is over one hundred thousand. Every new manuscript discovered adds to them, as does more careful examination of already known manuscripts. Then think of the Dark

Ages, and of the Bible being in the hands of the Catholic Church. Is it strange if it has been altered to some extent?"

"I should say," said Margaret, "the strange part is that it has not been altered more."

"Let me read you something of what the Book of Mormon says about it," and taking her book Eva read from 1 Nephi 3:40: "'And the angel of the Lord said unto me, Thou hast beheld that the book proceeded forth from the mouth of a Jew; and when it proceeded forth from the mouth of a Jew, it contained the plainness of the gospel of the Lord, of whom the twelve apostles bear record; and they bear record according to the truth which is in the Lamb of God; wherefore, these things go forth from the Jews in purity unto the Gentiles according to the truth which is in God and after they go forth by the hand of the twelve apostles of the Lamb, from the Jews unto the Gentiles, thou seest the foundation of a great and abominable church, which is most abominable above all other churches; for behold, they have taken away from the gospel of the Lamb many parts which are plain and most precious; and also many covenants of the Lord have they taken away; and all this have they done, that they might pervert the right ways of the Lord; that they might blind the eyes and harden the hearts of the children of men. . . . thou seest because of the many plain and precious things which have been taken out of the book, which are plain unto the understanding of the children of men according to the plainness which is in the Lamb of God; because of these things an exceeding many do stumble.'"

She also read 2 Nephi 2:2: "'Wherefore, the fruit of thy loins shall write; and the fruit of the loins of Judah shall write; and that which shall be written by the fruit of thy loins, and also that which shall be written by the fruit of the loins of Judah, shall grow together, unto the confounding of false doctrines, and laying down of contentions.'

"2 Nephi, twelfth chapter, speaks of the time when the Book of Mormon should come forth. Is not this a true description of present conditions?" she asked reading it aloud.

"Perhaps it is," said Mr. Brown slowly.

As it was now growing late the family separated for the night, but Mr. Brown lingered, and taking the Book of Mormon again read the twelfth chapter carefully.

As he came to the words, "wherefore murmur ye because that ye shall receive more of my word? Know ye not that the testimony of two nations is a witness unto you that I am God . . . because that I have spoken one word ye need not suppose that I can not speak another," he dropped the book and bowed his head in his hands.

"Lord, is this what I am doing," he cried, "am I murmuring at what is thy word?" Long he sat there in silence, engaged in deep thought and struggle.

Finally dropping upon his knees he said, "Forgive me, Lord, if I have murmured. Show me the way, show me if this is indeed

thy truth and I will accept it with gladness to have more of thy word."

The days passed by, for the most part, uneventfully. Ralph soon came to see Eva, confident of his power to win the desired answer from her, and not doubting but he could soon turn her from her present views. She, however, gently, but firmly refused all his pleadings, and had an answer for all his arguments.

Hurt and disappointed he at last said that which he would later be sorry for, and which caused her pain. But she had the comfort of knowing she had acted rightly, for she now well knew that she had not the respect and deep love which should be felt for the one singled out from all others as a companion for life.

One day Eva received from a friend a marked copy of "Mission Echoes." This copy was devoted to the "Mormon question." Many of the statements seemed to Eva so unfair that she finally wrote the following letter:

"Dear friend Kate: I have received from S—— a copy of Mission Echoes, and, as I have no other friends there, suppose you must have sent it. If so, I thank you for the kindly thought which I am sure prompted the act. But why should you send it to me? You surely know that I have no more connection with the people therein described than you have! No, and no more love for their teachings, either. Moreover, the church of which I am a member is *more active* than any other in exposing and opposing their evil doctrines and practices, and was among the first to send missionaries to Utah to try to turn them from their sinful ways. It is most unfair, I think, when writing of Latter Day Saints, to make no distinction between the true Saints whose headquarters are located at Lamoni, Iowa, and Independence, Missouri, and the apostate church in Utah.

"'But,' it is claimed, 'there is practically no difference between them.' What! No difference between a people who believe in the God of the Bible, the one true God, and a people who believe that Adam is god, that all may become gods in the hereafter by obedience to certain teachings! No difference between those believing Christ to be divine and no salvation except through him, and those who say he was not begotten by the Holy Ghost, that his blood can not avail for all, that some can be saved only by the shedding of their blood, that is by 'blood atonement'! No difference between those who believe that man should have but one wife, that it is not lawful to put her away for any cause save fornication, and those who believe in polygamy! No difference between those who teach that the laws of the land should be kept, and those who despise government! No difference between those who teach that God can not look upon sin with the least degree of allowance and those who claim that all manner of sin (save shedding innocent blood) may be committed and one yet become a god in the hereafter, provided he is sealed to one or more wives! No difference between those who claim that no teaching can be from God unless in perfect harmony with his written

word and those who are taught that the written word is of no more worth than the 'ashes of a rye-straw'!

A true Latter-day Saint could never become a polygamist, since that revelation (so called) on polygamy directly contradicts the Bible, Book of Mormon, and Doctrine and Covenants. But as the Brighamites are taught that the 'dead letter' must not be placed above the 'living oracles,' the door is opened for any vile or absurd doctrine the leaders choose to introduce.

"Please read carefully 2 Peter 2. What people is this a picture of? False teachers privily bringing in damnable heresies, denying the Lord, through feigned words making merchandise of you, those who despise government, speak evil of dignities, have eyes full of adultery, hearts exercised with covetous practices, cursed children which have *forsaken* the *right way* and are gone astray, following the way of Balaam (who was said to have been a polygamist.) Those who speak great swelling words of vanity and allure through the lusts of the flesh.

"And on account of these things another body of people who neither deny the Lord, have eyes full of adultery, nor in any way fulfill the above description, are evil spoken of, and only *one* other body is so spoken against on account of them.

"Notice carefully verse 2. 'And many shall follow their pernicious ways, by reason of whom the *way of truth* shall be evil spoken of.' That speaks plainly, I think, and one should be careful how he lightly condemns a way evilly spoken of because of that class of people.

"I must take exception to a few statements in your paper: one, the reference to Joseph Smith. Certainly he was arrested many times, over fifty, I believe, but was he ever once convicted?

"It would be a bit difficult in the face of the testimony of disinterested parties to prove that he was immoral. As for putting Smith between us and Christ—what nonsense! You believe in the Bible prophets, are they so many men standing between you and Christ?

"Well, I will bring this long letter to a close. I wish I could see you and have a talk about these things. Don't feel troubled about me; I have not been carried away by some new and strange doctrine. It is the old Jerusalem gospel in all its fullness and purity. I inclose tracts which I hope you will read.

"Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain,

"Your friend,

"EVA HARVEY."

"Writing an article for some paper?" asked her uncle, entering the room as Eva was completing this somewhat lengthy letter.

"Want to read it, Uncle?" she responded, placing it in his hands.

He read it carefully, seemingly with much interest, then said, "I think you have removed my last bit of prejudice against the Latter Day Saints."

He seemed about to add more but Mrs. Brown entered at that

moment and said somewhat sharply, "Are you reading more of that nonsense, James?"

He looked at his wife in surprise to hear her speak in that tone and manner.

Eva was not so surprised. In numberless little ways she had been made to realize of late a change in both her aunt's and her cousin's feelings toward herself, and she began to feel that she must not longer remain with them.



THE SONG OF EENA, THE NEPHITE MAIDEN.

BY EARNEST WEEBE.

DOWN in Shemlon where the maidens
Of the Lamanitish people
Held their dances and made merry,
Where light youth too would assemble,
Came a fairer Nephite handmaid
Of the people Limhi ruled.

Yet her lot was one of bondage;
Handmaid she to Zuella-mone—
Proudest Lamanitish beauty
Eena envied her alone—
Envied all the homage paid her,
Humbly counted she her own.

Thus while Zuella and her maidens
Danced and sang their careless songs,
Eena wandered midst the bowers
Sighing o'er her patient wrongs,
Hardly gentle to her lover—
Wisting "place" 'mid dazzling throngs.

Geram-neum (too, a Nephite)
Sought fair Eena morn and eve.
Came a-trysting to the dances
But to teach her not to grieve;
Told her tales of their own people—
Well he Nephite-lore could weave.

Came a day that on the morrow
Zuella and her choicest friends
Vowed to meet, and Eena's sorrow
Is all vanished as she wends
To the tryst, to tell her lover
She may also bring her friends.

Geram-neum's face is saddened,
Would that Eena could allay
Such desires of lightsome revel—
Lamanitish orgies gay;
Low he pleads with her gainsayings
As she pouts his fears away.

To the dell the morrow brought them,
Sported they in dance and song;
Gossip of each other's conquests;
Raiment fine and tresses long—

AUTUMN LEAVES

Jewelled, braided, bird-befeathered,
 (Others toil while such make Wrong!)

As they trip the gay Ou-juilla
 There come creeping, tree by tree,
 Lustful faces, peering, hiding,
 Creeping, creeping, hand and knee!
 To the group about Zuella—
 Proud and boastful company—



"Sobbing, now she tells the story."

Then came rushing like a whirlwind—
 Crashing, leaping through the bowers,
 Dreaded outcast priests of Noah
 Quickly ending wasteful hours,
 Bear away in arms revengeful
 Laman's illstarred beauteous flowers.

Fires of Laman's hate enflaming
 'Gainst unwitting Limhi's folk:
 Bearing burdens, suffering bondage
 Under Lamanitish yoke—
 Patient now in much affliction
 Till offended heaven spoke!

Geram-neum wanders heartsore:
 (Hunted, scorned all Nephites were.)
 Sought he now the old sweet tryst place,
 Ere he turned his footsteps where
 Limhi's groaning people waited
 Lamanite ruse and battle glare!

There he, head on breast a-drooping,
 Sate and dreamed of days ago;—
 Evening shadows crept about him,
 Yet were not his rev'ries done
 When there came a figure, swiftly
 To his arms fair Eena ran.

Sobbing now she tells the story
 How that morn his words prevailed;
 Braved her mistress with her reasons—
 Left—rebuked! thus Eena failed;
 Yet in her humiliation,
 Spared was she what soon entailed!

THE AFTER-WORD.

Journeyed they to Limhi's country,
 Helped the burdened loose the yoke,
 Geram-neum under Gideon
 Fought till chains of Laman broke,
 Claimed fair Eena at the altar,
 All—their days God's love bespoke.
 (Mosiah 9: 17.)

EXPERIENCES AND OBSERVATIONS OF ONE OF
OUR PATRIARCHS.—NO. 5.

BY J. R. LAMBERT.

I QUOTE AGAIN from my blessing but will have to leave out much which if presented would make the case still stronger and more easily understood:
 "Now, I bless thee in the name of the Lord Jesus, and I ask God that he will ratify the blessing that may be placed upon thee, that in the change of thy ministry, in the entering in upon the new field, if thou wilt trust the Lord, he will enlighten thy mind, he will indite words and give the thoughts, he will open the future, and he will inspire thee by the influences of his Holy Spirit, that thou shalt find contentment and joy in thy labor.

"But I bid thee to be on thy watchguard, and suffer not thyself to do more than is required of thee, more than thy strength will bear. The Lord will give thee strength for thy labors, as thou mayest be demanded to labor; but be wise. As thou hast in the past, take care of thyself, and the Lord will be with thee, to

strengthen thee and give contentment and comfort and aid, that shall cause thee to rejoice and be glad. . . .

"It shall be revealed to thee relative to their [the children of Israel] future, and those that shall be made of the household of faith becoming, thus, the children of Israel, and thou shalt be enabled to give comfort, and to bless, and to fill hearts and homes with joy by reason of the blessings that shall be given under thy hand.

"Dear brother, I bless thee as of the household of Israel. Thy inheritance lieth in Ephraim, and to thee shall come those assurances, in this present life, that shall so establish thee in thy faith, that nothing may happen, nothing that the adversary may do shall cause thee to shake or tremble, because of thy faith. Thou shalt see the fulfillment of the prophecies of God, in these latter days, many of them, and while men's hearts are being troubled, while their minds are perplexed, still thou canst understand the movements that are in nature. Thou shalt be able to understand the movements and the power that is behind, moving to the accomplishment of God's purpose in bringing the world to its condition necessary for the dwelling of the sanctified and redeemed in the reception of the Lord Jesus.

"Thou shalt have freedom of thought and speech, not altogether new to thee, but with greater force and greater freedom, and greater ease, shalt thou be enabled to speak the things relative to the kingdom, and the establishment of his power and his kingdom among men, here upon the earth.

"I seal the promise of eternal life upon thee, telling thee it shall be thine in honor and in glory; that thou shalt be redeemed, thy name shall be found in the Lamb's book of life, thou shalt be crowned with honor, and it shall be said of thee by the Master: 'He has been faithful over that which has been intrusted to him in this present life; I will make him ruler over many things in the world to come.'"

The reader should bear in mind that in passing judgment on that which claimed to be the product of inspiration, more or less, the sentiment expressed is the main thing to be considered. When the fact is conceded, as it must be by all who are conversant with the Bible, that the ancient prophets and apostles had their distinctive, individual styles of expression, consistency and fairness will surely lead us to make the same concession in favor of all who in our day are claimed to be prophets, apostles, patriarchs, etc.

Many times in giving blessings, I have given expression to sentiment with which I was well satisfied, having been so directed by the Spirit, while at the same time I could not but regret my weak, faulty manner of expression. In this office and the work belonging thereto, according to my experience, we learn, oh, so forcibly, to more fully recognize the perfection and goodness of God, and the imperfection and weakness of man.

After considerable thought on the character of my own blessing and an experience of more than four years, I am confirmed in

the belief and knowledge that by the authority of Jesus Christ and by the leadings and guidance of the Holy Spirit these blessings are given, whenever the human instruments employed are faithful to their office and calling.

As will be seen by section 125, paragraph 3, Doctrine and Covenants, given April 15, 1901, the duties of a patriarch comprise more than "to lay on hands for the conferment of spiritual blessing"; he is also "to preach, teach, expound, exhort; to be a revivalist; and to visit branches and districts as wisdom may direct, invitation, request, or the Spirit of God determine and require; to comfort the Saints; to be a father to the church; to give counsel and advice to individuals who may seek for such."

Now, after my ordination, and much more after receiving my blessing, my mind was more and more imbued with this important work; though, as hereinbefore stated, the change had commenced some time before I had any knowledge or thought of ever occupying in this position.

When the communication of April, 1901, was presented to our quorum, I felt particularly edified and instructed by that portion referring to the calling and duties of evangelical ministers. It was a new light to me, and I saw the importance of the place they were to fill as I had never seen it before. I have often thought of the flash of light that came to me soon after it was read and of the impressions which were made and remained.

It is quite proper for me to say in this connection, that I have been prevented from conducting formal revival services, because my condition of health would permit me to travel away from home but very little, and when I did go out among the branches there was such an urgent demand for blessings, while the patriarch was with them, that I was unable to hold preaching-services as much as I desired. However, it has always been more satisfactory to me to do some preaching and meet with the Saints in their social services than to give blessings only.

One may be a revivalist so far as conditions and circumstances will permit, without holding formal revival meetings; and this is what I have tried to be, and have been blessed in the effort, both in private and in public. It is a mistake to suppose that the terms "evangelical minister" and "a revivalist," as found in the revelation, are used in their popular sense. Dealing strictly with spiritual matters, which belong to the great gospel plan, and always seeking to strengthen the faith and brighten the hope of the Saints is, I think, what is clearly indicated as an important part of the patriarch's work.

September 5, 1902, found me in attendance at the Stewartsville, (Missouri), reunion. I had already made up my mind that if asked to give blessings I would make the attempt.

Applications were soon presented, and in a few days I had so many that I felt compelled to refuse to take any more. I was told

that there were two stenographers on the ground, Srs. Edith Palfrey and Fannie I. Morrison. I consulted with them and found that, like myself, they were willing to try, though this kind of work was new to them; they felt the responsibility, and could not tell how well they would succeed.

I told them I would try to be deliberate in my speech, and would risk it if they would. To this they soberly, but courageously assented, agreeing between themselves that they would both work together and compare notes, with the hope of getting out correct and complete reports. They willingly deprived themselves of the benefits of many of the reunion services, worked together in good faith, and finally refused to accept any remuneration for their labors. I shall never, I trust, forget their faithfulness, the good work done, and the good, spiritual times we had together.

I gave my first blessings on September 9, at the house of Bro. B. J. Dice, at half past eight o'clock in the morning. The night before I felt quite composed and a holy calm came over me. Still my weak nerves were overtaxed and much of the night I could not sleep. Several times I engaged in earnest prayer in the dead of the night, for I knew that unless God should help me I would fail.

On the date of my first meeting, I find these words recorded in my diary: "As the hour approached for the giving of patriarchal blessings, I felt the responsibility more and more keenly."

Well, both patriarch and reporters got along fairly well, and at the close of the meeting we felt that God is wise and good. Sr. Cave, from my own home, Lamoni, Iowa, was the first one to receive a blessing under my hands.

Twenty-eight blessings were given at this reunion. The stenographers divided the number equally between themselves, promising to get out the copies as soon as practicable and send them to me at Independence, Missouri. This put me at quite a disadvantage, as I could not confer with the stenographer who sent the copy, when making necessary corrections, except by correspondence.

One experience is worthy of note. I came to a place in one copy in which there was a noted omission. How to supply this omission was the puzzling question, for I could easily see that a number of lines had been lost. I could not think of sending it as it was, and tried hard, at several different times, and for quite a long while, to supply what had been lost, as I supposed, but in vain. I let the matter rest till the next day when, after earnest prayer, I picked up my pencil and supplied the omission with but little trouble.

Some days after this, perhaps a week or more, I received a number of copies from the other stenographer, and among them almost an exact duplicate of the defective one, except that the omission was not there. I carefully compared her copy with the part which I had supplied and found that they were just alike—not a variation of a word or letter! One of the stenographers had

made a copy from the report which was incomplete, by mistake, for she had her full number without it, while the other had evidently made her copy from the better and complete report, as intended when they divided their work.

My experience at this reunion greatly confirmed me in the belief that the patriarchal work is divine, and convinced me that it is indeed more uplifting and important than it is usually understood to be.

LAMONI, Iowa, February 13, 1907.



THE PLEASURES OF THE IMAGINATION.

BY OLIVE BEECROFT.



IN DISCUSSING this topic, the thought arises, What is Imagination? In reply we use Noah Porter's definition of it, which is: Imagination is "the power to recombine materials furnished by experience." We may say it is the power to combine the materials already in the mind into new forms. The latest authorities deal with two kinds, the reproductive, and the constructive. With the former, satisfactory results are obtained only when imagination and memory mutually assist each other.

We sometimes indulge in reminiscences; memory calls to our mind some past scene, perhaps the old schoolhouse we attended; the form of the building, the doorway, the interior, the walls, adorned by youthful artists, the old desks carved and defaced by willful hands, all these memory calls to our mind, and as we thus dwell upon it, imagination forms a complete picture of it, as it

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looked when we knew the place. We see old familiar friends; hear their voices; picture scenes that have long since changed;

“And old time friends and twilight plays,
And starry nights and sunny days,
Come trooping up their misty ways,
And life is young again.”

But constructive imagination serves a different purpose. In childhood, especially, we find this active. The mother tells the child a fairy-tale, and he forms a mental picture of it, which, for the time being, is as real as though it were present before his eyes.

Children live *real* lives in their imagination, which is probably their greatest source of pleasure. The doll which the little girl fondles and caresses, dresses and cares for, is her child. The blocks, with which the little boy spends so many hours, form themselves into real towers and castles. The stick which he rides is his real horse; or the little garden which he has made is his farm. Imagination forms a part of all his play, and is not only an enjoyment but is a spur to his ingenuity and aids in developing his powers of invention. The circus which he and his mates plan in the barn is just as real as the one he attended last week in the tent, and perhaps more so, for he is one of the actors.

Imagination is a never-ending source of pleasure to children. But we should try to keep their imagination clean and sweet, pure and wholesome, or it becomes a curse rather than a blessing. It, like everything else, needs culture.

It is the many uses to which we put imagination that accounts for the pleasures we derive therefrom. It helps us to read with emotion and thus enjoyment; by its aid we see with the author's eyes, hear with his ears, feel with his heart; and, as an author once said, “If there be questions of mountains, let them loom before thee; if of the ocean, let the billows roll before thy eyes.”

The architect makes a mental image of his plans before he reproduces them on paper; the inventor appeals to his imagination to assist him in bringing his invention to perfection. The real student of history finds enjoyment in it only when he plunges into the wilderness and helps to build the log cabin, or goes into the field and hears the roar of battle; enters the Senate hall and listens to Webster, Clay, or Calhoun; then the hard, tedious routine of study becomes a pleasure.

All literature has been created by this imaging power, as well as entering also into music and art.

A child should not be blamed so much for day dreams and accused of idleness, for these day dreams may wax real and his life be made easier by reason thereof; see to it that he sees true visions and dreams noble dreams. To be sure there is a danger line in this, as in all things. “We must guard against building such looming castles in the air, ready to topple over with the least jar, while we neglect building strong houses on earth.”

One writer says, “The chief function of imagination is to inquire into what God hath made; it is a part of our spiritual life.” For

instance, we read of the creation and the fall of man; imagination at once forms a picture of a beautiful garden, of Adam and Eve and the tempter, of the tree whose fruit was so good to look upon—how real it all seems. Again, we picture Christ in all his purity, nailed to the cross; we see the wounds in his side, the crown of thorns on his head, and as we ponder upon it, it becomes so real we are there; we suffer with him as we picture his agony; we go with him to the sepulcher, see him laid away; we are there the third day; the angel is there rolling away the huge stone, and our Savior comes forth. And so through all the scriptures. Is there any pleasure in such use of the imagination?

How empty and narrow-minded life would be without this gift. It would be robbed of much of its sweetness, if we lived entirely within the bounds of reality; far more satisfaction does he find who can reach out into the unknown and gather material to add to the realities of life. Under its proper influence the otherwise difficult tasks become easy; man is enabled to rise above the blackest storm to the realm of tranquility; for this vision faculty is the silver lining to the dark clouds that often hover over us.

Read before the Council Bluffs Religio.



DIATETICS.

BY W. A. SINCLAIR, M. D.



NOWADAYS children and youth accustom their systems to a stimulating diet, suited only to the sluggish systems of older people, so when old age comes upon them they have nothing to turn to but medicinal tonics to impart strength and vivacity to the infirm body and mind.

So long as animal food continues to find a place upon our tables, and stimulating liquids are tolerated by nearly all and used by a large portion of mankind, the rule should be as follows: Milk for babies, and that only if possible which issues from the breasts of healthy mothers; mush and milk for children under six years of age, and during this period all wholesome vegetables may be permitted, but no stronger animal food than milk.

Passing the sixth year, butter, eggs, and fish may be allowed to enter sparingly into the diet of the child, and from the twelfth year, poultry, broths and soups of other meats. Not before he is fifteen or twenty should he be permitted to taste of steak, roast beef, or other strong meats. Not before he is twenty-five or

thirty should he allow himself to drink coffee or tea. Not earlier than forty or fifty should beer or liquors pass his lips.

Then when the infirmities of age begin to creep upon him (and they will come later under this regime) if it be necessary to resort to stronger stimulants, such inventions as Bourbon whisky, brandy, gin, Jamaica rum, etc., may be called to the rescue, but understand I do not advise malt or strong drinks. I merely say so long as animal food and stimulating liquors are used, the foregoing rule is the proper one to be pursued. The following are a few reasons why:

A child can not well endure a stimulating diet; his little vital machinery fresh from the hands of Nature is full of life, electricity, and animation. At birth his palpitating little heart contracts from one hundred thirty to one hundred forty times per minute. At the age of three, his pulse is about ninety, while that of an adult averages seventy-two.

Stimulating food of course quickens the activity of the vital organs of children, and this morbid activity renders them susceptible to inflammatory diseases. Hence the prevalence of measles, scarlet fever, cancer, rash, chicken-pox, and other ills hardly known to adults. It is believed that these disorders would never affect children if they were fed and clothed properly, or in such a way as not to derange the activity of their vital machinery, as set agoing by good Old Dame Nature.

The blood of children is richer in solid constituents and especially in blood corpuscles than that of adults, and as animal food tends to increase the richness and solidity to a greater extent than vegetable food, allowing to the child the former inevitably causes an undue proportion of these constituents to go to the blood, thereby rendering the vascular fluids as ignitable to the breath of contagion as powder is to the touch of fire.

Children do not crave meats; they would not eat them if they were not introduced into their toothless mouths while they are in swaddling clothes, while they have not sense enough to reject them, by which means they acquire a taste for this kind of diet.

If meats are denied children, strong drink will not be craved by the middle-aged, for in a perfectly healthy condition of the human race, meats and strong drink would not be needed, and the promptings of the appetite might be trusted; but now pandemonium exists in the palates and stomachs of men, because they are not started right in babyhood and childhood, and the hydraheaded gourmand looks from behind decayed and broken-down teeth for things totally unsuited to the development of the inner man.

Fruits are excellent preventives of disease in children and men. The value of apples as food is suggested by Liebig, who says, "The importance of apples as food has not been hitherto sufficiently estimated or understood. Besides contributing a large portion of sugar, mucilage, and other nutritive compounds, in the form of food, they contain such a fine combination of vegetable acids, extractive substances, and aromatic principles with the nutritive

matter as to act powerfully in the capacity of refrigerants, tonics, and antiseptics, and when freely used at the season of ripeness, by rural laborers and others, they prevent debility, strengthen digestion, correct the putrefaction tendencies of nitrogenous food, avert scurvy, and maintain and strengthen the power of productive labor."

Nature has kindly looked to the sanitary effects in providing summer fruits, as mankind emerges from the winter season, more or less loaded with carbonaceous dregs which have accumulated under the influence of a keen appetite and the use of hearty food to warm the body in spite of the cold atmosphere. Strawberries, currants, and other fruits of a relaxing nature are presented for his use, and these dissolve and wash away the effete accumulations of the liver, stomach, and bowels.

Lest, however, this process be carried too far, raspberries with a mild astringency quickly follow, checking any undue activity, and finally when hot weather comes upon us, along comes the luscious, dimple-faced blackberries, with still greater astringent qualities.

These remarks of course apply to our latitude where these fruits are raised, but it will be found in all climes that there are fruits of corresponding qualities whose effects aid Nature in keeping up a healthy condition of the system.

Next a word about fasting: If people would enjoy good health, fasting should not be made a common every-day or every-week custom, but only as spiritual powers would indicate, and in obedience to physiological requirements. While fasting, the solid constituents of the blood decreases rapidly.

It is customary even in our time for the rulers moved by a mistaken religious sentiment to appoint days of fasting which unhappily are generally observed exclusively by the very people whose abstinence and religious lives not only render them unnecessary but whose bloodless condition makes it a sin for them to fast.

Our Creator manifestly never desired us to violate physical law for his worship. It is a well-known fact that some people fast to such a degree that their lives are made wretched thereby, and instead of a sweet-tempered individual that you would naturally expect to find through fasting and communion with God, we discover weak, sickly, complaining, miserable specimens of humanity, with hardly enough vitality to attend to the affairs of home-life. This greatly reminds one of the Dark Ages and their form of worship.

It is said of the monks and anchorites of old that they sought to serve God and win an immortal crown by spending their lives in self-inflicted penance and mortification the severity of which seems almost incredible. It is related of them that they would live for years in cells and caves scooped out of rocks, which were scarcely large enough to turn around in. They would load themselves with heavy crosses and chains or put collars and bracelets of a mass of iron about their limbs. They would stand in uncomfortable attitudes until permanently deformed, or look at

the sun without winking until they were blind. They would pass many days without food, many hours without sleep, and many years without speaking. One of the most celebrated of these ascetics, Simon Stylites, lived on top of a column sixty feet high for thirty years, exposed alike to the heat of summer and the cold of winter, and at length died without descending.

All of these things look ridiculous to people nowadays, just as the *unwise* fastings of some do, and will appear to us and coming generations. There is not a particle of doubt that fasting would do thousands of people good, but the days appointed for the purpose are only in exceptional cases observed by these, while good yet weakly men and women, who can not possibly afford to fast, almost invariably do so most scrupulously, much to their injury.

Unqualified fasting, unless called for to counteract the effects of gluttony, also deranges the stomach; this organ must have its due and regular supply of aliment to preserve the digestive machinery unimpaired.

Parents should never punish their children by depriving them of their dinner, as is sometimes the practice. A dinner neglected to-day prepares an unnatural appetite and a weak stomach for to-morrow.

A plain dinner in place of the usual family dinner would answer just as well for a punishment for a child, and physically do him good. Plain living for the glutton would be better than fasting, while regularity in eating is important on fast days as well as on others.

Many people predisposed to constipation and others affected in an opposite way are ever hitting wrongly in their eating. Those who are habitually costive should not eat their meats and vegetables cooked brown, nor such food as boiled rice, boiled milk, wheat bread, toast, etc. Such things will do for those who are predisposed to excessive and too frequent movements of the bowels; nor should the latter eat rarely-cooked meats, brown, graham, or corn-bread, hominy, baked beans, or other relaxing articles of food; these are just suited for constipated people.

Among fruits, oranges, figs, sour apples, etc., are well-known as relaxing in their properties, while sweet-apples, raspberries, blackberries, black currants, and all fruits having a puckering flavor are binding, consequently fruits should be selected in their season suited to the over-active and inactive condition.

SOMERVILLE, Massachusetts, September 20, 1906.

Editor's Corner

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ELBERT A. SMITH, EDITOR, LAMONI, IOWA.

REMINISCENCES OF CHILDHOOD.—II.

NEXT TO NATURE.

WHEN I was not yet five years old my people moved from Illinois to Northwestern Iowa. The spot where they located was not very far removed from the scene of the Spirit Lake Massacre; fortunately they arrived a little too late for the Indian troubles, yet in time to see that wonderful event, the breaking up and transformation of the prairies. The day is nearly spent when such a change can be wit-

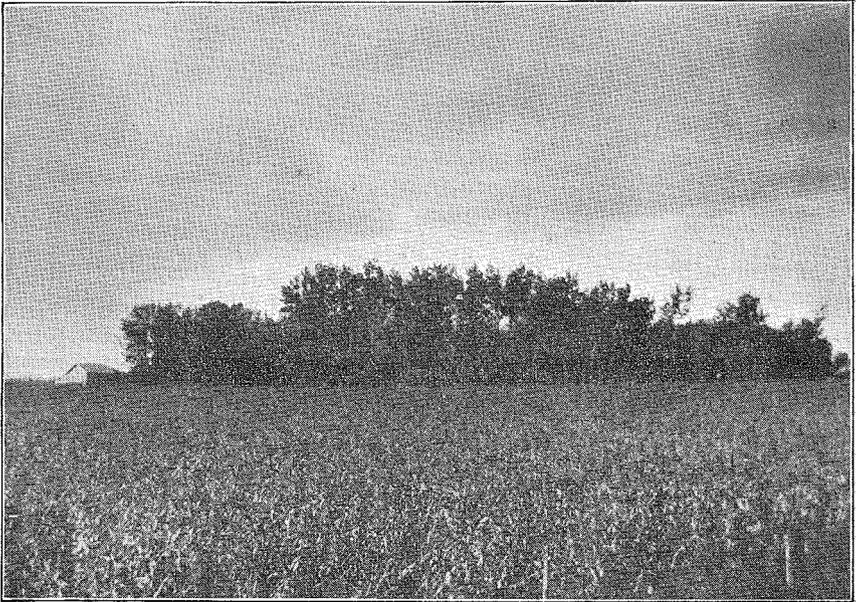


Photo by the author.

A SUNSET SCENE ON THE OLD PLANTATION.

"Many hands were needed to root up God's garden and plant man's garden."

nessed anywhere in the world. It will always be a matter of self-congratulation to me that I was permitted to see those great prairies just as the Lamanites had left them and perhaps just as the Nephites saw them in centuries ago.

Here were the great fields of Nature, just as she had cultivated and kept them for years; her various wild grasses, vines, flowers, and weeds; her wild ducks, geese, cranes, pigeons, prairie chickens, deer, coyotes; and her mink- and muskrat-inhabited sloughs.

We were to see all this transformed; every wild plant in all those broad acres plowed up and rooted out and every wild animal and wild fowl hunted down and killed. Their place must be taken (at any cost to romance) by carefully tilled fields of corn, wheat, oats, and timothy; by little pastures filled with cattle and hogs; and by countless farm houses and villages.

Naturally the children in such a country grew up to a heritage of ponies, whips, dogs, guns, and traps. They learned to ride as hard and as far as an Indian. Pure, unadulterated bliss is found when a half-dozen boys are turned loose on as many swift Indian ponies, out of sight of human habitation and out of reach of parental authority. It is theirs to feel the long, swinging lope over the springing sod; and if the internal pressure becomes too great they can yell into a hundred square miles of air and no policeman will appear. But then it is fortunate for boys that they are happy anywhere—they *seem* happy in the crowded streets of a city.

The writer and his two cousins formed a trio in nearly every sort of boyish undertaking and usually pooled their interests both in work and in play. As soon as we were old enough to “back a horse” it became our duty to take the cows to the herd each morning and to go after them each evening. The melancholy and miserable rides in the pouring rain are mostly forgotten now, and only the pleasure of the daily expedition is remembered. Our forbidden yet periodical horse-races, our worship of the prowess of the older boys, the cutting out of our own particular charges from the bellying herd, our encounters with the larger herds, sometimes numbering thousands of head of cattle, which passed through enroute to more distant feeding grounds, and which were prone to swallow up our smaller droves, all these were thrilling experiences.

Learning to ride a pony is no mean undertaking, because it may call into play courage, skill, and determination. One may be sure that while he is studying the pony the pony is studying him.

I remember well my first experiences with the pony which was destined to become my well-beloved and obedient comrade on many a long ride. He was a little brown horse named “Nick.” When I mounted him for the first time and started away with the drove of cattle, my uncle gave me a parting injunction, “Now if he throws you off, catch him and get on again, don’t let him think that you have given up.”

That pony seemed to possess a sense of humor. He was most docile and lamblike and everything went exactly according to schedule until we were well out on the prairie and all suspicions were lulled to rest, then suddenly he took the bit between his teeth and charged the drove of cattle. For about a half mile there was a wild breakneck stampede and then he suddenly arched his

back, stiffened his legs, and "bucked." One rather young boy took a spread-eagle flight over his head among the scared cattle, rolled violently over a few times, and then sat up to behold his pony peacefully grazing on the tender spring grass.

Mindful of my uncle's advice I painfully mounted again and continued the journey. Nothing more happened that day. The second morning saw an exact repetition of the entire performance. The third morning was a repetition of the second. Then the fiat went forth that if it happened again the pony must be sold. The fourth morning saw a repetition of all the others, only that this fall seemed to concentrate the violence of them all; but I nursed a badly wrenched arm in silence. The pony and I kept our counsel and he was not sold.

Perseverance will conquer, and on the fifth morning when he attempted his grandstand play for the benefit of the wilderness it was a failure; before it was over we understood each other and he never even attempted to unseat his rider again, though always when exciting events were going on he was liable to develop an apparent feeling of hilarity which had to be worked off in a few "stiff-legged" leaps.

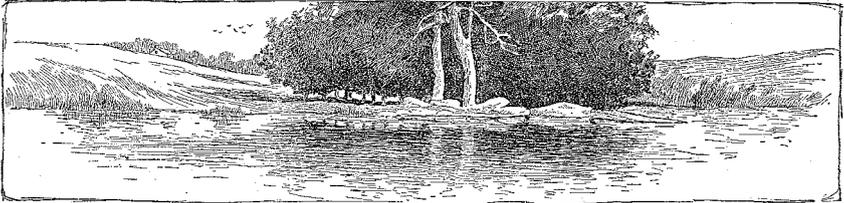
Each season of the year brought its own special attractions. We had no hills and so there was no coasting, but even winter had its diversions. Furious blizzards came down from the north, sometimes striking the house at night almost with the force and fury of a cyclone, and causing it to tremble like a storm-tossed ship. More than one luckless individual caught in the storm, either by night or by day, and unable to reach his home, wandered hopelessly lost until he perished. But there was a wild pleasure even in wrestling with the elements until the "stock" were safely housed and fed, and then we could spend the evening reading and listening to the rush and roar of the winds. Apples there were none, and nuts there were none, unless perhaps we had a few hazelnuts, but we often popped corn or made molasses candy. When bedtime came we sought the unfinished upper chambers, which were guiltless of paper or plaster or ceiling;—if the snow drove in through the cracks it was not specially inconvenient because there was not warmth enough in the room to melt it.

In the autumn we made expeditions to the nearest little fringe of forest which followed the course of the Little Sioux River and made more or less successful search for wild grapes or plums or perhaps for hazelnuts. These were expeditions to be planned a year in advance which gave us almost our sole acquaintance with forest lore. Certainly the wild plums excelled almost any cultivated fruit and were worth considerable effort to obtain; but as in all the experiences of life, the quest was the thing, the visible returns were of minor importance.

Spring, however, was the most splendid season of all the year. When winter finally relaxed his rigorous grasp we watched well each initial step in the great miracle of returning life. Each day brought forth some new delight. Under the spell of the south

wind the drifts melted away and the little brown gopher knolls and the low hillocks began to appear while broad, shallow ponds of clear water formed in the swales. The purple, tuliplike "wind-flower" blossomed on the hills almost at the edge of the retreating snow-banks, as delicate, elusive, and transient as the blush of spring. The mornings were musical with the muffled, yet far-sounding "boom, boom" of the prairie roosters, and all day long there was a babel of wild voices from the immense flocks of geese, ducks, and cranes, that were constantly sweeping northward in wedge-shaped flocks.

Immense prairie fires often illuminated the nights, burning away the last year's growth of grass to make way for the new. These were a wonderful spectacle, and at times were menacing and awe-inspiring. They left broad miles of land as black as charcoal; but in a few days it was all clothed with the most delicate tinge of green. We used to follow in the wake of these fires in search of the things they had discovered. Here and there we would find some reptile twisted and charred; or perhaps some little brown prairie-bird that had burned to death rather than forsake the nest over which she had brooded with happy expectation. We brought home dozens of prairie chicken's eggs from the nests that were uncovered by the fires. These nests were so carefully hidden that to find one under ordinary circumstances was a very rare event.



"A smooth sheet of water, bordered by a sandy beach, a fringe of trees, and the prairie that stretched away in every direction. A visit there was a revelation to us. Surely some enchantment lingered there, because no day spent there attained its normal length."

In the spring, too, we organized our expeditions to the lake. An unusual feature of this prairie country was the many lakes. We regarded them as a special dispensation of Providence. Pickerel Lake, one of the most attractive of them all, was located within about six miles of our home. It was a smooth sheet of water like a polished mirror. It was bordered by a sandy beach, a fringe of trees, and then the prairie that stretched away in every direction. A visit there was a revelation to us; a step down from the plains, and lo, we were in the land of forest and water, and could taste the unfamiliar joys of boating, swimming, or fishing. What a wonderful rallying-place that must have been for the Indians in days of old. Surely some enchantment lingered there, because no day spent there ever attained its normal length; one scarcely

reached the water's edge in the early morning until the shades of night began to fall.

You must not gather from the foregoing that our time was all spent in pleasure-seeking. Honesty and hard work were the first principles of the gospel in that community, with a little extra stress laid upon the last named. Dishonesty was a misdemeanor while "laziness" was a crime. Many hands were needed to root up God's garden and plant man's garden and even the children could not be spared to attend the schools when the summer's work was on.

When one grew tall enough to wrestle with a sheaf of grain he must follow the harvesters and set the bound sheaves in shocks. When the fierce summer sun was beating down upon one it was truly "shocking" work. The next promotion was to stand in the dust and chaff of a threshing-machine and cut the bands as fast as the bundles were pitched up to the feeder. To stand in that atmosphere in one position and do that work all day was equivalent to a penitentiary sentence. It is a peculiar fact that under those conditions if some careless pitcher stuck a fork into the boy the boy was blamed, or if the boy grew sleepy and cut the hand of the "feeder," still it was the boy who was blamed. Scapegoats and boys have a very similar mission.

It must not be supposed that we submitted to the yoke without protest. There was a constant friction between the children who wanted to play and the older people who wanted them to work. This never eased up and we never acquired a reputation for industry until we became *interested* in the work and could actually see the good of certain results which were to be obtained by hard work. That is the only way to get any one actually to work. Too many people have no opportunity to plan their own work and they do not even have much share in the results; they never taste the joys of ambitious industry—they are "being worked" but they are not working.

Some of our tasks were a constant pleasure, for instance when we were permitted to take a team and mowing-machine, to go out on the unfenced prairie and mark out a choice field of blue joint, and then to go round and round it in an ever lessening circle, listening to the hum of the machine and watching the keen sickle cut down the nodding grasses.

Then when we grew old enough to manage four horses and a breaking-plow we were permitted to help in the work of tearing up the "old sod." To see the keen plowshare cut the tough sod, severing the myriads of interlacing roots, and turning the thin, narrow ribbon upside down, smoothly and evenly, with scarcely a break for perhaps a mile, was a pleasure that never grew old, and we often kept the horses at the task until they were dead beat and it was so dark that we could scarcely see the plow which we followed. To plow a field that has never before been plowed is an experience.

Where so much is to be done a taskmaster can not be set

over every boy, and necessarily when he is given a task considerable play is given to his judgment in the execution thereof. He soon learns that there is a slow way and a quick way to do everything, and he naturally inclines to the quick way. But the boy has a conscience, however much it may be doubted, and he soon



“A glorified peace used to rest over the harvest fields when the day’s work was done; relaxation and reward followed close on the heels of toil.”

learns that there is a right way and a wrong way to do things. A plow that is not set very deep will get over the ground in a hurry, especially if it “cuts and covers!” and it will leave considerable time for the boy to chase squirrels and still have a credible showing at night.

But before the harvest is fully grown and gathered from that field the trick will be exposed and will be paid for; and this is a truth that will apply in the work of men as well as in the work of boys. Work that is not well done is not done at all.

A glorified peace used to rest over the harvest-fields when the day’s work was done and the sun was setting; relaxation and reward followed close on the heels of toil. So will it be at the termination of each well-spent life.



CORRECTION.

In the June number, in J. R. Lambert’s article, page 243, paragraph 4, line 1, read “statements,” instead of “statement.”

Daughters of Zion

Truer Parenthood, Better Children, Happier Homes, Purer Society.

CALLIE B. STEBBINS, Editor.

“A partnership with God is motherhood;
What strength, what purity, what self control,
What love, what wisdom, should belong to her,
Who helps God fashion an immortal soul.”

ADVISORY BOARD.—Mrs. B. C. Smith, president, 214 South Spring Street, Independence, Missouri; Mrs. H. A. Stebbins, vice-president, Lamoni, Iowa; Mrs. T. A. Hougas, secretary, Henderson, Mills County, Iowa; Mrs. F. M. Smith, 630 South Chrysler Avenue, Independence, Missouri; Mrs. S. A. Burgess, 5920 Etzel Avenue, St. Louis, Missouri.

TEACH CHILDREN TO BE TIDY.

OMOTHERS, how much that means to us! How many times our patience will be sorely tried while giving this teaching, but through patience we may win success, and success in this matter will more than repay in actual saving of time and trouble.

Even the tiny tots should be encouraged to put away their toys when through playing with them. It may take longer than if mamma were to do it herself, but the desire found in many children to be neat and orderly should be cultivated. Unhappily, it is often carelessly destroyed, for, instead of waiting patiently while the little one carries out his plan of putting his toys away, his mother carries him off, crying maybe, saying she will do it herself presently. For a few times the child tries to gratify his orderly instinct, but, being always thwarted, he soon gives up the attempt. The instinct is destroyed, and in the future it will be difficult indeed to make him acquire habits of neatness.

And not only is it a good plan to urge and see that they do this with their playthings, but to teach them the necessity of always putting their clothes in an orderly way on a chair every night on retiring, and of learning to dress themselves neatly and well before breakfast.

Some one may ask, How old do you think they ought to be when they begin to dress themselves? I can answer only from experience. I would say that three years is plenty old enough and some children will dress themselves earlier than this. I have taught my three to dress at that age and at four they are able to dress for Sunday-school and church or any other place without assistance except with the buttoning, and combing of the hair.

You see, mothers, how much that would mean to you. I never had thought of what I was saving myself until of late, when a mother who has two children, one past four, the other not two, often has said to me, “I just can’t get to Sunday-school nor to

church on time, for by the time I dress both the children and get myself ready it is always late. At another time I called on her mother one afternoon and she was there too. She made the remark in the way of an apology for the slovenly way in which her little boy was dressed, that she had been feeling so badly that morning that his papa had dressed him. I exclaimed, "Why, how old is he?" Then I told her I had always taught mine to dress themselves at three. But she said, "Well I suppose I ought to, but it is so much bother."

But you see if he had been taught to dress himself how much more neat and tidy he would have been; and how much annoyance it would have saved his mother. Then, too, it not only saves work for the children to help about keeping themselves and the house tidy, but it keeps them employed, which I find is a very good thing.

E. R. B. S.



WINSOME WOMANHOOD.

(Continued from last month.)

"In business and professional life, can a woman show whether she is a Christian? Decidedly yes, but not by constant speech and preaching, for which there may be scant opportunity in many cases. By her own elevation of character, by irreproachable conduct, by the loveliness which is the badge of discipleship, and by the brave protest, or the look of silent reproach, where there is occasion, she who has taken on her the name of Christ will show her loyalty. Our life with Christ is not a thing apart, it belongs to our very breathing."

"Happiness is naturally the uppermost thought in the minds of both, when two people meet and love. But there is a nobler thing than happiness of which they should make sure. Can they help each other? Shall she make him a better man, truer, larger, worth more to the community, worth more to the church, worth more to God? Shall he, loving her, develop in her the finer womanhood, make her worthier, lift her to a higher plane, show her a broader outlook? To reach this, the bourne which true lovers should seek, they must have something in common besides mere youth, and a satisfied fancy. . . . Two young people of opposite creeds have a less probable outfit for contented and useful marriage than those of one faith. Husband and wife should be able to kneel together in simple trust and childlike humility before the throne of God."

"Unless there is an especially good reason for doing otherwise, young people should start on their career independently, that is, without having in their home the presence of even dear and honored relatives. The first year presents many unforeseen difficulties, and is often rather trying to both, John discovering that Edith is not altogether angelic, Edith learning that John has human imperfections the existence of which she never suspected.

They are lovers, they will remain so, but the every-day level of life will become that of comradeship, of friendship, and they will best accommodate themselves to the novel conditions, and in the end will be the more closely united, if no one is near to criticise, comment, or interfere. Frequently a father or a mother of one or the other is provisionally so situated that it would be extremely unkind to ask that a separate establishment be maintained, and when it is right for the young people to live in an already founded home, or to take parents into their new household, it must be accepted as God's intent, and it may be a most satisfactory arrangement. It is, however, not ideal, nor should it be sought. Parents will do wisely to stay apart if they can, and young people will be happier if they may build the nest without outside help."

"Wherever the new home is built, God's altar should be raised. Recognition of the divine Father in a blessing sought at meals and in family prayer, hallows the household. Here it is all important to make a right beginning. Easy to say at first, if grace at meals be omitted self-consciousness will creep in, and of the two neither wife nor husband will like to take the initiative."

"The home does not exist for selfish gratification. It has debts to the community and to the church as well as duties to society. The loving wife will not endeavor to keep her husband from undertaking duties of citizenship. . . . Back of every man stands his home. A good woman, whether wife, mother, sister, or daughter, has ever a voice in her country's affairs, not the less eloquent that it is not lifted up in the market-place. Hers is the high task of stimulating and giving noble ideas to the men with whom she daily associates, and they seldom go counter to her wish, and almost never disappoint her if she is true and faithful. Here surely is a wide and splendid field for the exercise of womanly influence, a field which none should overlook or disdain."

"Into the home admit no degrading book. That a book is suspected may not prove it unwholesome, but choose rather for your reading and your living, the book, as the friend, on whose reputation rests no stain."

"No right-minded young man wishes his young wife to make bricks without straw. If he is willing to trust her with his life, to belong to her utterly, to accept her complete surrender so that they two are henceforth a unit, shall he hesitate to endow her with his worldly goods? Is money, itself a mere accident, itself a thing that perishes with the using, to be the little rift within the lute that by and by shall make the music mute? If a woman does not understand finance she will never learn its alphabet by being kept in the position of a child or an underling. Only as she is trusted will she develop ability. The family purse is not for John, nor for Jane, but for John and Jane in equal privilege."

"The whole education of a girl from her infancy onward should be a preparation for motherhood, and this not because she may

marry and become a mother, but rather for the reason that the upbringing and nurture of the race in its earliest and most impressionable years is in the molding hands of woman. A teacher can not perform the duties of her high office as she ought unless she possess the maternal spirit. An elder sister needs the mother heart. Every girl in her relation to those younger than herself, and to some extent in her friendship with others, of her own sex not only, but of the opposite, is the better for having in her nature something of the tender and brooding love and compassion which are the mother's finest endowments."

"From the cradle, which is the baby's nest, soft, warmly lined, and protected from rude intrusion, guarded wisely from indiscriminate caresses and promiscuous kisses of affectionate kindred, to the kindergarten, which is the child's paradise, every step of infantile progress is most sedulously and vigilantly watched. These are the golden years of life. No one who has observed the almost miraculous facility with which children acquire ideas, and grow from babyhood through the first seven years, can fail to see that most jealous attention should be given to the trend of the soul then and there, when God and the mother have the child to themselves."

"True motherhood avoids extremes. The mother trains her children to obey, lovingly and continually, not by penalty, not by severity, not by perpetual nagging and fussing, and a hailstorm of don'ts rained on childish heads, but by firmness, by sweetness, and by consistency and calmness. Her unbroken self-control is the children's refuge and shelter; her authority always felt is never expressed in threats and harshness. Children must indeed obey, not because parents tell them to, but because obedience to the divine Father is enjoined on us all, and together we must look to the divine leadings and walk as God wishes us to."

"Before the babe comes, during the quiet months of waiting for its advent, the mother's heart should be as a cloister, hallowed and pure. No storm of passion should sweep it, no fretful reluctance should mar its peace. . . . A mean, petty, selfish, vain, and egotistical mother will impress those traits on her child: he will draw them in with the milk which feeds his early life. For the sake of our country, let its motherhood be noble."

"No mother does well to put herself too far in the background. She is the planet and her children are the satellites, and she can not step down from her proper place without disturbance to the solar system."

"Entire confidence, the security of love, freedom of movement, sympathy and trust in God, are the pivotal springs of home life. Never is a mother happier than when her children are about her, then when on her nightly round, she leaves a kiss on every brow, and knows each darling is safe and asleep in bed, the door shut

and the little world curtained in, with our Father watching it till the morning light."

"Every child's birthright is a happy home. No human foresight can prove for the child a happy life. The future may be full of shoals and quicksands. But there is gladness enough to go around the whole world while the children are little and in the home nest."

"Indulgence in any sort of ill humor, and persistent yielding to sulks, or to perversity, leave their traces on the countenance. Little do we suspect the unconscious revelations we are making of the hidden temper of our souls; little do we dream that our faces are often as open books to those whom we meet, showing what manner of spirit we are of, and testifying to the indwelling light, if we commune often with God, or to our starvation and lack, if our life is apart from him."

"Homes can not come to their fullness of beauty and the utmost blessedness of their possibilities without much hospitality, without receiving and assimilating the best that friends and books and humanity can give."

"The Christianity which attracts will ever be winsome, ever be positive, ever be conciliatory, ever be magnetic. It will not burn with a feeble, flickering flame in one's own home only; it will shed its illumination wherever the disciple goes. Through all wind and weather, above all clouds its beautiful star beams brightly."

"Opportunities will never be wanting in which the Christian woman can show her colors. We live in a time when the old respect for the Lord's Day has yielded to Continental ideas, so that in our larger towns at least the beautiful American Sabbath, once so dear and so honored, is generally profaned. The Christian woman may firmly and quietly make it known that she regards the Lord's Day as his, not hers' except as he gives it for higher uses than he means the six days to hold. It is his tender gift of rest and gladness; she may show that she prizes it too highly to take it for mere social dissipation of its privileges."

"In a thousand homes there are those to whom God has given no unusual dower of talent, no extraordinary opportunity, but only the commonplace occasion, and the mediocre skill and facility, who yet may glorify him by their amiability, their winsomeness, and the conscience they bring to every hour."

"Have you not observed how high is the standard set for the disciple by the people of the world and how readily an inconsistent life may hinder and refute the Christian endeavors of one who really longs to be a faithful follower and servant of the Most High? If so, then in trying as a Christian woman to be useful, is it not wise to demand of one's self the highest style of Christian living? Can one of us afford in her youth, in her noonday, in her even-

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tide to live less than the full-rounded life? Shall we not exact each for herself the sort of service which we need not be ashamed to offer to the King? What would be the outcome in the individual case of this vigilance of care, this sensitiveness to wrong? Would it not make us reluctant by any willful lapse, by any sinful lack, to hurt the one we love best? If we were naturally disposed to be conscious would it not check the hasty word and repress the unkind comment? Could we cherish anger or malevolence, if we were always desiring to be in touch with the loving Lord? Would we persistently look on the dark side of other people's conduct and attribute to them mean and sordid motives, if we were overflowing with charity and gentleness, so that the bright side were uppermost in our mental vision?"

"Occasionally we women grow weary of this life in the shadow of the tent. We say, To what end is the sewing, the sweeping, the cooking, the calling, the spending of all this small change? We long for the wider sphere, for life in the open, for the breaking of the fetters which after all to most of us are blessed and dear, and of divine appointment. The mood is an unworthy one, for the service of the home, though on the surface it seems obscure, is really as compared with any other just as that of the priests in the outer court compared with the high priest's function when he entered the Holy of Holies. In this world of wars and commotions, the one Holy of Holies where God is pleased to abide is the home, and there may be his shrine and his altar as nowhere else."

"If ever the temptation comes to scorn the little things, and to scorn one's self because one's evident obligation lies among them; let us recall how minutely and with what repetition of detail, the Lord gave the direction for the tabernacle and the temple in the ancient dispensation. Nothing was too small for God to think of, bell and pomegranate and lily-work and fine twined linen, each bit of ornament was his thought. And, still fighting with that subtle desire to minify the little things, let us recall our Savior's word, 'Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? yet one of them shall not fall to the ground without your Father. Are ye not of more value than many sparrows?'"

"Here is an open secret. To be sympathetic, to be cordial, to be gracious, to be unhurried. One who has mastered this art, has herself sat at the feet of the Master. She has learned to sing, 'The King of love my shepherd is.' . . . The King of love! Ah, when he utterly takes possession of any soul, that soul finds time, not for the great things only, but for all the little things of life. That soul is prompted always to a fine courtesy, to a thoughtful consideration, to a winsome unselfishness, and the path along which Jesus leads it, is fragrant with the flowers that never fade."

"There are sacred crises in experience when hearts and households are hushed under the shadow of a brooding grief. There

is no home but has its vacant chair. But, once we have shed our tears, and wept at the new-made grave, we are to cultivate the thought, not of death, but of immortality, not of loss as it sweeps over us, but of gain as it has accrued to our dear ones. We are to arise and gird ourselves, and go on from strength to strength in the blessed name of our conquering Master. We sometimes feel a curious jealousy of the living who remain with us, as we yearn for the departed who have gone beyond our vision, and we feel as if we were defrauding our lost dear ones of their rights, of the honor that is their due, when without them we enter again into the work and cheer of this beautiful world, but in this we are mistaken. Bravely and blithely, we are to go on, and our unselfish duty is to keep our grief in the background, and contribute to the gladness and not to the gloom of our comrades on the road. This is not pagan philosophy, it is Christian faith."

"The hardest lesson some of us ever learned is that life can go on without us. The housekeeper, strenuous and careful, mother-like in her excessive painstaking, must face the fact that other hands will take up her work, and others rule where she has been supreme. It is fine when a woman can abdicate gracefully and graciously, not clinging to duties too burdensome for her strength, nor stubbornly asserting herself when the day for her successor's domination has arrived. I have seen once and again the most beautiful serenity enfolding an aged gentlewoman, no longer ministering, except in her sweet patience and peaceful contentment, but ministered to by her household: by sons and daughters and grandchildren, to all of whom mother's room was a very Holy of Holies. A light not of this world rested on the lovely brow, and filled the tranquil eyes; the trembling hands were tremulous only from feebleness of body; the heart was still strong in the Lord. No wonder the place was one to enter with hope and leave with grateful prayer; it was the ensphered place, where a child of God was waiting for the angels."

"Toward our beloved who have already found this endless peace our yearning thoughts constantly turn. They may not speak to us, nor tell us of their joy; it is enough for us to know that our Master's word has pledged the everlasting felicity."



CORRECTION.—In this department for April in the article, "Leaving Things Undone," on page 180, read, "artistically neat instead of "artificially neat."

The Religio's Arena

ELBERT A. SMITH, Editor, Lamoni, Iowa.

CASTING THE FIRST STONE.

A STORY OF THE MASTER AND THOSE WHO SOUGHT TO ENTRAP HIM.

THE MISTS which hovered over the hilltops and obscured the rising sun were imperceptibly rising and scattering through the distant mountains. The morning radiance which enveloped Mt. Moriah in a crown of glory, enhanced the wonderful beauty of the temple, on its summit and invited the wayfarer, atheist or Christian, to stop to worship. Little by little the quiet streets were filled by a restless throng and the din of venders and merchants.

Down the street which led to the temple came a mottled throng which continually increased and grew more noisy. It surged on and entered the gate which opened into the Court of Gentiles. On the opposite side of the court on a bench sat a man clothed in the customary garb of the Jew, surrounded by many listening men, He was facing the west and his worn features glowed in the rays of the sun which filtered through the intervening mists. A long, full, white robe, girded with a dark cord, fell gracefully around him, and his head was bare as the sun did not yet beat upon them. There was that air of calm humility and caressing tenderness about him which attracts the indifferent and enrages the enemy. His comrades, a few standing at each side, some sitting, were dressed in the same manner, but they were of large, muscular physique gained by physical labor.

A short distance before him the foremost of the mass stopped, and those behind climbed upon every available bench and craned their necks to see. After a moment's hesitation two Jews, dressed in the full white gowns of the Pharisees, bound at the waist by blue and white cords and fringed with heavy cords at the hem, stepped forward, and half dragging a trembling woman, placed her before the man. With smirking glances and mocking deference they bowed before him and greeted him with, "Hail, Master, peace to thee!"

Then they pushed forward the shrinking woman who sank to her knees and stretched forth her hands. Reassured by his kindly glance, the first she had received, she sank, exhausted, prostrate upon the ground, and murmured incoherently.



Giving her a shove, the Pharisees salaamed once more, and the spokesman, a Rabbi of large, towering stature, said, "Master, we have brought thee this woman for judgment. She is an adulteress and we know she is guilty for we have taken her in the act. The law according to Moses says that she must be stoned. What sayest thou?"

Bowing again, they receded and, turning to a gang of their sect said in a low voice, "At last, brethren, we have caught him in our trap for a surety. For if he shall say 'Stone her,' we will taunt him with saying, 'Blessed are the merciful'; and he dare not defy the law."

"Or if he shall spare her," spoke one of them, younger than the others, tossing his hand a little upward, "we may accuse him of breaking the law." At this a murmur of satisfaction passed through their number and they crowded forward still farther.

Meanwhile the Nazarene stood unmoved, save for the momentary glance at the woman, and wrote with his finger in the ground. His followers glanced wonderingly from him to the mob and back again, but he heeded nothing. Enraged by his silence and balked in their purpose they shrieked with voices filled with unutterable scorn and hatred, "Coward!" "Blasphemer!"

Then they quieted again and assuming a humble and unpretending manner, questioned him repeatedly as to his will. At last, arising slowly and drawing himself to his full height, looking down at the prostrate woman, with features softened by love and pity, he said deliberately, "He that is without sin among you, let him cast the first stone at her." Then he sat down again and continued writing in the ground.

With one accord the people fell back and gazed at each other, some with drooping faces and others with mouth hard set and gripping their hands. One by one they departed, leaving the Nazarine alone with the accused. He arose and for a little while stood looking at her. Soon he tenderly lifted her to her feet and said, "Woman, where are thine accusers? Hath no man condemned thee?"

Still trembling, and falling to her knees, she bowed her head and answered, "No man, Lord."

Once more he raised her to her feet and said softly and pityingly, "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more," and entered the gate leading to the inner court. VIVA WIND.

Read before the Council Bluffs Religio.



A PRAYER AT EVENING.

What means this cloud around me thrown,
This yearning and unrest;
This weariness of all around,
And pain within my breast?

My Father, do I need reproach
And, thus, Thou chasteneth me?

Oh take my hand, and lead me on,
And make me more like Thee.

For, I do feel that through it all
Some purpose there must be;
And by thy power and light and love
Thour't purifying me.

And, Father, in thy wond'rous love
And purposes divine,
Give me a spirit brave and true,
And faith that I am Thine.

And then whate'er I must endure
Of grief and sorrow sore;
I'll know "my times are in thy hand"
And I will ask no more.

LAMONI, Iowa.

RELIGIAN.



✓ NORMAL LESSONS ON THE BOOK OF MORMON.

LESSON V.

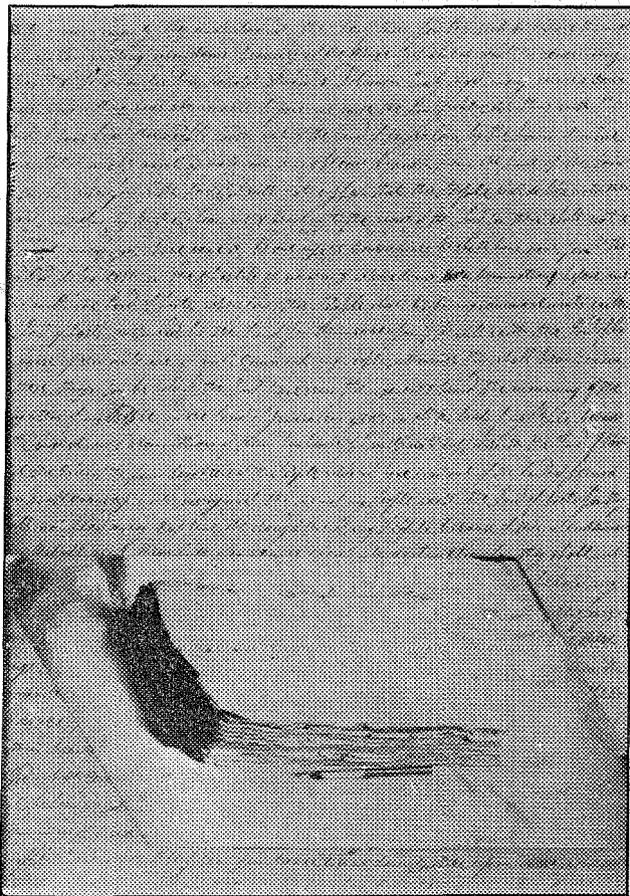
The Translation of the Book.

1. A word concerning Joseph Smith, Jr., the translator of the Book of Mormon. He was born December 23, 1805, at Sharon, Windsor County, Vermont, the scion of an old New England family of Puritan stock. His education was limited, but he early displayed strong religious feeling. He became much exercised over his spiritual condition in the spring of 1820, and was, in answer to his earnest supplications, visited with a heavenly vision, which determined his future religious experience. He subsequently translated the Book of Mormon, established the Church of Jesus Christ, gathered many thousands of Saints together, and died a martyr to the cause he established, being assassinated at Carthage, Illinois, June 27, 1844.

2. On the night of September 21, 1823, Joseph Smith was visited by the angel Moroni, who informed him of the whereabouts of the metallic plates upon which was engraven the sacred history of the Jaredite, Nephite, and Lamanite nations. These, he was informed, were buried in a prominent hill near Manchester, New York, where they had been deposited 421 A. D. He repaired to the hill the following day and obtained a view of the plates, the breastplate, and the Urim and Thummim. They, however, were not delivered into his possession until September 22, 1827.

3. As soon as Mr. Smith obtained the plates, evil-designing men set up such a persecution that he was compelled to remove during the month of December to Harmony, Susquehanna County, Pennsylvania. Shortly afterwards, he transcribed some of the characters from the plates, and, during the month of February, 1828, sent them by the hand of Martin Harris to Professor Charles Anthon and Doctor Mitchill of New York City. Professor Anthon declared the characters genuine, but said he could not translate a sealed book.

4. Early in April, Martin Harris returned to Harmony, Pennsylvania, the home of Mr. Smith, and began to write for him as he translated from the plates the history written in the language of the Nephites. The manner of translating was on this wise: Mr. Smith having before him on the table the plates, would look through or into one of the stones composing the Urim and Thum-



ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT OF THE BOOK OF MORMON.

mim, (the instrument was too large to be used as spectacles, hence both eyes were directed to one of the stones). The line of characters in the language of the record would be seen, and in connection with it the matter in the English language. This the translator dictated, and the scribe wrote as he sat opposite him at the same table.

5. Mr. Harris continued to write until early in June, when he had written one hundred and sixteen pages of foolscap. (About as much matter as the first Book of Nephi, and ten chapters in 2 Nephi.) Having come to the close of the first abridgment from the larger plates of Nephi (to the reign of King Benjamin) they left off translating for a season; and, after much importuning, Mr. Harris was permitted to carry the manuscript home with him to Manchester, New York. It was lost, and he was not able to recover it.

6. The Plates and the Urim and Thummim were taken from Mr. Smith by the angel, and returned in the month of July, and again taken, but returned probably on September 23, 1828. Very little was done toward the translating of the record for a time, as the translator had little time to devote to it, and his wife, the only one he had to write for him, had little time to write.

7. Early in April, Mr. Oliver Cowdery, who had previously heard of the work, came to Harmony and offered his services as scribe, and began immediately to write, and continued with but little interruption until the work was done. The translating was done at the home of Mr. Smith, at Harmony, Pennsylvania, until early in the month of June when they removed to the home of Peter Whitmer, Sr., at Fayette, New York, where the work was finished the latter part of June or early in July, 1829.

8. When the work of translation was about finished, the plates and sacred things were shown to Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer, and Martin Harris by the angel, and the voice of God bore record to them of the truthfulness of the work, and commanded them to bear testimony to the divinity of it. Shortly afterwards the plates were shown to eight others, who also bore testimony to the divinity of the work. (See the testimony of the three and eight witnesses in the Book of Mormon.) When the work of translation was finished, the plates and the Urim and Thummim were again delivered into the hands of the angel Moroni, who had discovered them to Joseph Smith at the first.

9. The Book of Mormon was published early in 1830, by E. B. Grandin, of Palmyra, New York. It has since run several editions in English both in America and England, and has been published in many other languages. The original manuscript, in the handwriting of Oliver Cowdery, Emma Smith, Christian Whitmer, Martin Harris, and probably Alva Hale, was delivered by Joseph Smith to Oliver Cowdery, who at his death in 1850 gave it to David Whitmer, from whose heirs it passed into the possession of Joseph Smith of Independence, Missouri, in whose possession it now is.

QUESTIONS.

Who translated the Book of Mormon into the English language? Give a brief sketch of his life. When did he receive the second visitation? Who informed him of the metallic plates? Where were the plates hid? When did he see the plates? When did he obtain them? What followed immediately the obtaining of the

plates? To what place did he remove? What did he send to Professor Anthon? Who carried this to Mr. Anthon? What did Mr. Anthon say of the characters? Describe the work of translating. Who first wrote for the translators? How much did he write? What became of this portion of the record? What happened as a result of it? Who became the principle writer in 1829? Where was the translating done? When was the translation finished? How long were they in translating the book? What was shown to the witnesses? Who commanded the three to bear record of the work? When did the witnesses see the plates? Name the witnesses. What disposition was made of the plates? When and by whom was the Book of Mormon first published? Give a history of the original manuscript.

LESSON VI.

Review of Part I. The Book and its Books.

1. What the Book of Mormon is, origin of its name, manner of writing, and how composed. 2. The number of Books, number of authors, and the centuries of composition. 3. The number of divisions of the Books, and the manner of classifying. 4. Number and name of books in each division, and author of each. 5. The sets of plates had among the Nephites. 6. What each set of plates contained. 7. The history of the Urim and Thummim. 8. Description of the other sacred things. 9. The translator of the Book of Mormon, and his scribes. 10. History of the translation; manner of translating, time used, and the disposition of the plates and manuscript.

WALTER W. SMITH.

(To be continued.)



RESPONSIBILITY OF PARENTS IN RELIGIO WORK.

Parents should be to the child an example, physical, moral, and spiritual; the guiding-star of its existence. They should be the executive power, enforcing such laws of government as are portrayed in the divine life and teachings of Christ. He has shown that first and indispensable, is order; the systematic ruling of all things by certain laws, which are eternal, and can not be changed. Upon these laws hang the whole fabric of the universe.

Individual government seems insignificant, in contemplation of the many higher governments; of states, of republics, and of nations, but on the individual government depends the strength of state, of republic, and of nation. Since the power of nations depends upon individual government, we are forced to see the responsibility of parents in relation to any developing process.

To be a guiding, governing power to the child, the parent must shape *his* life by laws, rendering obedience to the same under all circumstances; he must see the necessity of symmetrical development lest he discourage the child in some necessary pursuit. A child may be successful without the coöperation of the parent,

but far greater is the pleasure and progress when assisted by home influences.

To secure the best results in day-school, a child must be influenced and encouraged at home. In Sunday-school we find the same needs. In no educational organization in or out of the church do we find the Book of Mormon pursued systematically save in the Religio. This book must be of great importance to us, or it would not have been given when its giving entailed so much sorrow, sacrifice, and suffering. Since the book is of importance and we are admonished by the Lord to study it, are we not as parents duty bound to take up this study gladly, zealously, and prayerfully? We are none so well read but that we can be benefited by study and attendance at Religio. Parents need not expect young, inexperienced minds to become interested in something they themselves are not.

Perhaps we say, "Oh, there are so many meetings, we can not attend all." Did you ever stop to think the Religio is exclusive? What you miss there can not be gotten in any other organization. Of course, any one can *read* the book, but that is not so broadening or conducive to *general* development as becoming one of the many who are interested and studying by outline. Now attendance is not all. Parents should be so interested in the Religio that there would be a time each week for the study of the lesson. The young should be made to feel the necessity of preparation. No pupil expecting recognition as such would think of attending day-school day after day and *never* preparing a lesson. The mere suggestion seems absurd to the youngest. Because we have so many other duties is no excuse for non-study and non-attendance.

If we will stop to think, it readily will be seen that but a minute part of our time is spent in soul development. We feed the body and adorn it, spend our time in preparing a place for its abode, and have, oh, such a little time for feeding and clothing of the inner man!

Are we living as we should, are we doing that work for which we are responsible? As parents, I say no; if we were, our teachers would not complain of whole classes unprepared, of poor attendance, of disorder.

Our programs would always be a success; our committees, workers; each local would be a great power for good; each member characterized by interest, energy, and industry.

Excellence in any department can be obtained only by the labor of a lifetime.

LOLA A. JOHNSON.

HOLDEN, Missouri.

LIBRARY DEPARTMENT.

ADVISORY DUTIES OF Z. R.-L. S. IN THE CHOICE OF BOOKS.

The good literature committee is to encourage the reading of all good books. (See Constitution, Art. V, Sec. 6, p. 17.) It would seem not enough to put books on shelves in the local library; but encourage their use and advise each one what books to take out.

Good advice and help may also be given in selection of books for individual or home use; also any books to be taken from public library. We should not be narrow; but, while trying to make our own library as good as possible, encourage the reading of all good books.

The district or stake librarian is to assist and advise local librarians and good literature committees in all their work, especially as to books to be put in local libraries; also in all parts of their duties.

The general librarian is to advise and help the stake, district, and scattered local libraries so as to make the library work as large a success as possible.

All should work to create a hunger for good works.

The Library Commission, whose letter appeared last month, will now take charge of this work. We would suggest that their letter be taken up as part of the program. We believe they will have general supervision of the whole library work of the church, including that of the Sunday-school and Religio. This is not to hinder the work being done, but to enlarge its scope and increase its usefulness.

WHAT CAN WE DO FOR ARCHÆOLOGY?—The Constitution, pages 9 and 14, provides that clippings be made by local and district librarians. These should be noted and sent to the general librarian (as yet we have received none.) If we were all on the lookout, what a collection of data we might secure. Of course these will have to be verified, as many fictitious stories are printed; but if you can not well do this send anyhow, as we may verify several at the same time.

a See that a good collection of books and the other publications on archæology are in the local library.

b Note passages in books and magazines you do not care to clip, and send notation of volume and page to general librarian.

THE GOOD LITERATURE COMMITTEE.—(Constitution, page 17.)

a See also programs for June.

b Solicit subscriptions to church papers.

This subject, as outlined in *Quarterly*, can perhaps best be treated by use of Leaflet No. 3, of which the general librarian has a fair supply. This part of the work has not as yet been taken up by the Library Commission, so that we can not answer as to just what steps may be taken; but in this collection and distribution of tracts and literature and subscription to church papers, the missionary work should not be neglected by any means. This part has been taken up several times in the past, and so we do

RELIGIO CARTOON.—XI.

This poster was designed by Fred H. Johnson and was used in the Chicago local. It is one of a series that attracted considerable notice.

WHY ARE YOU ON EARTH?

YOU OUGHT TO KNOW:

Tell us why next Tuesday in answer to roll call.

Tuesday December 18th
is Review Night

What have you learned during this quarter? Three months' study of the Book of Mormon should do some good.

LESSON: 3d Nephi chapters 6 to 13

ANNOUNCEMENT.

A series of papers on interesting subjects is being prepared by some of our members, as follows:

Astronomy - W. Wainwright
Geology - Mark N. Smith
Evolution - W. I. Cochran.

You will enjoy the papers or talks and, besides, you will learn something of these wonderful subjects. You cannot afford to stay away----

The Religio Society



RELIGIAN'S DICTIONARY.

QUALITY, n. Relative value. Sometimes rated as good, bad, indifferent.

To be indifferent is sometimes worse than to be bad; an indifferent church-member ranks lower than a bad outsider. N. B.

—Observe the fate of the “lukewarm.”

QUANTITY, n. That which answers the question, “How much?” Webster has the words in proper sequence; and the query, “What kind,” should always precede the query, “How much?”

QUARREL, n. (Obsolete.) An angry contention. “I never love those salamanders that are never well but when they are in the fire of contention.”—Bishop Hall.

QUASH, v. t. To abate or annul. The word *quarrel* now being obsolete, according to the Religian's Dictionary, we have no word with which to designate some conditions which have existed at times; and all that remains to do is to “quash” our quarrelsomeness.

QUEER, a. Odd; singular. Applicable to all people; and in a greatly modified form to "me and thee."

QUIET, a. Free from disturbance.

"Coolness and absence of heat and haste indicate fine qualities. A gentleman makes no noise, a lady is serene."—Emerson.

E. A. S.



NEWS FROM THE SOCIETIES.

Adelaide, Australia.—Our local was formed with about seventeen members, and at its fourth meeting the attendance reached thirty-seven, some of whom were strangers. I feel satisfied that in conjunction with the Sunday-school the Religio is a valuable aid to missionary work, and a potent factor in consolidating the work of the church among the nations. The work in Adalaide is truly "onward and upward."

J. H. N. JONES.

Sekine St., Goodwood Park, ADELAIDE.

Fall River, Massachusetts.—The society here has sustained a great loss; our president, who has for many years been an active and energetic worker, was united in marriage to W. A. St. Clair, M. D., of Boston, where she will make her future home. Much could be said of this sister for her faithful service of love and devotion for the work. She was always found at her post of duty no matter what the conditions of life were that surrounded her, and was always to be depended upon. Her coworkers, in order to show their love, respect, and appreciation in a small way, presented her with a beautiful brass bedstead, and she leaves with the Religians' best wishes.

MRS. HATTIE HOWLETT.

St. Louis, Missouri.—Religio business-meeting was held April 30. Some of our classes were divided, substitute teachers were appointed, and eight names were added to the lookout committee, making it now eleven instead of three.

Attendance of late not so good as should be, but with diligent effort believe all will be interested again to advance the work. Officers and committees certainly have been working, and earnest effort will always bear fruit.

The serial story was concluded by Sr. Florence Burgess and was very much enjoyed by us all.

Our "Indefinite" was edited this month by Bro. J. M. Lloyd, our vice-president, and was read by Sr. Maude Parrish. It was good.

Bro. Paul M. Hanson is to give us a lecture with views of his trip through the East.

SR. E. M. PATTERSON.

2739 DeJong Street.

Clinton District, Missouri.—We have not made much progress in Religio work this month. Our attendance has grown smaller on account of some moving away. We hope they will do good somewhere else. Those who attend seem to have good interest,

especially in the lesson study. Our programs have not been what they should be, because there is not sufficient attendance to justify it.

Nevada, Missouri, reports: "Our attendance at the present is small. Some of our members have moved away. We miss them very much. Our interest is not so good as it has been in the past but we hope to increase it and make the Religio a success."

ELDORADO SPRINGS, Missouri.

PLEAS BUDD.

Council Bluffs, Iowa.—I think it has been at least two years since you have had a report from us, and so to prove to you that we are still alive and reaping the benefits set forth in the object of our Religio, I am sending to "The Arena" editor three papers lately read before our local. Watch for them in AUTUMN LEAVES and you will discover that we have talent equal to any in the church. We have a membership of about fifty, requiring four classes to accommodate the several grades.

Two new schemes have been the means of much benefit in the last half year; one is that we have appointed our local branch priest to have full charge of our monthly prayer-service and spiritual affairs; and another, a member of our lookout committee was appointed junior superintendent, to have full care and control of our juniors, and the way our junior class has enlarged of late and the success of the junior program given a short time ago shows that our junior superintendent has been performing the duties assigned her.

We intend to report oftener in the future, as we have several new ideas to present if we find them successful.

PAUL P. WIGHT.

Spy Hill, Saskatchewan, Canada.—Our society was organized here about a year and a half ago by Elder Dorsett. We have been holding meetings pretty regularly since that time. We have generally spent the time studying the Book of Mormon, but sometimes we have a little variation in the way of a reading or a solo by one of the members. Our membership at present amounts to twenty. We assemble ourselves at different places each week. In this way each one has the meeting at his place when his turn comes around. We enjoy reading AUTUMN LEAVES very much. We think it is a very good paper and we wish the editor and all its contributors every success. We pray that the dear Lord may bless this and every other effort made to advance his kingdom on earth.

JOHN DORSETT.

Independence, Missouri.—The seventeenth convention of the Independence Stake Religio was held at Armstrong, Kansas, on the third Saturday and Sunday of May and adjourned to meet at Chelsea Park in November. It was one of the best conventions held in the stake, as it carried out the aim of the Religio movement for instruction and development.

One session was devoted to extemporaneous speeches from young

Religions who have been lately called to the priesthood. Services Sunday morning were in charge of home class workers and some very interesting talks were given by Mrs. Catherine Haines and two of the superintendents of the district, Mrs. F. C. Warnky and Mrs. Margaret Stratton. Through the efforts of these sisters two Religios have been organized and one new home class at Quindaro since last report. The home class work is doing much good. Sunday afternoon W. N. Robinson introduced the normal work, which certainly fills a long-felt want. In the evening J. A. Robinson gave us some explanations and diagrams of a life-saving boat used by the United States Signal Service, corresponding to the one the Jaredites came to this country in, after the dispersion at the tower of Babel.

In the election of officers, W. A. Bushnell was chosen president; Alex McIntosh, vice-president; Mrs. Louise Nunn, secretary; J. C. May, treasurer; Eva M. Bailey, librarian. Miss Bailey was given charge of the home class work also.

In the president's report, he said there was a greater effort made in the study of the Book of Mormon than ever before. This is encouraging as the past year we have made strenuous efforts to encourage the study. President Bushnell suggests that a junior Religio be organized with the Sunshine Band as material, thus uniting their efforts. It is not wise to have too many societies and there seems to be a demand for the juniors in this stake. He also advises all locals and superintendents to pay more attention to the home class work, which advice we wish every local, missionary, and member of the church to take and act upon. It is the best thing to wake up sleeping members we know of and pays well for the labor expended. Bro. Bushnell has done splendid work the past year and we were pleased that he was reelected as president.

ALTHA DEAM.

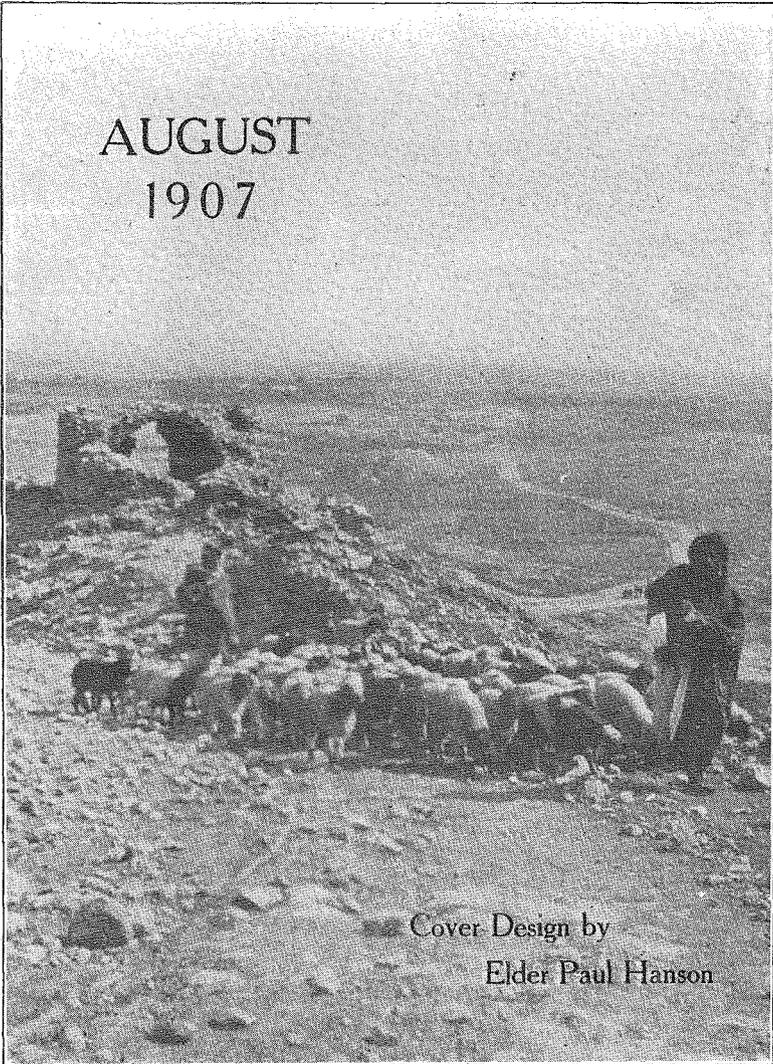
Kansas City, Missouri, (second local).—We elect our officers early, in order that they may have proper time to prepare for their work and be ready to take charge the first of July. June 14 the following were elected for the ensuing six months: Harry Ringer, president; Alexander McIntosh, Jr., vice-president; Grace Faler, secretary; Margaret Cleveland, treasurer; John McIntosh, librarian; J. A. Koehler, archæologist.

GRACE FALER.

2321 Monitor Place.

AUTUMN LEAVES

AUGUST
1907



Cover Design by
Elder Paul Hanson

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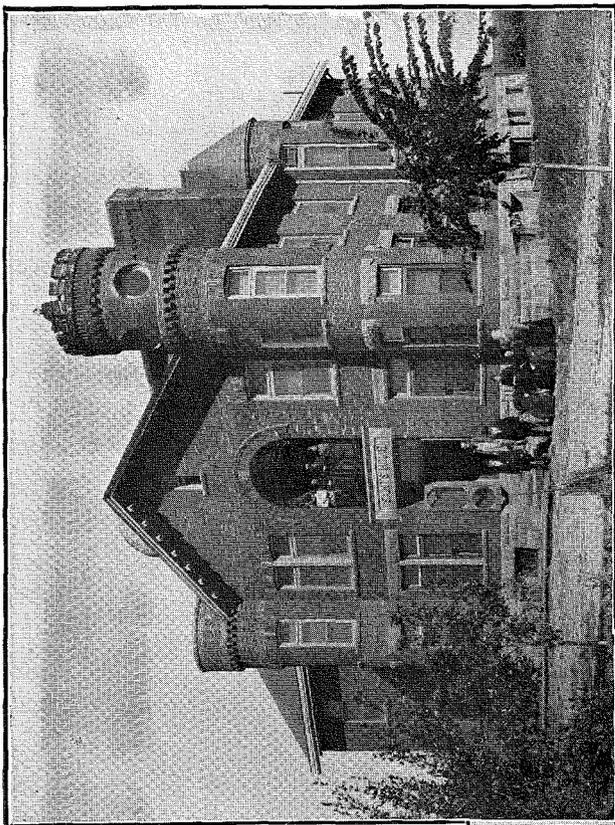
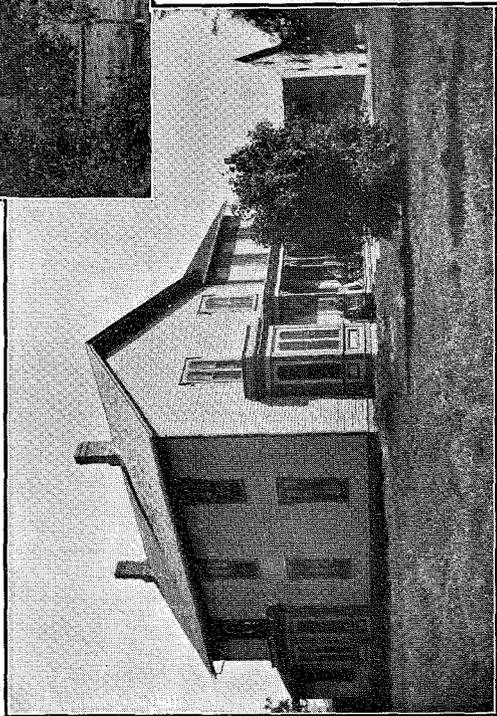
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Liberty Home, Lamoni, Iowa

This building as shown below was formerly the home of Joseph Smith, but recently it was remodeled and is now used as a home for aged Saints. Zion's Religio-Literary Society has a home class of twenty-one members in this institution; Elder R. M. Elvin is the teacher.

(See "Religio's Arena," page 369.)



The Saints' Home, Lamoni, Iowa

This home for aged Saints was built in 1896 and 1897 at a cost of nineteen thousand dollars. Zion's Religio-Literary Society has an active home class in this institution, with Elder John Garver as teacher. Members of the class may be seen in the foreground in the picture above.

(See "Religio's Arena," page 369.)

AUTUMN LEAVES

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A TALE OF THE SEA. ✓

BY ELDER WILLIAM E. LARUE.

THERE IS NO END to the stories which may be told of experiences on the great and boundless deep. Some of these experiences, however, are more interesting than others and we trust that the readers will find sufficient merit in this story to well repay them for the reading. I have spent a few years of time on the rough and rocky coast of Maine. Here I have met and conversed with sailors old and young, and a braver, more competent lot of seamen can not be found in the world.

It is not an infrequent thing to note in passing through cemeteries here, this sad inscription which accompanies the name on the grave-stone, "Lost at sea." The circumstances of such an untimely death sometimes are never known, and what tongue could tell of the sorrow, of the aching hearts of mothers and wives who have listened for the footsteps of loved ones who never have returned. We are reminded of the song, part of the words of which are, "Many brave hearts are asleep in the deep, so beware."

Our tale does not relate of those who were lost at sea, but of circumstances by which a company of sailors were suddenly delivered from impending death.

About January 21, 1907, the three-masted schooner, Fiheman, left the harbor at Stonington, Maine, heavily loaded with granite stone, bound for New York. The vessel was loaded so heavily that the decks were nearly awash when she started.

When the Fiheman was about twelve miles south of Cape Elizabeth and about twenty miles from Portland, Maine, on the night of January 23, 1907, she encountered a fierce southeast gale. A blinding snow-storm added to the fury of the situation, and soon the great mainsail was torn away. Some of the great blocks of granite moved from where they had been placed and crashed into the pumps. The hull was strained, seams were spread, and she began to leak.

Being deprived of the use of the pumps the crew formed themselves into a bucket brigade. They worked desperately, but the leaks were so bad that their efforts were all in vain. They shot skyrockets in the air in the hope of attracting some passing vessel.

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All the small boats which they had on deck were smashed to splinters by the violence of the waves. The vessel was sinking very fast and all hope that they might be saved seemed vain.

The situation becomes an exceedingly desperate and hopeless one when brave men will give up and resign themselves to their fate. This the captain and all of the crew except the mate did. The mate was Bro. Zelotes F. Eaton. When the storm struck the vessel he was in his bunk very sick, but realizing the danger of the situation he quickly joined the crew that nothing might fail from lack of his services. All the men left him and



went below, and tried to persuade him to give up the seemingly hopeless task of saving their lives.

Bro. Eaton almost despaired of his life—he hardly thought there was any chance to be saved. Once the great waves broke over the vessel and washed him overboard. By singular presence of mind he caught hold of a rope hanging from the mast and managed to get back on deck again. The water was terribly cold and he felt much disheartened. Then he began to think of one time on the dangerous Nantucket Shoals when all the crew except himself had given up to die; another time while fishing on the Grand Banks of New Foundland, all the crew except himself gave themselves up as lost. He thought to himself, “God has been my refuge and strength; in time past he has saved me, and why can he not

do so now." As though wafted to his ears by a gentle breeze came the words as sweetly as a congregation of Saints could sing them,

"When trouble like a gloomy cloud
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving kindness! Oh! how good."

There in the midst of the roaring sea, the blinding storm, the blackness of the night, wet, cold, and alone, with one hand he grasped the wheel and with his arm over his forehead he leaned over against the cabin and sought the help and mercy of the God who is unchangeable. As near as he could remember it he prayed thus: "O God, I know that you have answered my prayers; and I know that you can now save me if it be your will. And if you will spare my life I now renew my covenant to serve you."

He raised his head and saw a light in the distance which he supposed was the lightship at the entrance at Portland harbor. He looked about in other directions and was astonished to see two other lights close together. These he recognized, despite his doubts and much to his joy, to be the lights of a ship. Hope and courage instantly revived and he called to the men who were in the cabin below and said, "Boys, we are all right!"

At the hope of their lives they sprang on deck at once. They had a quantity of kerosene on board and this they quickly poured over some of their bed-clothes and made a torch which they waved in distress to attract the attention of the vessel. Their efforts were successful, for soon the great ship hove too and circled around near them. After much difficulty every man was taken off the Fiheman and landed safely aboard the steamer Manhattan. The men were almost exhausted and were at once given warm attention by the crew and passengers of the Manhattan as she stood by and witnessed the Fiheman sink into the dark and briny deep.

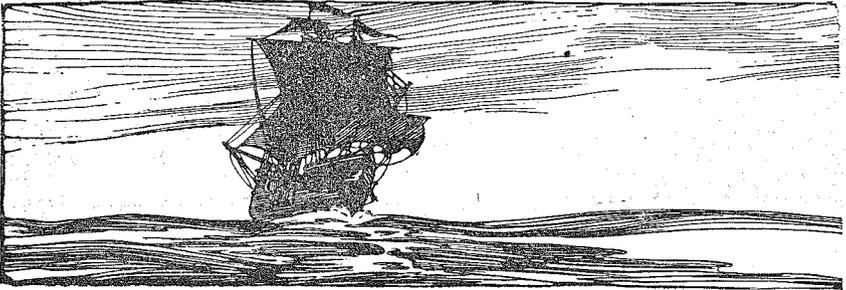
Thus it will be seen that their escape was indeed a very narrow one. Bro. Eaton wisely attributes his escape from such a peril to the care and mercy of the God whom he adores. One peculiar evidence in point was the fact that the steamer Manhattan was by mistake several miles off her course, bringing her much nearer than she otherwise would have been.

Some might sneer at the idea that they were delivered from this peril in answer to prayer. However that may be, we read in the Scriptures of Paul's experience in a ship-wreck. He prayed unto God, who heard him and saved him according to his promise. Because of Paul's faith his courage was dauntless, and so it was with Bro. Eaton. He did not give up and his faith inspired his courage to a remarkable degree. Had he not had the courage to remain at the wheel on deck, if he had given up all hope as did all the other members of the crew, undoubtedly they never would have seen the passing ship and consequently would not have been rescued.

Thus we see that those who have and exercise the true faith of

the gospel can put its author to the test and he will be with them. They need not be overcome with fear. They should never give up as long as anything can be done in their own behalf. Unto those who know God and are known of him, there "ariseth light in the darkness" which may not be known or understood by those who know him not. Only those who experience God's protecting care can truly say with the Psalmist, "I love the Lord because he hath heard my voice and my supplication. Because he hath inclined his ear unto me, therefore will I call upon him as long as I live. The sorrows of death compassed me, then I called upon the name of the Lord. I was brought low and he helped me."

STONINGTON, Maine.



CUMORAH'S BLEST HILL.

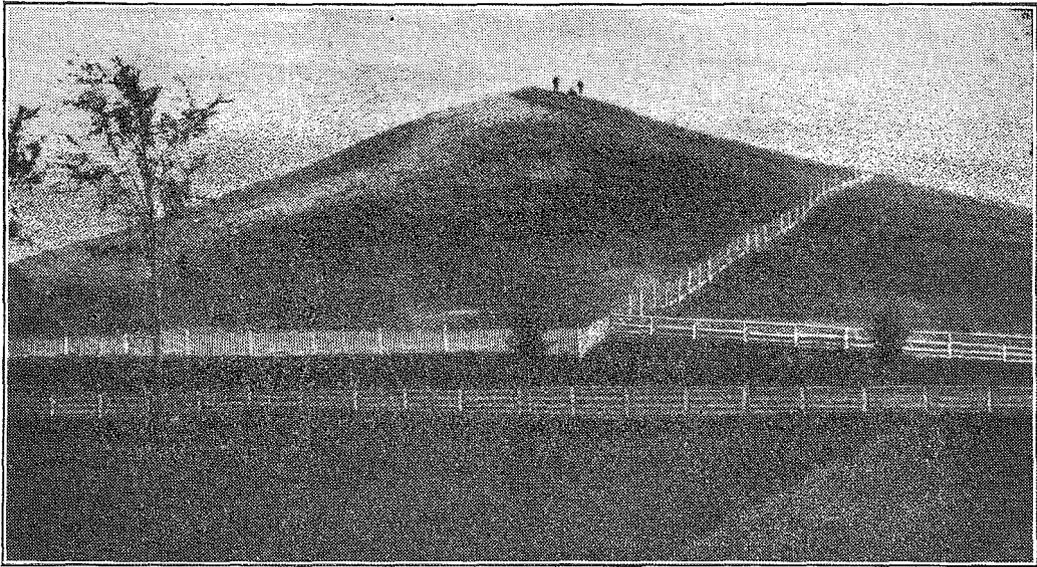


Photo by the Rochester News Company.

THE HILL CUMORAH AS IT IS TO-DAY.

"They dreamed not Cumorah would yield from her heart
A gem whose strange luster would never depart."

(The following lines were suggested by a bit of sandstone picked up on the Hill Cumorah and presented to the author by Elder Rudolph Etzenhouser.)

Oh, you mountains, whose summits are glistening with snow,
While your golden veins link you to green vales below;
You have reared your proud heads 'bove the clouds of the earth,
Through Joseph's fair land from the south to the north.

But the Lord, his great honor bestowing at will,
Looked with love and deep trust on a low, humble hill;
Where now is rejoicing, O mounts, at your fame,
Like the million hearts leaping with joy at her name.

Environed with beauty, with rich forest clad,
Earth's sons with your grandeur and strength proud and glad;
They dreamed not Cumorah should yield from her heart
A gem, whose strange luster should never depart

Till your white peaks are leveled to verdure-clad vales,
And the glory of love o'er gold's power prevailed;
Where to glad generations the beauties unfold
Of the tale which Cumorah for ages could hold.

The friend who gave kindly the rough sandstone chip,
Placed a cup full of dreams to my glad, eager lip.

I drink as one thirsting, and rejoice as Saints will,
In the truth that sprang up from the low, gladsome hill.

Of the righteousness meeting it then to declare,
"The meek shall inherit," the poor shall be there;
The wise be confounded, the simple fulfill
The message divine from Cumorah's blest hill.

Unlearned, without riches, blest at home may we be,
For the Lord in his work needeth you, needeth me;
Not to run with glad tidings, perhaps 'tis his will
We shall watch till he comes like Cumorah, loved hill.

VIDA E. SMITH.



AN INSTRUMENT IN HIS HANDS.—PART IV.

BY MARY LELAND CARTER.

MR. BROWN IS FACE TO FACE WITH A STRUGGLE.

HOW EVA LONGED to meet with the Saints, something she had not yet had the privilege of doing. Only those situated as she was can understand the great longing and homesickness she felt at times. The days and, as the weeks drew to a close, even the hours were counted when her church papers would come and then what a joy to read them!

She had shortly before this written to the *Ensign* and had mentioned her isolated condition, and this afternoon to her great surprise there had come to her from a sister a letter full of kindly encouragement. Never did Eva forget her feelings upon receiving that letter; and how she read and reread it and kept it among her dearest treasures.

The next day another letter came from a sister in the western part of the State. This sister invited her to come there for a visit and attend their conference in September.

Eva felt she must arrange to accept this invitation, and decided to go at once to her brother's to spend a few weeks, although she felt a little uncertain of the welcome she would receive.

But her fears were groundless. Her brother met her with an anxious face which brightened a little at sight of her. His wife had been taken seriously ill the day before and anxiety for her shut out all other thoughts for a while.

The children were enthusiastic in their greeting of Aunt Eva, who was a great favorite with them.

The next weeks were busy ones for Eva. Helen proved to be sick indeed and in caring for her, and looking after the children and the work, she felt she was needed, and found pleasure in the knowledge that she was of service to those she loved so dearly.

One day she received a letter from her uncle, who, among other things, said, "I am compelled to accept the Book of Mormon as reliable history and am glad to have this additional account of God's dealings with his people. I see that it contains no teachings

contrary to those found in the Bible, and I can see that it emphasizes and makes plain some of these.

“But I do not yet quite understand why you could not remain in your own church and yet believe this to be a true record.

“And why the need of re-baptism, even if you chose to join that church? Our church teaches baptism by immersion. Why then are they not all right on that which is really essential?”

Eva wrote in reply as follows: “You do not understand why I did not feel right to continue in the Baptist Church, nor why I had to be rebaptized. I will try to make it plain. You say they baptize by immersion. Yes, but do they teach that it is for the *remission of sins*? (See Mark 1:4; Luke 1:77; 3:3; 24:47; Acts 2:38; 22:16.)

“Also, by what authority do they baptize? A baptism to be valid needs to be performed by one authorized to do so, I should say; for that is the act which makes us citizens in the kingdom of God.

“Suppose it was an earthly kingdom. Could any one who felt a desire to do so make a foreigner a citizen of the country with the rights and privileges of the same?

“No matter how earnestly a person might desire to do this for another, or how well fitted for the work he, and perhaps his friends, might consider him, you know very well it would be impossible. A foreigner must be naturalized by those holding authority to do so.

“Do you suppose any less rule governs in Christ’s kingdom? Does he allow any one who wishes to act for him? or does he reserve the privilege of calling whom he will? Have we any instances in scripture of those matters being left to the wishes of the individual, or were his servants called of God as was Aaron? (See Hebrews 5:4.) Even Christ took not this honor upon himself, but waited to be called. Shall man dare to be presumptuous in these matters?

“‘But,’ you may say, ‘our men are ordained and so are given authority.’ Yes, but by whom? What authority have those others to ordain? Has God spoken to them authorizing them to do so? A man not holding authority himself can not give it to another.

“The Catholic Church claims that they are the true church of Christ, that the authority has continued with them down through the ages. Protestants deny this and came out from them because they had wandered so far from the truth. Yet if God has not spoken directly to any of these ‘orthodox’ churches, wherein have they more authority to act for him than the mother church from which they sprang?

“I do not say that they have not attained to higher ground, nor that they have not done away with many wrongs; but have they restored the primitive gospel, or have they simply reformed existing conditions? I do not know that they even claim to have done more.

“But it is said that the Baptist Church did not come out from

the Catholics; but has continued down from the apostolic church.

"This being so, when and by what authority did they change the organization as left by Christ and his divinely inspired apostles? When did God instruct them that the time was come to do away with the officers he placed there as it pleased him? Just notice the table. Where have they gone?"

The New Testament gives:	Your manual gives:
Apostles	Pastors
Prophets	Deacons
Evangelists	Clerk.
Pastors	Treasurer
Teachers	
Seventies—Luke 10: 1	
Elders—Acts 14: 23	
Deacons—Philippians 1: 1; Acts 6: 3	
Bishops—Philippians 1: 1; 1 Timothy 3: 2	

"And your book says, 'Its only scriptural officers are bishops or pastors and deacons.'

"1 Corinthians 12: 18: 'But now hath God set the members every one of them in the body as it hath pleased him.'

"Verse 28: 'And God hath set some in the church, first apostles, secondarily prophets, thirdly teachers.'

"We have the statement that God set these officers in the church as it pleased him, and as we have nowhere, to my knowledge, a statement that he is now pleased to have them left out, I prefer to be in the church which follows the pattern we know has been approved.

"These officers were placed in the church for the perfecting of the Saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ. (See Ephesians 4: 12.) They were to continue 'till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ.' Have we attained to that yet so that they should be done away?"

"Has your church the spiritual gifts? Paul bids us desire spiritual gifts.

"Does Christ work with your elders confirming the word with signs following? (See Mark 16: 20.)

"It is often argued that these signs are no longer needed; that they were simply to establish the truth at that time. But in this time of so much confusion, so many creeds, so many new doctrines springing up, surely we need the truth confirmed.

"Since God is unchanging, since his gospel is unchanging, and since the Holy Spirit is promised to all who fulfill the conditions, why should we not look for that Spirit to be manifested in the same way as in olden time? Must we think that Christ made a mistake when he said these signs should follow the believer? Or is it that men no longer hear, and so have no chance to believe the pure gospel, that it has been so altered, and commandments of men taught in its place, that Christ can not fulfill his promise?"

"History shows that the spiritual gifts were in the church till

the second or third century, then ceased because of wickedness, and from an effort to unite Christianity and the teachings of philosophers. After that followed the Dark Ages, when the gospel was almost lost sight of. Then came the Reformation, which, while doing so much, was still a *reformation*—not a *restoration*. Many of the Reformers looked forward to a restoration. Wesley did, also Roger Williams.

“Unless the gospel in its purity was to be restored, what can Revelation 14: 6, 7 mean, where John, in being shown things to come to pass afterward, saw an angel bringing the gospel to earth? Jesus said, This gospel of the kingdom must be preached in all the world for a witness, then shall the end come. But surely it must be the *same* gospel, not fragments of it, with lots of human creeds mixed in.

“But if, as we believe, the angel has come, and the gospel is restored, should we not look for the same results as followed in Christ’s day? We know they are the same. Christ’s followers now as then are persecuted, reviled, defamed, a sect everwhere spoken against, their name cast out as evil; even though the gospel now, just as then, makes better men and women of those who follow its teachings.

“We know the signs do follow the believers now, as then. Remember, they *follow*, they are to confirm, not to make believers. They are not subject to the desire of the individual, but the Lord gives when and where he sees fit.

“Of course none could purposely drink poison and hope to escape;; that would be like tempting God. Christ would not work miracles that way for show. The sick *are* healed, the blind restored to sight. Not always, however. Some have not the faith to be healed, or they may be appointed unto death. It is as it was in New Testament times. The sick then were not always healed.

“I wish I could see you and have a talk. This letter is already too long, yet there is much more I would like to say.

“Please forgive me if I have hurt you in what I said of your church. They are a people that I love, and I shall always remember my pleasant associations with them in the past.

“But I have told you how it looks to me. If I am mistaken I want to be set right, for nothing but the truth can ever do us any good.

“There is a conference to be held at S——, September 15 and 16. I want to go if I can leave Helen, and I wish you would go with me and see for yourself what our people are.

“With love to my aunt and cousins,

“Your affectionate niece,

“EVA.”

When Mr. Brown read this letter it started, for him, a new train of thought. He sought to lay aside all preconceived ideas that he might the better see things as they are. He took his Bible and studied that carefully and with prayer for light.

He then turned to history and examined and weighed carefully the claims made by the different sects. The following letter will show the conclusions which he finally reached:

"My Dear Niece: Your letter of a few weeks ago received and carefully considered. I now see why you chose to be rebaptized and to become a Saint. I am not sure but I, too, may yet desire to be, as you say, in that organization which we know has been approved by the Lord.

"But there are some points which I must examine a little more in order to make sure that this is the one approved by him. Now that I have become awakened to these things I shall certainly be very careful to make no step in which I am not sure the Lord is leading me.

"I can no longer accept unquestioningly, as I once did, any church which might be my choice from the fact that my father was a member, or because some particular point of doctrine appealed to me as true. *Now all points* must be in harmony with the Bible or I shall not be satisfied. If there is such an organization on earth to-day I pray the Lord to direct me to it.

"Since your church claims this, it is therefore entitled to a full investigation, so I will arrange to go to the conference with you. We can meet at Hillside Junction, Saturday morning, and go in company from there.

"Hoping this will find Helen much improved, and with our love to all, I will close.

Your uncle,

"JAMES BROWN."

Meanwhile what were Mrs. Brown's feelings during this time? After reading Eva's letter, Mr. Brown had handed it to her, not, it is true, without some feelings of hesitancy. But he thought, "Now I am resolved that it is my duty to sift this matter thoroughly that I may know where the truth lies, and I will do nothing sly or underhanded. She must know even if it grieves her."

But he was surprised at the results. She read a portion of it, then flung it aside angrily. "James Brown, I wonder how much longer you are going to let this go on! Are you going to keep quiet and let that girl pick our church belief to pieces? The presuming thing! and to think that I allowed her to come here!"

"Why, wife," he replied, "don't feel this way. No harm will be done. If our belief is true, neither Eva nor any one else can pick it to pieces, as you say. Truth will but shine more clearly the more it is opposed. Nothing can alter the truth. But if our creed is too shaky to stand any amount of investigation and opposition, then the quicker it is picked to pieces the better. For myself I am not too fearful of these questions to face them, and I hope if I find something better I am not too creed bound to accept it."

"I guess you will look somewhere besides among the Mormons before you find anything better than our dear old church," she replied warmly.

"Perhaps so." he answered briefly, and went about his work.

The next few weeks were trying to both. Mr. Brown sought to show her every consideration in his power, but he continued his investigation. The sight of him reading seemed to rouse a spirit which had hitherto seemed foreign to her gentle nature. Ashamed of this, yet seemingly powerless to throw it off, she was irritable, out of sorts with herself and all others.

When he handed her his reply to Eva's letter before mailing it she reproached him bitterly, accusing him of caring nothing for her or for her wishes any longer.

In vain he tried to reason with her. She would listen to nothing, and weeping bitterly said she wished she were dead and that if he insisted upon going to that meeting and should join that disgraceful church she would never live with him again—no, not for one day.

Sorely perplexed and grieved at the turn affairs had taken, Mr. Brown was inclined to promise that he would do nothing contrary to her wishes; but something checked him.

He felt the promise he had made that he would follow wherever the Lord led to be a solemn thing, something he could not trifle with even to please her who was dearer than all the world besides. While he had not as yet received full assurance of what the Lord required of him in this matter, he felt he dared not bind himself by any promise which should not leave him free to act as he should be led.

Finally, taking her hand he said gently, "Dearest, I hope and trust I shall do nothing which need bring such sorrow upon you. It is my purpose to do that which is right and honest before God. And I believe you have always wanted me to do this. Now will you not kneel with me and we will ask God to show us just what is right for me to do and whether he wants me to unite with that church?"

She hesitated a moment, then pulling away her hand said, "I—don't want to, now." Then going hastily to her room she locked herself in.

A bitter struggle now raged in Mr. Brown's mind. He knew if he found the Saints' belief in perfect harmony with the Bible along those lines that he had not yet thoroughly investigated, he should desire with all his heart to unite with them, and that it was quite probable that he would be baptized at the conference even as his wife feared.

"We have never seemed to have a desire or purpose apart all these years," he thought, "and how can I go against her wishes now—oh, must I?"

"And what if she should leave me! Oh, am I called upon to do this, am I not justified to drop the matter for her sake and the children's?"

Long and bitter was the struggle.

"O Father, dost thou require *all*? May I not serve thee acceptably without this? All else I am willing to do but to bring this grief upon my wife! Oh, wilt thou not show me if this must be?"

As he was thus engaged in prayer suddenly an open Bible was placed before him and his attention drawn to Luke 14: 26-33.

He read, "If any man come to me, and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he can not be my disciple. And whosoever doth not bear his cross, and come after me, can not be my disciple. . . . So likewise, whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he can not be my disciple."

"I am answered," he said. Then, after a few moments, "Father, thy will be done. I pray thee for strength."

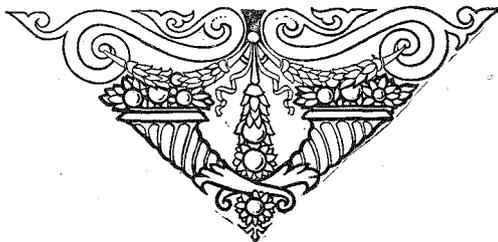
Then a great peace came to him and a voice said, "Fear not to follow where the Lord shall lead. Thus only can you work for the best interests of your loved ones. Be true to duty and they will yet thank you for it. Fail now and you will not only bring condemnation upon your own soul, but you will have closed the door for them to enter the kingdom. Trust and fear not." Then the light which had illumed the room faded away and he was alone. But what joy filled his heart that the Lord had granted this vision. Truly the Lord does hear and answer prayer even as of old, he realized.

Finding the door of their room still locked he remained on the couch during the night, sleeping little, and spending the time in prayer and praise.

It was a night never to be forgotten for the light and understanding that came to him, and he rose on the morrow spiritually strong and seeing his way plainly before him. Many times in the trying days that followed did he feel thankful for the plain guidance given him. He felt that had there been any doubt remaining with him as to what course to take he must have yielded to his wife's wishes.

When he had told her that the Lord had answered his prayer and shown him he was to go forward in the matter, and had begged her not to let it come between them in any way, she consented for the sake of their children not to leave him, but said nothing could ever be the same again and she wished she had never seen him.

(To be continued.)

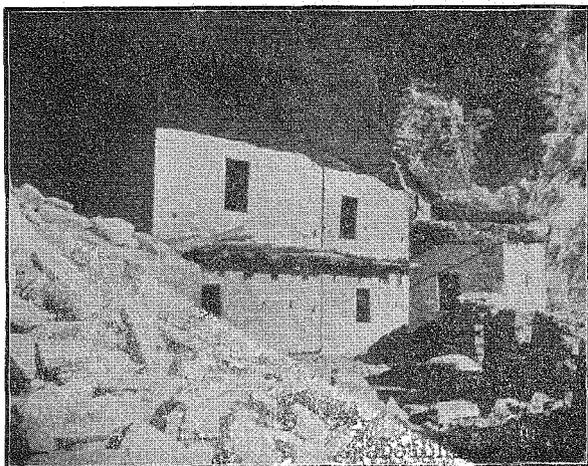


A TRAMP TO THE PREHISTORIC CLIFF-DWELLINGS.

BY JAMES M. HUTCHINSON.

MUCH has been written concerning the ancient cliff-dwellings found throughout the Southwest, and many are the theories as to the nature of the people who lived there, whence they came, and where they went. Reading some of these interesting accounts gave me a great desire to see these prehistoric dwellings. The long-looked-for opportunity came in July of last year, when Edward Buckley and myself, both members of the Overland Walking Club, took a tramp through Colorado.

After a pleasant walk through the northern part of the State, we went by rail to the southwestern portion, stopping off at Mancos, the nearest railroad station to the ruins of the cliff-dwellings.



Mancos has several hundred inhabitants, and is generally the starting-point for those taking a trip to the ruins, for here a guide may be obtained and also all the necessary provisions and equipment for the journey. I would advise any one contemplating this trip to secure the services of a guide; for not only can a guide make the trip more interesting, but he is a necessity to one unaccustomed to this section of the country, where for part of the journey there is no visible trail. It would be unpleasant, to say the least, to be lost in this arid region, where one can travel for twenty miles without finding a drop of water. It is approximately twenty-five miles from Mancos to the ruins of the cliff-dwellings.

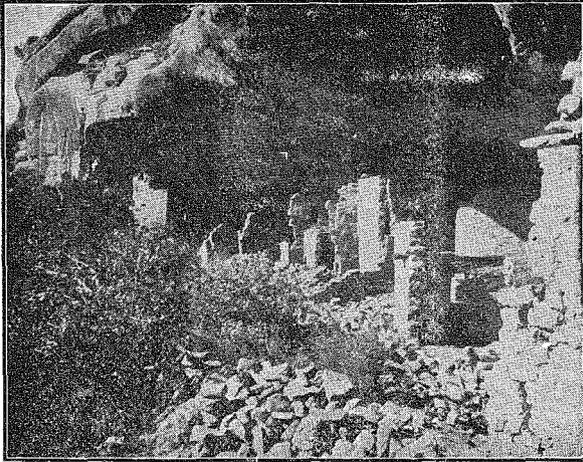
We started early one morning to make the trip on foot. Our guide, who had been conducting travelers to the ruins for fifteen years, said that we were the first persons he had known to walk there. I hope we have demonstrated the feasibility of such a

trip on foot, and that in years to come, the people of this country will take many more such trips as this, for it is an undisputed fact that the best way to see the country is on foot, to say nothing of the sound health to be obtained from such a journey. Our guide rode on horseback and took along a packhorse to carry our provisions, water, haversack, etc. Having nothing to carry except a small camera, we were well prepared for a hard journey if such it should prove to be. We were happily disappointed not to encounter the great dangers which we had read we would meet on this trip, and with the exception of a difficult two-mile climb to the top of the Mesa Verde, the journey was very easy. For ten miles after leaving Mancos we walked over a fairly good road and then it was a tramp of some five miles through sage-brush, knee-deep, interspersed with myriads of sunflowers. There was no trail here, and our guide said that he seldom went over the same ground twice. Reaching the summit of Mesa Verde, we ate a light lunch and sat under a beautiful pine-tree for a few minutes' rest. Here we had a grand view of the Montezuma Valley stretching out below us for many miles. Our walk over the Mesa Verde (a Spanish name meaning "green table-land") was very interesting and pleasant. We were on a fairly good trail, which wound in and out among the cedar- and pinon-trees, and occasionally we would be afforded fine views of the surrounding country. From the Mesa Verde one can see territory in Utah, New Mexico, Arizona, and Colorado. The cedar-trees along the trail assume many fantastic shapes, and while small, they are very old, some probably being there when this country was first discovered.

After a walk of three miles over the Mesa we came to the first evidence of ancient habitation, in the shape of an old reservoir. Nothing now remains but a large pile of stones and debris, but one can see the original shape of the structure, whatever it may have been. . . .

The Cliff-dwellers will always remain an unsolved problem[?]. It is impossible to learn at what period the houses were inhabited. It may have been hundreds or perhaps thousands of years ago. Some adhere to the theory that the Cliff-dwellers were ancestors of the present-day Pueblo Indians, while others hold that the Moqui Indians are descendants from the Cliff-dwellers. There are many good reasons for believing that the Cliff-dwellers were the ancestors of either the Pueblos or Moqui Indians. The pottery found in the ruins is very similar to that made by the Pueblos, but is possible and even probable that the Pueblos copied their patterns from the Cliff-dwellers. The habits and mode of living of the Moqui strongly resemble those attributed to the Cliff-dwellers, and in comparing the two tribes one can see much in common. On the other hand, there are facts to be considered that will hardly coincide with these theories. *The hair on nearly all the mummies found in the cliff ruins is soft, fine, and generally from brown to blonde in color, and the skulls resemble a white man's.* Whether the Cliff-dwellers were Indians or a distinct race may never be

known, but the fact remains that they did some fine work in building, and they must have been industrious and persevering to construct their homes hundreds of feet up from the bottom of the canyon and to haul all the stone up there for building. The Cliff-dwellers were supposed to have been of very small stature, and the small doors in the houses and some small mummies found in the ruins would lead one to this belief, yet large mummies and skeletons have also been found. . . .



We spent nearly all of one afternoon in examining the ruins of the Spruce Tree House. This is one of the largest of the collection of houses found in the canyons, containing about eighty rooms. In the rear portion of the Spruce Tree House is a large room in which many mummies and skeletons were found. Evidently they used this room as a burying-ground. Not far from these ruins and protected by a large overhanging rock is a fine spring of water. This spring was probably used by the Cliff-dwellers, as there is no other drinking water near.

There is a peculiar quietness about these ruins that impresses one deeply. With no habitation within nearly twenty miles and the surroundings the same as they were centuries ago, one is truly in "solitude where none intrudes."

Among other ruins of particular interest that we visited were the Cliff Palace and Balcony House. The Cliff Palace is the largest of these ruins, with one hundred and forty-nine rooms, and is situated in Navajo Canyon, some distance from the Spruce Tree House. We descended to these ruins from the top of the Mesa Verdé by some stone steps cut in the rock by the Cliff-dwellers and probably used by them for the same purpose. The Cliff Palace is nearly five hundred feet long, and in places several stories in height. It contains several large round towers that may

have been used as watch towers. The Balcony House is located in the walls of Ruin Canyon, and was the most difficult to reach of any that we visited. It is called the Balcony House because of a projection from the side of one of the houses which resembles a balcony. If those who lived there had any appreciation of the beautiful, their gratification could be easily satisfied, for the view of Ruin Canyon from the balcony is sublime. This house is the best preserved of any that we saw.

We left the Cliff-dwellings with reluctance, and in less than seven hours were back at Mancos. We had no hills to climb on our return, but that part of the journey through the sagebrush was one of the hottest walks I ever took. Yet no matter how warm the days may be nor how strongly the sun's rays may beat down, the nights are always delightfully cool and refreshing.

To those desirous of seeing something out of the ordinary, something intensely interesting and instructive, I would suggest a trip on foot to the prehistoric cliff-dwellings of Colorado. This region, like many other wonderful places in the world, can not be reached by cars or carriages, but is easy of access either by horseback or on foot.—*Good Health*, June, 1907.



EXPERIENCES AND OBSERVATIONS OF ONE OF OUR PATRIARCHS.—NO. 6.

BY J. R. LAMBERT.

IN THE very nature of the case, because of its delicacy, I must now generalize to a great extent, though I may be able, without impropriety or injury to any one, to point out, specifically, some occurrences of interest.

It is indeed a wonderful experience. Men and women, boys and girls, middle-aged and aged, married and single, ministers holding different positions in the priesthood, and non-ministers, apply for blessings. Some of these we have known quite well and favorably; others, not so favorably. Indeed I have been greatly embarrassed a number of times by the application of persons who, it seemed to me, were unprepared and unworthy. After having been directed to bless them in the name of the Lord Jesus, as I should be directed by the Holy Spirit, I have felt, oh so keenly, the responsibility and difficulty of the work.

It has been the rule of my experience in such cases as these, that when the time came for the blessing to be given, all fear, doubt, and undue embarrassment were gone. A peaceful feeling of trust, a holy calm, and the liberty of the Holy Spirit were granted, and we all rejoiced together. Nevertheless, the blessings bestowed contained considerable of what we have called the corrective, and in them was found no compromise with imperfection and wrong.

On the other hand, when application has been made by those whom we have known favorably, and in whom we thought we saw

so much merit, we have been pleased; and I have often said to myself (especially in the beginning of my work), This brother, or this sister, as the case may have been, will surely receive an excellent blessing.

Well, you may imagine my surprise when, occasionally, the blessing bestowed was very ordinary, compared with others. What then is the proper conclusion, based on the experiences indicated above? This: We know in part, we see in part, and "through a glass darkly"; God knows all. - He sees clearly and fully, with no glass to intervene!

But there is another important consideration. Persons may possess all the merit we accord to them, and even more, in which cases their needs are not nearly so great as are those of their less fortunate brothers and sisters.

God's ways are equal, wise, and just, and his condescension is very great. He is constantly looking after the wanderers, the weak, the imperfect, the lost. He gives to that part which lacks, "that there should be no schism in the body." He is constantly striving, and never failing in his part of the work, to bring about that equality purposed in his infinite mind from the beginning; that is, that all should receive *according to their needs*, he being the judge.

"O how great the plan of our God!" "O the wisdom of God! his mercy and grace!"—Book of Mormon.

Referring to God, the prophet says:

"For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts."—Isaiah 55: 8, 9.

Not that we can not think and act with God, if we are truly his children and his servants, (so far as we are able to go), but his *thoughts* and *ways* are higher, vastly higher, than ours. If we can not think and act as God thinks and acts, to a certain extent, how can we, as required, be "laborers together with God"?

Experience and observation have convinced me that one of the chief and important characteristics of a patriarchal blessing is its adaptation to individual needs; therefore, in the very nature of the case, the individual receiving the blessing appreciates it more than any one else. It is surely true, that instruction, warning, and promise, adapted to the needs of the individual, as God sees them, are among the most valuable elements which enter into a patriarchal blessing.

I am aware that some have been tried, sorely tried, over the respective merits of blessings which have been given, as they see it. They have even gone so far as to say: "The better class of Saints receive the poorer blessings, and the poorer class the better ones."

In reply to this it is only necessary to say, in addition to what has already been said, that a misinterpretation of the blessings will easily lead to this conclusion. The mistake which was made

by the elder brother of the prodigal son, is frequently made by us. He thought his father was unjust and had but a poor appreciation of his faithfulness and obedience, all of which was incorrect, and resulted from a fatal misconception of the father's character.

Notice the father's reply to the complaint of his son:

"Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine. It was meet that we should make merry, and be glad; for this thy brother was dead, and is alive again; and was lost, and is found."
—Luke 15: 31, 32.

We should be careful and not fall out with God, because of a misunderstanding of his goodness. Should we not be glad that when a poor sinner begins to see the folly and wrong of his course, and concludes to return to God, he is willing to meet him on the way, and furnish him with needed help and encouragement?

But what of the elder brother? Could words form a better and stronger recognition of his loyalty, and his right to all that his father had? "*Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine.*"

It is difficult to stop here, but sufficient has been presented, we trust, to show how easily a patriarchal blessing may be wrongly interpreted, especially by the carnal mind.

But I must return to the Stewartsville reunion, note a few things which occurred, and then pass on.

When sending the copies to their rightful owners, I requested each one to receipt his blessing, and offer any comment or criticism, for or against, which he might desire to offer. (Friendly criticism should hurt no one, but is of vast importance to us finite and fallible beings; no other kind should ever be indulged in.)

Several wrote me that they were sorry they were not worthy of better blessings, but were satisfied that ones received would be a great help to them. Several made no comment whatever. One sister expressed some disappointment and made one leading criticism on her blessing. About three fourths of the entire number expressed themselves as being well satisfied and thankful.

Some may fail to appreciate my statement when I say that the sister's letter, which expressed some dissatisfaction, did me as much good, and was as well appreciated by me as any other letter received. She wrote as follows:

"I received your letter inclosing my blessing. In answer I will just say, in regard to the blessing, I am satisfied with it all, except I was a little disappointed in not receiving my lineage, and I think it could have been stronger; but otherwise, I am perfectly satisfied.

"I hope to be able to be benefited by my blessing, and I surely think I shall be. It will be a help to me, I feel sure."

After thinking over the contents of this letter for some time, I felt it my duty to write her again. I told her that I was well pleased with the kind and frank manner in which she expressed herself; that I, too, felt disappointed and sad after her blessing

was given, until I saw the copy, since which time, I had been perfectly satisfied. I called her attention to parts of the blessing in order to show that it is not at all weak, if she will comply with gospel conditions. She wrote me again in the month of November, while far distant from her home, in part as follows:

“Dear Brother: I received your kind and welcomed letter to-day, and was glad to hear from you, and must say in reply, that I am sorry now that I wrote you that I thought my blessing could be stronger. After I read it over several times, I could see that it contained many precious promises, if I would live faithful.

“I have received strength every time I read it. I think it contains everything that is grand and encouraging, if I can hold out faithful. I have had lots of trouble in my life, and my blessing speaks of it. I am sure that my blessing was from God, for I have had evidence of the same. I will close by asking your forgiveness if I have hurt your feelings in any way.”

I will now quote from one or more of those who were satisfied from the beginning, that the reader may have the benefit resulting from a fair and, as nearly as practicable, complete representation:

“I received in yesterday’s mail a very neat copy of my patriarchal blessing, given at Stewartsville, Missouri. I assure you it is satisfactory; and the more I read it, the more I am convinced of its divinity.

“I consider I am very fortunate in having this in my possession, and trust that, as far as I am concerned, no effort will be spared to bring to pass its promises.”

The following is from an elder who was in attendance at the reunion, and who has had quite a long experience in presiding over one of the branches of the church:

“Yours of 10th, with blessings, received. We intended writing you sooner, but have failed. We are pleased with them. I can now see it is a necessary ordinance, and feel satisfied will be for our good. I desire to carefully notice where the blessing points out my weaknesses, as well as the pleasing promises, then it will do for me as intended, ‘to make better.’”

Since giving these first blessings, I have never requested an expression of opinion from the recipients. As may be easily seen, to make such a practice formal and general would be unwise and impracticable; nevertheless, I wish it to be distinctly understood that my work, imperfect as it may be, is open to friendly criticism from *any source*. And while I believe that all criticism, which is unfriendly, should be discouraged, yet we can much better afford to tolerate it than to even appear to be intolerant and autocratic.

The reader will understand, ere this, that I would be limited in the amount of work accomplished by my small supply of strength; but in addition to this, I have long since learned that the large acreage does not bring in a large and good quality of products, when it is gone over at the sacrifice of thorough and careful cultivation. Hence it has been my constant effort (will say nothing of my success) to be careful and thorough in my work.

Up to the present time, have given six hundred and seventy-six blessings. Of this number there were eighty-four more women and girls than men and boys, and it included about one hundred and fifty ministers, twelve of whom were high priests, eight seventies, about fifty-six elders, fifty-three priests, twelve teachers, and seven deacons. The ages ranged all the way from between eight and nine to between eighty and ninety years.

There is some instruction in these items, but I present them to the reader without comment.

LAMONI, Iowa, February 26, 1907.



TO WAKE AT MORN.

To wake at morn amid new scenes and pleasures,
 To see with eyes of faith God's love,
 In all my earthly hopes and treasures,
 Reflected from my home above;
 To wake and find my soul again is yearning
 For all my portion of God's holy gift,
 To find with all my strength I'm spurning
 All temptation: and my eyes to lift
 To Him whose love and grace give all my blessing,
 Who yet remembers that I am but dust,
 To whose home my journey still I'm pressing,
 In whose hands my life, my all I trust.
Thus may I be awakened, Father, day by day,
 Thus may my soul's deep earnest longing
 Find expression while I pray.

IDA H. STEWART.

2149 May Street, KANSAS CITY, Kansas.



Editor's Corner

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ELBERT A. SMITH, EDITOR, LAMONI, IOWA.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF CHILDHOOD.—III.

AT SCHOOL.

IN OUR LAST we described our removal from Illinois to Iowa and our experiences in the new prairie home. Our family consisted of my grandfather, William Hartshorn (who at one time lived near Beloit, Wisconsin, and who was one of those who took part in the founding of the Reorganization, being present at the conference at Zarahemla, April 6, 1853), my grandmother, Charlotte Hartshorn, my Uncle Fred, my mother, and myself. My Uncle Manley Hartshorn, with his wife and two boys, Will and John, had settled within a half-mile of us.

The problem of education confronted the community, because there were three boys who were growing up to be future citizens. It is typical of pioneer enterprise, and to its honor, that an earnest effort is made to educate the children in each community, whether they be one or fifty. So in this case the public school system came with the plow and the planter; and with a teacher, three pupils (cousins), and two or three primers we set up in business.

During the first term we occupied an unfinished room upstairs in my uncle's home. John and I sat upon the toolchest, which contained the tools used in building the house. Will, because of seniority, and the teacher, because of official dignity, occupied chairs.

Our teacher as a kind and motherly woman, who taught us by day and rocked us to sleep at night; but nevertheless she gave us our first taste of school discipline. When John violated some one of the fixed laws of school decorum she picked him up and sat him down upon the solid toolchest with a force that awed the rest of the school while it incensed John, who declared between sobs, "My father'll go for you if you break his toolchest!"

John recognized a great "economic truth": namely, that "property rights are sacred" and take precedence over personal rights; capital was invested in that toolchest.

Thus even a very small school fills its mission by coming between the discipline of the home and the discipline of the state and teaching the



scholars to respect community laws so that they may become fit citizens. I do not know whether or not that form of chastisement is in strict harmony with some more modern ideas; but I do know that we learned to obey that teacher, and more than that she had our affection and respect.

She had a peculiar way of her own to encourage cerebral activity. She would press a thimble-tipped index finger against the ball of her thumb until the tension became considerable, then she would release it and bring it into sudden contact with the cranium of the absent-minded scholar. Very peculiar phenomena followed the impact of that old thimble. For a second it seemed to scatter every faculty of the mind to the four winds and then when they rushed back to coherency a brand new train of thought was born, —whatever the old may have been it was gone beyond recall.

Beginning with the second or third term we moved into the new schoolhouse, which seemed to us a palatial structure. We still held our own, our total enrollment being three. Our schoolhouse was not the "little red schoolhouse," because it was white. It boasted neither globe, chart, nor library, and had no cloak-room or entry-room; when one came in he was in and when he went out he was out. In winter the wind and snow reached in after him when he entered and they grappled him when he emerged; and in the summer ground-squirrels and meadow-larks came and peered in at the imprisoned scholars.

"Human interest is not confined to the great city schools. Aspirations, humiliations, triumphs, and temptations come to the scholar in every school and they constitute no small part of the value of a school. To pump a scholar full of facts and leave him void of the experiences of school life would not meet his needs at all.

It was at this little school that we organized our first industrial strike. Great strikes have been called, traffic paralyzed, property destroyed, and lives lost because of grievances fully as trivial as that which irritated our feelings. Men are only "boys grown tall," and sometimes it seems that trades unions, political parties, city councils, senates, and armies, are simply boys at play or in a quarrel.

Our trouble was this: there was no well at the schoolhouse, just as there were no trees, and we were obliged to carry water from the nearest well, which was a half-mile away. This did not afford an extra errand, because we carried the water on our way to school. We took turns at the task; and we never complained so long as we had a lady teacher; but when we came under the tutelage of a "husky" man teacher who drank water yet refused to carry any, we organized a strike.

Each scholar equipped himself with a bottle; Lydia E. Pinkham bottles or Warner's Safe Cure bottles were considered best (there were no whisky-bottles in the community as the people took alcohol only in the form of patent medicines), and thus each carried his own supply of water. The teacher went thirsty. We each had a "cave" covered over with sod where our bottles reposed

and were supposed to keep cool, though by noon of a hot day the beverage besides tasting rather strong might have been termed a "hot drink."

I do not think that our careful concealment of these bottles was entirely necessary. If I remember correctly we sustained the strike until a new teacher, a lady, appeared upon the scene. Our observation is that a teacher who will not meet his scholars half-way outside of school hours can not induce his scholars to meet him half-way during school hours.

One or two other amusing incidents come to mind. I remember that one day at the noon hour John and I wandered off over the prairie toward a little lake or slough. When the hour was up the teacher rang the bell, but we were too far away to hear it, so she sent Will to tell us to return. Presently, when we were entirely ready, we returned. The teacher took us to task. She said, "Did you not hear the bell?"

We could truthfully say no, because we took good care to be out of reach of the bell.

"Well, did not Will tell you that I had sounded the bell?"

John replied, "Yes, but Will lies to us so much that we could not believe him."

There was no answering that excuse, because, though straightforward with other people, Will unfolded tales to us younger pupils that did great credit to his imagination.

That incident impressed me with the thought that it is a bad thing for one to get where he is not believed even when he tells the truth. It is a bad thing for one to get where he is not trusted even when he is trying to be honest.

I think it was during the second or third term that the school was visited by an epidemic—an epidemic of swearing. Every member was violently affected. I remember one of the first paroxysms of the disease. It was at the noon hour. One of us stumbled over a rock in the school-yard. We all three surrounded that rock and proceeded to express our opinion of it in language that should have moved a heart of stone.

I am happy to state that we recovered from that affliction—some people never recover. Pardon a little sermonizing from a preacher: We think it terrible when we hear a little child swear a horrible oath, or when we see him wrestling with a cigar or drinking beer; but he does not know any better, and let me ask you, Is it not ten times worse to see one doing these things who is older and does know better?

Unfortunately there is a period in the life of almost every boy



"Unfortunately the average pupil regards his teacher as an enemy."

when he regards all teachers as his natural enemies, to be irritated, hectorred, and disobeyed. The little lad during his first few terms idolizes his teacher; and the more mature youth who is beginning to see the real meaning of school life will cooperate with his instructors. Between those periods there is a time when the boy is at war with all forms of discipline; he does not see their use and they are irksome to him, and the unfortunate teacher gets the brunt of his rebellion. I confess now that it is a matter of regret that we were so mean to so many teachers.

Aside from that, our recollections of school life are pleasant. What wild, uproarious games we had at noon and recess! What pleasant rambles in search of prairie gum! What struggles with arithmetic and spelling! What struggles in our long tramp to school when the snow was nearly waist deep and the air on every side was a white wall of flying snow!

After our school had increased somewhat in numbers and others had grown up in the country around, we sometimes visited other schools or received visits from them. Our first interchange of visits was made with a school to the east of us. Naturally we compared the merits of our respective institutions of learning; and we soon discovered that they were quite well balanced, because we had a boy who could "out run" any boy in the other school, while they had a boy who could "throw any of us down."

We have since discovered that more ambitious schools stand on the same footing—one has the champion football team while another has the champion sprinter. This is not said in any spirit of captious criticism of athletics. Wherever two or more boys congregate there will soon be some sort of contest of strength, speed, or skill. God wedded the brain that craves knowledge and the muscle that craves exercise; and the only way to eliminate athletics from school life will be to divorce the two and leave the body at home while the brain goes to school on a platter. The real need is for a proper balance of study and play.

If we did not strike a correct balance, the fault was never that we did not play hard enough.



Daughters of Zion

Truer Parenthood, Better Children, Happier Homes, Purer Society.

CALLIE B. STEBBINS, Editor.

“A partnership with God is motherhood;
What strength, what purity, what self control,
What love, what wisdom, should belong to her,
Who helps God fashion an immortal soul.”

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TEMPERANCE.

I WAS at one time a guest for a week in the home of one of our most earnest workers in the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. At breakfast I was offered coffee, and at dinner and supper, tea—all of which I declined. The second morning, as I refused coffee, my hostess said to me, with some sharpness—

“Are you going to preach to me at every meal in regard to the use of tea and coffee?”

“Preach to you,” I said. “Why, I haven't said a word.”

“I know it,” she replied, “but you preach every time you refuse a cup. I suppose you think that we temperance workers should not use tea and coffee; but I could not begin to do my work without it, and just think what it would mean to go through the strain of a State or National convention without these drinks.”

I smiled as I replied, “Yes; and think what it would mean to a man to go through the strain of a political convention without alcoholic drinks!”

“You don't mean to compare tea and coffee with alcohol?” she exclaimed.

“I believe science places them quite in the same category,” I answered. “As nerve poisons and narcotics I fear if the truth were told we should find that we temperance women are a great deal more anxious to take the bottle from our neighbor's lips than the cup from our own.”

No doubt the great majority of men and women who brace themselves up for the day's work with their cup of coffee or tea, fail to recognize that this is actually their form of morning dram; that they are relying upon stimulation to enable them to get through with their day's work.

I once heard a physician refuse a cup of coffee with the words, “No, indeed; I am too wise to begin the day with a stimulant.”

Doctor Emmett, the well known New York physician, declared that a large proportion of the sickness of women is due to the use of tea and coffee, and asserts that if we could bring them out from

under the influence of these nerve poisons, we should have taken the first and most important step toward a cure of their ailments.

Understanding the deleterious effect of tea and coffee, one must feel a sense of deep regret at seeing mothers implanting the tea and coffee habit in their little children.

I remember once sitting at a farm-house table abundantly supplied with the best of milk. The mother sat with her six-months-old baby in her arms, and every few moments gave it a teaspoonful of coffee out of her cup.

"Why don't you give the baby milk instead of coffee?" I asked.

"Oh, it is too much trouble," was the reply. "Besides, the baby likes coffee."

It is quite evident that the beginning of a species of intemperance may be made in early infancy. In Germany I have seen mothers give their infants beer, and because the baby smacked its lips the mother claimed that beer was the normal drink for babies.

But other kinds of intemperance are begun in early childhood. The baby who is fed every time it cries, is being taught to put something into its mouth for the alleviation of pain or discomfort. The same child, doubtless, a little older grown, will be soothed, when hurt, by apples, cake, or candy; and so the good Christian mother who prays so earnestly that her child be not led into evil, is, in reality, teaching the child self-indulgence, and to look to the pleasures of taste as a solace for physical discomfort. It will not be surprising if the child, so educated, later in life turns to some form of gustatory pleasure in order to forget anxieties.

The most easily obtainable of these narcotics is tobacco, and the next is alcohol. So through the mother's own teaching, the boy may be led to visit the saloon, where he will find that which will temporarily drown his discomfort or quiet his pain.

The use of highly seasoned foods produces an irritation of mucous membrane which calls for alleviation, and this thirst produced by home cookery may find its quietus in the saloon. The root of the temperance question may be found in the home kitchen.

The use of alcohol in home cooking may also be the origin of a love for alcoholic beverages later in life. The brandied puddings, the wine sauces and jellies, and the mince pies flavored with brandy, are all lessons in the love for alcohol. But many a mother who has discarded, as she supposed, all alcohol from her dietary, still furnishes it to her family in the shape of cider or home-made beers. I knew an ardent prohibitionist who said that he was in the habit of putting a barrel of cider in his cellar in the fall, and allowing his boys to drink freely of it for three weeks, after which he felt sure it had become deleterious through fermentation. The makers of apple-jelly tell us that in three days' time the fermentation of apple juice has proceeded to such an extent that it will not jelly. Therefore, if cider is to be used as a temperance drink, it must be taken as soon as expressed, for if it remains standing open to the air, fermentation begins immediately. Physicians who live in communities where cider forms a daily beverage, tell us

that the most ill-tempered and ungovernable drunkards are cider drunkards, and that the most unmanageable cases of delirium tremens come from those who are habituated to the use of hard cider. Homemade beers are supposed by many to be entirely innocent. As one good Woman's Christian Temperance Union woman said to me, "I know this has no alcohol in it, for I made it myself, and I put none in it."

"How did you make it?" I asked.

"Why, I bought a package of roots and put them to soak in water with sugar and a little yeast."

"Why did you add the yeast?"

"Because the directions said so."

"And do you not know," I inquired, "that the yeast was added to produce fermentation, and fermentation is the process of making alcohol, and that your root beer has itself produced alcohol, so that you are furnishing your family with an alcoholic beverage?"

She was very much surprised and quite horror-stricken at the revelation.

Many of our people do not understand that yeast germs are floating in the air, and that if sweetened fluid is left in a warm atmosphere it will soon begin to ferment, and that fermentation is the making of alcohol.

The home medicine-chest very generally contains brandy, whisky, or some form of alcohol; and the good mother feels that this is an absolute necessity in the treatment of diseases, although not allowable as a drink. Many good temperance people are taking patent medicines which are, to a very large per cent, alcoholic. These good people fail to recognize the fact that the apparent improvement manifest after taking the medicine is simply alcoholic stimulation. Such a revelation has been made along this line during the past year by Editor Bok, of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and various other editors, that it is hardly necessary to enlarge upon this point. The Government has now issued an edict that certain medicines which are so manifestly alcoholic that they are scarcely doctored with any drug or herb, must have licenses taken out of their sale as venders of alcohol. In England the law compels manufacturers of medicines which are poisonous in their nature to print the fact upon the label. Under this law Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup is marked as poisonous. That it contains alcohol, can be demonstrated by any one who will take the trouble to distill a bottle of it, for each bottle contains alcohol enough to make a flame which will burn for several seconds. It also doubtless contains opium. One of our most prominent Woman's Christian Temperance Union workers has been demonstrating the alcoholic nature of the well-known patent medicine, Peruna, by distilling it in the presence of audiences and burning the alcohol obtained.

There are, however, many other forms of intemperance indulged in by those who are absolutely total abstainers from alcohol in every form.

The modern business man is intemperate in his haste to be rich. He gives himself the smallest possible moment of time for his midday meal, and every waking moment is absorbed in the thought of business. He has no time for companionship with his wife and family, and, in fact, many business men are almost entirely unacquainted with their own children. I read the other day of such a business man walking with a friend and meeting a nurse with a baby-carriage. The friend stopped to admire the child, and the business man said, "I believe we have a baby about that age at our house." "Yes," said the nurse, "this is your baby."

Women are equally intemperate in their forms of work, not realizing that they may be as dissipated in the adornment of themselves or their houses as if they were indulging in drink.

People are intemperate in speech, not only in the matter, but in the manner. We talk loud and fast, and use up a great deal of nervous power in needless gesticulations. We wear ourselves out by our emotions. We are disturbed by little things and use many needless words in fretting over infinitesimal annoyances.

In the January number of the *Woman's Home Companion*, Jerome K. Jerome brings a charge against reading as a species of modern dissipation. He says the young girl, forbidden the saloon and cafe, muddles her brain with books instead of drink. "Our ancestors," he says, "brewed themselves a bowl of punch. We subscribe to the circulating library. The result aimed at is the same—to be taken out of ourselves. Books have become a modern narcotic."

It would be well if we would give to the word *temperance* a broader significance than we are apt to do. The real meaning of the word, according to the Standard Dictionary, is, "Suppression of any tendency to passionate action; the spirit and practice of rational self-control."—Mary Wood-Allen, M. D., in *Good Health*.



THE SUPERFLUITY.

The Sympathizing Friend leaned over and tickled The Superfluity under her double chin, whereupon that small individual laughed lazily and indifferently, for at the moment she was looking up into her mother's face.

"Yes, you are very pretty, Miss, and very sweet indeed!" remarked The Friend, who had a Martha face and astute eyes. "There's no denying those facts, but still you are a Superfluity in this household! Why didn't you whisper to that stork, when you saw him heading in this direction with you suspended from his beak, that there were already five children here; that this woman, whose eyes are now your gates of Paradise, had to work hard to win the butter for the family bread? Why didn't you, I say, Miss Muffit?"

Miss Muffit removed her right hand and her left great toe from her mouth, to look The Sympathizing Friend a moment in the face, reached out to grasp a fleck of floating sunshine, and then rolled herself into a ball again, with a contented "Goo!"

"Didn't you know that your mother's other baby was eight years old, Superfluity, and that you would be an unexpected and unasked-for addition?" persisted The Friend. "Don't you know that as soon as teeth begin to come in that ridiculous mouth of yours you are going to keep her awake all night long, and wear her out by day, with your complainings?"

"Goo! Goo-goo-goo!" gurgled The Superfluity, happily.

"Oh, it is all a great mistake! You never were meant for this house at all, you know, although you have put on your sweet airs until this mother of yours wouldn't take a billion dollars for you, though I'll wager she wouldn't accept another like you as a gracious gift—if she could help it."

The mother put out a hushing hand, and then because Miss Muffit had uncurled herself, she straightened out the soft limbs and clasped them close beneath her very heart. She cuddled the beautiful head down under her right arm, and sang almost beneath her breath, so soft was the melody: "Sleep, little baby of mine," until the little wriggles grew still, and The Superfluity lay quiet and asleep, with the shadow of angels' wings casting a rosy reflection over her dimpled face.

Presently the mother began to speak, and The Sympathizing Friend looked tactfully out of the window.

"No, dear," said the crooning voice, "it was no mistake the stork made when it brought Miss Muffit to me, and she is not a Superfluity, although I had to take her on suspicion a little while to assure myself that she was not. You know, dear, how outwardly hard life was for me, and you and the others thought I was brave, because I never would cry out under it all, and because I held my head so high, and smiled so blithely. Do you not know that some natures are too proud to cry out, and that when one will say, 'How well she bears trouble,' and another, 'Her religion is a reality—it is her stay,' the truth is only that the one you hold so brave is nothing but a coward, shrinking from and putting away from her the pity of her kind, and every day growing harder of heart, more shut in with bitterness, less near to the great soul of love as revealed in nature and in family ties? I had come to where my husband's imperfections hid all the sweetness and grace which his disposition held. I had forgotten a thousand tendernesses in the memory of some bitter night of uncomforted weeping while he slept indifferently on the other pillow. The children of our love had come to seem to me as only so many cares to be provided for—so many heavy responsibilities to be met as best I could, in all my weariness and insufficiency. My faith was but an empty husk, which I kept pressed between the dead leaves of a closed Bible to take out now and then, and look at for old sake's sake, as one treasures love's faded roses after their beauty is naught but blackness, and their fragrance but a memory."

She paused, and lifting one small velvet hand, drew it across her quivering lips. The Sympathizing Friend drew closer and stroked the mother's hair.

"This white hair, and a wee baby!" she exclaimed. "It *was* a mistake—it ought never to have been!"

"Wait!" cried the mother. "Wait, and listen to me. I didn't realize at first, for she seemed just one more little girl to grow up into a woman and learn life's sorrowful lesson. I only loved her because I had the inexorable maternal instinct that all female animals have; but one wonderful day as she lay asleep on my arm, I glanced unthinking down, and in that instant something showed me in the turn of her little brow, what brought before me the lover of my vanishing youth. In a moment I was back across the long time, in the woods on a spring day, under the drifted snow of the logwood blossoms. My heart and soul were thrilling in a passion of gladness as I listened to the first love-words he had ever spoken to me. In my fancy, I could see him as he was then, young, strong, buoyant, and in his eyes was the spirit of the untiring soldier who sets out upon a sunny day, marching proudly to the sound of brilliant music, and recognizing no possibility of defeat. The baby stirred just then, and the vision changed as I caught my breath in a sob. My husband came quickly to the bed, and bent anxiously over us. Through my tears I looked at him, and saw him as he really was, baffled, beaten by life's storms, disappointed in that he had been able to discern my discontent, and yet patient, tender always, forbearing, and as pure in life and thought as any ideal knight of The Table Round. I reached up my arms to him, without a word. Perhaps he understood—perhaps not. It does not matter; but then and there, with my baby's sweet breath fanning my cheek, I felt myself rebaptized in love."

She was gazing down at the sleeping child and The Sympathizing Friend was very quiet, fearing almost to move or breathe, for she knew that she was for the moment forgotten, and that she was in the presence of the holy of holies of a woman's life, in this lifting of the veil from her most secret soul.

"And the older children," the mother resumed presently. "When they would come tiptoeing, with childhood's infinite curiosity in their eyes, to see the little new sister, things I had long forgotten came back to me, their own baby graces and early prattling words, their smiles, and even the tints of the roses on their cheeks, and the star-shine in their eyes. Remembering all, I loved them afresh, and they no longer seemed but cares and responsibilities. The sweetness of their baby days, when he and I—already you see, I had begun to reinstate him in his rightful place in every thought and feeling—when he and I had almost wept in delighted happiness over the first word, the first toddling steps, the first trousers, the first party dress—it all came over me with the suddenness of a shock. Oh, those precious *first things!* How could I ever have forgotten? But the wonder of it was when I began to whisper of them to him, and he remembered every single one. He had treasured them in his heart, when I, the mother, had lain them aside! There came a time, too, when something in this wee one

recalled the two angel babies of whom we never spoke, and then we grew silent, with close-clasped hands, and tears that fell together at the memory of those beautiful forms, from which the life was gone.

"Safe, dear!" he whispered to comfort me.

"Yes, safe," I echoed, for I understood all that they were saved from, and the violets had long been blooming over our treasures.

She rocked back and forth in silence for a while, still stroking her own lips with the warm little hand.

"Your faith?" whispered The Sympathizing friend. "Did it, too, come back?"

The mother's face was overspread by a radiance not of earth, and past mortal understanding, and she smiled quickly up into her friend's wet eyes, though tears were trembling on her own lashes.

"Yes," she said softly, "Faith came with a song, and oh, so wondrously. I had forgotten how to sing, in all the care I had trying to bear alone, quite forgotten, and the night the nurse left me I sat by the fireside, with the baby in my arms. She became restless, and began to fret. Without a moment's hesitation, instinctively, I raised her up—so—and with her head in my neck, I began to rock and sing to her, as I had to all the other children, our old-fashioned hymn, 'Must Jesus bear the cross alone,' scarcely thinking at all of the words. The children all have called it their 'sleepy song,' but to me it was one of awakening, for as I sang it carelessly, the familiar words quickened into life and meaning, and I passed from them to other forgotten songs, and rocked and sang, until he—my dear one—came and took the baby out of my arms, because he said I was too weak to hold her so long. Every day now I sing and sing to her, and even if it is nothing but 'Rock-a-bye, Baby,' my Father understands and accepts it as it really is—a song of thanksgiving and praise from a full heart." The baby stirred again, stretched her little limbs, and cooed beneath her breath. The mother glanced out of the window, and with a happy little startled laugh, she snugged the wee one a moment close up to her, and then laid her in the arms of The Sympathizing Friend.

"Here, you beauty, you sweet," said the mother. "Go to this foolish individual who says you are a mistake, for I see somebody coming down the street, and even if I am a white-headed old woman, I go to meet him at the gate."

The Friend looked dubiously down at The Superfluity, who cuddled down into the silken lap with a delicious air of assurance.

"These married people!" exclaimed the lady. "These dreadful married women! There's no understanding their mental processes! I still think you are a mistake, young lady, but sometimes mistakes turn out very well, and they always have to be made the best of!" Then she lifted the mistake in her own unaccustomed arms, and kissed her in that exquisite place beneath the dimpled chin.

"Goo—goo!" sighed The Superfluity, in profound content.—Susie Bouchelle Wight.

The Religion's Arena

ELBERT A. SMITH, Editor, Lamoni, Iowa.



THE BIBLE says, "Praise God with the timbrel and the harp and sing praises unto the Lord." In latter-day revelation, God has said, "Let the young men and the maidens cultivate the gift of music and song."—Doctrine and Covenants 119: 6.

Surely music must be a good gift, one having a tendency to elevate both the musician and the listeners, or God would not have instructed his Saints to cultivate it. To be sure it depends upon the kind of music whether it is elevating or not. There is the good and bad in music as well as in nearly everything else. Taking the compositions of some of the old masters, one will find them very inspiring and elevating. In listening to them, one feels they would like to do many great and noble things. What could be grander than songs written by inspiration? We have several such among our church songs. When these are sung and the right feeling exists among the singers the Spirit is often felt.

When frivolous songs and dance-hall music is what appeals to one it can not elevate or help but will have a degrading influence. This style of music does not appeal to a real lover of music.

Somewhere I have read that mothers should always be musicians. If they wish to keep their boys at home evenings nothing would help so much as good music. It would keep the boys from going to forbidden places for amusement.

In nearly every place of amusement the chief attraction is music. If music of this kind has so much power to attract, surely the pure and good would have great influence.

Not long ago a gentlemen related an incident to me that proves what a strong influence music has at times. He had a brother working in one of the large Southern cities where all kinds of amusements were going on. The brother was a little inclined to be wild. At his boarding-place were two other young men, one of whom could play the piano. The three got some songs and enjoyed singing together so much they all stayed at home evenings in preference to going down-town.

The good influence of sacred music is nicely illustrated in the song "The Sinner and the Song." The sinner is experiencing a severe struggle in his mind—a struggle between right and wrong. While passing a church he hears "Jesus Lover of my Soul" being sung, and it recalls to his memory the time when he served the Lord. The tempter realizes he is in danger of losing a follower and uses his most persuasive arguments to keep him, but the memories and truths brought to his mind by the song conquer and he quits serving the tempter.

One never knows how often the hearing of good and sacred music may help some one to mend his ways and live a nobler life.

Many Christians are too timid to do very active church work, but will help in the song service, and that encourages and strengthens them.

A cheerful, happy person has many friends, consequently much influence. Suppose a person of this kind belonging to our church (and all Latter Day Saints should be happy) were surrounded by those who do not believe our work. If this Saint will sing (and a happy person is very apt to sing a great deal while at work, especially the beautiful hymns used in our services), some one is sure to be impressed by the songs and will think there certainly must be something in that person's religion to make him so happy, and possibly they will be led to investigate the work.

Many people go to church just to hear the music. It seems to me every member who has any musical abilities at all should do all in his power to make the music a success, for those coming to hear the music are bound to hear some truths as presented by the preacher, and in that way they may become interested.

Then would it not be wise to heed the latter-day revelation, and cultivate the gift of song as much as possible?

AVA MCKIM.



THE RELIGIO IN THE SAINTS' HOMES.

LIBERTY HOME.—In reading this morning in *AUTUMN LEAVES'* "Religio's Arena" of work done in different places, I thought it might be interesting to its many readers to learn that at Liberty Home, in Lamoni, Iowa, we too have a Religio, started February 12, 1907, organized by Sr. Eli Hayer, and continued so far by Bro.

c

R. M. Elvin, as teacher. We started with nine members and now have twenty-one, with two more to be accepted next week. Almost all are inmates of the home, and it would do you good to see the interest taken by these old veterans of the cross (*Religio Quarterly* and Book of Mormon in almost every room) and the eagerness with which these lessons are studied. We have only a teacher, secretary, treasurer, and lookout committee, yet feel that we are starting in on the new quarter with a better understanding of its importance, as some of these aged ones, ranging from seventy to near ninety, had never been in a class of this kind before. Would say we have four elders in the home.

M. J. PHIPPS, Secretary.

THE SAINTS' HOME.—The occupants of the Saints' Home have not been without the benefits of the Religio work. For a number of years a class has been maintained there, and a live interest has been shown in the study of the ancient record.

The Saints' Home class was organized July 18, 1900, by J. P. Anderson, then president of the Lamoni District Religio association, and W. J. Mather, then president of the Lamoni local. The work was continued with Bro. Mather as teacher until October of the same year, when C. I. Carpenter took charge of the class. Under the direction of this faithful and competent teacher the Book of Mormon was thoroughly covered, the class continuing with a few intermissions.

On May 25 of the present year the class was reorganized by Sr. Belle Hayer, local home department superintendent, with J. F. Garver teacher. The class is meeting regularly on Saturday evenings. The Book of Mormon is being taken up anew, the study beginning with the first chapter of the book. The interest continues unabated.

J. F. GARVER.



RELIGIAN'S DICTIONARY.

R.

RACKET, *n.* A clattering noise; din. Sometimes improperly used to designate "having a good time."

RAFFLE, *n.* A form of gambling. The churches have greatly infringed on the rights of the original inventor.

RAPTURE, *n.* Extreme joy.

"Rapture is born dumb."—Niele.

RASHER, *n.* A thin slice of bacon. Some writers apply the term to the eater. Which is the "*rasher*" we can not say.

READING, *n.* Act of one who reads; perusal.

"A shelter from the tempest is dearly bought in the house of the plague. Ten minutes with a French novel or a German rationalist have sent a reader away with a fever for life."—Willmott.

REVENGE, *v. t.* To inflict punishment.

READY, *a.* Prepared in mind or disposition.

"I am ready to report for orders, Master, summon me."

REASON, *v. t.* To persuade by argument.

"It is useless to attempt to *reason* a man out of a thing that he was not *reasoned* into."—Swift.

RELIGION, *n.* In the popular sense, a form of faith or worship;

In the true sense, a condition of being.

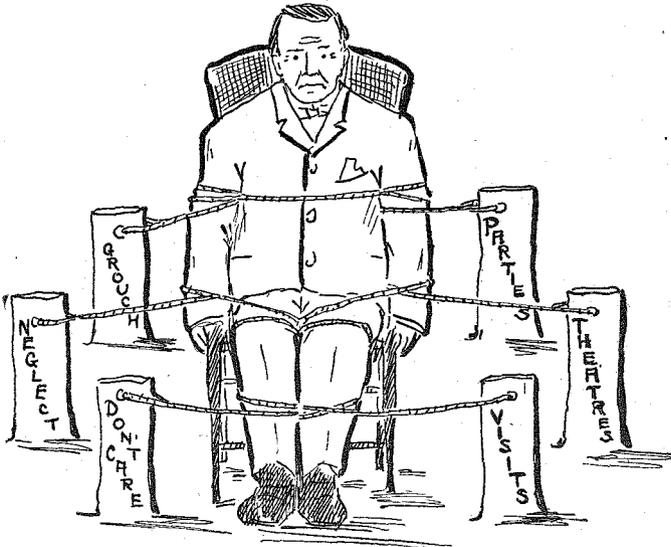
"*Religion* is the best armor in the world, but the worst cloak."
—Bunyan.

REVENGE, *v. t.* To inflict punishment.

"He that studies *revenge* keepeth his own wounds open."
Bacon. E. A. S.



RELIGIO CARTOON.—XII.



Cartoon by Fred H. Johnson, Chicago, Illinois.

WHY SOME PEOPLE DO NOT ATTEND RELIGIO.



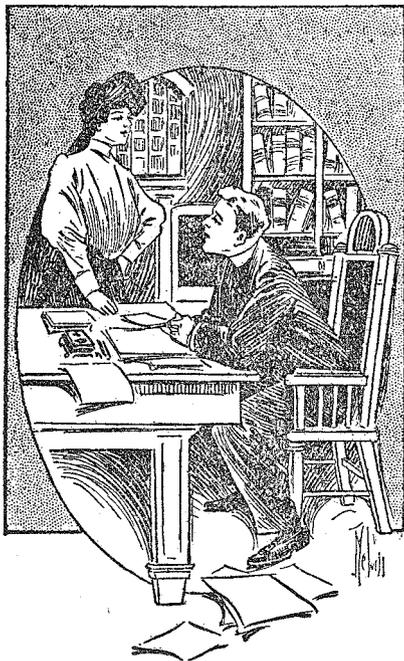
THE NEED OF A WISE CHOICE OF BOOKS.

In selecting books to read we should choose those that we believe will inspire us to nobler actions and deeds, books that build up our minds and shape our characters. The world is full of books that degrade the moral character of a weak people, while pure literature would lift their lives to a high standard of righteousness and truth.

High class literature molds our lives into perfect shape and sets our minds running in the right channel.

Fame is a word that thrills the young with a sense of its greatness, yet how long is the road leading to it! The path is long, rugged, and steep; it takes years of incessant labor to gain the summit, and the greatest help one can receive on the way is good literature. It opens the way for new adventures, which may be success or failure, just as we make it. Some become discouraged and lack energy to go on, while others keep at it till they obtain that which they most prize.

But why do they work so hard? Because they have something to work for. The youth that has read the history of some great general, wishes to be like him. He wishes to become a great



statesman or to be of some account in the world, and it is good literature that has stimulated him to higher aims and desires.

Just so have most of our noble statesmen risen from the lower to the higher ranks by study and perservance.

On the other hand we have influence of bad books. They tend to lower a person's moral character. They make base those who might have been high. They are but the first few steps to the prison, work-house, and at last, the place of the lost.

In the slums of the great cities we find many urchins that spend half their time in reading dime novels and other cheap trash that can in no way educate them. They read of daring desperadoes, who probably have set to rout a whole mountain village and plundered and sacked the town. It stimulates their mind in such a

way that they wish to become like them. When a boy has such ideas in his mind he is certainly degrading himself. As he grows older he commits deeds that bring upon him severe punishment. At last we see him standing in the dingy courtroom, pale, dissipated, guilty of a horrible crime enacted in a moment of frenzied intoxication. The judge's voice breaks the almost death-like silence of the place as he sentences the young man to be hung for murder. Not an eye sheds tears of sorrow and grief. He has no friends to mourn his death. Such is the effect of poor literature.

As there are but two classes of literature to choose from, let us study the pure, elevating class and shun that which we know will lead us to degradation. Let our choice of literature be such that we will not be ashamed to face our heavenly Father; that we will not blush with shame at the remembrance of some wicked deed prompted by the reading of vile literature.

BOYNE CITY, Michigan.

EUNICE KINNEY.



A HEART SONG.

There's a song in my heart from morning till night,
 A song of God's wonderful love,
 Who has called me to walk in the pathway of light
 That leads to the kingdom above.
 'Tis a straight, narrow way, and somehow but few
 The entrance are willing to see;
 The traditions of men have so hid it from view,
 But, praise God! He has shown it to me.

The broad way is filled with many who dream
 They are bound for the kingdom of God,
 Then go this way and that way and few of them seem
 To care for the path Jesus trod.
 The few who would find it,—the taunts and the sneers
 Of the multitude turn them away;
 Or Satan attacks with his doubts and his fears,
 To keep them from finding the way.

Then false teachers come with their honey-sweet words
 Of, "Just faith, and the debt is all paid":
 Till the Lord's invitation no longer is heard,
 And they dream they have fully obeyed.
 When alas! they have never learned what was the will
 Of the Lord, to which they should give heed;
 So blind, their blind leaders they follow, until
 Sad is their condition indeed.

Yet they think they are rich, and they think they are whole,
 Though ragged and wretched and poor;
 And they heed not the counsel, "Come to me for the gold,
 And the treasures that ever endure."
 For the robes of white linen appear not so fair,
 As the tinsel and tawdry array,
 That fashion and folly decree they must wear,
 Bond-servants are all who obey.

Since of the gold of the kingdom hath no power to buy
 The poor paltry pleasure of earth,
 Though freely 'tis offered it is coldly passed by

And counted as of little worth,
 They had not the promise of life-giving bread,
 Nor yet to heaven's soul-cheering wine,
 Nor prepare for his coming who so kindly hath said,
 His saints in the kingdom should shine.

Making light of the law the King hath laid down,
 For those who the kingdom would see;
 Though to all who obey he has promised a crown,
 And joint heirs with the King they shall be.
 So plain is the law, it is but to believe
 On the word of the Lord and repent,
 Be baptized in the water and the Spirit receive
 'Neath the hands of the one He hath sent.

O friends, will you list to the King's gentle voice,
 And turn from false teaching away?
 E'en the angels in heaven will with us rejoice
 When fully you trust and obey.
 Oh, turn not aside, for the time draweth near,
 When the King in his beauty shall come,
 And shall gather in one all the Saints far and near,
 To Zion, their glorified home.
 RICHMOND, Virginia.

A. R. CARSON.



WHAT SHOULD THE RELIGIO AND ITS MEMBERS BE DOING.

The object of the Religio is to interest the young in the work of the church; to impart knowledge that will fit them for active duty in the church.

In order to attain to a high mark in any avocation of life it is necessary to make careful preparation. Every man or woman who achieves success studies for it. The Religio, properly conducted, is a school in which the young of the church are prepared to work for the Master in an intelligent manner, and we should all be interested in what we can do for its progress.

A great army is marching onward and if we wish to keep pace with the ranks we must always be seeking improvement. This is an age of education. The time is at hand when the young people who throw their opportunities away will be crowded aside by those who are better informed, more energetic, and more progressive.

We are commanded to acquaint ourselves with the Bible, Book of Mormon, Doctrine and Covenants; and to read all good books: if we learn all we can and are true to our knowledge what is not possible for us?

A few years ago many young men and women belonging to the church knew very little about its doctrine. When the Religio came into existence many embraced its opportunities. What are the results to-day? Many of our young people are ready and able to teach and defend the faith. Some have been called to the places of officers in the branches.

The Society feels proud of those who apply the motto, "Onward and Upward," to themselves and remember that its object is

achieved by being prepared to fill any place they are called upon to fill.

The church should do her part by encouragement and advice in assisting to organize a live local society in every branch. The Religio should be interested in promoting the welfare of the church as well. Both working together would be heart and soul in the work of the Master.

Knowledge of the duties of members is very essential, and often least understood by many. Every member has some talent, and it is the duty of each to find and cultivate this talent for the best good. All are capable of taking some part and should make an honest endeavor to do so.

If asked to recite, write an essay, sing, or do anything the program committee assigns; it shows more of the Religio spirit to say, "I'll try," than to say, "I can't." The oftener a task is performed the easier it becomes. It is a duty as well as a privilege to thus improve for greater service in the church. The Religio work is uplifting and character developing. Nothing should be done to lower its standard. In its sessions, decorum, rule, and order should be observed and all should realize the importance and sacredness of the work. Members should observe and learn how to transact business properly. This may be done by studying the Book of Rules and taking particular notice of how others do in similar sessions.

Every member is a lookout committee in himself and should strive to bring others into the society and win the indifferent members back to their duty. The stronger members should feel it a responsibility to encourage and interest the weaker ones. Paying dues and helping to defray the expenses of the society are duties that should not be forgotten.

Merit and adaptability should be considered in electing officers, never popularity or favoritism.

Members should seek the counsel of their officers and profit by the instructions, suggestions, and friendly criticism received. The members should also help the officers to bear their burdens. All should work together in love and unity.

A live Religian is a person we meet at the church not only on the evenings appointed for our society to meet, but we meet him in the Sunday-school, at the regular prayer-meetings, and at the preaching-services. We should not be satisfied to plant our feet on one of the steps leading upward and remain there, but each member should be interested in finding out what the Religio and its members should be doing.

Though you may not all be elected to office or chosen on committees, there remains important work for all to do.

EDITH DOBSON.



"George William Curtis in writing of Wendell Phillips says, 'My advice to a young man seeking deathless fame would be to espouse an unpopular cause and devote his life to it.'"

✓ LOVE'S SUNSHINE.

Our world is full of daily needs,
 Of little kindly, loving deeds,
 And oft we find a chance to show
 Our loving hearts to those we know.
 If we but pause to look around,
 How many noble acts are found
 Among the busy working throng
 That helps our world to move along.

I went, a stranger, to a place
 To worship God,—no friendly face
 I thought to see; a stranger lad
 Whose heart for other boys was sad
 Let fall a thought that sank so deep
 Into my mind, I hope to keep
 Its influence with me day by day
 While I shall walk life's pilgrim way.

I spoke a kind word to a boy
 Whose life was yet devoid of joy
 The look that leaped into his eyes
 Was like the sunlight from the skies;
 And since that day he's tried to show
 His loving heart, that I may know
 His life is brighter for the word
 That, kindly said, was gladly heard.

Thus we may cheer another's lot
 With love that ne'er was sold or bought—
 This priceless boon of human love
 Sent down by God, from heaven above.
 A kindly word, a simple thing,
 Will much of joy and gladness bring
 To lives oft clouded o'er with care
 And make love's sunshine everywhere.

IVY CARPENTER FISHER.



✓ THE LIBRARY.

The first duty of the librarian is to secure and maintain a library, with the kind of literature that will enable the patrons to read and at the same time observe the following rules as to what to read, when to read, and how to read:

It is the opinion of the writer that children should not be allowed to patronize the public libraries or book stores without instructions from parents or guardians. Books with beautiful backs and lovely leaves too often are like candy marbles filled with rum. The downfall of many a young person has been caused by reading too much cheap literature.

The task of selecting the kind of literature for our library should not be left to one person, for very seldom is one person able to cope with such an important problem, but a committee composed of three or more competent members whose duty is to pass their opinion upon such books to be purchased or donated before they are placed on the shelves of our library, and also such litera-

ture as would supply all classes of the members and patrons.

I indorse the coöperation of the church, Sunday-school, and Religio, also an independent local library instead of a district circulating library. Such literature should be selected as would be to the minds of the reader elevating as well as interesting, and especially, teach the young lessons along the lines of our motto, "Onward and Upward."

While Carnegie has given millions to build libraries, the book committees have often failed to realize that they are catering to the desires of a fiction-loving people rather than to those in search of knowledge, or those who read to learn, as the volumes in our public libraries well testify.

It is the opinion of your writer that to read when one is tired in mind or body, would not have the proper effect. It is said of Shakespeare that when he wanted to portray the great scenes in the book he was writing he would first rest and sleep awhile, then read something of a restful nature, then by his thus prepared mind transform to paper the perfect pleading of Romeo or the tragic death of Remeni.

The juvenile classes who read are like phonographs: they read, they hear us talk, and in after-years the coming generation hear what we said and what they read.

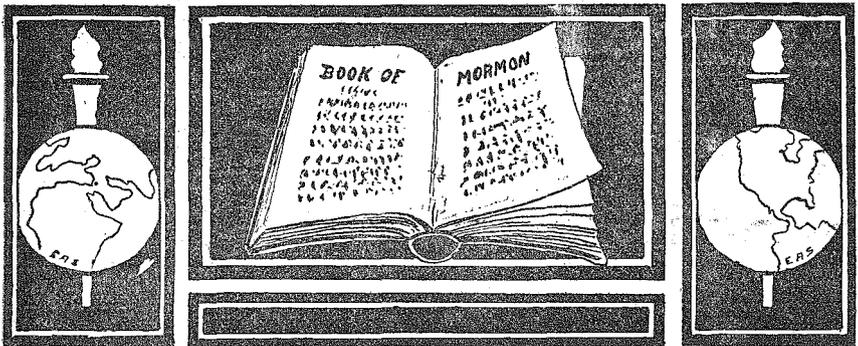
Solomon says the preacher sought to find out acceptable words and that which was written was upright, even words of truth.

JAMES M. ANDERSON, District Librarian.

LOS ANGELES, California.



THE BOOK OF MORMON, ITS ORIGIN, DISCOVERY, AND PURPOSE.



Of all the books of modern times, few if any have met such wonderful opposition and at the same time have so closely touched the current of scientific thought, obscure though its reputed author may have been.

Had the same historical and scientific facts been brought to light and presented to the public for their investigation and criticism by men of high scholarly attainment, they would have been readily

received by many and carefully considered by others who now assume a hostile attitude toward it.

Had Professor Anthon been successful in securing the plates containing the Book of Mormon from Joseph the Seer, the wonderful facts its pages contain would have been considered as the most remarkable and wonderful archæological discovery of the age, and Professor Anthon would have been accorded literary and scientific honors and possibly would have had his statue erected to his honor in "The Hall of Fame."

Joseph Smith when but a mere youth became much interested in religious questions of his day and at a revival meeting he became much impressed. Yet he was confused by the different and conflicting theological questions of the sectarian world. Like a man of independent mind he took the Bible as his guide, and not being able to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion as to which one of the sects was right according to its teachings, he sought God in earnest prayer; for he had previously read in the epistle of James, "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraided not; and it shall be given him."

"In order to separate himself more from the world he went into the woods, and finding himself alone, kneeled down and began to offer up the desires of his heart. In answer to his petitions he was visited by an angel who told him to accept none of the creeds for they were all wrong.

In obedience to his instructions, received from the same heavenly messenger, he was directed to the hill of Cumorah, and there he found some plates in a stone box. The stone that covered the box was thick and rounding in the middle so that only the upper part projected from the ground. Having removed the stone with little exertion he beheld the plates, the urim and thummim, and the breastplate.

When he had gained possession of the plates he translated them by means of the urim and thummim.

The question asked in the days of Columbus and the early explorers was, "Who are the American Indians?" With each new discovery, the wonderment at America's past greatness is increased, and the mystery of that prehistoric race is deepened. Men have spent their fortunes and their lives to unfurl the past. If they were to tell how Lehi and his family and others crossed the mighty deep and came to the promised land, America, it would be like telling the romantic history of all foreign-born citizens of the United States. The two great civilizations on American continents are described in the Book of Mormon through the humble gift of God. What the great and wise of the earth are unable to understand by human power God gave through Joseph Smith.

GUY W. JOHNSON.

NORMAL LESSONS ON THE BOOK OF MORMON. ✓

PART II.

Six Lesson on Book of Mormon History.

LESSON I.

The Five Periods, Period one,—The Jaredite Period.

1. The theme of the Book of Mormon history, like that of the Bible is the redemption of mankind through Jesus Christ. The matter is dealt with historically, being a narration of God's dealings with his people upon the American continent.

2. Book of Mormon history includes the time from the dispersion from Babel to the overthrow of the Nephite nation, covering about twenty-six centuries. This is divided into five periods: 1. The Jaredite period. 2. The period of the migration. 3. The period of Nephite unity. 4. The period of the reign of the judges. 5. Period of Nephite Christianity.

3. The history of the first period relates God's dealings with one Jared, his brother, and twenty-two of their friends, who settled in Central America, and their descendants; hence, it is called the Jaredite period. It begins with the dispersion about 2200 B. C., when they left the land of Shiner, and closes with the battle of Ramah, about 600 B. C., when the whole nation was destroyed.

4. We subdivide this period into six epochs:

a. The separation. From the departure from Babel to the death of Jared and his brother. The brother of Jared supplicated the Lord that their language and that of their friends be not confounded, but that they be directed where to dwell. The Lord heard their petition, and led them out of the land by way of the north. After traveling through a quarter not inhabited, they came to the sea, where, at the direction of the Lord, they made boats and crossed the sea, probably the Atlantic Ocean, and landed in Central America. They began to till the land, and soon grew strong, being a righteous people.

b. The kingdom established. From the coronation of Orihah to the rebellion of Jared. Prior to the death of Jared his brother, the people, who had by that time become quite numerous, demanded a king to rule over them. They were advised against having kings, but persisted in their demand, and Orihah son of Jared was anointed king. He ruled righteously, and the people prospered; but, after him, rebellion showed the wisdom of the advice against kings.

c. Secret combinations introduced; from the rebellion of Jared to the death of Riplikish. During the reign of Omer, in the fifth generation, his son Jared rebelled against him, but was subdued. However, by the assistance of his daughter, and one Akish, a secret combination, bound together by an oath to do what they were asked, was organized after the order of Cain, which restored Jared to power and anointed him king. Akish slew him and reigned in his stead; civil war broke out, and the nation was very

nearly destroyed. This secret order was revived again later, and proved the overthrow of the reigning house, and the death of Riplikish.

d. The golden age of the nation, from the accession of Morianton to the dethronement of Hearthom. After several years of confusion, Hearthom, a descendant of Riplikish, gained the kingdom, and the people began to prosper. Righteous men reigned, and the nation grew. But the great era of prosperity was realized, in the reign of Lib. During his good reign, the people developed the country's resources, cultivated the land, manufactured articles of commerce, etc., mining the ores; and peace and plenty were enjoyed.

e. The age of usurpation and rebellion, from the dethronement of Hearthom until the captivity of Moron. For five generations following the dethroning of Hearthom, the royal house served in bondage while usurping kings reigned. In the days of Shiblön, great wickedness prevailed, the old secret combination was again employed, terrible destruction resulted, and for three generations troublous times prevailed. In the days of Moron the secret combination was established, a great rebellion arose, and Moron was dethroned and shut up in prison, about 675 B. C., and the royal house did not gain the throne any more.

f. The end of the nation, from the captivity of Moron to the battle of Ramah. Coriantor, the son of Moron, dwelt in captivity all his life, and his son Ether was born in captivity. The reigning king, a usurper, was Coriantumr, who fought the increasing power of the secret combination which was sapping the life of the nation, which was pretty well divided for and against Coriantumr. The struggle was continued for some years and resulted in the total overthrow of the nation, at the battle of Ramah, about 600 B. C., Coriantumr being the sole survivor of the conflict.

5. The great men of this period were, Jared the leader, Jared's brother the prophet, Akish the wicked king and introducer of the secret combinations, Lib the good king, Ether the prophet and historian, and Coriantumr the last king, and sole survivor of the nation.

QUESTIONS.

What is the theme of the Book of Mormon history? How is it treated? What is the scope of the Book of Mormon history? Into how many periods is it divided? Of whom does the first period treat? What events begin and close the Jaredite period? Give the probable dates. Into how many epochs is this period divided? What transpired in the first epoch? What did the people demand when they had grown numerous? What advice was given by the brother of Jared? What did subsequent events prove relative to this advice? What evil order was introduced in the third epoch? Who were instrumental in introducing their order? What was the result of it? Why is the fourth epoch known as the golden age? During whose reign was the greatest prosperity enjoyed? What age followed this age of prosperity? What evil prevailed during

this epoch? Who reigned during this epoch? Who was the last of the royal house to rule the nation? What is the last epoch called? Who is mentioned as the ruling king? Who was the last member of the royal family? What service did he do his nation? Where and when was the decisive battle fought? Name six great men of this period, and tell for what they were noted.



LIBRARY DEPARTMENT. ✓

We have received but one lot of questions in regard to the library work, and since that concerns the commission, we defer answering in order to consult with the other members, but hope to take the matter up next month in the program for second week in August.

How are we going to raise the fund? This is purely a local question, and should be considered according to your need. If you have a library board they can properly decide and answer. A regular donation from each of the three organizations possesses many advantageous features as it is something on which to depend. One collection a month or even a quarter, if taken in all three, should help. But it must be decided according to your local means and possibilities.

SEPTEMBER PROGRAM.

The Bible in literature: We do not pretend that the following will exhaust the subject, but it is given only as suggestive notes.

This subject may be treated in two ways. The Bible in its relation to English literature. Under the first our chief interest must lie in the religious character of the work. The fact of its being a history of God's dealings with men, especially the New Testament part, as the life of our Savior. As indicated in the first paper of this series, religious work stands high in literary value. Truth and moral worth are essential elements. In addition to the items given for the first program we might add a quotation made about ten years ago from the *Educational Review* to the effect that, "civilization is generally understood to refer to our external well being, the conveniences and luxuries of life, coöperate in good government, literature and art. But these are but the outward signs. The life of society, as the life of the individual, must have a spiritual motive, else life and all life gives is but a sham. The real growth and elevation of a people keeps pace with its spiritual ideals."

The Bible is noteworthy for the naturalness and brevity of its style. Take almost any story found therein and try to paraphrase in a less number of words, and you will then appreciate how wonderfully clear and brief it is. When we claim it as one of the great books for its own literary value, it does not necessarily mean a dry or tedious book. Such are usually technical, and though they may be far advanced in consideration of some particular branch of science, that does not entitle them to be classed among the books for all time. Tedious scientific books are head books,

books that require brains, often without feeling, and upon which a future generation will doubtless improve. But the great books are usually the books of the heart, that may always be read and loved. "A world book is one which can be read and enjoyed by persons of uncultivated and immature minds, and grow in meaning and in power with the growing mind." Such a statement is preëminently true of our Bible. It is a book which even the unlettered may learn to love, and yet the most learned find it ever full of new and hidden beauties.

Not to be too lengthy, the Bible has a value as a history, since much of what it relates has been verified only of very recent years and on many points of history it still remains the sole satisfactory authority.

It also takes high rank as a law book, since the criminal law of most modern nations is founded on the law of Moses, and a study of other ancient laws surprises us only with the beauties and marked advancement shown in that law—the law of Moses—and particularly is this true in regard to human slavery.

It is also of interest as showing the scientific idea of that time. But in this paper the main point of interest is its poetry and value from a literary standpoint. There are the Psalms of David. Need we hardly start the twenty-third, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want"; or the wisdom and splendid style shown in the Proverbs of Solomon. The instances are too numerous for specific reference. A reading and a careful, critical examination is all we ask for the Epistles of Paul, for Ecclesiastes, to say nothing of the prayer of Jesus in the garden of Gethsemane (John 17), while of the book of Job it has been said, "It would be inconceivable for our high school and college students to read the book of Job without being impressed with its worth not only as the greatest poem in the world's great literature, but as a book which far transcends the power of any human being unaided to make."

But to us it possesses hardly a secondary interest, because it is a key to much of the best and finest in English literature—in fact there is an absolute necessity of familiarity with the Bible in order to appreciate rightly other literature, and no one can now pretend to anything like culture who is not acquainted with the Bible. Such writers as Dante, Milton, Tennyson, Bacon, Browning, and others can not be rightly understood except by the Bible student. "Hardly a great classical work can be named, written within the present era, which is not borrowed freely from the Bible."

We have said but little above in regard to such magnificent books as the prophets Isaiah, Ezekiel, and Daniel; but time does not permit of more than a sketch. In conclusion, however, let us quote not a minister nor a professed Christian, but the Infidel Heinrich Heine:

"What a book! Great and wide like the world, rooted in the abyss of creation and rising into the blue mysteries of heaven . . . sunrise and sunset, promise and fulfillment, birth and death, the whole drama of mankind, all that is in this book . . . it is the

book of books, Biblia. . . . What a great book! Stranger still than its contents is for me this style, in which every word is, so to say, a product of nature, like a tree, a flower, like the sea, the stars, like man himself. That sprouts, that flows, that sparkles, that smiles, one does not know how, one does not know why, one finds it altogether quite natural. In Homer, the other great book, the style is a product of art, and the material always, as in the Bible, is taken from reality, yet it shapes itself into a poetic form, as though recast in the melting-pot of the human spirit; it is refined by a spiritual process which we call art. In the Bible there is not the least trace of art; that is the style of a memorandum book into which the absolute spirit, as if without any individual assistance, entered the daily incidents with the same actual truthfulness with which we write our washing list. This style admits no criticism whatever, one can only state its effects on our heart and soul."

S. A. BURGESS.



NEWS FROM THE SOCIETIES.

Eldorado Springs, Missouri.—The Religio convention of Clinton District was held at Veve, Missouri, June 21, 1907. Attendance was poor on account of the weather being bad. New officers were elected as follows: Warren Hulse, president; Sam Andes, vice-president; Dora Lowe, secretary; Dave Hulse, treasurer; William McElwain, librarian; Sadie Dempsey, home class superintendent. One new local has been organized since we last reported. Although we meet with many discouragements, we hope to accomplish good in this line of work. DORA LOWE, District Secretary.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.—Our normal work continues to look bright. The Religio here is looking up somewhat now. The election of officers, July 5, resulted in the election of Walter H. Lewis, president; Miss Clara Zimmermann, vice-president; George Edwards, secretary. We have hopes of new interest. We have good opportunity and we hope we will be able to interest others.

WALTER W. SMITH.

Lamoni, Iowa.—At the recent election the following officers were chosen by the Lamoni local for the ensuing six months: President, W. R. Dexter; vice-president, Berta Johnson; secretary, Jesse Cave; treasurer, Aletha Tilton; librarian, Sarah Bass; chorister, Bertha Baily; organist, Edna Fike; correspondent, J. F. Garver.

The summer season is the dull time of the year for the Lamoni local. With the close of the school year a goodly number of those actively engaged in the work go away for the summer, and some never return. All small college towns suffer a relax during the vacation, so the Religio comes in for its share at Lamoni.

The new corps of officers is entering upon its work with vim and a determination that will bring success to the administration if persevered in.

In connection with the Lamoni Sunday-school the local has taken up the normal course as provided by the general associations. Two classes have been formed, one under the direction of the Sunday-school officers, which meets Monday evening, and one under the direction of the Religio officers, which meets Sunday afternoon.

J. F. GARVER.

Fanning, Kansas.—We are glad to report the organization of a Religio local. Our district president, Sr. Flo McNichols, was with us Friday evening and successfully organized a society, with thirty-six charter members. We have every reason for believing we shall have a good interest, as Sr. McNichols gave us a very interesting talk on the map, giving us all a desire to learn more concerning the prehistoric race on this continent. The society starts out under very favorable circumstances and we look forward to a bright future for it.

EMMA HEDRICK, Secretary.

St. Louis, Missouri.—Have had some enjoyable as well as instructive features this month. On the first Friday of the month we listened to an excellent lecture with views by Bro. Paul M. Hanson. We also had three special sermons on the Book of Mormon, delivered by Bro. Tanner on Sundays for the benefit of the young people; the instruction given was excellent and we trust will be remembered. A very enjoyable sacred concert under Religio auspices in charge of Sr. Adele Peters and J. M. Lloyd was given to assist in defraying branch expenses.

Three of our Religians have graduated with high honors this month: Bro. Harold Burgess, from an electrical college in Washington, District of Columbia, receiving the highest honors of the class. He is reported as conducting the best parliamentary ruling in class business affairs, (he being president of his class,) ever known in the class history. Can we not give credit to the drills received in Religio?

Sr. Sybilia Burgess graduated with high honors from one of our high schools, and Bro. Gomer also, from Washington University. We are thankful for Religio benefits.

Our "Indefinite" this month was a splendid number.

MISS E. M. PATTERSON.

Burlington, Iowa.—A normal class has been organized for the benefit of the Sunday-school and Religio workers, and gives promise of doing much good. Bro. Fry was chosen as teacher, and Sr. Sena Bierman as secretary.

Circumstances have interfered somewhat with our taking immediate steps in the consolidating of library interests, but a start has been made in the appointing of the Sunday-school committee, and it is probable that the Religio and branch will soon follow, and real work commence.

ETHEL A. LACEY.

Religio Artists, Take Notice

There is to be a new cover page for the *Religio Quarterly*, the old one having served its day, and it has been decided to ask those who have a taste for drawing to design something new and original. Besides the title, the words, "Study of the Book of Mormon and Latter-day Revelations" should appear to conform with the order of last convention for the new series of lessons. In order to get the best and encourage those who have artistic taste and skill in drawing, it has been decided to open up competition and ask all who will to submit drawings which will be left to a committee to judge as to their merits. Each competitor may put his name or initials in some obscure place in small letters, which will appear in the engraving of the successful one. Others will receive complimentary notice in the *Religio Quarterly* or AUTUMN LEAVES. Each drawing should be made with pen and India ink on clear white paper with little or no gloss—a good ledger or heavy bond paper if you have not the regular drawing paper, but use India ink. All must be in the hands of the committee not later than August 20, in order that the engraving may be made and printed in time for next *Quarterly*. Make drawing size of old one. This is under the direction of the Editor of the *Quarterly*. Send all drawings to W. H. Deam, care of *Ensign*, Independence, Missouri.



Coming Numbers of "Autumn Leaves"

In the next number of AUTUMN LEAVES Elder Asa S. Cochran will begin his story of the Order of Enoch, including the founding of Lamoni. Elder Cochran is one of the two surviving secretaries of the Order of Enoch. His articles will be profusely illustrated with pictures of church men who were prominent in the order and had their part in founding Lamoni.

SEPTEMBER, 1907

#08

J C Danielson



ELBERT A. SMITH, Editor

AUTUMN LEAVES

ELBERT A. SMITH, Editor

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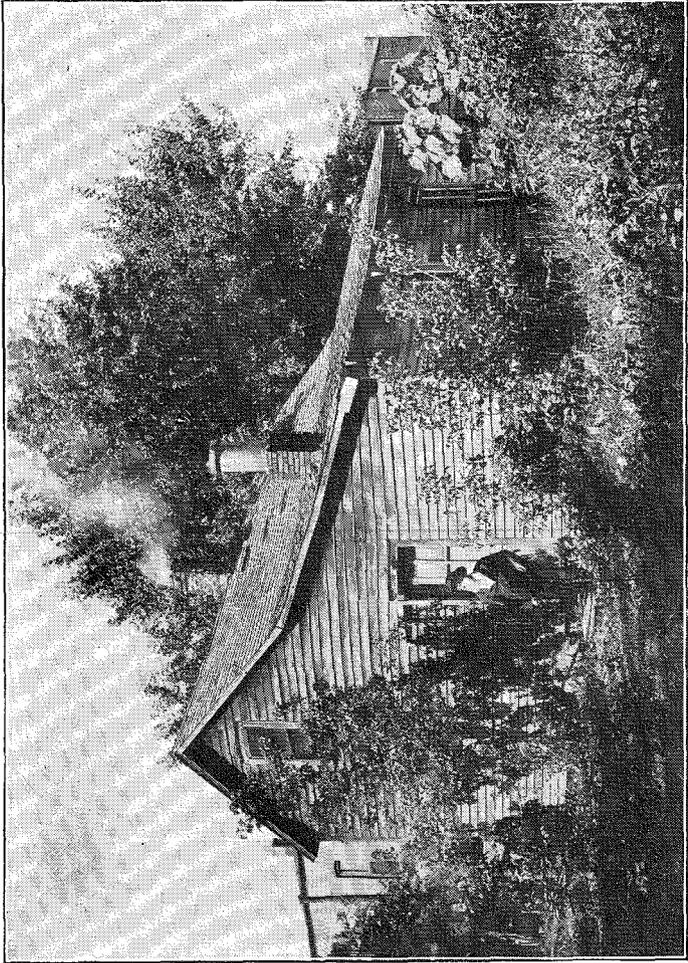


Photo by C. I. Carpenter.

AN OLD LAMONI LANDMARK

This is one of the three houses that stood on the present site of Lamoni when the town was founded. It stands just north of the Barr Hotel. The author of the following article is seen in the foreground.

AUTUMN LEAVES

VOLUME 20

SEPTEMBER, 1907

NUMBER 9



THE FOUNDING OF LAMONI AND THE WORK OF THE ORDER OF ENOCH.

BY ELDER ASA S. COCHRAN.

THE NAME LAMONI, as applied to the locality which is now known thereby, had its origin with the "First United Order of Enoch," a corporation composed of a number of men of means connected with the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.

The stockholders of this organization held their first meeting at Council Bluffs, Iowa, September 19, 1870, at which meeting Elijah Banta, Israel L. Rogers, David Dancer, David M. Gamet, Alexander McCord, Calvin A. Beebe, and Phineas Cadwell were chosen a board of directors. These men further organized by choosing Elijah Banta as president, Israel L. Rogers treasurer, and Henry A. Stebbins as secretary.

The purpose of this organization is clearly set forth in Section 2 of the constitution of the organization which reads as follows:

"Section 2. The general business and object of this corporation, shall be the associating together of men of capital and those skilled in labor and mechanics, . . . for the purpose of settling, developing and improving new tracts of land which tracts of land shall be selected and purchased by a committee to be appointed by the Board of Directors . . . to take cognizance of the wants of worthy and industrious poor men who shall apply therefor, and provide them with labor and the means for securing homes and a livelihood and to develop energies and resources, of the people who may seek those respective localities for settlement."

At the first meeting of the Board of Directors Elijah Banta, David Dancer, Israel L. Rogers, and Phineas Cadwell were appointed a committee to seek a suitable location for the purchase of land and the operation of said company. The stock certificates of this corporation were issued from Lamoni, Iowa.

This committee visited several localities in the states of Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, and Iowa, finally locating in the township of Fayette, Decatur County, Iowa; the post-office being Sedgwick; the nearest store being at Davis City, seven miles distant; and Leon, eighteen miles away, being the nearest railroad station. The first report of the secretary, dated September 1, 1871, showed that the

capital stock amounted to \$44,500 and that two thousand, six hundred and eighty acres of land had been purchased at a cost of \$21,768.84. Subsequent reports show that the capital stock had been increased one hundred dollars more, and a total of three thousand, three hundred and thirty acres of land had been purchased at a cost of \$30,673.94. Twelve new houses had been built costing \$7,678.40, and about sixteen hundred acres of prairie land had been broken at a cost of \$4,040.00, a nursery planted and various other improvements made. The shares in the company were \$100 each. Those holding the largest amount of stock were David Dancer \$9,000, Elijah Banta \$5,000, Israel L. Rogers \$5,000, Phineas Cadwell \$3,400, Moses A. Meder \$3,000, William Hopkins, Simeon Stivers and family, T. J. Andrews and family, Ephraim Rowland, Marietta Walker, Alexander McCord, and Calvin A. Beebe, \$1,000 each, the remaining \$12,200 stock being held by upwards of sixty different individuals.



ELIJAH BANTA.

First President of the "First United Order of Enoch."

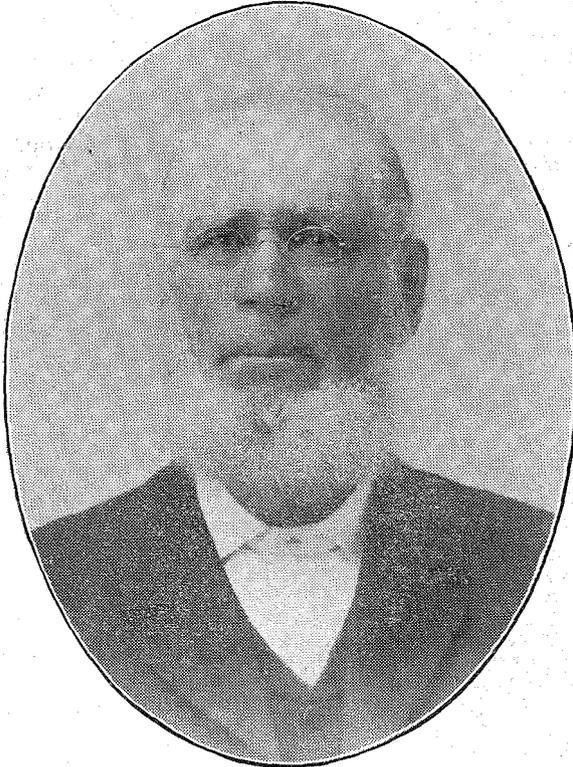
times, for their constitution and by-laws were published in the *Herald*, I believe, although the title might indicate to those not posted in the history of its organization, something different from what was shown in its constitution. Its leaders were men who had the good of the latter-day work in view all the time, and have passed to their reward. Their motives were good. They believed their work was approved of the Lord. While the locating committee were seeking a location, they attended a prayer-meeting in Nebraska City when the Spirit was manifested in the gifts commending their work. Bro. A. W. Moffet, one of

The organization continued about twenty years, paying ninety per cent in dividends and returning the original stock also.

It must be remembered that this covered a period of twenty years and it will be seen that the average yearly dividend was not high, especially when we recollect that money commanded a high rate of interest at that time. The work of these men has been misunderstood by many, which was unnecessary for those who were conversant with publications of those

times, for their constitution and by-laws were published in the *Herald*, I believe, although the title might indicate to those not posted in the history of its organization, something different from what was shown in its constitution. Its leaders were men who had the good of the latter-day work in view all the time, and have passed to their reward. Their motives were good. They believed their work was approved of the Lord. While the locating committee were seeking a location, they attended a prayer-meeting in Nebraska City when the Spirit was manifested in the gifts commending their work. Bro. A. W. Moffet, one of

the pioneers of Decatur County, who was one of the first to preach the gospel in this vicinity, gives a beautiful testimony in regard to it, as found in *AUTUMN LEAVES*, volume 2, page 19, as follows: "By request of Bro. W., I write a dream or vision I once had, for I do not know whether I was asleep or awake. Some little time prior to the reorganization of the church, my mind had been running on church matters, and wondering what the result of all the factions of the church would be. I saw in the night myself and three other



DAVID DANCER.

Chairman of the committee that located the site of the present town of Lamoni; elected president of the Order of Enoch in 1875.

men on a high rolling prairie. We had a team with us. One of us had a spade, and with it we were spading in the ground. It seemed that a question was asked by some one (not of our number for there was no one present but the four of us), 'What are you doing?' The answer was, 'We are preparing to lay the foundation for the redemption of Zion.' We looked up from our work, and looked to the northeast and saw two covered wagons coming toward us. In a short time I saw others coming from all directions, until the prai-

rie was covered with emigrants. I often thought of the dream or vision, whichever it was, and wondered what it meant, until it passed from my mind. I thought no more about it until some time after the committee on location came here, and I took my team and a spade, and drove them over on the prairie in Fayette township. In the committee were just the number that I saw in my dream or vision. We took the spade to try the depth and quality of the soil. . . . I think Brn. Ackerly and Ross were the first two families in covered wagons that came onto the prairies, and they came from the northeast. . . . I saw this before I was identified with the Reorganization."

The following from the Doctrine and Covenants was understood as referring to the order, as well as others, as it was one of the most prominent organizations of those times: "Behold, if my servants and handmaidens, of the different organizations for good among my people, shall continue in righteousness, they shall be blessed, even as they bless others of the household of faith."—117: 12.

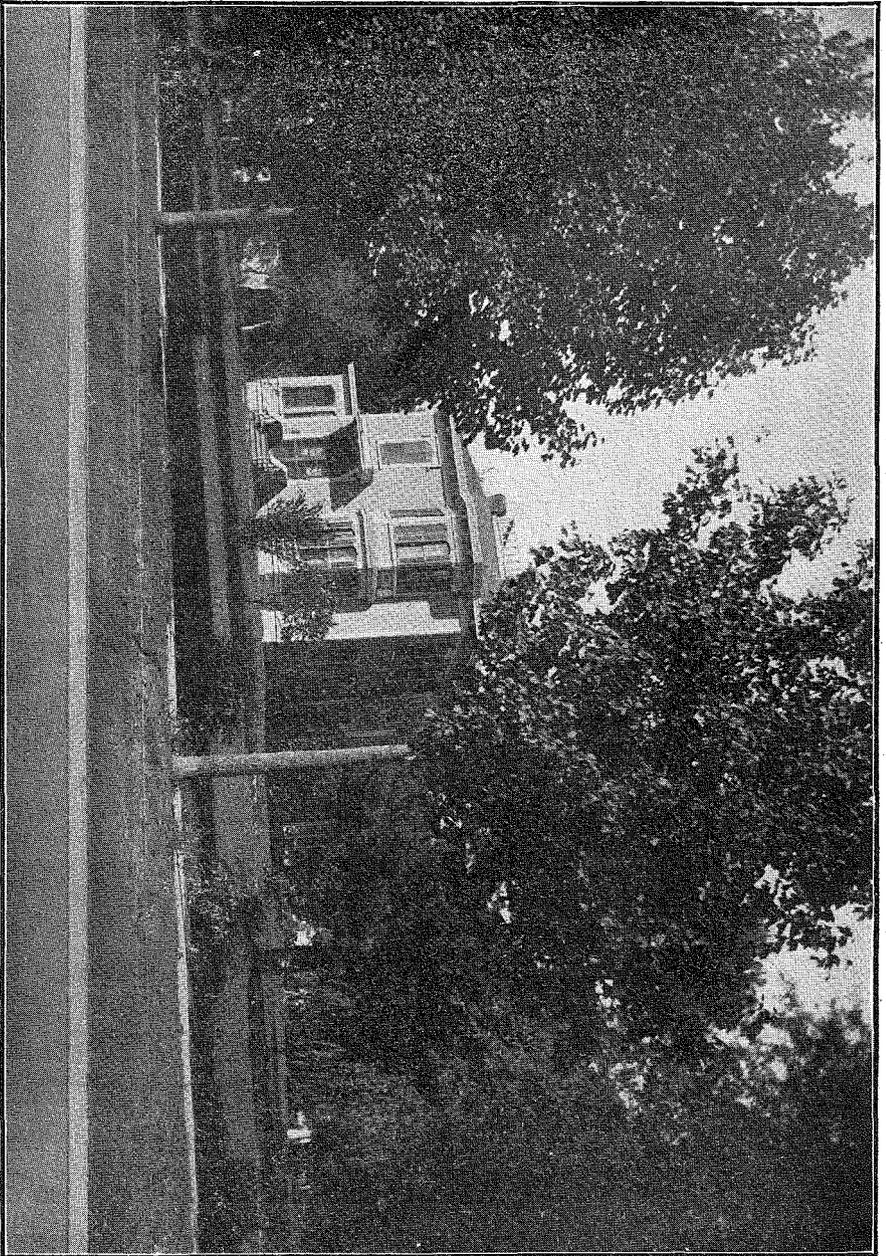
These evidences were encouraging to them and indicate the watchcare of the Giver of all good. The leading men of this organization had the good of the church constantly in mind, and were ever ready to aid in any enterprise that was originated for its good. Had the organization been continued it would have been useful and of much benefit to the work; but this movement had its opposers. Some of those whose work was in other than financial lines were busy talking in opposition to their work, intimating that the leaders were "feathering their own nests," etc., which were uncalled for and unkind.

Bro. Banta, who was the first president of the order and was continued as such until nearly all of the land was purchased, never had anything like a salary. In one of the busy years, ending August 1, 1875, I find the following items of expenditures:

To officers of the board and secretary	\$223 25
To <i>Herald</i> office for printing	45 91
For all other expenses (incidentals I suppose)	7 58

Bro. Banta was president and Bro. Henry A. Stebbins secretary until that time. At the meeting of the board of that year Bro. David Dancer was chosen president, and continued as such until the affairs of the association were closed up. In 1876 Bro. Dancer moved to Lamoni, and in September of that year A. S. Cochran was chosen secretary and continued to the close of the business. Neither of the secretaries were stockholders in the order, and I notice that in the financial report for the year 1885 the president and secretary were paid \$55 for their services; so that the charge of selfishness on the part of the leading men of this institution would be unjust and unkind. Each of the presiding officers bought about two sections of land, and Elijah Banta could have invested his \$5,000 and David Dancer his \$9,000 that was put into stock just as profitably elsewhere.

A resolution passed by the Board of Directors in 1874 shows one



RESIDENCE OF DAVID DANCER, PRESIDENT OF THE ORDER OF ENOCH.

Courtesy State Savings Bank, Lamoni, Iowa.

thing had in view by them that concerns our subject. It is as follows: "Resolved that we proceed to locate a town-site upon or near the land belonging to the association as soon as it is found practicable." But town-building will be considered later.

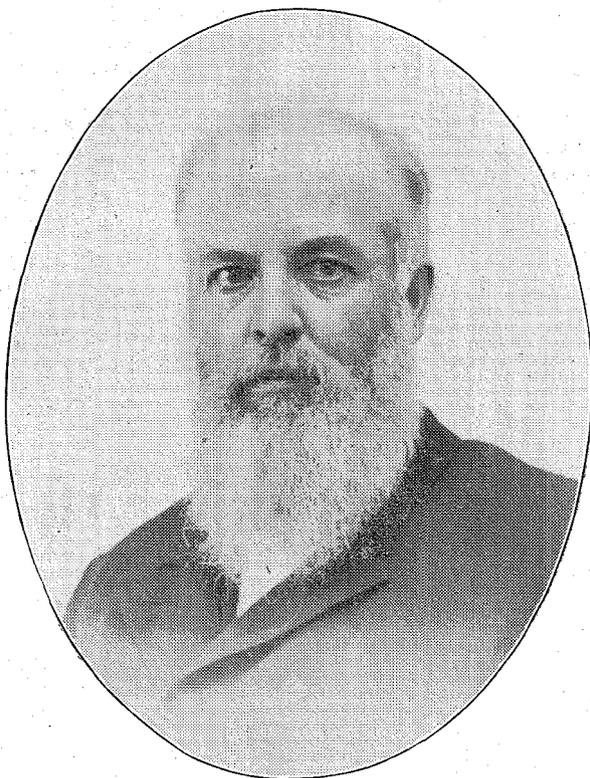
The elders of the Decatur District, principally of the Little River, now Pleasanton Branch, had been busy preaching in Fayette Township, and several had been baptized, so that on November 12, 1871, in pursuance of a resolution passed by the Decatur District conference, the district president, Bro. A. W. Moffet, organized the Lamoni Branch which was composed of fifteen persons who had formerly been members of the Little River Branch, and had been baptized by Bro. A. W. Moffet and Zenos H. Gurley, Jr: Charles, Harriet, and James R. Walker, William and Eliza Bunt, Robert L. Simpson, Adam, Angeline, Francis M., Caroline, and Susan Dennis, Andrew J. Green, James D. and George R. Dillon, and John E. Ackerly, also four persons whose standing as members was vouched for by Bro. E. Banta, namely Charles H. and Margaret Jones, Z. H. Gurley and James P. Dillon. Bro. Charles H. Jones was chosen president. Bro. and Sr. Jones had come from Northern Illinois, Bro. Dillon from Northern Iowa, and Bro. Gurley from Wisconsin. During the next year, 1872, the membership of the branch was increased considerably. Bro. Samuel Ackerly, George Ross from Wisconsin, George Braby, Peter B. Johnson, and Andrew K. Anderson from Illinois, I. N. W. Cooper from Pennsylvania, William Hopkins from California, James Shaw, Robert and John Johnson from Canada, who with their families and numerous baptisms by the elders had increased the membership of the branch to nearly seventy. In the year 1873 their members were still further increased by the arrival of O. J. Bailey from Michigan, George W. Bird who had been with Lyman Wight in Texas, Richard Elliker from Canada, Daniel P., David D., and Alburn B. Young, George Adams and E. J. Robinson from California, each with one exception having families, a companion at least; also many were baptized.

By this time they were in need of a place for meeting. When the writer came here in the fall of 1875, Bro. Daniel P. Young, a high priest, had succeeded Bro. Jones as president of the branch. Bro. O. B. Thomas, an elder, was acting as priest, and Andrew K. Anderson as teacher. Meetings were held in two schoolhouses at the same hour. One of the houses is part of the one near the Evergreen Church, and the other was four and a half miles east.

As the president was suffering from a severe attack of rheumatism, the priest would attend one meeting and the teacher the other, and the following Sunday they would change. This continued until the following spring, when the president's health having improved, he called a union meeting on Sunday, and appointed the meeting for the following Sunday in the new church.

The following week was a busy one. No lumber nearer than Leon, twenty miles away. Monday and Tuesday lumber was hauled from Leon and blocks for foundation from the timber. Wednesday and Thursday, carpenters, of whom I remember Alexander H.

Smith, who had moved that spring from Nauvoo and settled near where Andover, Missouri, now is, and H. R. Harder and Hiram Dougherty, who came from Kansas, and perhaps others, framed the building and laid the foundation. Friday and Saturday any one who could wield a hammer or saw was invited, and before the sun set for the last time of the week, the building was up, shingled, inclosed, windows in, and door hung. Meeting was held the next day according to previous appointment. No floor, no seats, except



ELDER ASA S. COCHRAN.

Author of this article. Formerly a secretary of the Order of Enoch, and one of the few remaining members of that organization.

rough lumber, wagon seats, or chairs brought in for temporary use. The building was located near the center of the township on land furnished by Bro. E. J. Robinson. In the fall, as the cool weather came on, a floor was laid, walls plastered, and it was made comfortable for winter. The size was probably about twenty-four by thirty-six, about ten feet to the eaves. It was never painted, and was abandoned as a church and sold after a church was erected in town.

Bro. Joseph visited us once on his returning from the west and called it a "temporary tabernacle." Some designated it later as "the sheepshed." Humble as it was the Saints were pleased with it, and I think the Lord was, as many blessings were received in it.

In 1875, I think, Bro. Samuel H. Gurley started a small store in what had been a schoolhouse, keeping a limited supply of such goods as he deemed suitable. There were no other stores or wagon or blacksmith shops nearer than Davis City until about 1877, when Bro. Peter Harris arrived from Wisconsin and erected a blacksmith shop not far from the church-building. This was afterwards moved to town, also the dwelling he also built, and they are now part of the dwelling and mill now owned by Bro. James Allen.

Conditions remained the same, it being only a farming community until the year 1879. A company was formed somewhere east, known as The Leon, Mt. Ayr & Southwestern R. R. Co., formed principally of men connected with the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad Company, their purpose being to extend the railroad from Leon through Mt. Ayr, and it has now been extended to St. Joseph, Missouri. Work was pushed forward to Davis City and west to what was afterwards known as Bethany Junction, now called Togo. From there they designed to take a northwesterly course, and commenced the work of grading and would have passed about two or three miles north of where Lamoni now stands, when Bro. Samuel V. Bailey chanced to meet some of the leading men of the company and conversed with them in regard to changing their course so as to reach "The Colony," as the locality was then named. This proposition was favorably received by them in case sufficient aid was guaranteed to justify them in changing their course. Several individuals almost immediately entered into an agreement to obligate themselves each in proportion to the value the assessor had placed upon their property to furnish the aid the company required. They were David Dancer, Elijah Banta, The First Order of Enoch, S. V. Bailey, J. R. Smith, and I think N. H. Riggs, George Adams, and W. Hudson. Meeting with the railroad men they obligated themselves to furnish them two hundred acres of land for a town site, also the right of way through the township, also the right of way to the State line, provided they should wish to make a junction at Lamoni at some future time. The railroad men were to build and operate a railroad, establish and maintain a depot on the land furnished them, and pay fifteen dollars per acre for the land, also deed them one hundred average lots when the town was laid out and platted. The Order of Enoch furnished one hundred and twenty acres of land which lies on the south side of Main street, and bought eighty acres of a Mr. Frank Drummond which lies on the north side of Main street. The land purchased of Mr. Drummond cost them six hundred dollars more than the railroad men allowed them. They also furnished three miles of right of way. But eventually the one hundred lots sold for enough to reimburse them for their outlay.

There was one dwelling on the land furnished by the Order of Enoch which stood where the elegant residence of W. A. Hopkins

now stands, and was occupied by Bro. I. P. Baggerly, now of the missionary force, and who is still a resident of Lamoni. He had the land now north of the railroad planted in corn which was ready to cut up when trains commenced running and the building of the town commenced. On the other side of Main street on the eighty acres were two houses. One stood on the block immediately south of the one afterwards occupied by the *Herald* Office, and was occupied by Mr. Drummond who maintained a bachelor's hall therein. This house was occupied by Bro. Frank Criley while he lived in Lamoni, and was more recently moved onto the *Herald* Office block and occupied by Bro. D. J. Krahl, and now is occupied by Bro. C. E. Blair, present manager of The Supply Store. The other house, a much older one, a cut of which appears in this issue, stood very near where the Barr Hotel now stands, and has been removed a little farther north, and is soon to be removed or torn down. It was occupied by Mr. E. B. Teale, now vice-president of the Farmers' Bank of Lamoni. Much of this land was planted in corn. That part of the town where the Methodist church and J. R. Smith's residence now stand was a cornfield. The first dwelling-house erected was by Bro. Volentine White, now owned by Bro. James Jennings.

(To be continued.)



AN INSTRUMENT IN HIS HANDS.—PART IV.

BY MARY LELAND CARTER.

ARRIVING at Hillside Junction Mr. Brown looked eagerly for Eva, but she did not come, so he continued his journey alone, arriving at his destination about noon. He went to the hotel, got some dinner, then inquired his way to the Saints' chapel where, taking a seat well back, he listened with much interest throughout the business-meeting then in session.

At its close many came to shake hands with him and bid him welcome. One brother coming up greeted him with a hearty hand-shake and said, "Well, brother, you seem to be a stranger here. Where are you stopping?"

Upon Mr. Brown's naming the hotel he said, "That will never do. You must come home with me," and silencing his protests led him away, one of the elders accompanying them.

On the way Mr. Gray said, "So you are not a citizen of the kingdom?"

"I am seeking it," he replied.

"Then you will find it," said the elder, "for God never leaves in the dark those who honestly seek for light."

"I believe that," replied Mr. Brown.

He received a cordial welcome at Mr. Gray's house and was pleased with the atmosphere of love and peace that seemed to pervade it; father, mother, sons, and daughter, all united in one

common purpose, that of serving their heavenly Father and exemplifying in their lives his teachings.

How restful this seemed to him after the discord, the lack of harmony, there had been of late in his own home. A great longing filled his heart for such conditions to prevail there, too.

At the evening session Elder F—— preached with much power on the first principles of the gospel as enumerated by Paul in Hebrew 6: 1, 2: faith, repentance, baptism, laying on of hands, resurrection from the dead, and eternal judgment.

How wonderful it seemed to Mr. Brown. How plain it was made that these principles were fundamental, just as enduring as the principles that govern in mathematics; that the law of the Lord being perfect no change could be made and it yet continue to be perfect. How he was thrilled at the thought of being baptized for the remission of his sins, and having hands laid on for the giving of the Holy Spirit even as did Christ's followers of old.

Returning to Mr. Gray's he said to Elder F——, whose roommate he was, "That was wonderful. I never heard anything like that. I've heard many noted preachers, talented men and good, but I never heard the word preached with such plainness and power. This is surely the pure gospel of Christ, that which was preached by Peter and Paul. What it took to save men in those days I believe it will take now, and I want you to baptize me."

The conversation that followed was as a feast to Mr. Brown's soul. He believed the man before him to be divinely commissioned to administer in spiritual things. He therefore brought before him many of his perplexities, but he carefully refrained from alluding in any way to his home affairs and to his wife's feelings.

Early the next morning the elder, gathering a few of the Saints on his way, conducted Mr. Brown to the river, where, leading him into the water he raised his hand and said, "James Brown, having been commissioned of Jesus Christ, I baptize you in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, Amen." He then laid him beneath the waves even as our Redeemer was baptized, and raised him up to walk in newness of life.

At the morning prayer-service he was confirmed a member of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.

A great peace and wonder filled his soul as he heard the words, "Thus saith the Spirit to you, my brother. Blessed art thou for thy faith and obedience, and because thou hast ever set thy face steadfastly to do that which is right. Continue faithful to the end and thou shalt obtain that greatest of all gifts, even eternal life. Thou hast seen much of sorrow because of thy wife; but if thou wilt be faithful she shall yet come to a knowledge of the truth, and will honor me even as thou hast. Other trials are before thee, and thou shalt feel the power of Satan as never before, for most bitterly does he oppose those who with full purpose of heart seek to serve God. But if thou wilt be steadfast thou shalt have strength to overcome, and thy experiences shall teach thee and fit thee for a great work, even to raise the weak and fallen. And now I commend thee to the keeping of God and say unto thee my

brother, in the name of Jesus Christ, receive ye the Holy Ghost, Amen.”

The Spirit bore witness to Mr. Brown of the truthfulness of this prophecy; but had he received no other evidence the reference to his wife of whom he had not spoken would have seemed to him good proof that the elder spoke not by his own wisdom alone.

Very much did Mr. Brown enjoy the services of the day. He felt a satisfaction and peace he had never before experienced, and his regret was that he had not known these things before.

Speaking of this to the elder he said, “I might have heard these things and come into the church years ago, for I was once where I might have attended your meetings, but hearing that you were believers in the Book of Mormon I did not give it another thought, for I knew of course something of the wrong practice and teachings of those commonly called Mormons. What could I think but that a Mormon was a believer in and follower of the teachings contained in that book? The world is not to blame for supposing Mormonism to be taken from the Book of Mormon. How could they guess that it is in direct opposition to the teachings of that book!

“I believe the Devil is at the bottom of this, applying the name to those people who have made it almost a synonym for polygamy, murder, etc., until no wonder the world shrinks, almost with loathing, from the book which they naturally suppose teaches these things. I believe for this very reason many an honest soul has failed, as I did, to give attention to your teachings unless they are literally forced upon them; for who would think of looking for the church of Jesus Christ among those whom they class with murderers and adulterers!

“Pardon me for presuming to criticize, but I have been greatly surprised and pained to discover that even your people who so well know the difference are joining in with the world and, I believe, with the Devil, in tarnishing the name of that pure and good man, that faithful follower of Jesus Christ. And worse than that giving your aid in blinding the world to those very things you are trying to make plain, hindering your own work.

“As for myself, I hope I shall never once use the word Mormon in a way to deceive or mislead any one as to the teaching of that book.”

So much had Mr. Brown enjoyed the association with the Saints that he felt loth to part with them; but on Monday he turned his face homeward, arriving there about four o'clock.

When he would have given her his customary kiss, his wife drew back and said, “Tell me first, have you joined that Mormon church?”

“No, I certainly have not,” he said. Then, as her face lightened up, he went on hastily, “There is no such thing in existence as a Mormon church. You will not find a church incorporated under that name in the whole world, I am quite sure. I'll tell you what I did do, though, I joined the church of Jesus Christ, the church

teaching the pure and unadulterated gospel, and acknowledged by him as his church."

She turned without a word and went to her room where he heard her weeping bitterly. In vain he pleaded with her to unlock the door and let him in, assuring her that matters were not so bad as she thought, and begging for a chance to explain things as they were. She would make no reply and finally he went to do his night's work.

But how changed everything seemed. His wife's sad face seemed to crowd out all else. He felt almost condemned for the joy he had felt in that which was bringing her sorrow. While he saw plainly that her trouble was imaginary and unnecessary, yet he knew that to her it seemed real, and his heart ached for her.

It seemed, however, in the days that followed, almost as if she chose to be unhappy, for she utterly refused to listen to any explanation from him. This was hard for him, for he felt so sure if she would consent to talk the matter calmly over with him that much of her grief would be removed.

He had little rest on the night of his return home. His wife refused to unlock the door, and at intervals he heard her crying. Sad and troubled, and fearing she would make herself sick, he passed the long hours of the night.

Early in the morning he kindled the fire, then, feeling sure Mrs. Brown would have one of her sick headaches, he decided, as the girls were away, to get breakfast, although unused to such work.

After putting some potatoes in to bake he milked his cow, then made the tea and was just putting the finishing touches to some toast when his wife, pale and heavy-eyed, appeared in the door.

Surprised, she exclaimed, "Why, James, who is here?"

"No one, my dear," he replied, "but I feared you would have a headache so I thought I would try to help you."

Touched a little by his thoughtfulness, she sat down; but after drinking the tea and trying to eat a few mouthfuls, was obliged to confess that she was sick and unable to sit up. Mr. Brown made her as comfortable as possible, then did up the work as neatly as he could.

Margaret was away teaching, and Alice attending school, so she was dependent upon him for all.

Her sickness lasted several days and, as she used to say afterwards, was a blessing in disguise, for she had resolved to keep him at a distance, to treat him as a stranger; but now she was obliged to let him take his old place. So, excepting a slight coldness and constraint upon her part and a complete avoidance of all topics relating to religion, their daily lives, outwardly at least, seemed much as usual.

Mr. Brown took his earliest opportunity to write to Eva, giving her a full account of the conference and of his baptism, and expressing his great satisfaction and joy in the gospel.

"My heart seems overflowing with gratitude to my heavenly Father for his goodness and mercy to me, and I thank him for sending you to me with the gospel message.

“He has permitted you to be an instrument in his hands to bring me to the knowledge of the fullness of the gospel. I thank you that you did not fear to make known to me the truth. Had you, knowing we did not like the step you had taken, kept silent along these lines, what a loss would have been mine.”

As the days went by, Mrs. Brown was obliged to confess to herself that her husband had never been so thoughtful and considerate of her before.

She realized that he seemed to be growing better each day, while she was apparently growing worse.

At times this shamed and humbled her; at other times it aroused only a feeling of irritation with him. She did not understand herself these days; she had always been gentle and even tempered, but now it was only a great effort that she could keep so and she was often overcome. At such times, when she was fretting and impatient, she often felt it would be a relief if he would say something in the same strain; but he would only say, “You are not feeling well, dear, and you have to work too hard.” We must not let both girls go away again.” And then he would try the harder to be of help to her.

Thus several years passed by, with Mr. Brown happy in the gospel yet having much to grieve him because of the way his wife, daughters, and neighbors regarded it. The latter, in particular, had seemed to consider it their duty to make him feel the weight of their disapproval, and to convince him of the error of his ways.

Yet as time went on, his uprightness and integrity, his ready helpfulness to all in need, won for him their respect, and his influence was such that when in the course of time an elder visited the town and held meetings, a fair attendance was given him, for, as some one said, “A faith that such a man as Mr. Brown indorses can not have anything bad in its teachings.”

Mr. Brown often thought of the promise made him at his confirmation that his wife should yet obey the gospel. It seemed a strange thing to believe at times as she still hardened her heart, even refusing to attend the little meeting at the schoolhouse when her husband was ordained to preach Christ.

This caused him pain, yet, could he have known the thoughts that filled her heart he would have been made to rejoice.

For, as she sat there alone after he and Alice had gone, she fell to reviewing the past and suddenly realized, with something of a shock, that her husband’s religion was making him better, that he was developing all the time, and that he had a joy and peace which she did not possess although she had once seemed to.

A great longing took possession of her to be at rest once more.

And now she allowed herself at last to face the matter squarely, and finally she was obliged to admit that she was rejecting things which she knew to be true and scriptural, and that she was doing this because of pride, and because of a fear that if she once listened and acknowledged any part true she might become convinced of the truth of all the belief, and then she, too, would need to be bap-

tized. A great horror filled her as she saw her heart at last, and realized fully for the first time to what pride was leading her.

"And what has it given me in return," she thought, somewhat bitterly. "It has taken away my peace, marred our happy home-life, made me unwilling to read my Bible, for I can not help but see those teachings so plainly whenever I do, and I have found no joy in prayer. Lately I have shrunk from it, and I know why now. It is because at the very time when I have been asking for help to live right and to do God's will I have been firmly resolved at that same time to do only such of his commandments as are popular and and easy, to accept only such light as shall come in the way I think it should. No wonder the heavens have seemed a blank above me.

"And all this time I have been trying to think the blame all rests upon James, that our life together is not so happy as it was, and yet he has been earnestly trying to follow his convictions, while I have been fighting against mine. He has always been kind and forbearing, always thinking of my comfort, while I have tried to make him unhappy. Now perhaps he will go away preaching and I shall be left alone. Oh, how I wish I had been different. It is no part of a Christian to do as I have done. Now, whatever he believes, that I know is true, and of course a good deal of it is true, I will acknowledge, and I will try to make his home happy."

After asking God's forgiveness and help she felt happier than for a long time, and met her husband upon his return with a smile and so loving a look that his heart was made glad.

She wanted to tell him all, how she regretted the course she had taken, how she did care for him and wish to make him happy. But the restraint of the past years was hard to break, so she showed her changed feeling only by an unusual thoughtfulness for his comfort and wishes.

The next day she asked, with some effort, where his friend the elder was staying, and said she supposed if a stove were set up in the west room that he would be comfortable there.

Mr. Brown looked at her in surprise, for she had so opposed the elder's coming there that he had not urged it, but had provided for him elsewhere.

"Do you mean that you are willing he should stay here?" he asked gladly.

It was a struggle but she said, "Yes." Then the victory over self being won, she put forth every effort to make him comfortable, and his visit a pleasant one.

In spite of herself, she became interested in the conversation carried on between her husband and their guest regarding the troublous times that were to come upon the earth and were in fact already beginning, when iniquity should abound, and when blood should be shed at every man's door. "Surely that is true," she thought. One has only to read a daily newspaper to see that we are entering upon such a period.

She listened eagerly when they began to tell about Zion, the place where the pure in heart are to gather to await in safety for

Christ to come, and as they went on to speak of the signs indicating that his coming was nigh at hand, and spoke of conditions to prevail during the millenium, how it was to be upon this earth that Christ was to reign and to be with and teach his Saints, and fit them for the presence of God when he shall come from heaven to be among men, she was filled with wonder.

That evening when all were gone to meeting she got her Bible, and by the aid of her concordance and their conversation she found much along the line of thought.

She recalled Christ's words, "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." She read in Revelation 5:10: "We shall reign on the earth." Also Psalm 37, which seemed full of promises about inheriting the earth.

Then she read Revelation 20 about the first resurrection, and those who had part in it reigning with Christ a thousand years, even as her husband had said.

"Why, it does speak as though we were to be upon this earth," she thought. "I can't just now think of many promises that we are to go to heaven.

"It does speak of going to paradise, though, and I suppose that is heaven."

She wished they would talk again along this line, but they did not, and she could not bring herself to ask questions.

On Sunday, as they were to start to meeting, her husband looked at her so wistfully that her decision was instantly made to go with them. She had found much pleasure during the past few days in giving up her own will, and in seeing the pleased look on Mr. Brown's face. So she said, "Wait a minute and I will go with you, James." To her delight the subject of the discourse was that which was then interesting her, the resurrection, the earth restored to its Edenic beauty and perfection, and the great things in store for those who keep God's commandments.

He explained paradise as the place of the departed dead where, under such conditions as their lives had entitled them to, they awaited the resurrection of the body, the good in a state of rest and peace, those who had done wickedly under punishment. Not a hell of literal fire where they were to be tortured for ever by a God who was taking vengeance upon them, but where their suffering, though great, even as a fire, was yet sent upon them for their own good, to teach them obedience, since they had refused to learn it any other way; that when it had accomplished its work it would end, for every knee shall bow, every tongue confess that Christ is Lord to the glory of God the Father.

He gave Paul's comparison of conditions in the resurrection,—the three glories, sun, moon, and stars. Mrs. Brown saw plainly how wonderful was the first glory as compared with the others, and she realized vividly what a loss those would have who had to be taught obedience in the hereafter; for the sun glory or celestial glory, was for those who are Christ's at his coming. The rest all through the thousand years of the millennium were to be in the

prison-house, in a state of suffering, while those who had kept God's commandments would be with Christ on the earth under his righteous rule.

"I don't want to be among those who have to learn obedience in the pit because I refuse to obey in my time of probation," she thought. "I must study God's word, I must examine myself and see if I am keeping the commandments. This is a matter I dare not trifle with longer."

"But there are those who died without ever even having a chance to know God's commands. And besides, if to have the celestial glory one must be obedient to the gospel in its fullness and it was not restored he says, till 1830, what about the many and many earnest Christians who have lived and died without ever hearing it? It does not seem fair nor just that they should never have a chance. Just because they did not happen to be born at just the right time must they for ever have a lesser glory? I can not believe such things as that."

Even while such thoughts as these were flashing through her mind the elder touched upon this very point. He showed that one could be held responsible only for living up to what light one had opportunity to receive.

He then mentioned that teaching which, while given in the word so plainly, is yet often overlooked by many, that of the gospel being preached to the dead (see 1 Peter 4: 6) that they might be judged according to men in the flesh.

All who would have received the gospel in this life, had opportunity been given them, will have the chance to do so later, for God is just, and the plan of salvation is for all the human family. All will have opportunity to comply with its requirements.

He closed his sermon with an earnest appeal to his hearers not to neglect the opportunity that was now theirs, and not to flatter themselves that they could just as well wait and receive the gospel in the spirit state, for "these promises," said he, "are not for those who hear the word but for those who never have the privilege in this life."

Mrs. Brown enjoyed the meeting very much. It was all so new to her and yet there was nothing that the Bible did not teach.

She wondered a little why she had never heard such sermons before, and felt if this was a sample of their meetings she did not wonder at Mr. Brown's interest. Her mind was now filled with new thoughts. The resurrection had never meant much to her, but now it was a reality.

"I wonder if the churches really do believe in the resurrection of the body? If they do not, what do they believe it means?" she questioned.

The idea of Christ really coming to earth again was new to her too, for she had simply held some vague idea that his second coming was only to take home some of his faithful children when they died. Now in reading the Bible, passage after passage seemed to stand out with such plainness she could not understand how she had ever overlooked them.

"Oh, it is beautiful, beautiful!" she said to herself. "Oh, what have I done to close my ears to this so long."

Now she felt she could not hear enough. Yet, so odd and stubborn is human nature, she could not yet acknowledge this to her husband, although longing for his sympathy and help, and knowing, too, what a joy it would be to him.

She attended the meetings during the week. Much to her surprise, one night the elder invited her husband into the stand to preach.

"Why, he's written no sermon, I know, for he has been hard at work all the week!" she whispered to Alice. "What can he be thinking of to try such a thing?" she asked, full of anxiety.

Alice, although a little nervous, was not so troubled, for she had a good understanding of the gospel and knew when the Lord calls a man to preach he will give him a message to deliver.

And so, indeed, it proved that night. The power of the Spirit was felt by all. Mrs. Brown soon ceased to fear that he had undertaken what he could not perform, and she listened in wonder. She felt that surely this must be by the Spirit of God.

Alice, too, was deeply moved, and resolved that she would no longer put off being baptized.

She had long felt a desire to unite with the church, and had delayed only to spare her mother's feelings. But now she resolved that nothing should stand between her and her duty.

So the next morning she told her mother of her resolution.

Instead of the protests she expected, her mother began crying and said she would be baptized too, if only she was good enough; but she had done so wrong all these years that she did not believe the Lord would receive her now.

Alice tried to comfort her mother, but hardly knowing what to say she soon slipped out and brought her father, then went away leaving them together.

"Dear wife, is this true?" he asked tenderly, taking her in his arms. "Do you see the beauties of the gospel at last?"

"Oh, James," she said as she clung to him, the tears flowing fast, "oh, can you forgive me. I am so sorry, and do you suppose God will forgive me, that it is not too late for me?"

Mr. Brown had no difficulty in assuring her of his forgiveness, and in showing her that the Lord by his Spirit was striving with her and seeking to bring her into the fold.

This hour was one never to be forgotten by either. All differences gone, the restraint of years removed, these two entered upon a new life together, one nevermore to be marred by misunderstandings, or differences, one full of love and perfect sympathy.

As together they knelt and returned thanks to God for his goodness, how great was Mr. Brown's gratitude and joy in the fulfillment of the promise made him at his confirmation that his wife should be brought to a knowledge of the truth.

Although the weather was very cold, neither Mrs. Brown nor

Alice wished any delay, so Mr. Brown himself had the privilege of leading his loved ones into the waters of baptism.

"Now if only Margaret were here to have been baptized with us, my cup of joy would be full," said Mrs. Brown that night.

"She has not seemed to have much interest in religion for some years. Even before her marriage I had noticed that," responded Mr. Brown.

"Let's write and coax her to come home for a visit," suggested Alice, "and when she sees the change the gospel has made in our home she may become interested, too."

This plan was carried out, but it was some months before Margaret found her way clear for the desired visit.

These winter months were full of pleasure to the Browns. They had a topic of never-failing interest, the glorious truths of the gospel, to discuss; while their evenings were spent in studying together and in reading of the progress of the work in other places.

Mrs. Brown often spoke of the satisfaction and peace she had found, and mourned for those years when she had made herself unhappy all so needlessly.

"And to think I might have been enjoying so much all that time and making so much progress," she would say. "I don't suppose I can ever make up for that lost time."

"I did not have what I now do by any means," she one time said to her husband, "yet I truly did have a peace and joy in the Baptist Church and felt that the Lord was blessing me. Why did that cease after Eva came and told us so much about this?"

"I think," he replied thoughtfully, "that the Lord blessed us then because we were truly living up to the light we had received; that is all that was required of us at that time. But when greater light came, if we rejected it, we could not longer expect the peace of God's approval."

In June Margaret and her little boy came for a few weeks' visit.

She noticed at once the difference in the atmosphere of their home, and also the marked improvement in her mother's health. For upon keeping the Word of Wisdom Mrs. Brown's health had materially improved. Her sick headaches had ceased, and her nerves had become strong.

Seeing these changes and their interest and enjoyment in their new life, Margaret soon became interested. Finally, in talking with her mother, she confessed that she had believed these things were true ever since Eva's visit when she had first heard of them; and because of stubbornness and pride she had hardened her heart and refused to consider her duty in the matter. So she had partially succeeded in putting the questions from her; but since the birth of her boy and she had realized her responsibility in the care and training of an immortal soul, she had felt deeply her own unworthiness.

"Now I want to serve God fully, to make the most of my own life so that I may be worthy to bear the name of mother."

So before her return to her home she, too, was initiated into the fold of Christ.

That evening as they were expressing their thankfulness for the events of the day, Mrs. Brown said, "Oh, James, what if you had hearkened to me and never gone on in this work! What a loss we all should have had even in this life! We should have missed that which makes life most worth living. I do thank you for not yielding to my wishes."

"We thank you, too," said Alice and Margaret. "Your remaining firm at that time doubtless changed the whole course of our lives."

Mr. Brown's thoughts then went back to the night of his great struggle, when he had sought so earnestly to know if he must obey the gospel against his wife's wishes.

"I have something to tell you," he said. So he described to them his struggle, and the vision he received, then read to them from his dairy the words which had been spoken to him:

"Fear not to follow where the Lord shall lead. Thus only can you work for the best interests of your loved ones. Be true to duty and they will yet thank you for it. Fail now and you will not only bring condemnation upon your soul, but you will have closed the door for them to enter the kingdom. Trust and fear not."

As the months went by the Browns made preparations to spend Thanksgiving with Eva; for Eva is no longer in her brother's home, but has a home of her own.

She has for her life companion a noble, earnest young man. The perfect confidence and love existing between the two is beautiful to see. No impatient or faultfinding words mar the peace of this home. Here the name of God is revered and his commandments kept. Here the little ones are gathered about their parents night and morning at the family altar, and they are being taught the principles of the gospel and how to apply them in their lives.

Although so pleasantly situated now, Eva has seen much of sorrow and trial.

At this Thanksgiving time, when all were assembled at Eva's home, uncle, aunt, cousins, and her brother's family, the conversation turned upon the past.

"Eva," said Mr. Brown, "I feel we owe you a great debt of gratitude for what you have done for us in bringing to us the gospel."

"I do not feel that you need to thank me at all," she replied. "The work was not mine. I have been simply *an instrument in his hands.*"

THE END.

EXPERIENCES AND OBSERVATIONS OF ONE OF OUR PATRIARCHS.—NO. 7.

BY J. R. LAMBERT.

IN THIS CONNECTION, I want to say a word concerning my stenographers. I have had eight different stenographers work for me—two brothers and six sisters—and I certainly count myself fortunate to have been associated with young men and women who had such strong and abiding faith in God, were easy and pleasant to get along with, and who had strong confidence in the patriarchal work. I make no exception, for I am confident there has been none to make.

The sympathy, faith, and devotion of these stenographers have been a great help to me. I often think of it, but never without a keen sense of gratitude welling up in my soul, first, to God, and second, to them, for their good and important work.

I herewith present another experience in my work, which some will appreciate, and which to me, has been very comforting and

confirming. It is well that we should note carefully our experiences. God intended we should, for he has provided in the divine economy that "if any man will do his [the Father's] will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself." (John 7: 17.)

I had not been long in the Quorum of Twelve before I was led to pray that the Spirit and office of my calling might rest upon me. This simple, brief prayer, which I was led to offer so frequently during all the years that I was a member of that quorum, met with such a general, ready, and effective response, that I could not help noticing it. How many, many times, when in great weakness of body and mind I have been led to offer this little (?) petition to him who has called us to be his ministers. I have afterwards been made to weep for joy because of the grand and significant way in which this prayer has been answered!



PATRIARCH JOSEPH R. LAMBERT.

"I suppose I am entitled to a little distinction because of some things which transpired in my ministerial experiences. In May, 1873, I baptized Uncle William Phelps, who beat the drum for the mob that assassinated Joseph and Hyrum Smith."

When I entered into my work as a patriarch, there came to me the same divine impression to offer the same prayer, which I did, with the same pleasing results, except that I received the ministra-

tions of the Spirit which qualified me to do the work of a patriarch instead of the work of an apostle.

What, dear reader, do you think was the effect of this experience on my mind? Or, to bring it nearer home to you, what would have been the effect on your mind, had you passed through the same experience?

I have nearly always known, since the time I was called into the ministry, that I could not make a decently appearing effort in preaching the gospel, much less help to build up the kingdom of God, without divine aid. I am thankful for the privilege of making this statement, humiliating as some may consider it to be. However, there have been a few times when I have not felt my dependence on God as fully as I should have done, and humiliation and shame have been the result; and for my part of such experiences as these, I am ashamed.

I suppose I am entitled to a little distinction because of some things which transpired in my ministerial experience. In May, 1873, soon after I had been ordained into the Quorum of Twelve, I baptized uncle Mark Phelps, who beat the drum for the mob that assassinated Joseph and Hyrum Smith, on June 27, 1844. He was seventy years old when I baptized him, and it was his first profession of religion. There can be no question with those who knew him and were acquainted with the circumstances, but what "Uncle Mark" was soundly converted, and was, therefore, earnest and sincere in his profession.

Mark Phelps was a good and large-hearted man, but, unfortunately, was addicted to that foolish, dangerous habit of drinking, which often led him into bad company. He was at Carthage, at the time, on other business, when the tragedy occurred. He was misled by statements made to him; seemed to be the only drummer available at the time, and so, without any bad motive, and with little or no knowledge of their purpose, he was led into associations which afterwards caused him to suffer much mental anguish whenever the matter was brought to his mind.

In August, 1903, my father made application to me for a patriarchal blessing. I had feared that he would apply to me for a blessing when he was visiting his two sons at Lamoni; but just after the time when I thought the danger was gone, here comes the application by letter, through my sister Maggie Head of Stewartsville, Missouri.

I thought it all over as carefully as I could, and prayed over it. Though very embarrassing to me, I could not see how I could properly reject the application. However, before going to the Stewartsville reunion of 1903, I counseled with Bro. Alexander H. Smith, the Presiding Patriarch, who said while it was novel and extraordinary, so far as he knew, he regarded it as entirely proper, and advised me to go right ahead and give the blessing; "but," said he, "I do not blame you for feeling embarrassed." I did feel the embarrassment of the situation very keenly indeed.

On August 29, at the residence of A. W. Head, at Stewartsville,

Missouri, at three thirty in the afternoon; Sr. Eunice Winn-Smith being my stenographer, I gave blessings to my father, Richard Lambert, and my niece, Maggie E. Head, at which time the wisdom and goodness of God were made manifest to the satisfaction of all concerned, so far as I know.

Thus, by faith, we are made able to accomplish our work, as servants of the Lord Jesus, and God is entitled, clearly entitled, to the chief credit in every case.

In the remaining part of this article, I will endeavor to draw a few lessons from the blessings given, quoting when necessary, and so far as practicable. I do not select from these because they are more important, or better, than many others; but because (1) a selection must be made, and (2) because it is believed that the points presented are of such a character that they will be more appreciated and more easily comprehended by the reader than would be the case with many others which are equally good.

Should any one doubt the verity of our statements, or any part thereof, he is hereby informed that names, dates, and places of residence can be furnished, when necessary; but, for prudential reasons, and as a rule, if not always, these items will be omitted.

Case No. 1. This party is a high priest of middle age and good ability. He had been in the missionary field for a number of years when he received his blessing, and he is still a missionary. My only acquaintance with him was that which resulted from a casual meeting at conference and reunions. Of his home and financial affairs, I knew nothing.

Bro. Walter W. Smith, upon his own request, was present when the blessing was given. He stated that he was well acquainted with the brother—they had had many talks together, etc.

When the application was made, I at once felt, as I have felt in a number of other cases, an extraordinary responsibility resting upon me, and I sought earnestly unto God, that I might be prepared to discharge that responsibility according to his will. When I gave the blessing, though very weak in body, I felt the influence of that blessed Spirit, which qualifies each faithful minister for his work, in a marked degree, and I herewith present, by quotation, two important points:

“It is according to the mind and will of God that thou shouldest give thy entire life to the work of the ministry, that no other thought should find place in thy mind; for thou hast been called and chosen to declare the truth to the church and the world, and thou hast been qualified and prepared to accomplish this work to the glory of God and the salvation of many souls.

“I bid thee to rely upon God, who has called thee, to trust him in every time of need; to call upon him in mighty prayer, that thou mayest be successful in the ministry, and in the warfare in which thou art engaged.”

The above statements, if accepted as divine, settled one very important point; but of the existing demand for such a manifestation, I knew nothing, except as I inferred it from what had been given to me by the Spirit.

The succeeding paragraph reveals a striking mental peculiarity of the brother, and shows what would be necessary for his safety and success.

"Thoughts have found place in thy mind which have been beneficial to the work and to thee; nevertheless thy mind is of that peculiar cast, that thou art in great danger, unless assisted constantly by the Spirit of truth; and when assisted by this Spirit, thy mind is of that peculiar character that thou mayest be exceeding useful in the hands of God, and accomplish a great work. To this work thou hast been called, and if thou wilt but trust in God, dear brother, and live so near to him that the Spirit of truth may never depart from thy mind and heart, thou will be amply qualified for the great work unto which thou art called."

Soon after the blessing had been given, Bro. Walter W. Smith was in conversation with me. He commended the blessing in strong terms, and then said, as nearly as I can remember his words, the following:

"You knew that Bro. ——— had concluded to leave the missionary field?"

"No; I knew nothing about it."

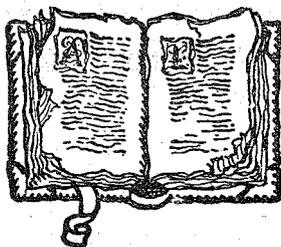
"Well, he had. He thought his home affairs demanded such a course."

He also told me that Bro. ——— is an excellent man, but naturally very skeptical. Afterwards, while in conversation with Bro. ———, he confirmed all these statements.

The brother's blessing, in addition to the instruction contained therein, is full of precious promise.

LAMONI, Iowa, March 4, 1907.

(To be continued.)



Editor's Corner

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ELBERT A. SMITH, EDITOR, LAMONI, IOWA.

REMINISCENCES OF CHILDHOOD.—PART IV.

PLAY AND WORK.

All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.

JACK can usually be trusted to look out for himself and get some play; while the average parent makes it his business to see that Jack does some work. Some boys get too much work and some too much play; but there are few who do not have some tasks to perform.

Boys have a natural interest in play which is not at all equaled by their interest in work. Any one who will offer the average boy a choice between a hoe and a baseball or between running errands and playing marbles may discover the truth of that statement.

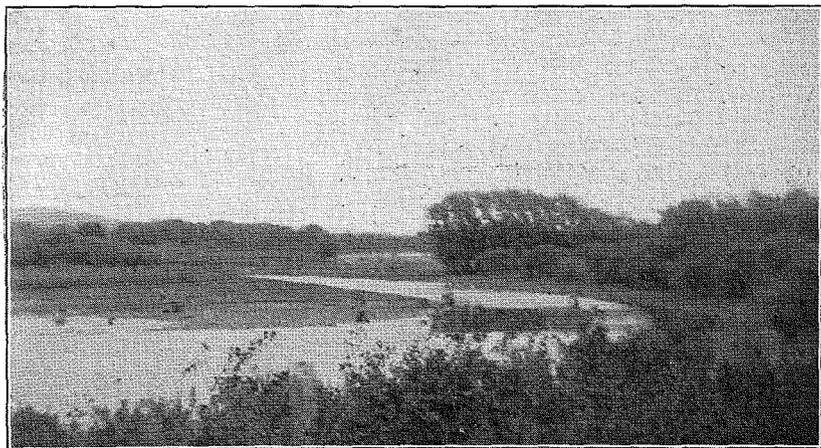


Photo by author.

OUR HAPPY HUNTING-GROUND.

As the boy grows older his interest is gradually transferred from play to work by imperceptible degrees and before one realizes it he is a man. To-day he plays with a toy engine; to-morrow he drives the fast mail. To-day he builds cob houses; to-morrow he is a carpenter. Those are the lines that nature has indicated; and if some one will direct Jack wisely and help him to make his work play, the transition will be natural and easy; but if he is driven to

his task like a slave he will come to hate his work with a deep and cordial hatred.

Parents should be patient with the sometimes boisterous efforts of their children to make play out of their work; the work may lose but the children will gain. There is a great deal of truth in the saying, "There is work that is work and there is play that is play; there is play that is work and work that is play; and in only one of these lies happiness."

Our first effort to be useful in the life of our new prairie home was made when the great grasshopper plague swept over Iowa. This pest came like a cloud that darkened the sun; and without warning countless millions of "hoppers" came down all over the land like living hail and proceeded to eat every green herb and plant. I was then six or seven years old and with my two cousins, before mentioned, arose to the occasion. We armed ourselves with sticks and stones and turned out to kill off all the grasshoppers. We aspired to do for the grasshoppers of Iowa what St. Patrick did for the snakes of Ireland; and it is a fact that since those days Iowa has never suffered from grasshoppers.

One of our earliest tasks in winter-time was to keep the old "soft water barrel" which stood in the corner of the kitchen filled with snow. Drifts of an astonishing height formed in the groves and along hedges and became so hard that a team and sleigh could safely pass over them. We mined out the snow from these drifts in square white blocks and hauled it to the house on a hand-sled. This work was play because we could construct innumerable "cuts," "tunnels," and "grades" along our line of transportation.

One winter the snow came on early and buried all the corn in the fields. It was my task that winter to feed the chickens and I was obliged to go out every day with the hand-sled, locate a hill of corn, dig down until I could get the ears, and repeat the process until enough was secured for the day, and on Saturday "a double portion."

Other tasks were to twist up a roll of prairie hay each night to start the fire with the next morning; to bring in kindling, cobs, coal, and water.

Milking the cows, husking corn, plowing, and work in the harvest-field followed as we grew older—also that most despicable of tasks, following the harrow in its monotonous, dusty rounds over the plowed fields. The harrow belongs to the lowest caste in machinery. To be promoted to a seat on the riding-plow, the mower, or above all the self-binder, was an honor; and to work with any of these was a pleasure because it gave the boy his proper station as lord over horses and machines.

A boy meets some men who know so much that they can never forgive the boy for not knowing everything. I recollect my first trip to town alone with a team and buggy. And half way there I met a man and made the mistake of turning to the left. I had a light buggy and he had a heavy wagon and he crowded me clear into the ditch and left me there with the parting admonition, "Remember the law of the road and keep to the right!"

People forget that a small boy can harbor a large hatred. All he lacks is the physical stature to avenge his injured dignity; and not infrequently he "gets even" as it is.

I remember that we had one "hired man" who was extremely careless; and it was my lot to husk corn with him. Of course I got the "inside row," because if there are ears of corn knocked down and trampled in the mud and snow it is obvious that "the boy" should have the pleasure of rescuing them. This brought me between the wagon and my companion, who was an inveterate story-teller, and it frequently happened that when he became inter-

ested in his story the ear of corn which he had intended for the box would strike me in the face with terrific force. His scant apologies never made the skin grow again.

One day I induced him to change sides and it happened that every time when he had about reached the climax of a story he would get a whack on the head that would abruptly change the subject. After a few experiences of that kind he insisted on another change and after that he always looked before he threw.

There are a few boyish sports which are fundamental and universal and probably go back to the days of Cain and Abel; though it is impossible to say just what liberties they enjoyed, because their father never was a boy. Run-

ning, swimming, hunting, training animals, these come natural to every boy.

We would not undertake to defend the ethics of hunting and fishing—one soon grows to abhor the cruel side of these sports; but the boy seldom has such scruples any more than the Indian has. He goes straight back, if necessary a thousand years, to the estate of his ancestors who were hunters. So on the farm we began our career as hunters with wooden guns. We would load them in pantomime, saying "whish" when we poured the powder into the barrel and saying "raddle daddle" when we poured the shot in. A loud "bang" indicated that we had fired the piece, and we invariably bagged our game.

Our first real weapons of execution were bows made of maple or ash and arrows made of red elm and tipped with barbs manufac-



"From the viewpoint of a boy gunpowder contains wonderful, alarming, mysterious, yet legitimate possibilities."

tured from knitting needles. We learned to use these with considerable skill. My first hunting expedition was too successful. When the older people would sow the wheat in the spring, flocks of little brown "wheat-birds," as we called them, came to the repast. We fired our arrows into a flock of them and I was so fortunate (?) as to pierce one of them through and through. The other boys were loud in their acclamations, but when I actually held the little bird in my hand the joy of conquest faded away.

From the viewpoint of a boy, gunpowder contains wonderful, mysterious, alarming, yet legitimate possibilities. The three of us would secure some brass cartridges and at intervals we would "borrow" gunpowder from my uncle, when he was absent. In some secluded place we would load the shells, ignite a train of powder leading to them, and watch developments. This was a dangerous pastime and ended unexpectedly. The big maltese house cat came to investigate one day and what should he do but deliberately walk up and smell of a cartridge just as it exploded. The result was that all his whiskers were singed away. When he presented himself at the house his smooth-shaven, clerical appearance attracted so much attention that an investigating committee was appointed.

Our opportunities to swim were restricted mostly to the times when we visited the lake, not oftener than five or six times per year. But there was a little pond back of my uncle's house which used to fill with water in the spring when the snow melted and into this we used to drop with the last crumpling snow-bank. It is a marvel that any boy ever lives to reach maturity. He does all that he can to kill himself. Near the edge of this pond there was an old well which in the spring-time was "even full" of water. We used to amuse ourselves by jumping across this well. One day the writer fell in and the experience of going under and the struggle to get out again were such that that form of sport became unpopular.

Of course we played ball at school, and at one time we had a series of football games in the nearest little town in which nearly every one took part. There were no rules. Every one chased the ball all over the field until sunstroke or heart-failure compelled him to stop. Every one kicked the ball when he could and when he could not he kicked some one else. The result was that we became "chronic kickers," and as we went about our work, every clod, stick, or tin can that could be displaced with a kick went hurtling through the air.

In subduing and controlling animals a boy finds one of the best outlets for his superfluous spirits. We frequently yoked calves and "broke" them to drive; and always they broke whatever we hitched them to. A wild and bellowing runaway did not detract at all from the fun.

But our horses furnished us the very crowning sport of all. To risk his neck in a wild race over the prairies is one of the best risks a boy can take. And it is a risk because I recollect that on

one occasion while attempting to "head off" a refractory steer my horse stepped into a gopher hole and turned a complete somersault, striking squarely upon the saddle and breaking it. When the rider regained consciousness and sat up the horse stood with drooping ears and head hanging down and it is a question which looked the more foolish and confused, horse or rider. Some horses are keenly sensitive to humiliation or pain and enter any sort of contest with such ambition that they would rather die than be defeated. They are no mean comrades for a boy.

The boy has another friend who will fight for him and die for him and who keenly feels any disapprobation,—that is his dog. Wherever the boy is the dog is, unless he is forcibly restrained.

In the language of the poem, "I had a dog and his name was Rover." He was part shepherd and had all the intelligence, fidelity, and affection of his breed. Punishment, shame, or praise affected him just as it does a human being; and his brown eyes could talk very eloquently.

Alas, though the boy and his dog grow up together, the dog matures, grows old, and dies while the boy is yet a boy. It was my unhappy lot to terminate the life of poor old Rover. After he had grown old, and when he should have enjoyed an honorable old age some miscreant shot him and broke his leg. Soon he was in such a state that the only relief was to be found in death. No one else would administer that relief and so his best friend and life long master was compelled to do so. The old dog looked past the gun barrel squarely into my eyes and I am convinced that he knew precisely what was to happen. The thought that perhaps he did not understand why it was done troubled me for a long time.



"The boy has another friend who will fight for him and die for him."

Daughters of Zion

Truer Parenthood, Better Children, Happier Homes, Purer Society.

CALLIE B. STEBBINS, Editor.

“A partnership with God is motherhood;
What strength, what purity, what self control,
What love, what wisdom, should belong to her,
Who helps God fashion an immortal soul.”

ADVISORY BOARD.—Mrs. B. C. Smith, president, 214 South Spring Street, Independence, Missouri; Mrs. H. A. Stebbins, vice-president, Lamoni, Iowa; Mrs. T. A. Hougas, secretary, Henderson, Mills County, Iowa; Mrs. F. M. Smith, 630 South Chrysler Avenue, Independence, Missouri; Mrs. S. A. Burgess, 5920 Etzel Avenue, St. Louis, Missouri.

IS RESTRAINT NEEDED?

APAPER in an Eastern village republished by request the story that is given below. In turn it comes to us with the request that we give it to our readers. Because the evils it depicts not only continue but seem to be increasing we are constrained to give it place. And we do this in the hope that those who read, being touched by the sadness of this case as a sample of many others though they may not end in death, may heed the warning with which this editorial closes: “Our American freedom of movement and companionship for young people needs to be put under some restraint lest evil and lasting sorrow shall enter the home circle.” The truth of these words is forced upon us by the knowledge of existing conditions.

The early age at which boys and girls begin to “keep company,” with all the freedom that is accorded to those of maturer years is cause for alarm. Girls and boys who should be under the sheltering home care, walk the streets in pairs when they ought to be at home and in bed. Following in this liberty which seems to be regarded by many as the right of a “couple” of however tender age, they sit together in hammocks to unseasonable hours of the night, “and are so spoony, too,” as one of the girls who knows expressed it.

We might think it would be too bad to be suspicious of innocent children. Do not be suspicious. Make the conditions safe. Encourage a more rational association of boys and girls, discouraging from the beginning the talk about “Johnnie’s girl” and “Ruthie’s fellow” not by such rigid disapproval that it will result only in secrecy among the children, but by leading to something better. Know where your children are at night. Have companionship with them from babyhood up so that you can keep their full confidence. And how can we better guard the virtue of our daughters than by instilling into them modesty and a high regard for womanliness, not turning them loose, at the mercy of their own weak judgment during their tender years, in the entertaining of boy or gentlemen company? And if we are anxious to preserve

the virtue of our girls, shall we be less anxious for the purity and honor of our boys? The boy gone astray should be lamented as much as the girl.

Let us believe that early training, rightly given, that shall cause them to have due regard for the proprieties as well as for the fundamental principles of right and wrong, will save them both from the grave evils brought before us in this sorrowful picture. And let us not only think but act. Ought not each father and mother to ask, "Am I guarding my children as I ought? Am I guarding the children of my neighbor? Is my daughter coming up in a way that will make her bold to meet and accompany strange men, or slow to resent liberties taken with her person? Is my boy learning to respect womankind, holding himself above keeping a girl out at unreasonable hours or tempting her out of womanly ways? Or, coming up in sweetest innocence, have I left my daughter in ignorance of truths I ought to have taught her, and my negligence may make her the victim of some unprincipled man who may win her love and trust?"

A PATHETIC CASE.

The following editorial was taken from the *Daily Democrat and Chronicle* of November 22, and was brought to us by a father who has a daughter growing up and he asked us to publish it. We hope it will be read by fathers, mothers, sons, and daughters of our town and village:

"Chester Gillette, who is on trial at Herkimer, New York, for the murder of Grace Brown in the Adirondacks last summer, is entitled to a suspension of judgment from the public concerning the crime of murder until the jury finds a verdict; but public judgment can be entered against him at once on the score of the most unscrupulous and heartless treatment before her death of the poor girl, whom he had promised to marry.

"Miss Brown was an intelligent and warm-hearted factory girl. She had trusted to her sorrow Gillette's word that he would make her his wife, and the time was approaching when her good name would be covered with disgrace. In her trouble, and loving the fellow who had ruined her, she begged him to make good his promise, but begged in vain.

"The letters from Grace Brown to Gillette read by the prosecuting attorney at the trial on Tuesday are remarkable for their pathetic, heart-breaking eloquence. The girl's soul is poured out in entreaty to Gillette to come and see her. There are passages in some of the letters of the finest literary quality, passages simple and unaffected, which few masters in fiction could equal if they were describing an imaginary case embodying the same distressing conditions. Grace was planning to leave her home with Gillette if only he would come for her, going perhaps to disgrace, perhaps to death—as she did—and this is what she says in one of letters:

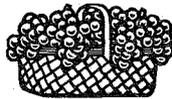
"I do not know what I could do if you were not there or did not come. I am about crazy now. I have been bidding good-bye to some places to-day. There are so many nooks, dear, and all of them

so dear to me. I have lived here nearly all my life. First I said good-bye to the spring-house with its great masses of green moss, then the apple-tree where we had our playhouse, then the "bee hive," a cute little house in the orchard, and, of course, all the neighbors that have mended my dresses from a little tot up, to save me a thrashing I really deserved. Oh, dear, don't you realize what all this is to me? I know I shall never see any of them again. And mamma—great heaven—how I do love mamma. I don't know what I will do without her—she is never cross and she always helps me so much. Sometimes I think I could tell mamma, but I can't. She has trouble enough as it is, and I could not break her heart like that. If I come back dead, perhaps if she does know, she won't be angry with me. I will never be happy again, dear. I wish I could die. You will never know what I have suffered. I miss you and want to see you, but I wish I could die. I am going to bed, now, dear. Please come and don't let me wait there.'

"Is it surprising that the eyes of all who heard these passionate pleadings for help and sympathy filled with tears, and that the district attorney himself was obliged at one point to suspend the reading on account of the choking of his voice with emotion?"

"Yet, if the contention of the prosecution as to Gillette's guilt and his method of getting rid of his victim is true, these simple yet passionate entreaties were addressed to a selfish scoundrel who was even then planning to rid himself of the young woman who had trusted him. Only a degenerate, black-hearted and irredeemable, could plot and plan to forsake if not to kill one who had so unwisely loved and trusted him.

"It is not merely as a recital of crime or for the morbid interest there is in it that this sad story is noticed. There have been, there are now, many Grace Browns under other names, but with hearts as desolate, with hopes and lives as shattered as were hers. And, to the disgrace of manhood be it said, there are more Chester Gillettes who, with infamous purpose and devilish cunning, will win the love of trusting girls only to trample upon it with contempt when they have accomplished their base designs. The mother-love of every home should guard with constant jealousy the virtue of its daughters. Our American freedom of movement and companionship for young people needs to be put under some restraint, lest evil and lasting sorrow shall enter the home circle."



The Religio's Arena

ELBERT A. SMITH, Editor, Lamoni, Iowa.

LITERATURE AND CIVILIZATION.



“Literature is the pulse of civilization,”

WHAT WE may discuss this subject intelligently it is necessary, to understand the exact meaning of the word *civilization*. I turn to Webster's Unabridged Dictionary and find the word defined in this way. “Civilization: The state of being civilized; national culture; refinement. Civilize: To reclaim from a savage state; to instruct in the rules of civilization; to educate; to refine. Modern: Relating to the present time.”

Modern civilization, then, is the education, culture, and refinement of the present time. That we may better understand what influence literature has had on modern civilization, I turn again to Webster for a definition of the word *literature* and read: “Literature: learning; acquaintance with letters or books; the collective body of literary productions embracing the entire results of knowledge and fancy preserved in writing; also the whole body of literary production upon a given subject, or in reference to a particular science or branch of knowledge or of a given country or period.”

Thus we see that literature in its broadest sense embraces every branch of knowledge, including science and invention preserved in writing.

Civilization, as you all know, is not attained in a day, month, or year, but is the work of centuries. A gradual rising step by step, each succeeding generation profiting by the experience, the education, the knowledge and attainments of the ones preceding it. That this may be possible, we have literature or the results of the thoughts, fancy, education, and attainments of former generations preserved in writing for the good of posterity, as well as for the current time. Were it not for this each generation would

have to begin, as their ancestors did, at the foot of the ladder of civilization, losing all that thought and experience had taught them excepting what could be handed down by tradition; therefore the progress of civilization would be slow indeed and our present advanced state of civilization an impossibility.

Good literature indeed is the pulse of civilization. Show me a community where books and libraries are lacking and I will point you to a people who are only partially civilized. Not many decades ago the "Wild West" was an example of this. Separated from the refining influences of literature and the association of reading people, the cowboy, miner, and frontiersman rapidly became hardly less civilized than the rude, uncultured Indians by whom they were surrounded. Instead of advancement in civilization there was retrogression, and even now in the rural districts and the mountain fastnesses of Kentucky, Virginia, Arkansas, and perhaps other places where literature does not find its way, there is an absence of that culture and refinement found in the higher civilization of modern times.

On the other hand the highest advancement in civilization is found where magazines, periodicals, and libraries most abound. Our own little state of Massachusetts has led the van of civilization in this country, and because of her libraries and literary attainments, Boston has been dubbed "The hub of the Universe."

Within the borders of this State was produced that splendid anti-slavery literature which proved a mighty factor in the abolition of the slave traffic in our beloved country, thus removing one of the greatest bars to our modern civilization, eradicating a system that was brutalizing in its effects on both bond and free, and making it possible for four millions of people to become partakers of modern culture and refinement, the civilizing influence of schools and books.

The literature produced by the pen of one man in England did much to ameliorate the condition of the poor of London and lift them as well as the laws that kept them down, and was no less effective because given to the reader in the style of fiction. And what can we not say of the influence of fiction on the condition of Ireland, of India, of Africa, and of all countries where the thoughtful brain and ready pen have undertaken to solve the problem and raise the standard of their civilization and advancement?

Again, laying aside all other literature, that of the Bible has done more to bring about our modern civilization than all other agencies combined, science and invention not excepted. Other means may and have been used to open the doors of countries to admit civilization—even the deplorable agency of war and bloodshed, but unless this book follows in its wake it is all in vain. Others may conquer but can not cultivate, refine, or civilize.

Our best educators recognize the power of literature on human thought and conduct and provide for the need by requiring its study in the public schools, and a course of supplementary read-

ing forms a part of the curriculum in all schools and colleges. Our heavenly Father, who recognized the necessity of literature for human needs in every age of the world, on every land, has given the commandment, Write! *Write!* The literature which we study in this society was written under such a commandment and is yet to civilize and refine the remnant of the house of Israel, to make of them a pure and a delightful people.

Already it has had a refining influence on our modern civilization, though unrecognized by the great mass of people. Like the leaven hidden within the three measures of meal, though its work has been subtle it has permeated the whole lump of theology, gradually raising it to a higher plane. You may say that were it not for invention we would have no printing-press and therefore no literature. In answer to this argument I will say that prior to the invention of the printing-press we had a literature adequate for the time and as "necessity is the mother of invention" the need for more literature to supply the demand of a higher state of civilization led to the invention of the printing-press; so that we may say literature is the mother of the printing-press. It is one of the results rather than the cause of civilization. Which do you consider of more importance to the development of the body—the food eaten or the fork by which it is conveyed to the mouth? Answer, and then tell me which is most essential, literature or the means of its publication and transportation. As the whole is greater than a part, so literature is greater than science, farther reaching in its effects on civilization; as science is a part of literature and I believe less refining than that part which appeals to the moral and æsthetical nature of man. God has inspired much literature besides that which is found in the "three books," and I think we may say directly or indirectly, all *good* literature. Let us obey the voice of the Spirit and seek wisdom from the best books and endeavor to attain that high state of civilization which will fit us for citizenship in the kingdom of heaven.

MARTHA PROCTER.



GOG.

(Suggested for recitation).

Gog was a dog who was owned by Smith—
 You have heard of Smith; his first name's Mister—
 And May was a baby most seen with
 Miss Maud, her grown-up, pretty sister.

So far the story is plain, no doubt,
 But the rest of the tale demands reflection,
 For every evening the dog went out,
 And he always went in the baby's direction.

And it puzzles me and it puzzled Gog,
 But you—well, you are experienced, maybe—
 Why the maid so longingly looked for the dog,
 And the man so frequently called on the baby!

And why did the young man sigh such sighs?
 And why did the maid's sweet voice grow sweeter?
 And why did they seem to realize
 Maud's father paid for the gas by meter?

And how distant the young man was, at the start!
 (This fact, by the way, is one of the oddest)
 Though they both so bashfully fell apart,
 Their chairs, somehow, were not so modest!

And it puzzles me and it puzzled Gog,
 But you—well, you can explain it, maybe—
 Now, why did the maid caress the dog?
 And why did the young man trot the baby?

And the young man said, "Dear baby, how
 I love brown eyes and clear-cut features
 And rare, long hair and a classic brow,
 Such as Nature gives some favored creatures!"

And the maiden said, "Good boy, good boy!
 If I thought that dogs had understanding,
 I'd tell you of eyes which give me joy;
 Oh, they're beautiful eyes and most commanding!"

And it puzzles me and it puzzled Gog—
 But wiser sense can explain it, maybe—
 For she didn't seem to describe the dog,
 And his remarks did not fit the baby.

And the young man said, "O baby May!
 Don't you think you would like to have a brother,
 Who would worship you in the wildest way
 As he loves—he loves—he loves—another?"

And the maid responded, "Goggy dear,
 Do you love your master? Say! is it true, sir?
 For somehow, although it seems so queer,
 I somehow feel that I feel like you, sir."

Then the young man said, "Now, Gog, my boy,
 If you love me, give her a sign to show it;
 Sit up on your haunches, grin for joy
 And bark three times, and then she'll know it."

And the maiden said, "O my darling May,
 If he loves me, as I love—you, so dearly,
 Just pat-a-cake with your hands to say
 That I may believe that he speaks sincerely."

But alas! 'twas the young man's luckless lot
 To rock on the tail of the canine creature.
 And the poor dog's howls and the young man's thought
 Would have shocked the soul of priest or preacher.

And then, despite what the maid could do,
 The baby took a contrary notion,
 And instead of patting a cake or two,
 It joined the dog in a wild commotion.

And it puzzles me as it puzzled Gog,
 But you—well, you can explain it, maybe—
 Oh, why did the young man kick the dog?
 And why did the maiden spank the baby?

—J. Edmund V. Cooke.

✓ RELIGIAN'S DICTIONARY.

S.

SABBATH, *n.* The Lord's Day.

"Sunday is the golden clasp that binds together the volume of the week."—Longfellow.

"Many persons think Sunday is a sponge with which to wipe out the sins of the week."—Beecher.

SAINT, *n.* "A man of convictions, who has been dead a hundred years, canonized now, but cannonaded while living."—H. L. Wayland.

"My ideal of a saint is a brown woman, with red arms, who gets up early in the morning and goes to work for others—who stands the brunt of household work and who bears with children that she did not bear. That is my saint. People say of her, 'What a homely, good creature she is.' To my mind that is more complimentary than to have the pope put her on the calendar."—Henry Ward Beecher.

SCANDAL, *n.* Defamatory speech or report.

"The talebearer and the tale-hearer should both be hanged up, back to back, one by the tongue, the other by the ear."—South.

"If there is any person to whom you feel dislike, that is the person of whom you ought never to speak."—Cecil.

SENSUALITY, *n.* Free indulgence in carnal or sensual pleasures.

"The body of a sensualist is the coffin of a soul."—Bovell.

SIN, *n.* Violation of law.

"Sin may open bright as the morning, but it will end dark as the night."—Talmage.

"The course of evil begins so slowly, and from such slight source, an infant's hand might stem the breach with clay; but let the stream grow deeper, and philosophy, aye, and religion too, shall strive in vain, to stem the headlong current."—Massillon.

SKEPTICISM, *n.* A doubting of the truth of revelation.

"The great trouble with the *skepticism* of the age is that it is not thorough enough—it questions everything but its own foundation."—J. M. Gibson.

STEWARDSHIP, *n.* That which is intrusted to our care.

It is required of the Lord, at the hand of every steward, to render an account of his *stewardship*, both in time and in eternity."—Doctrine and Covenants.

"It is a dark sign when the owner is seen to be growing poorer, and his steward is found to be growing rich."—Spencer.

E. A. S.



"'Vengeance is mine,' saith the Lord and others. The others think the Lord needs an instrument, and they volunteer to be it."

"The selfish wish to govern is often mistaken for a holy zeal in the cause of humanity."

At last came a letter of explanation, and among other things he said: "You little know of the trials and temptations that beset one's pathway in the city. I hope to be forgiven, but my sin was great. Although I love her not, I am to be married to-morrow to a lady who resides here. It is this or worse for me. In an unguarded moment I have been ensnared by an evil designing woman, and she now has me in her grasp. I am innocent of the charge preferred against me, although you will not believe me. I have paid her attentions such as I would to any lady friend of my acquaintance. I have visited operas and other places of amusement with her, little thinking she meant to ensnare me like a rat in a trap. I shall not remain with her for it would only be adding sin to shame. I can not ask my friends to even respect me now, although I am not so bad as they will suppose. I do not even hope for ought but scorn from you, whose life has been one of truth and purity. This will darken my young life and yours, as I fully know you will never know how much I have suffered. But it is too late now. The die is cast. I shall love no one but you. But, oh, why are boys so easily ensnared by evil women? I have not prayed for guidance as I should have done, and as I intended fully to do when I came. Will you pray for me? And may God forgive me; and I pray that you may forgive me and forget the past."

She, very pale and trembling, laid the letter away, and judging by the calm exterior none would have known of the great struggle going on beneath. Friends came and went. Many jested her, little knowing how their careless words were piercing her very heart. But after many weeks, when her cheek grew paler each day, and she seemed to droop like a blasted rose, her mother's fears were confirmed, for a physician was called, and as she tossed restlessly upon her pillow, after quite a length of time had elapsed, he said: "I have given this case a thorough diagnosis, and I confess I am baffled. She seems very sick, yet I can find no cause or clue whatever as to the cause of this sickness."

After much hesitancy on his part he left some medicines and departed.

That night her mother had a long talk with her and told her such grief could be overcome only by taking it all in prayer to Him who was faithful to forgive and help, a Friend whom we could trust. They prayed fervently that strength might be given in this hour of trouble.

She was a pitiable girl indeed, as her strength seemed to return very slowly. At length one morning while her mother and sisters were about their work, she arose and dressed herself and going to the organ she began to play a low accompaniment while in a tremulous tone she began to sing:

"I have found a friend in Jesus, he's everything to me;
 He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul;
 The Lily of the Valley, in him I love to see
 All I need to cleanse and make me fully whole.
 In sorrow he's my comfort, in trouble he's my stay;

He tells me every care on him to roll;
 He's the Lily of the Valley, the bright and morning star,
 He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

"He all my griefs has taken, and all my sorrows borne;
 In temptations he's my strong and mighty tower;
 I've all for him forsaken, and all my idols torn
 From my heart and now he keeps me by his power.
 Though all the world forsake me, and Satan tempt me sore,
 Through Jesus I shall safely reach the goal;
 He's the Lily of the Valley, the bright and morning star,
 He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul."

The sisters looked at each other and one said: "Good! she is better. Aren't you glad?" But the mother bowed her head lower over the work she was doing lest they see the tears she could not stay; for she felt the struggle was over and victory won, and she was secretly thanking our heavenly Father for grace sufficient to withstand every trial or trouble we are called upon to meet, if we but put our trust in him.

ADRIA ELLEN.



SOUR GRAPES.

The fables, the fairy tales, and the parables that have become classic in the lore of civilized people doubtless owe their existence to something in each of them that tallies with the actual common experience of man rather than to a unique and fantastic weave and design.

The parables of the mustard-seed or of the leaven that leaveneth the whole lump, the story of the prince who broke through the thorn hedge and awoke the sleeping castle, and the story of the lion and the mouse are not mere literary creations; they represent experiences in the lives of men which are acted and reacted almost constantly.

The old Roman fable of the fox and the grapes has been in existence for thousands of years; and the Roman fathers of ages ago doubtless told their sons and daughters of the fox who saw a choice bunch of grapes growing high upon a vine and who after trying until he was exhausted to reach them turned away, saying, "Even now they are sour. I would not have picked them had I found them in the road." It has been handed down from generation to generation, has been repeated times without number. This fable is illustrated in the experiences of many who are ambitious; whether they be high or low, rich or poor.

The grapes that are just out of reach are the ones most attractive to the seeker, and yet so curiously constructed is the human mind that whenever we have tried and failed, we comfort ourselves by saying with the Roman fox, "Even now they are sour. I would not have picked them had I found them in the road."

Ambitious persons set their aims high, some desiring riches, some honor, and some fame. All are striving to reach something just beyond their present achievements; for it is the unattained that attracts the human mind and draws it onward and upward.

It is this characteristic of mankind that promotes growth, progress, and finally, if perseverance is used, wins success.

The young person starting on the road to fortune, who keeps his eyes ever upon something just beyond his reach and perseveres until he has attained it, will make great progress; but if after attempting to advance he turns back with the words "sour grapes" on his lips, he has lost his hold in the struggle and has acknowledged himself defeated.

Many persons make the mistake of the fox: they desire the grapes that grow high, but they have not made the necessary preparation. Many who set their aims high think as the fox to attain them at a single bound, never realizing that they must begin at the beginning. Shakespeare has said,

"Lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
 Whereto the climber upward turns his face,
 But when he has attained the utmost round,
 He then unto the ladder turns his back,
 Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees by which he did ascend."

The grapes that grow along the human highway are not always out of reach, yet they are despised and scorned because of their lowly growth, and because they may be picked with ease. A lowly beginning must be made the foundation of higher things; hence the learning of the A B Cs is the beginning of education and wisdom. To the small child starting in school the task of learning the rudiments of reading and arithmetic seems hard; yet by persistent effort he learns them, only to find other tasks even more difficult. He begins at the bottom and steadily climbs upward.

It is quite different with a child of fifteen years who yet has these things to learn; they are not so difficult for him, yet he scorns them. They appear "sour grapes" to him, not because he can not obtain them as a part of his education, but because he did not learn them at the proper time. He would like to pass over these lowly steps and reach higher knowledge for which he is not prepared. Hence he has acknowledged himself out of the race for education before he has fairly begun.

There are young people all over the land, who have lofty ambitions and desire to get rich, yet they scorn such opportunities as A. T. Stewart and Commodore Vanderbilt improved. They want to begin, not as these men did to pluck the lower grapes, but to reach the clusters far over their heads.

Our achievements of the past, the opportunities grasped, the victories gained, are the surest criterion by which to measure our prospects in the future. If we have gathered our grapes as they grow on the vine, from the lower branches first, we can expect to have strength and ability to reach the higher ones later. But if we have neglected to gather the lower grapes and called them "sour" we will probably fail.

Our natural abilities play an important part in our struggle for success; but our discrimination and treatment of opportunities play even a greater part. Each person must be his own oracle;

must decide for himself when the opportunity of his life has come and in what way he can best use it. "There is a tide in the affairs of men, which taken at the flood leads on to fortune. Omitted, all the balance of their lives is bound in shallows and in miseries."

Opportunity is the opening for talent, and if early life is devoted to the building of a sure foundation any opportunity that presents itself may be used to the best advantage. Most people are found unprepared when the tide that leads on to fortune presents itself. If a person has power and a field in which to use it, he will accomplish something. He may not become all that he desires or dreams of but his life can not be a failure.

A man can not expect his whole life to be made up of opportunities, nor can he expect that they will meet him at regular intervals as milestones by the wayside. Usually he has one or two opportunities and if he is found wanting or if he neglects them his whole life is spoiled. He is like a man who has taken the wrong road—the farther he goes the worse he fares.

The road to success may be long and the preparation irksome, and in our restless impatience we may lose sight of the progress we are making; yet if we persevere, the victory will be ours. The "sour grapes" will be in our possession, and we will have reached the hilltop.

MAME CHAPMAN.

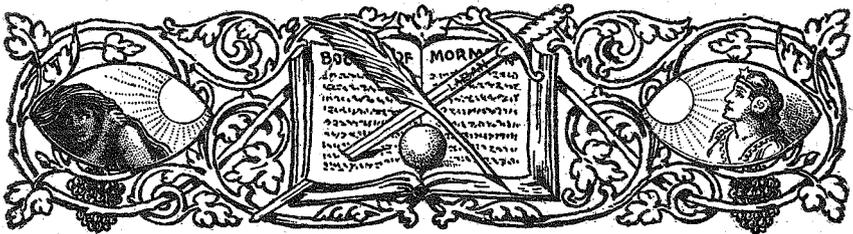
RICHHILL, Missouri.



NORMAL LESSON ON THE BOOK OF MORMON.

PART II.

Lesson II.—The Period of Migration.



The second period of Book of Mormon history includes the time from the warning of Lehi, 600 B. C., to the union of the Nephites with the people of Zarahemla, about 200 B. C. During this time two colonies of Israelites, one led by Lehi, the other led by Mulek, son of Zedekiah, left Jerusalem and emigrated to America, most likely by way of the Pacific Ocean, the former landing southward and the latter northward, from the "narrow neck of land,"—the Isthmus of Panama. These colonies by a series of emigrations were united in one nation, as above mentioned, about 200 B. C.

The principal events of this period cluster around four great migrations, hence the period is called "the period of migration."

1. The emigration of Lehi: Lehi, a righteous man of the tribe of Manasseh, being warned of God of the impending destruction of Jerusalem, leaves that city, 600 B. C., taking his family and others. They are led by the hand of God in many ways to the promised land, the "land of Joseph." They occupy something more than eight years in the journey and voyage, when they land in South America—probably in Chili—where they find a fruitful land, rich in minerals, in soil, and occupied by many useful beasts. Here they reside, for a time a prosperous colony.

2. The emigration of Nephi: Nephi, a younger but righteous son of Lehi, was chosen to preside over the colony after the death of Lehi, when the older members of the colony led by the older son Laman rebel, and Nephi is warned of God to separate from the colony with all who will go with them and serve God. Under Nephi they journey most probably northward for a considerable distance, and occupy the land, and call it after Nephi. This migration occurred about 565 B. C. Here in the new home the colony build a temple after the pattern of the one at Jerusalem, and the worship of God is perpetuated. The colony dwelt here for many years, and grew rich in agriculture, mining, and the arts.

3. The emigration of Mulek: Mulek, the only surviving son of Zedekiah, king of Judah, with others, was driven out of Jerusalem at the time that Zedekiah was carried captive, 588-89 B. C. They were led by the hand of the Lord and brought to America, landing in that part of the country now called Central America. From there they moved probably gradually into the northern part of South America, occupying what is now the United States of Colombia, and by them called Zarahemla. They grew to be a large nation, but dwindled into unbelief of the God of their fathers. They were ruled over by one Zarahemla, a descendant of Mulek, at the time of the union with the Nephites.

4. The emigration of Mosiah: Mosiah, king of the Nephites, living in the land of Nephi, was warned by the Lord, and by preaching and prophesying led the godly element of the Nephite nation northward from the land of Nephi, about 200 B. C. Here they discovered the people of Zarahemla mentioned before. Their language had become so corrupted in the time from their emigration from Jerusalem that they could not converse with the Nephites; but they were by Mosiah taught the language of the Nephites, and gave a traditional history of their nation down to Zarahemla. The two peoples were united, under the name of Nephites, with Mosiah as their king. They soon were converted to the religion of their forefathers, and became a prosperous people.

The principal men of this period were:

Lehi, the patriarch and prophet.

Nephi, the leader and historian of the nation.

Mulek, the leader of the second colony.

Mosiah, the leader and king of the united people.

The following dates should be remembered: 600 B. C., Lehi left Jerusalem; 588-89 B. C., the departure of the colony under Mulek;

about 565 B. C., the first division of the Nephites and Lamanites; 200 B. C., the union of the Nephites with the people of Zarahemla.

QUESTIONS.

What is the name of the second period? What are the opening and closing events? How much time does the period cover? How many colonies of Israelites emigrated to America? What are the epochs of this period? Why is it called the period of migration? Of what tribe was Lehi? How were they induced to leave Jerusalem? About how long did it take them to make the journey? What was the cause of the second emigration? By whom was it led? Who participated in this emigration? What did they build in the land of Nephi? Who was the leader of the second colony? What event led to their emigration? Where did this people dwell? Who was Mosiah? Who participated in the emigration led by him? Whom did they find in Zarahemla? What was done as a result of this emigration? Name the principal men of this period. What are the principal dates of this period?

WALTER W. SMITH.



LIBRARY DEPARTMENT.

We had hoped to take up at some length the Library Commission this month, but there is much work yet to be done before a definite report can be made. It is the expectation of the commission to prepare a leaflet or pamphlet giving organization, purpose of Library Board, rules for library, both local and district, and a list of books suitable for a beginning, with price, author, and publisher. In order that this pamphlet may be as complete as practicable, we should like your suggestions and questions. Study your branch and district; how best to carry on the library work there, and elect as soon as practicable your members of the local and district library boards. But be sure to advise the Library Commission, when you have so organized—E. H. Fisher, 100 Sycamore Street, Somerville, Massachusetts.

QUESTION BOX.

1. "I inclose leaflet No. 3. Will you please tell me what is meant by 'district superintendent of gospel literature bureau?' On page 5, under 'Miscellaneous,' paragraph 1, how is that harmonized with duties of stake librarian?"

Leaflet No. 3 should be amended, and has been so ordered by the General Convention. The work has been delayed, for one reason in order to make it as complete as possible, when made. Thus, this year it will have to await the action of the Library Commission, or else we should probably have to amend again after the next General Convention.

In the meantime the Constitution of course controls, and the stake or district librarian is superintendent of Gospel Literature Bureau, and the general librarian is the general superintendent.

2. "Shall the Religio member of the local library board be a member of the executive committee? What is the relation of the librarian of the local religio to the library board? Is he under or over? Does the action of the convention and conference in appointing the library commission supersede the Constitution? In other words, who is the fifth wheel of the executive committee?"

Although the action was a joint one, and met with the approval of all three organizations, yet so far as the Religio is concerned, the Constitution governs rather than resolution of General Convention. Hence the local librarian is the fifth member of executive committee.

We would urge all librarians to work as harmoniously as possible with the local library board. All together for the common purpose, not a Religio library, a Sunday-school library, or even a church library; but first of all for the best interests of all. We want a *joint* library to fit our present local needs as near as possible.

Personally, we would suggest the wisdom of selecting for the present the same person as local librarian and member of library board; then let the board meet and select a custodian of the books in the joint library. It should be recognized that the person most fit for a board member may not be able to assume the active custody; while an excellent custodian may not be the best material for the board. (All answers touching the Library Commission are subject to their revision.)

S. A. BURGESS.



NEWS FROM THE SOCIETIES.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—We have not room this month to publish extended lists of officers elected in various locals. Correspondents will please sign full name and give full address so that they can be reached by the General Secretary if necessary. The following report from the Islands will be read with interest.

The Religio Work in the Islands.—When I wrote to Bro. Gunsolley respecting our intention to close the Religio societies before we left the mission, I confined myself to the existing causes for so doing; thinking to make a more general statement to the convention after our arrival in America. But it was my mistake that I did not write it; so it did not get before the convention. Therefore in justice to all parties, I will give a brief history of the work according to my knowledge.

The very name of Zion's Religio-Literary Society bespeaks the necessity of *literature* for such a work. The literature in the native language at that time consisted of the Bible, some extracts from the Book of Mormon and Doctrine and Covenants, (these extracts were printed by T. W. Smith and only a few extant,) and the *Orometua*, a periodical issued for three years by J. F. Burton. Also some Sunday-school lessons. In the face of this limited supply, do you not think it required a good deal of faith and courage to organize a number of Religios? and that under con-

ditions that debarred them from even the privilege of conferring with each other. But it was done.

Not only faith and courage was required, but the endurance of sea-sickness and discomfort in going from island to island in boats and trading-vessels that often caused wretchedness that words do not express—therefore I shall not try. Those who come here and travel in the Paumotus will learn for themselves; and those who do not will die without the knowledge.

But to return to my subject: The absence of literature was not all; there was no “constitution and by-laws,” no general program, no prepared lessons (nor a mimeograph or typewriter in the mission on which to prepare them; and the hand-press was not set up). But against all these odds, they made a fair success while Bro. and Sr. Peterson were traveling among the islands to instruct them. But the majority of these societies were on islands that were not visited by those missionaries after the few weeks they may have been with them at the time of their organization. Therefore is it any wonder that those societies (being left as they were to make their own program, and knowing nothing about the rules or duties of any society at all, except the Sunday-school and branch work) got somewhat mixed in regard to their duties?

The one serious feature was their dealing with their refractory members after the manner of a court of elders. This, with other matters less important, was complained of by the presidents of branches who were also of the Religio at the first convention after our arrival in the mission the second time; which convention took place one month after Bro. and Sr. Peterson left the mission. The Religians claim that their court of elders and bishop were appointed when their societies were organized. But we see how easy it would be for them to make that mistake. The first was evidently their misunderstanding of the work of the lookout committee. And since they knew of no other man in the church who received and held moneys except the bishop, of course their treasurer would be a bishop. And if a bishop, they were entitled to receive tithing.

During the above-named convention, Joseph and I (Bro. and Sr. Gilbert not having returned from the upper islands) gave them what instruction we could as to the object of the Religios, their relation to the church, etc. The writer having been appointed superintendent of the Religio work in the Islands, proceeded to change the name of their treasurer from bishop to *taata mau moni*, the man that holds the money, and to do away with all committees except the standing committee on program. And we made the rule that unruly members should be expelled until they were willing to conduct themselves in an orderly manner. Upon the arrival of Bro. and Sr. Gilbert a day or so after the convention, the committee on program was called together and a program agreed upon, written out and copied on the typewriter by Bro. Gilbert, and given to the representatives of the various societies. Also a short lesson from the Book of Mormon was hastily prepared, and a so-called

model Religio was gotten up, by way of showing them how to carry out the program. The writer had previously agreed to furnish Book of Mormon lessons during the coming year. Meantime, Bro. and Sr. Gilbert traveled among the islands, giving a full share of their time and attention to the society work. While waiting for the Book of Mormon lessons, he substituted blackboard lessons, much like an old-fashioned school. Among other things he taught were the punctuations in reading, the rise and fall of voice, etc. During the year a mimeograph was purchased and the promised lessons which had been prepared and translated were printed ready for distribution at the second convention, at which time also a number of abbreviated "constitutions and by-laws" were struck off and distributed, and the late poor system corrected. So the work was on as fair a footing for the year as could be here, and Bro. Gilbert was in charge. And the work moved on smoothly. It was not like a home Religio, nor could it be; but it was a pleasant and instructive entertainment for them.

Bro. and Sr. Gilbert returned to America in October of that year, and the oversight of the work again reverted to the writer, according to provisions previously made. But on account of our being very busy with the proof-reading of the Doctrine and Covenants while it was being printed in the native tongue we could not travel among the Paumotus till after conference; therefore what assistance was rendered, other than preparing the lessons for the coming year, was by means of the pen. The convention was at Anaa that year of 1904. Some progress was discernible in convention work, and the prospects were fair for further interest and development. We had no thought at that time of stopping them; though we intended to leave for America in July or August. At the close of conference we took a tour through the islands in behalf of the work in general, Religio included, and returned to Papeete on the 13th of July. It was not until it was supposed by those of the Paumotus that we had left the mission, that the disorderly conduct commenced that resulted in suspending the work. Our conference and conventions and *mahana-ooa*, at Anaa, so captivated the Catholic residents, governor and officers included, that it caused great jealousy and wrath among the priests of other islands; and was reported to the governor in Tahiti, whose ruling was more strictly Catholic than that of any other in our experience here. An occasion was sought against us as a people, with a view to closing out our work. The outsiders who attended the societies in the various islands were Catholics. Whether these had been incited at that time to make the societies as much of a hoodlum nature as possible, we do not know; but several of them took on that appearance. And when the governor of Fakarava visited Manihi, he pronounced the society a public nuisance and closed it, with all other church gatherings. Shortly after which, there came complaints from Tupuai of the same nature; that is, that the proceedings of the society were a disgrace to the church.

It was then near convention-time again; after which we were soon to start for America; therefore there was no time to

straighten matters out. And as the trouble was more likely to spread than otherwise, we two, together with several of the leading officers of the church, thought it best to close the society work for the time being. A resolution was put before the convention to the effect that, in consideration of these existing troubles together with the intended departure of the present missionaries before others arrived, to suspend the society work until the new missionaries should come and better preparations be made for putting the work more in harmony with the Religio in America than it now is. The motion prevailed. This act was no reflection upon those who started the work; it was a matter of necessity under the existing conditions. But now that the new missionaries have come, and there are typewriters and a mimeograph in the mission, also the Book of Mormon and Doctrine and Covenants in the Tahitian language, it is very probable that they will soon be started again. But that first work is not lost by any means. The people have been taught many things good and profitable. Those who started the work, and those who followed, have done what they could; and we see no cause for reflection on any. The majority of the people have liked the societies from the first. Yet some branches do not want them at all; say they get all mixed with the Sunday-school. Others again think the societies are detrimental to the Sunday-school from the same principle of not being able to serve two masters.

E. B. BURTON.

Belleville, Illinois.—At the last meeting of the Zion's Religio-Literary society in Belleville Bro. Walter Betts was elected president. We hold our Religio services every Friday evening at eight o'clock, and have fair attendance and good interest.

HAZEL THOMPSON.

Des Moines, Iowa.—The Religio work in Des Moines is still on the forward movement. The outlook for the remainder of this year is a bright one especially for all those who are actively engaged in it. There is a great work for the Religio to accomplish here.

We are not only increasing in numbers but we are glad to see some who have not been carrying out the study of the text taking a deeper interest. Our numbers have increased until some time ago it became necessary to organize a junior class, of which there are about a dozen members.

We have attempted to carry out the programs as outlined in the *Quarterlies* and have to a certain degree been successful, but we certainly see lots of room for improvement.

Our good-literature committee has been doing a good work along that line.

RAY CHANDLER.

Evergreen, Iowa.—We are glad to report that our society has gained much the past six months, both in *quantity* and *quality*, many new features of the By-laws being introduced and carried out successfully.

Our committees all have done reasonably well, and the new flower committee exceptionally so, as we do not believe we held a session without flowers to ornament the stand.

Some two weeks ago was held our semi-annual election of officers. Will Shakespeare was chosen president. We trust that we may advance and improve our society as much as in the last six months as nearly every week a name is voted on for membership. We see that the interest is not diminishing.

CORRESPONDENT.

Independence, Missouri.—The stake president has arranged to have executive meetings the second Monday of each month. He sent out notices to all the locals of the stake requesting the presidents, secretaries, and librarians to attend a meeting of the executive committee of the stake. This call had a most hearty response. Some officers living over sixty miles away came to the meeting. When the meeting was called to order he gave an instructive talk on the general work of the society, and also devoted some time to the programs as outlined in the *Quarterlies*, advising the locals to observe as far as possible the general outline as given for each lesson.

The remaining time was given to the duties of the different officers. The president called together the presidents of the various locals, the secretary took the local secretaries, the librarian the local librarians, and each stake officer then discussed the duties pertaining to the officers. The officers manifested great willingness to do the work belonging to them. But an army composed entirely of officers would amount to little, so with the Religio. The officers are willing to work but the members must do their part in order to obtain success.

MRS. J. C. NUNN.

Des Moines District.—The annual reunion met at Rhodes, Marshall County, August 25 to September 2. Elder M. H. Cook, district president, has been in Wright County, the northern part of the district, recently. There is taking place almost a complete exodus of the Saints of the Richland Branch of our district, in Tama County.

Only two or three families of Saints remain, and it will mean the disorganization of the branch.

The cradle roll has recently been reinstated in our Sunday-school, and with the placing of the name on the roll a beautiful engraved certificate is given to each one of the future hopes of Zion.

The class in the normal work has increased to a good size, and the study is proving especially interesting.

The Des Moines Branch at its recent business-meeting took action in regard to the library commission work, and Bro. Ray Chandler was chosen to represent the branch in the future library work in the city.

Edwin A. Nye, editor of the Des Moines *Daily News*, recently gave space to an editorial article entitled, "A visit to Graceland College." The article was brief, concise, and very complimentary.

A. A. REAMS.

A Glance at the Future



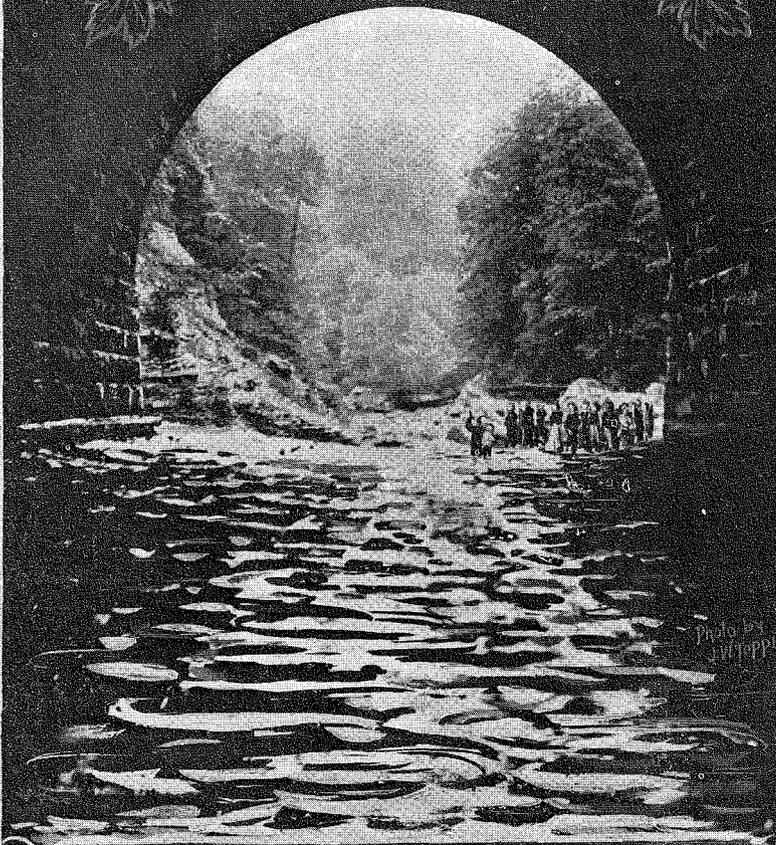
THE FIRST UNITED ORDER OF ENOCH.—The story of this organization and of the founding of Lamoni, so interestingly begun in this number, will be concluded in the October number.

THE INDUSTRIAL DEPARTMENT OF GRACELAND.—In the October number of **AUTUMN LEAVES** Professor Woodstock will present the first of two articles on the Industrial Department of the church college. Our readers are all interested in this new department and these articles will give them much light on the ideas that are back of industrial teaching, including manual training. They will also learn just what has been done and what is to be done along that line at Graceland.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ELDER J. C. CLAPP.—Numbers have written to learn when this autobiography will appear. Numerous subscriptions will begin at that date. The first number of this autobiography will appear in the November number of **AUTUMN LEAVES**. The writer starts with an account of his personal reminiscences of life in Nauvoo, the death of the Martyrs, and the expulsion. He relates his experiences while crossing the plains and later as an "apostate" and candidate for "blood atonement" in Utah. Then follows his experiences in the Reorganization during a long and active missionary life. The whole will be finely illustrated.

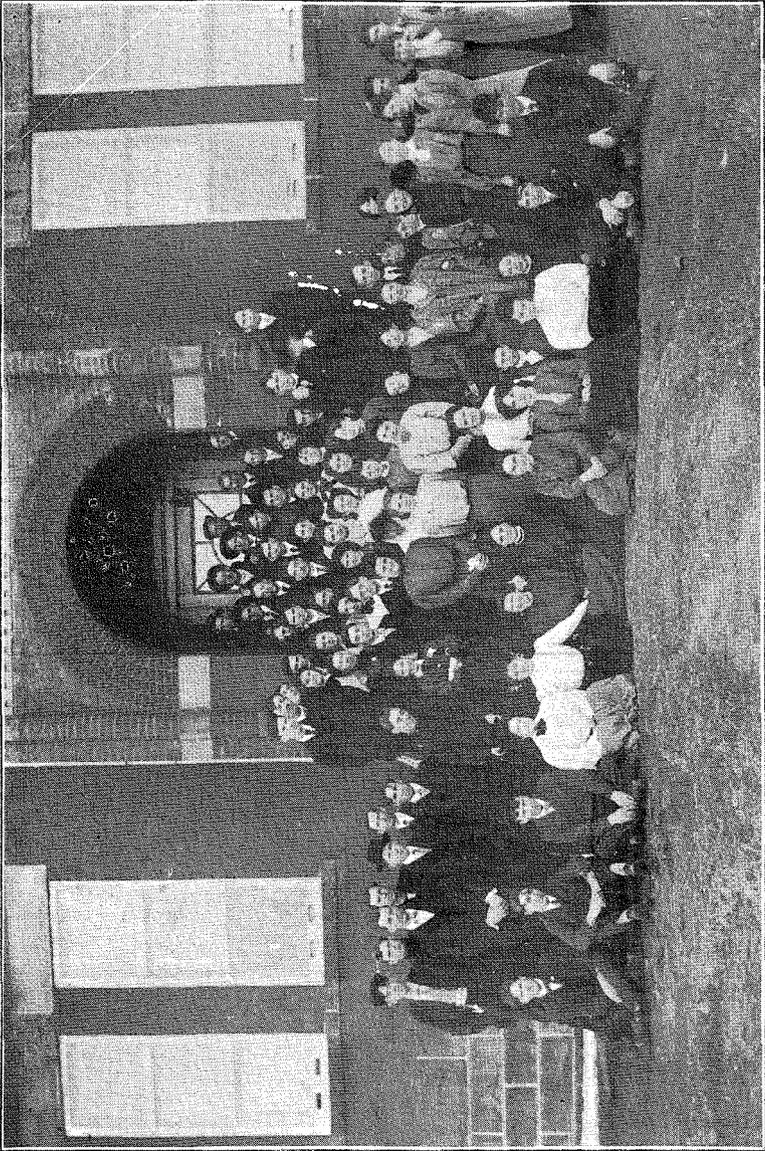
THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBERS FOR AUTUMN LEAVES.—The time to make sure of a good thing is now. Do not wait until later and then write for back numbers, as so many are doing. Subscribe now.

AUTUMN LEAVES



ELBERT A. SMITH, EDITOR.





GROUP OF GRACELAND STUDENTS.

See opposite page.

AUTUMN LEAVES

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THE INDUSTRIAL IDEA AT GRACELAND.

BY PROFESSOR CHARLES B. WOODSTOCK.

IT IS just possible that there is at present no one department of the church work that is creating more general interest than that of its educational institution, Graceland College. This is due, perhaps, to the proposed introduction of what is termed the industrial department, as much as to any other one cause. Having been called to assume the leadership of said department, it becomes a pleasant duty for me to publish through the AUTUMN LEAVES a few statements concerning what has been done hitherto looking toward the establishing of an industrial department, the present condition, and also the outlook and some of our plans for the future.

Naturally, our work divides itself under two heads, viz.: the "shop-work," which passes under the name of manual training, and the general necessary work which is quite outside of the class room. The former subject includes the regular class work in the shop under more or less constant instruction; is specifically manual training, and will be discussed in a succeeding number; the latter embraces a variety of occupations about the college and grounds, which forms the subject matter for this article.

The "industrial idea" is by no means original with the Latter Day Saints, nor is this the first time it has been considered in connection with Graceland. If I am given to understand conditions correctly, it was the original intention of some who contributed means to establish the college, that it was mainly to prepare students for the industrial activities of life—in a sense to be an industrial college. However, the curriculum was decided upon practically as it has been for the past few years. Of the curriculum, of the various members of the board, and of the faculty I need say but little. Almost without exception members of the board and faculty have been well qualified for their respective positions, and their careful, strenuous, sacrificing efforts have given us our school of to-day, while the courses of study are on a par with the best colleges and smaller universities of the land,—a fact which many seem not to comprehend. Of the development of these courses there can scarcely be a criticism. Various subjects have been added to meet the demand of students as rapidly as the need developed so as to warrant the instruction, although the

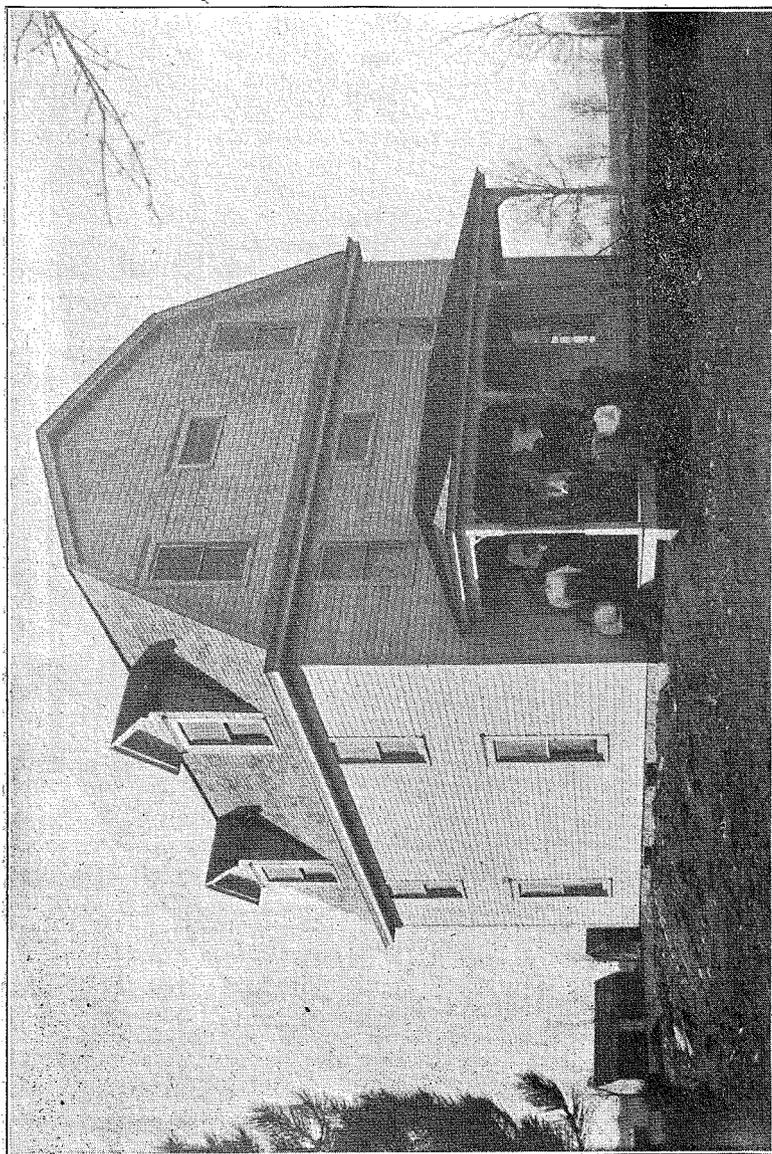
real "industrial idea" has not been recognized except in the Commercial school.

Throughout the land there has been an increasing tendency in the past few years toward the preparation of young people for the actual conditions of life. This was felt in a measure by the board of trustees, and they also realized that Graceland would not be attaining its highest good until the school and our young people scattered all over the country could be brought together. It did not take much investigation to find that there were many worthy young Saints, devoted to the church and anxious to make their lives useful to the cause, but who were so situated or conditioned that to pay car fare to Lamoni, or to any other school, and then pay current prices for board, room, and tuition, put the possibilities of an education quite beyond them.

To meet this need and to greatly enlarge Graceland's usefulness it was determined that some way must be found to establish a "self-help" department. Yet what could the board offer? There was no dormitory where board and room could be offered at any price. While there were a number of paid scholarships available, these would not clothe, feed, and shelter the students, and there were no endowments such as many schools may depend upon, other than the endowment which the Master gives from above.

Realizing the need of a boarding house under college management, where a limited number of students could have room and board at a minimum cost, the energetic secretary, Bro. F. B. Blair, and others, set about raising funds for a dormitory. So successful were they that by July 1, 1906, work was begun on what is now Marietta Hall, a substantial building costing two thousand one hundred dollars, three stories and basement, furnishing twelve sleeping rooms and a general reception hall. The cost of the dormitory was largely met by a response to an appeal to former Graceland students. As this was not ready for occupancy at the opening of the school, temporary quarters were found and occupied fully two miles from the college. By the first of October, 1906, two stories were completed and filled by the young ladies, and a room in the basement fitted up for two of the young men, one of whom cared for the furnace. In the college attic and basement, room for eight more men was found. In the college basement, also, two rooms were made for kitchen and dining room, and with an addition of rather meager furnishings, but an excellent cook, a kind-hearted, motherly Saint, arrangements for living for the year were complete. In this way board and room were furnished the students at two and one half dollars per week—surely a low rate compared with conditions in most college towns where equal accommodations run from four to eight dollars per week. While there were many things to contend with, not altogether pleasant, these basement rooms are fairly cheerful and can be kept clean and neat.

Most of the kitchen and dining-room work was done by student help, by those wishing to earn a part or all of their way. All

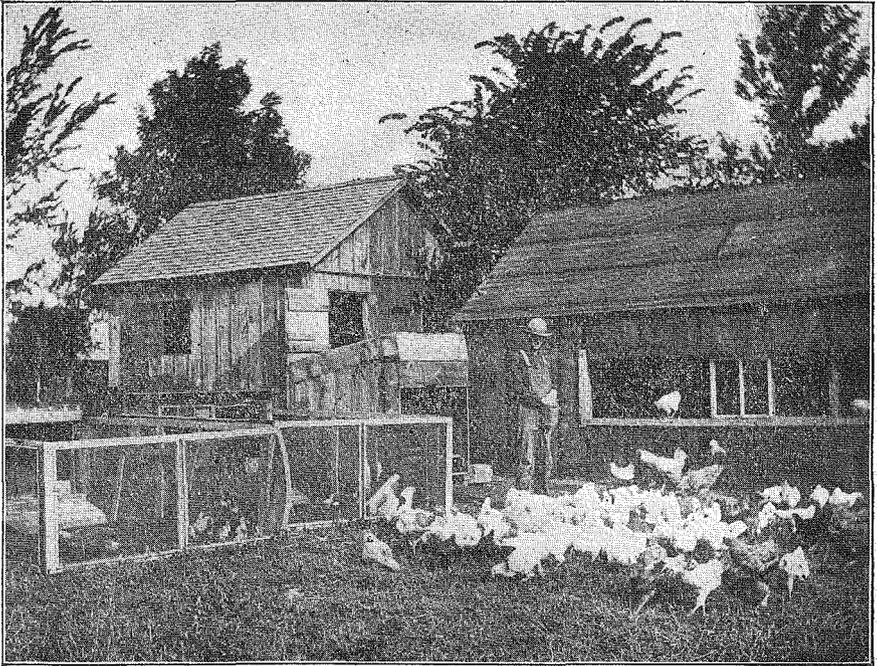


MARIETTA HALL.

Erected in 1906. Named in honor of Sr. M. Walker.

janitor work and other services were rendered by the young men. In this manner a large item of expense was saved the college, and besides over thirty students reaped the benefits of this beginning in the "self-help" movement.

Then there was another beginning which I must not neglect to mention. In the fall of 1906 two dozen hens were given to the college. This was the real beginning of the independent industrial work, and the donor may have given better than he was aware. To this start another dozen was added, a hen-house built, a student put in charge, and our poultry industry was soon on a profitable basis. Toward spring a two hundred-egg incubator was bought and set at work. Various poultry fortunes and misfortunes



THE COLLEGE CHICKEN RANCH.

"Various poultry fortunes and misfortunes have attended the enterprise."

attended the enterprise, not the least of which were several nocturnal visits of an unfriendly skunk. Yet we now have lots of sixty White Wyandotte and twenty Rhode Island Red pullets, of which we are not a little proud. Later in the summer the incubator was set for the last time and gave us an even hundred chicks, the liveliest of our hatch. These are doing nicely and will make fine broilers by the coming of cold weather. The illustration shows Bro. Turman, our chicken man, and a part of his family at break-

fast-time. The brooders shown were made by the boys from old boxes from up-town. Each contains a Prairie State Universal Hover, which we find to be a successful substitute for the mother hen.

This spring four pigs, a cow, and a good team of horses were purchased, and at the close of school two of the young men were engaged for the summer months to do the necessary work on and about the place. These young men have worked faithfully and are saving their earnings toward next year's schooling.

In the spring some ten acres of the college plot were rented on shares to a neighbor, who broke it up and we have a fine stand of corn to be harvested this fall. Although no tools were at hand, enough have been borrowed from neighbors so that another five acres has been used by the boys, and good crops of beets, potatoes, turnips, corn, and other small vegetables were raised to furnish the summer table, and to go a long way in supplying the winter's need.

Having been selected in April of this year to have charge of the new industrial department, my wife and I reached Lamoni in the middle of July, and at the next meeting of the Board of Trustees I was asked to assume the superintendency of buildings and grounds at the college. The amount of necessary work in and about the college seemed never to have an end. Yet at the opening of school we find the following has been accomplished: some forty tons of hay and five tons of millet well cured and in the stack; fifty loads of sand and gravel hauled for cement floors and walks—an item which alone would have cost us one hundred dollars—credit for some sixty dollars for up-town work of the boys and team; four additional rooms finished in Marietta Hall, mostly by student help; a three hundred barrel cistern dug, bricked, and cemented almost wholly by the boys; sixteen rooms newly kalsomined, both college and dormitory thoroughly cleaned; the drives cleared; the grounds maintained in good condition; new walks laid and old ones repaired; an amount of necessary grading and tiling done, and many other odd jobs which the days naturally bring. Nor should I neglect to mention the one hundred and forty-five quarts of blackberries kindly given us for the picking by a neighboring friend, and the one hundred odd quarts of pickles, and the thirty pounds of dried corn from our own garden.

Four weeks before the opening of the fall term two additional young men came to help in our work and are thus given a chance to earn the year's tuition. Some two weeks before the opening of school two young ladies who were to work during the year came to help clean the college and dormitory, and to do those things about a college home with a faculty for doing which Providence seems to have endowed womankind. A new sunny basement room has been made ready for our use as a dining-room, and together with our electric lighting and the bathroom in Marietta Hall, will be additions greatly appreciated, especially by returning students.

Now as to the future: We hope to profit by all our experience and to enlarge or add such new departments as seem best to meet our needs, and to give profitable returns. In the main we have three ideas in view: first, to supply work for as large a number of students as possible, to provide means of "self-help;" second, to give such incidental instruction as time and opportunity may permit in the various occupations, and to insist, at least, that all work be done in a thorough, purposeful, systematic manner, and as nearly by the latest approved methods as our research and experience may direct; and third, to direct all labor to the end, so far as practicable, that the running expense of the college may be lessened, and consequently the expense to individual pupils decreased.

To accomplish our first aim we shall begin to plan for our next season's crops at once; fertilizing and fall plowing must be done. We shall break up about twenty acres more of the poorest of our hay land for corn and potatoes, and shall set out a large fruit garden and begin to plow for early spring vegetables. We shall enlarge our accommodations for hens and cows and extend our pastures.

To attain our second aim, certain parts of our industries are assigned to groups of young men who are made responsible, each for his portion of work. In the library are many valuable books, reports, and bulletins, which will be used as a basis of research. Careful accounts of each day's proceedings (the amount and cost of seed sown, the cost and quantity of hay fed, of the milk yield, etc.,) must be recorded, and balance sheets handed in at stated times. We hope to be able to make some comparative study of feeding stuffs, yields, products, etc.

Our young ladies are to be taught, incidentally, neat, tasty, and economical methods of household management. We want our kitchen and dining-room with all of their work and service to be all that could be desired in any well regulated home.

Especial care will be taken in the dormitory to observe proper principles of hygiene and household sanitation. In fact we shall aim to teach agriculture and domestic economy because we believe it to be needed, until special departments for each can be established.

In addition to the keeping of all accounts, wherever possible a tithing account will be opened, and the Lord's dues gratefully rendered to him.

In the way of saving expense to the college we believe much can be done by the industrial department. In a large measure expensive help may be dispensed with, and the places taken by students who otherwise could not give Graceland time or money, while the garden, the poultry, the cattle, etc., each with their furnishings, will materially lessen the cost of supplying our table.

It is not at all difficult, then, for a young brother or sister who is willing to work, to come to Graceland for a year or more. The only limit placed upon the member who can thus "earn his (or her)

way through" is our present rather small quarters and the limited number of paid-up scholarships available.

We need more land and another dormitory with adequate rooms for kitchen and dining room. We need a building for a laundry. We need farming tools and more stock; and we need more scholarships to be used by these deserving young people who are earning their own board and room-rent. When these are forthcoming a great step will have been taken to place Graceland in the foremost ranks of usefulness to the Master in effecting Zion's redemption.

(To be continued.)



EXPERIENCES AND OBSERVATIONS OF ONE OF OUR PATRIARCHS.—NO. 8.

BY J. R. LAMBERT.

CASE NO 2. This is an aged sister. I had met her (so she told me), but had no further acquaintance with her previous to the time she received her blessing.

After I was through my work, at the town where she was sojourning at the time, I met a respected brother who talked kindly but freely about my work. He asked me who had received blessings, and I told him, so far as I could, mentioning this sister, with others. I will not give his words, but he gave me distinctly to understand that he knew her well; that she had always been troublesome, and was anything but a good Saint.

"What kind of a blessing did she get?" was asked.

I replied that I had not yet seen the copy, as hers was one of the last given, but I thought she received a good blessing. We had some further talk in which I tried to remove the brother's seeming objections to "such unworthy persons" receiving such good blessings.

After leaving the brother, I got to thinking about this blessing, and I confess, frankly, that I became very anxious to see the copy. I thought I could remember that in one part of her blessing there were extended to her a number of blessings which are precious, and that they were presented in a strong and positive form. I could not remember whether this part was modified or guarded by anything else, and so I was weak (?) enough to become very anxious. It was sometime before I reached home and received the copy, but when I did receive it, I lost no time before giving it a careful examination. I read carefully what preceded and followed after the strong paragraph of promise. My fears were gone, and I was greatly confirmed in my belief of the divinity of the work. I only wish I could give the blessing in its entirety, but a few extracts must suffice. First, I call attention to that part (the promises) to which objection can most easily be made:

"And I say to thee, thou shalt receive strength to endure and accomplish the work which has been required at thy hands, and the

full reward which the Father has in store for all the faithful and true, is thine. With the ransomed and redeemed, thou wilt be able to dwell, for thy name is found in the Lamb's book of life. And when thou shalt stand before God in judgment, thy name will be found there, and in connection with it, a record of that which thou hast done, and thou wilt be able to receive from God that glorious reward which eye hath not seen, ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man; but God hath revealed it by his Spirit, for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God."

I will now present a portion of that which went before and that which succeeds this paragraph. The opening statements read as follows:

"Sister ——, with earnest prayer to God, I lay my hands upon thee, that thou mayest receive a blessing which shall help thee to complete the work which thou hast covenanted to do, and to avoid all things that are wrong or sinful in the sight of God. I bless thee with these precious blessings, which it is thy privilege to enjoy, because of thy faith in God and the covenant which thou hast made with him through obedience to the truth. Especially, dear sister, do I bless thee with that Holy Spirit of promise, that it may continue with thee, and that thou mayest enjoy a greater degree of its influences, its light, its power, than heretofore; that thou mayest be able to overcome every obstacle of life, to resist every temptation, to avoid all the allurements of the Evil One, and keep thyself in a condition to enjoy precious and spiritual blessings, which God has placed within the reach of all people. To this end I bless thee with strength, that thou mayest be able to endure and accomplish that work. . . .

"I bid thee to frequently and carefully meditate upon this plan, and carefully look into its commandments and promises, that thou mayest not fail in this life, but looking to God, and treasuring up his word, and taking the Holy Spirit for thy guide, thou mayest be able to render a perfect obedience, an obedience that will bring to thee the power and blessing of the Holy Spirit in this life, the peace of God to fill thy heart, and every gift, blessing, and qualification that shall be for thy good; and in the life to come, fullness of reward with loved ones, with the pure and the good of all ages. Dear sister, I confer upon thee these blessings in the name of the Lord Jesus."

I now present a portion of the succeeding paragraph:

"I bid thee, dear sister, notwithstanding these precious promises which are extended to thee, and which are within thy reach, to remember that thou art compassed about with difficulties. The enemy is on the alert, trying to deceive and destroy; and thou hast weaknesses, known to him, and if thou art not careful and watchful, thou wilt sustain loss, because of these weaknesses; but under the influences of this Spirit, which thou shalt receive more abundantly, thou mayest see clearly what thy weaknesses are; and thou wilt be able, if faithful, to guard carefully against them,

until thy character is completely approved, and thou art able to stand before God and receive the reward promised."

The reader can now read, meditate, and draw his own conclusions. How often the good Father has helped us to build much better than we knew! Let us try to be more humble, have more faith in God, and be more willing that God shall be "all in all."

Case No. 3. One of the leading reasons why I call attention to this case is because of the peculiar experience had at the time the blessing was given. It was the afternoon of a hot day. I had given three blessings at nine in the morning, and our next meeting was at four in the evening when I gave three more, this sister being the last of the three, as I remember it, though possibly she was second to the last.

This sister is a young married woman—had no children at the time, but had lost several by death. Her husband had received his blessing, four days previously, but she hesitated, for a time, to receive hers, on the grounds of being unworthy. She comes from a family of low estate, some of whom have had an unenviable reputation.

I had been at work all day and was very weary; but as she preferred to receive her blessing *then* and *there*, in her own house, I concluded to give it.

The next morning, while working in the same room with my stenographer, she said to me, "Sister —— got a good blessing, didn't she?"

"I do not know," I replied, "I have felt bad about it ever since it was given, fearing that I had possibly made a mistake in trying to give it when I was so weary and nearly sick. I can not tell much about it till I see the copy, for I labored very hard while giving it."

"Why," said she, "I think it is excellent, and so does her husband."

In a short time the stenographer handed me the copy of her blessing, and I commenced to look it over (as I do all of them) with rather a sad heart, and feeling about as small as I ever did in my life. I had not read long before my sadness was turned into joy, and the unbidden tear of joy and gladness moistened my eyes. What troubled me was that I could not help thinking that if the blessing was poor, the fault was mine, not hers. I present a portion, but regret that I can not furnish the reader the document entire:

"Sister ——, the Lord is pleased with the decision which thou hast made in thy mind, to avail thyself of the privilege of receiving help through this ordinance of his house; and I bid thee, as I lay my hands upon thee in the name of Jesus Christ, to put thy trust in the Lord and continue to make a constant effort to do good and live a righteous and pure life. The Lord will sustain thee in every trial. In every time of darkness and suffering, he will uphold thee by his mighty power, and bless thee in body and in spirit. Be faithful and humble, and thou shalt receive light, and

direction, and understanding, from God, that will enable thee to make progress in the work in which thou art engaged; that will bring satisfaction to thy soul, and that will qualify thee to overcome all the adverse influences with which thou mayest be confronted, and with which thou mayest be surrounded from time to time. I bless thee in the name of Jesus Christ, the Lord, that thou mayest be able to faithfully accomplish his work, and that great peace, and comfort, and encouragement may come to thee from time to time; that thy soul may not be distressed with the trials and disappointments of life; that thou mayest be lifted up, and encouraged, and blessed abundantly by the Lord and thy Master. To this end, I seal upon thee the blessing of the Holy Spirit, that thou mayest be able to live in such a manner that it will never depart from thee; and that when thou shalt feel as though thou wast left alone, that there will remain with thee, guiding and enlightening influences which will enable thee to move along safely, and that in answer to good desires and earnest prayer, the blessing of the Holy Spirit may come upon thee with greater power, greater light, teaching thee concerning the things of God, encouraging thee and giving thee light and understanding concerning the trials of life, through which thou hast passed, which have caused thy heart to be filled with sorrow.

“I bless thee, that thou mayest receive great comfort and consolation, and that thy hope may be bright and enduring from this time until the end of the conflict. Dear sister, under the blessings of God, thou shalt be a strong stay and a help to thy companion, all the days of thy life. Peace, and good will, and knowledge, and wisdom shall abide in thy home. And while thou shalt be able to help, sustain, and encourage him, he, too, will be a stay, a strength, and a help to thee. So, let thy heart ascend to God in gratitude for all the wondrous provisions which he has made for our good, in this life, as well as in the life to come. . . .

“Thou art of Israel, and also of Ephraim, one of the many of this tribe who have been gathered out from the nations of the earth, through the preaching of the word. The goodly inheritance is thine. Thou wilt be able to receive it. The God of heaven will crown thy efforts with success, and give thee a precious portion in the day of judgment. After having passed through all the peculiar trials of this life, and ended thy work, thou shalt stand before the loving Master, and he will take pleasure in presenting thee to the Father as his child, and thy name will be found in the Lamb’s Book of Life, and thou wilt be crowned with celestial reward, according to his promise.”

I have given the greater part of the blessing. We are sometimes told that patriarchal blessings are all about alike, no matter who receives them! Are they? We leave the reader to decide. Are they any more alike than those precious revelations found in the first part of the Doctrine and Covenants, defining ministerial qualifications, extending precious promises, etc?

Case No. 4. A young married sister with one little child. I

had met her a number of times, at meetings and in private, but otherwise had little or no knowledge of her character or reputation; but for some reason I had formed a very favorable opinion of her. I still hold this favorable opinion, but what I mean is, that I had not thought of her having any leading fault or besetting sin, to which things so many of us are subject.

When looking over the copy of her blessing, handed me by the stenographer, my eyes soon fell upon this short sentence, "Thou must learn to be *patient* and rely upon God."

I remembered having said something about patience, but had no idea it was so strong. I must confess that I was weak enough to permit these thoughts to pass through my mind: What reason have I to believe that she is lacking in the virtue of patience? None whatever, except that I seemed to be led by the divine Spirit to make this statement. Suppose the sequel shall reveal that she is highly endowed with patience, what will she think of this statement? What will others think to whom she may show the copy of her blessing?

I then asked my stenographer if she had noticed the statement, and I read it to her. She smiled, said but little, but in confirmation of a statement made by me, said, "Yes, Sister _____ is a good little woman."

We were holding our blessing-meetings in the home of this sister and her husband. My stenographer was staying there, but I was not. A day or two after this blessing was given, the sister was in conversation with another sister on the subject of patriarchal blessings. As nearly as I can remember, she used these words, and made no effort to conceal them:

"Now, look at my blessing. You know how impatient and ill tempered I am, and it says, '*Thou must learn to be patient.*'"

I need not tell you how I felt when I heard this frank admission from her own lips!

Soon after this I stayed over night with this couple, and I could not help but see how difficult it was, at times, for the sister to control her temper when dealing with her little child.

Immediately succeeding the sentence referred to above, are these words: "Exercise naught but love and good will towards all. May the God of heaven so bless thee that the influences of love and good will may be manifested in thy home, and wherever thou art; for thou art chosen to be his child, and while thy lineage is in Israel, and thou art entitled to the goodly inheritance with thy companion, according to the promise, yet it is faithfulness to the conditions of the divine plan that makes us truly, in a gospel sense, the children of Abraham and heirs according to promise."

It all seems very simple and, to some people, foolish; but, dear reader, put yourself in the place of that sister, with the same knowledge of your impatience and bad temper that she had of hers; then ask yourself this question: How would the words, "Thou must learn to be patient and rely upon God," affect me?

Case No. 5. This was a peculiar case, and in some respects a

painful one to me; nevertheless, it furnishes evidence of the superintendence of the divine Spirit in the act of blessing. I present it at the possible risk of adverse criticism and loss of confidence by some. Should I withhold it, my article would not be a just and proper representation of my experiences.

A middle-aged man applied to me for a blessing. He had been introduced to me as a brother, or at least I so understood it, and that too by one who knew him and was well acquainted with the true situation. I had given a blessing to his wife, and she was anxious that he should receive his, and, in my presence so expressed herself.

After he had received his blessing, I was officially and credibly informed that he was not a member of the church, he having been legally expelled. I had already told my wife that I did not know why it was, but I felt very strange while giving this man his blessing. I had to contend against strong powers of darkness all the way through. I felt so peculiar that it caused me to wonder. In some respects I felt different from what I had ever felt before, but I did not know why till I learned the true situation.

The degree of inspiration, given of God in the bestowment of this blessing, did not indicate to the patriarch that he was not a member of the church; and if this concession will help our opponents, or those who object to this department of church-work, to make out their case, they are welcome to make the most of it. However, we might help them a little to properly dispose of this question from a Bible point of view.

Philip, a man of "honest report, full of the Holy Ghost and wisdom," (Acts 6:3,) "went down to the city of Samaria, and preached Christ unto them." He preached "the things concerning the kingdom of God, and the name of Jesus Christ;" baptized the believers, both men and women; wrought miracles; followed the direction given to him by the Holy Spirit, and an angel of God; and yet, he baptized Simon, who was evidently unrepentant and corrupt! Why did not God inform Philip that Simon was not at all fit for membership in the church of God? (See Acts 8:5-40.)

Do you fling the question back to us, who profess to believe in inspiration? We properly present it to *you*, who profess to believe the Bible, and yet object to our claims concerning inspiration. Nevertheless, we will condescend to give you an answer.

That which is revealed belongs to us; that which is not, to God, until such time as he sees fit to reveal it. It is for God, not us, to say what and how much shall be revealed. We may be made to know why an existing condition (seemingly important) was not revealed to us, at what would seem to *us* to be the opportune time; or we may not. This too belongs to God. Inspiration, as applied to man, is not plenary. We receive "by measure," and sometimes the measure is very small, and sometimes it is much larger. It is our part to be believing and faithful; the other, and more important part, can safely be left with God, where it properly belongs.

But I must return. Please excuse me for this digression. (?) I quote from the copy of the blessing under consideration:

"I lay my hands upon thee in the name of Jesus Christ, our Lord, and bless thee, according to the will of God and thy request. Because thou hast become obedient to the *first* requirements of the gospel, thou art in a position to seek after and receive all the helpful influences provided in the divine law for thy good; and I bless thee, and pray for thee, that the Holy Spirit may bring thy heart and mind into a proper condition to realize thy needs, and appropriate all these helps and provisions of the divine law, according to the will of God, for thy timely and eternal good. . . .

"Now, I bless thee with the precious blessings of the gospel, and tell thee that while God is willing and anxious to bestow bounteously, yet thou canst not enjoy them, only as thou shalt become prepared; and so fast as thou shalt have spiritual capacity for the enjoyment of the precious things belonging to the divine plan, they will come to thee. There will be no failure upon the part of God. Hence I bid thee to study thy part, carefully and prayerfully, and seek to know by a thorough acquaintance with the word, and influences of the Spirit of Truth, what God requires thee to do, because of the covenant thou hast made with him. As thou shalt move forward to accomplish this work, the great God will move with thee. . . .

"May the wisdom of God be with thee in thy home, and abroad. Be careful that the influences shed abroad at home, are the influences of the gospel of peace. Thy companion needs thy help. It is needful that thou shouldst bear patiently with her, and her infirmities, as she has to bear patiently (or should) with thine. And I bid thee, dear brother, to study these things carefully and well, that others who desire the truth may see that thou hast been taught of God, and that the influences of the Spirit of love and peace, from God, are directing and influencing thee in all the acts of thy life; and thus thou shalt be effectual in thy labors for the benefit of the cause of God in which thou art engaged. . . .

"Remember, dear brother, that the gospel requires the children of the covenant to turn away from all that is in opposition to it, and to live in harmony with the word of life, and the character of God, and the great principle of love to God and man, as presented in the divine plan. Study these things, carefully and prayerfully, and the God of heaven will give thee light and power to do good, and fill thy mind from time to time, with peace and joy which are inexpressible and full of glory."

In order to understand and appreciate the part which God performed in the bestowment of this blessing (and God's part is always the important part) it is necessary for the reader to know that the patriarch had no knowledge whatever either of this man or his wife, previous to the time when she made application for a blessing; or, to be more technical, previous to the time when their blessings were given; he had simply and only met them, learned their names and place of residence; that among the

unfortunate things which led to his expulsion from the church, were bad conduct at home, quarreling with his wife, making strong and improper threats against her, etc., etc.

Now, I submit this remarkable case to an intelligent and prayerful examination by the reader, with only a few more thoughts appended.

Could this man, upon the authority of this blessing, continue his course in opposition to the rules and laws which govern in the church of God?

It is now an open question with me, whether persons outside of the church, or those whose standing is not considered good, though they are yet in the church, may not, under certain conditions, properly receive patriarchal blessings. I say it is a question; but, as just stated, one part of it is no longer a question with me. I await, so far as practicable, the authoritative decision of the Order of Evangelical Ministers.

“But are there not a number of good promises contained in the blessing referred to above?”

Yes, there are, and all I care to say about them is this:

Let this unfortunate brother repent of all his follies and wrongs, and bring himself in complete harmony with God, as he is so plainly told to do in his blessing, and just as sure as there is a God in heaven, he will receive the promises, to the joy and complete salvation of his soul! I pray that he may see and become willing to do what God requires at his hands.

LAMONI, Iowa, March, 1907.



TO GRACELAND.

BY JAMES L. EDWARDS.

Hail Graceland! fount whence learning flows,
A crystal stream that onward goes
Through homely scenes and prospects grand,
To bless and beautify the land.

So may thy course through light and shade
Be ever on, not retrograde,
Till every nation 'neath the sun,
Shall hear what noble work is done.

Let no one say you are misnamed;
But by your labors justly famed,
Soon shall you grandly fill your place,
A beacon in a land of grace.

Then let us help with prayer and purse,
This Graceland child of ours to nurse,
'Til she emerge from all her throes,
And put away her swaddling clothes.

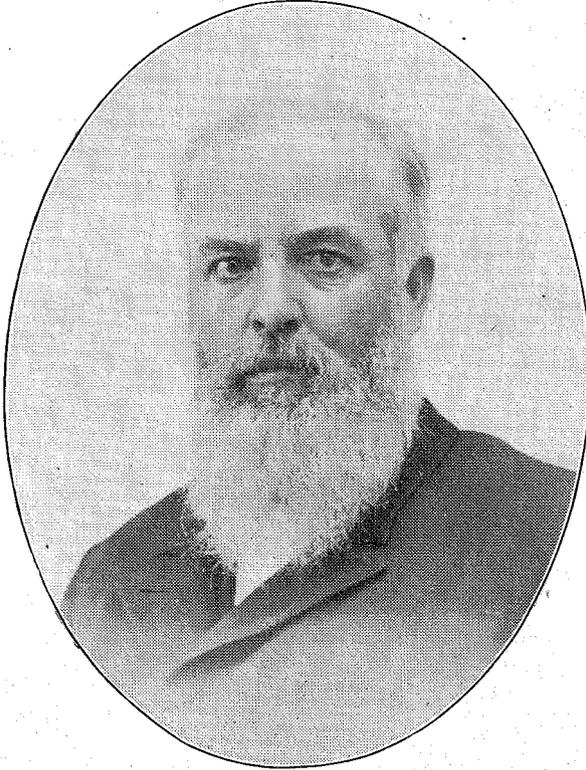
May wisdom, purity, and truth,
The dower be of each glad youth,
'Till Christ shall come to earth and rule
As Master in that higher school.

MELROSE, Massachusetts.

THE ORDER OF ENOCH AND THE FOUNDING OF LAMONI.—PART II.

BY ELDER ASA S. COCHRAN.

OF HIS VISIT to Lamoni, mentioned in our last number, President Joseph Smith wrote in the *Herald* as follows: "A party from the conference lately held at Council Bluffs, visited Lamoni, Decatur County, Iowa, on their return east. The party consisted of Brn. I. L. Rogers, David Dancer, E. Banta, H. A. Stebbins, W. W. Blair, D. H. Smith, Duncan Campbell, Samuel Bailey, N. W. Smith, Stephen Stone, A.



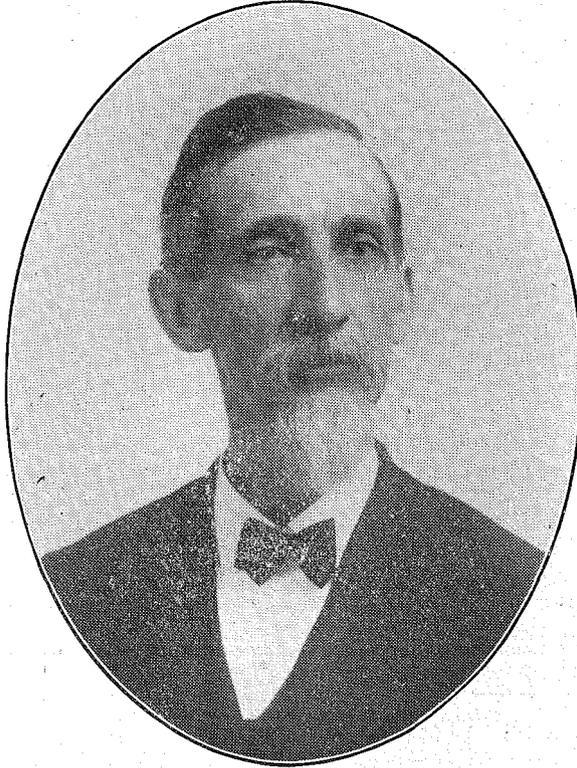
ELDER ASA S. COCHRAN.

Secretary of the Order of Enoch and author of this article.

Hayer, Ole Elifson, and Joseph Smith, all of whom went to view the country, see the people, and attend the Decatur District conference. It was a very enjoyable trip, and resulted in satisfying the excursionists that the land was excellent, the crops this year good, the people agreeable, the conference was a pleasant one, and the country a delightful one to live in. Everybody, myself included, had a strong attack of the farming and pastoral

fever. Now don't rush into that region all at once, but go cautiously, carefully, and with all things prepared before you; as the law directs. . . .

"There are a hundred fifty-three members in the Lamoni Branch this fall, with a constant prospect of increase, as an interest is awakened all over the district. At their last conference it was resolved to build a chapel for worship, and a building committee was appointed, with instructions to proceed at once to the completion of the work. From the character of the committee we are



ELDER H. A. STEBBINS.

Formerly secretary of the Order of Enoch. Ordained counselor to Bishop I. L. Rogers, April 11, 1875.

safe in assuring those interested that a strong effort will be put forth to make it a success.

"We are also authorized to say that no one, be he Saint or otherwise, who will not consent to the righteousness of God and the rules of right dealing between man and man, is wanted there—nor will such be welcome there, either to those in or out of the church. But men—honest men—true men and women will find warm hearts and good neighbors. There is neither justice of the peace nor constable in the township where the Saints are settled;

neither has there been a law-suit there during the five years of their settling there; so says rumor."—*The Saints' Herald*, vol. 22, pp. 625, 626.

Editorial mention of a later visit to Lamoni is made in the *Herald* of October 15, 1880, as follows:

"On a recent visit to Lamoni, Decatur County, Iowa, we found a very decided improvement in the state of the country. A town of over two hundred inhabitants; with stores and business houses; blacksmith, wagon, and harness shops; with an active grain and stock business, give an appearance of thrift and enterprise quite gratifying to those interested. We found a most excellent feeling prevailing in regard to the settlement of the locality, and active preparations being made for a further increase. Crops this year have been fair, though hurt some by dry weather; the absence of frost up to October 2 greatly aided in overcoming this, however, and corn matured well. There has been considerable sickness the past summer, chiefly bilious and typhoid fevers; but the approach of cooler weather seemed to have a beneficial effect on the people. The air on some days was clear and bracing, seeming to impart snap and vigor to the system.

"The Saints, as a whole, were and are anxious to know when the press is to be removed into their midst; but we could not assure them as to the time and event. We believe that a better community would be hard to find; we quite fell in love with the people and the country. We spoke to the Saints at their meeting-house (old quarters), and also spoke at Davis City, in the union church, owned by Mr. John Clark, a pleasant man, past middle age, and so liberal in view as to have erected a house in which all may meet and worship, without regard to denominational name. Bro. Z. H. Gurley fills regular appointments in this church each two weeks, and the interest is good.

"Bro. O. B. Thomas held a debate with one Elder Ryan, down in the edge of Missouri, while we were at Lamoni, and acquitted himself well for the cause, so at least says report. Two good rains fell during our stay, and we saw the country wet and dry."

Among the early comers to the new town were William Officer and J. T. Dixon, Brn. L. A. Fowler and B. L. Merritt; and Miss Josephine Officer has been here longer than any other person that has moved into the town since it was laid out.

The first business houses were erected by Thomas Teale and Bro. Samuel H. Gurley; the first, where Bro. D. C. White & Sons have their store, is still owned by Mr. Teale; the latter one is occupied by the Lamoni Hardware Company.

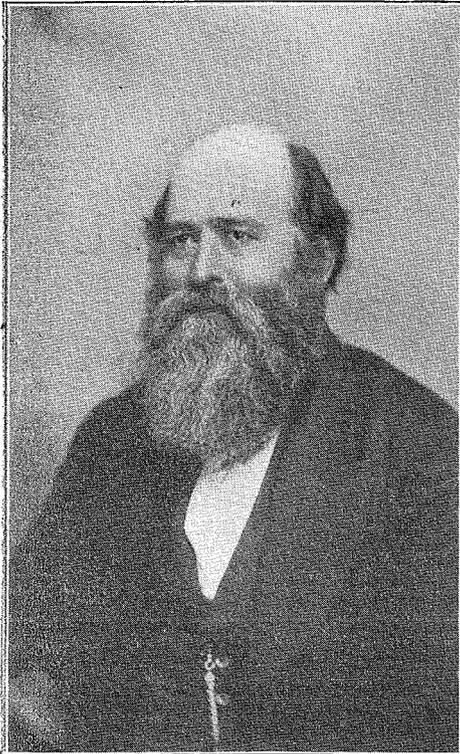
There was an effort made by some who were opposed to the Saints to have the new town named Sedgwick, as that had been the name of the post-office here up to that time; but those who had this matter in charge said it should be Lamoni for ever.

Lamoni was a busy place that fall and winter (1879). Ten thousand bushels of corn from the cribs of the "Order" were sold and shipped. Carpenters were busy in all directions. A lumber-

b

yard was started by David Dancer, Albert P. Dancer, and A. S. Cochran. In the fall of 1880 Henry A. Stebbins became a resident of Lamoni and succeeded Albert P. Dancer in the lumber business. At this time Bro. I. L. Rogers was bishop of the church and David Dancer and Henry A. Stebbins were his counselors.

The church for some time had been contemplating a removal of the principal place of business from Plano, Illinois, and had appointed a locating committee. Lamoni was selected, so in 1881



BISHOP I. L. ROGERS.

One of the directors of the Order of Enoch, elected treasurer in 1875 and vice-president in 1877.

bricks were burned for the *Herald* Office building, under the supervision of Bro. S. V. Bailey, and rock and sand were hauled for foundation and plastering, Dancer & Company weighing all the rock and sand, paying all the workmen for making the brick, all the carpenters and masons for building the *Herald* Office, and furnishing all the lumber; and in the fall the *Herald* Office, and the business connected therewith, was removed to the new building. With it came Brn. Joseph Smith, John Scott, William H. Deam, Lawrence Conover, and William Crick, all of whom were employed therein. These with their families made quite an addition to the population of the town and membership of the branch.

The *Herald* for October 15, 1881, the last number issued from Plano, Illinois contained the following editorial comment:

“President Joseph Smith left Plano on October 7, with his family and household effects, for Lamoni. . . .

“This issue closes the stay of the *Herald* in Plano, Kendall County, Illinois. It came here in 1863, and was kindly received by the leading citizens of the place. It began its career here with a list of three hundred subscribers, many of them free; and some of them taking several copies. It had a press and fixtures costing about \$275; and occupied one room about eighteen by twenty feet square. It had Bro. Isaac Sheen for its editorial force, with Bro. William D. Morton, Sr., as its foreman, compositor, and pressman;

with a Washington Medallion No. 4, handpress, as its machinery. It will reach Lamoni, Decatur County, Iowa, and begin a new departure (on the old way) with an eight horse-power engine, two cylinder power presses, and a jobber press, with type and other fixtures to match, and office two stories high, thirty by sixty-five feet in size (engine room attached), an editor, bookkeeper, superintendent, and five compositors."

On November 1 the first number of the *Herald* issued from Lamoni, Iowa, contained the following in its editorial columns:

"We sit down amid the *debris* of building, and the unorganized chaos of an office removed, to greet our readers from our new home

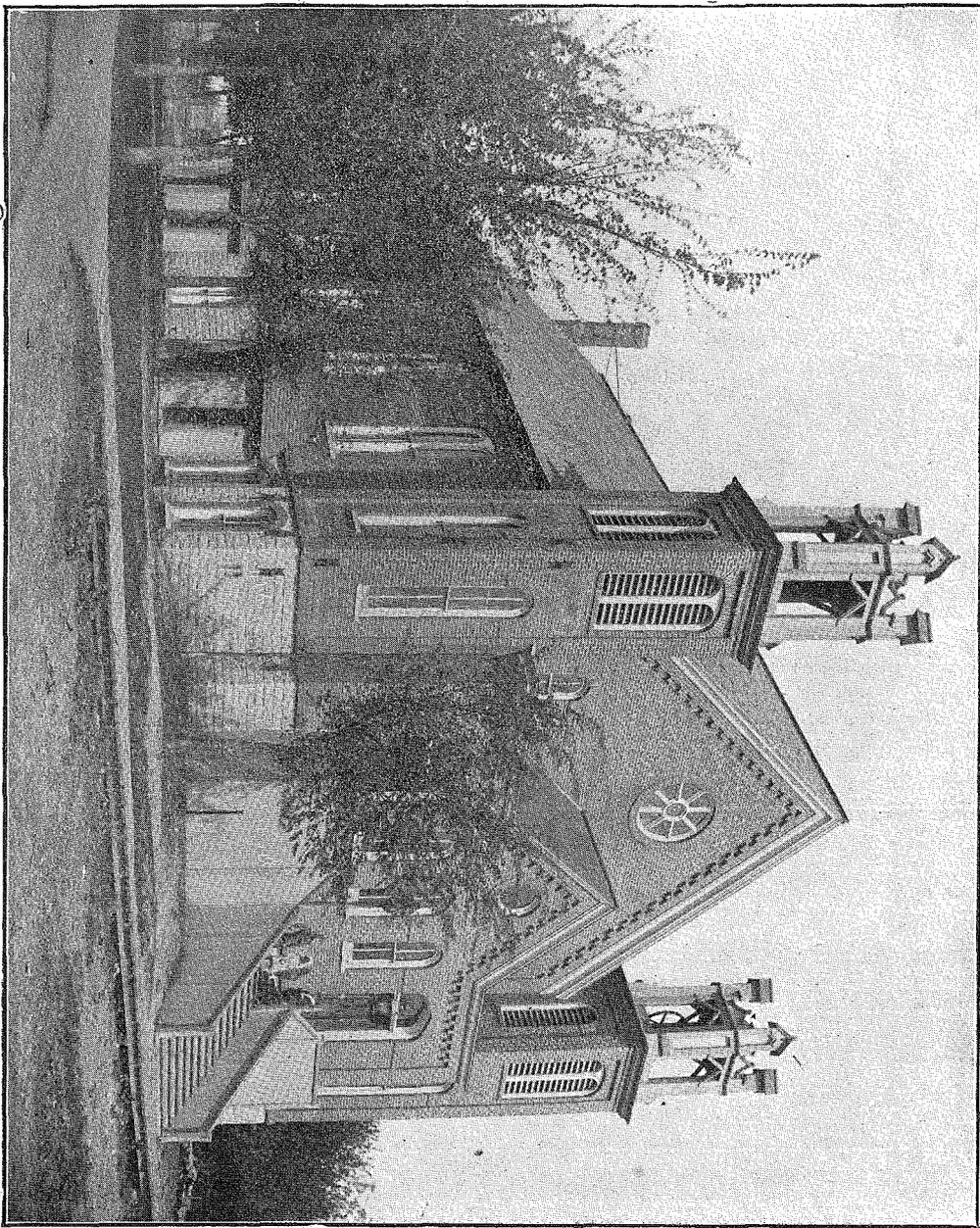


THE HERALD OFFICE.

Erected at Lamoni in 1881. A wing containing rooms for the general church officers was added at a later date. President Smith, John Scott, William Crick, Asa Cochran, William Deam, and other old time members of the office force are seen in the foreground.

in Iowa. We bid our contributors and correspondents a hearty welcome to our new quarters.

"We have not yet succeeded in getting things in order, but shall do the best we can to keep the *Herald* in motion. The weather at our arrival in Lamoni was horrible; the elements having organized for a ten days' rain, which was fairly fulfilled. We succeeded, however, in transferring machinery and office furniture with but



THE BRICK CHURCH AT LAMONI, IOWA.

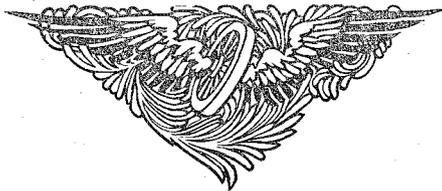
little delay and loss by breakage, and shall soon be turning the press wheels again, merrily as ever."

The first person born in Lamoni, after the town was established was Bertie Lamoni White, son of Volentine and Mary A. White, now of St. Joseph, Missouri. The first couple married were Earl D. Bailey and Katie Harris, now of Tulsa, Indian Territory. The history of Lamoni as published in the history of Decatur County gives the first marriage as Cornelius D. Hammer and Lillian W. Brown, now of Creston, Iowa, which is not correct, as the first occurred January 10, 1880, the second December 15, 1880, the writer officiating in both cases. The first person that died was Nehemiah D. Smith, father of Bro. Henry C. Smith, which occurred February 7, 1880. The first preaching-services were held by Bro. John H. Lake. They were held in an upper room over Bro. E. C. Dobson's furniture store, which stood where Sr. Greer's sanitarium now stands.

In the summer of 1881 Sr. Rosalia H. Dancer erected a building suitable for holding meetings in and rented it to the branch for a very small sum per month. This building was afterwards converted into a dwelling-house. In the fall of 1882 the last semi-annual conference was held here in a shed erected in the *Herald* Office yard. This was the first general meeting of the church held in Lamoni. About this time the excavation for the brick church was made, and the rock work for the basement was put up, and it was finished later.

From the foregoing it will readily be seen that the work of the "Order of Enoch" laid the foundation not only for the organization of the Lamoni Branch but for the establishment of the town, which is known throughout the world and will in all probability be known for many years to come by reason of the Herald Publishing House, the Saints' Home, Liberty Home, and Graceland College being located here, and by reason of its being one of the stakes of Zion.

(Concluded.)



Editor's Corner

AUTUMN LEAVES is published monthly for the youth of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. Herald Publishing House, Lamoni, Iowa.

ELBERT A. SMITH, EDITOR, LAMONI, IOWA.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF CHILDHOOD.—V.

RELIGIOUS LIFE.

“Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand’ring from the fold of God.”

AS YOU have learned from preceding numbers, the exigencies of life had at a very early period in my experience removed me far from any branch of the true church of God.

Three generations of my father's family had preached the restored gospel; and it remained to be seen whether I would grow up ignorant of or indifferent to the work they had helped to establish. I grew up side by side with the two boys who were my every-day comrades, our environments were almost precisely the same, and it seemed a fair enough test to discover whether or not there was any virtue in “the call of the blood” or any power with the Holy Ghost to help bring about a fulfillment of some of the predictions made concerning the family.

I say it seemed a fair test, because I remember on one occasion in my omnivorous and never-ending reading coming across a table of statistics giving the total membership of various denominations. The membership of the Latter Day Saint Church was given, and I remember asking my mother if she supposed that we had been counted. It seemed to me that we had wandered so far away that neither man nor God knew where we were; but probably we were not so far astray as I thought, because even then I counted myself a Latter Day Saint, though I had never been baptized.

My grandparents and my mother constituted the sole membership of the church in that immediate region. The nearest railroad town, from which we got such supplies as coal and lumber, was twenty miles away, so it may be surmised that churches and church privileges of any sort were rare. There was a little village some seven miles away where we sometimes went to meeting and at times Sunday-schools maintained a precarious existence in the little schoolhouses which the farmers planted along with the first crop of corn.

We found our first Sunday-school teacher in one of these little schools—a young married woman, hardly more than a girl, who seemed to our childish minds the very personification of beauty, wisdom, and purity. I wonder if many Sunday-school teachers realize what a hold it is possible for them to obtain upon their scholars. Under her careful instruction we memorized certain

passages of Scripture, and it was a proud day when we successfully repeated them before the whole school. I remember that my text on the first of these occasions was, "Foxes have holes, and birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head."

By and by the great event in the life of every new country occurred—a railroad "came through." It was built at a most fortunate time, because we boys had then reached the age when each rode a horse, so we could make daily inspection of the progress of construction. We missed little, from the driving of the surveyor's stakes to the spiking down of the steel rails. Our brief life had mostly been spent upon the prairie and we had very faint recollections of a locomotive. The first whistle was the voice of a siren. We urged our frantic, panic-stricken horses near enough to be almost deafened by its ear-splitting cadence. The first smell of locomotive smoke was a revelation. It was unlike any odor that had ever floated upon the prairie breezes.

Anything new appeals to a boy and he must thoroughly and exhaustively investigate it. We used to watch for the train every evening and morning, and when it came rushing and roaring past we raced it over the prairie sod, using whip and spur to keep our ponies enveloped in the clouds of "car smoke" whose odor seemed to possess a seductive charm.

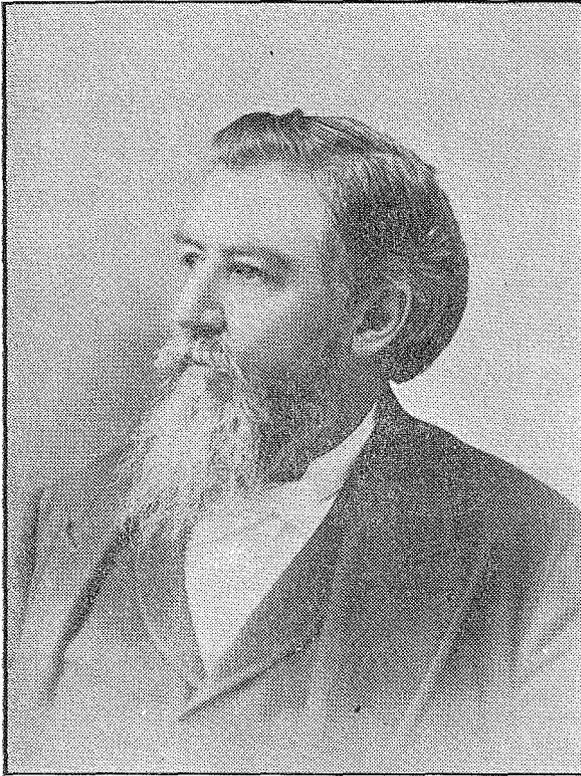
We did not realize that the coming of that wonderful new railroad would hasten the destruction of our old wild freedom. It stood for fences, cultivated fields, and the parceling out of lands. God had spread out the plains and said, "Come in"; but men would soon be tacking up their notices, "Keep out."

With the railroad came little towns, more schools, and more churches; and we used to visit various new places of worship. However, none of us ever found a church to which we could give allegiance, and we had no regular place of worship. Sunday we always observed as a day of rest. We never hunted, fished, played ball, or worked on that day, excepting on the rare occasions when it was necessary to work to prevent waste of life or of substance.



"Our first Sunday-school teacher seemed to our childish minds the personification of beauty, wisdom, and purity."

Industry, strict honesty, and unvarying morality were common virtues in the community, and went far toward balancing the religious scales. Drunkenness was rare; when two neighbors, grown men, got drunk one day and attempted to bridle and ride the rooster, they became the sport of the country. There was one confirmed, habitual drunkard who deplored his condition but excused himself on the ground that "It takes all kinds of people to make a world." He did his part toward making a complete, well-



"It seemed that the appointed time came for God to feel after us, and he sent my own uncle, Alexander H. Smith.

rounded universe—no known specimen lacking from the exhibit.

Our farm-house was surrounded by a fine grove of trees, maples, box-elders, poplars, and cottonwoods; and if groves were the first temples, then we reverted to primitive conditions, because many of our Sundays were spent in the shade of these trees, reading or attempting to draw.

Bro. Joseph Lambert visited us at one time, and we attended one conference at Gallands Grove, but I was not yet old enough to understand a sermon. After that it was not until I was fifteen

years old that I heard a sermon by a Latter Day Saint elder; then it seemed that the appointed time came for God to feel after us, and he sent my own uncle, Alexander H. Smith.

His coming certainly was an event. To me he seemed a messenger direct from God, and it seemed that he would be able to detect at once any unworthy thought. I found him first of all a congenial comrade who could take part in our sports; he met us boys on our own ground and was even able to teach us a few things pertaining to our own special domain. He took part in the work as well, donning suitable clothing and working hard helping to husk the year's crop of corn; his working-suit afterward served as a baptismal robe.

He preached in a neighboring schoolhouse and I remember well his sermons. It was the gospel of my fathers. It found ready acceptance.

I wish to say now that that acceptance was largely due to the constant teaching of a mother who through all the heavy trials of a peculiar life had remained as true to God as the magnet is to the pole. In our home, too, there had always been found the *Saints' Herald*, *Zion's Hope*, the Bible, Book of Mormon, Doctrine and Covenants, and *Saints' Harp*. AUTUMN LEAVES came later, beginning with the first number.

A wonderful responsibility rests upon parents, and especially upon mothers. The welfare of their individual children and often the welfare of the church is in their hands. After the death of the Martyr, what a responsibility rested upon the mother of his children. We may say that to an extent the fate of the Reorganization was in her hands. She could bind them to the cause of their father or she could estrange and embitter them. But God had said that he would keep the Inspired Translation of his Scriptures in a "safe" place (see Doctrine and Covenants 42: 15), and he left the manuscript with her. While she treasured the book she taught the lads who were to be "Three remaining pillars still, like the three remaining pillars of the temple on the hill."

The priesthood is given to men, but mothers by nature speak in the name of God. No one is nearer the great white throne than is the mother who is true to her calling, and no one sinks lower in the depths of hell than the woman who is untrue.

Well, to make our story brief, on Thanksgiving Day a sleigh-load of people drove five miles to the little lake mentioned in our last number. A hole was chopped through about six inches of ice, a ladder was let down, Uncle Alexander descended into the water, and there he baptized five people, including the writer; his two uncles, Fred and Manley Hartshorn; one aunt; and one of his former school-teachers.

That was a Thanksgiving Day to be remembered.

God did not at that time see fit to give us the gift of tongues or the interpretation of tongues; in fact he has never done so. Only once or twice has he given the Spirit of prophecy. Only at times have we had the power to heal or be healed. But Paul has

well stated that there are different manifestations of the Spirit; and that every man may receive a manifestation of that Spirit according to his need and temperament.

Some time after my baptism I was feeling an intense sensation of depression and unworthiness, when the Spirit came upon me to encourage and bless. The thoughts given immediately took form in verse, the first that I had ever written, as follows:

He who died on Calvary,
He who calmed the troubled sea,
Is not too great to succor me,
His weakest creature.

His arm is ever reaching out,
To compass me with love about,
And draw me from the reach of doubt,
Despondency and pain.

His spirit like a river deep,
Waters the drooping flowers that sleep
Where'er its healing waters creep,
Like medicine divine.

And though temptations quickly throng,
He'll make my spirit firm and strong,
And help me on my road along,
Unto his realm eternal.

Those words came straight from a heart filled with gratitude and I have never felt to retract any of them. Often has the same Spirit been with me while writing or preaching, or while silently meditating, and I want to testify that only with the aid of that Spirit can we do work for the Master.

Before I close these articles let me say that it is a mistake to suppose that a boy, though he may seem careless, does not give thought to the problems of religion. He does not speak of what passes in his mind; and we might be surprised if we could read his thoughts and find how he was wrestling with such matters as the creation of the world and the existence of God—affirming, denying, doubting, and believing by turns.

Often his mind is made up before we are aware that he has been weighing religious evidences. The turning-point comes to the average individual before he is twenty-one years old.

The earlier the church gets to work to save the boy the better the chance to forestall the Devil. But it is a work that can be done only with the help of Christ, who "sought me when a stranger, wand'ring from the fold of God."

(Concluded.)



A CORRECTION.

In the September number, page 404, paragraph 4, line 15, there should be a comma after the word *ministers*, instead of a period. As it is the sense is obscured and the construction made faulty. Also on the same page in the selected passage placed under the photograph of Elder Lambert, read Mark Phelps, as found in the body of the article.

Daughters of Zion

Truer Parenthood, Better Children, Happier Homes, Purer Society.

CALLIE B. STEBBINS, Editor.

"A partnership with God is motherhood;
What strength, what purity, what self-control,
What love, what wisdom, should belong to her,
Who helps God fashion an immortal soul."

ADVISORY BOARD.—Mrs. B. C. Smith, president, 214 South Spring Street, Independence, Missouri; Mrs. H. A. Stebbins, vice-president, Lamoni, Iowa; Mrs. T. A. Hougas, secretary, Henderson, Mills County, Iowa; Mrs. F. M. Smith, 630 South Crysler Avenue, Independence, Missouri; Mrs. S. R. Burgess, 5920 Etzel Avenue, St. Louis, Missouri.

DAUGHTERS OF ZION PROGRAM AT LAMONI STAKE REUNION.

The committee having in charge the order of services for the Lamoni Stake Reunion reserved the forenoon hour, from fifteen minutes of eleven to noon, two days for Sunday-school work, two days for the Religio, and one the Daughters of Zion were invited to occupy.

The Daughters of Zion reading for the month (August) was the article by Mrs. B. C. Smith, "The Power of Example in the Keeping of the Sabbath," and in harmony with this, "The Sabbath" was made the theme of their program. The reading was read by Sr. Frances Davis, Sr. Vida E. Smith read a paper upon "Consecration, or Singleness of Heart," and Srs. Aletha Tilton and Aletha May Skinner rendered a duet entitled, "Sweet Sabbath Eve." Preceding these numbers, Sr. Anna Salyards conducted a scripture exercise in which the congregation joined in gleaning from the scriptures some of the very interesting instruction with regard to the Sabbath. In her comments, Sr. Salyards presented some valuable information from other sources, showing that the practice of keeping one day in seven as a sacred day of rest was of great antiquity. The substance of her work is given herewith, under the heading, "The Sabbath Day."

Bro. J. A. Gunsolley was in charge of the exercises, and Bro. Charles B. Woodstock conducted a general discussion upon the matter presented.

At this service hymns numbers 48 and 50 from the Hymnal were sung, and there were some who thought they had never felt the depth of their meaning as much as upon this occasion. When you have finished reading the matter contained in this department, may we suggest that you read these hymns and thoughtfully consider the beauty and solemnity of their words.

THE SABBATH DAY.

The Hebrew word *shabbath* means a cessation, a resting from that which we have been doing. The first sabbath was observed when the Lord rested from his labors in creating the world. Genesis

2: 2, 3 tells us that "on the seventh day God ended his work which he had made; and he rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made. And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it; because that in it he had rested from all his work which God created and made."

Notice that he blessed and sanctified the seventh day. To sanctify is to set apart as holy. In the beginning of the world, God sanctified the seventh day, the day of rest.

In Doctrine and Covenants 36: 13 we read of a time when "for the space of a thousand years shall the earth rest." This is the great millennial sabbath that shall be enjoyed by the faithful saints who are prepared to partake of it.

In the beginning of the world, God sanctified the sabbath. It was at the end of the six days of creation (of whatever length these days may have been). The millennial sabbath will be at the close of the sixth thousand years, when an angel shall stand upon sea and land and declare that time shall be no longer. Doctrine and Covenants 85: 35. We may consider the first sabbath a type of the great sabbath of rest, the millennium which shall come at the end of the world when time has been declared no longer.

The gospel, with its hope of the millennium, was given to Adam. Is it not reasonable to believe that the observance of the sabbath day, type of millennial rest, was enjoined upon him?

The division of time into weeks by the sabbath differs from all our other divisions of times; the day, the month, the year, with its four seasons, being determined by the relations of the earth to the sun or the moon, while the division into weeks is caused by the word of God, which commands the setting apart of every seventh day.

The Smith-Peloubet Bible Dictionary tells us that the division of time into weeks is of great antiquity. It appears to have been so divided in the time of Noah, when he sent out the dove from the ark and waited each time seven days before sending her out again. Genesis 8: 7-12. The week is mentioned in the time of Jacob. Genesis 29.

The historian, Horne, says that one of the most striking collateral confirmations of the Bible account of the creation is in the fact that time was divided into weeks by other ancient nations than the Hebrews. He says it was so divided by the Egyptians, the Chinese, Romans, and Northern Barbarian nations, some of whom had little or no communication one with another, and were not even known by name to the Hebrews.

The sabbath instituted in Eden would continue after its significance was forgotten, as many other appointments of the gospel linger in a corrupt form among people who know not God. Geikie supports by the authority of the eminent scholar, Professor Sayce, his statement that, in Abraham's time, centuries before the law was given on Sinai, there was had among an ancient Semetic race a day called Sabattew, which means, "a day of the rest of the heart." He says that on that day the king dared not ride out in

his chariot, or eat flesh cooked at the fire or in the smoke, or wear white, or offer sacrifice, or issue decrees, or let an augur give his auguries, or take medicine, or speak in public, or change his clothes, or utter a curse, or violate other details of a long list of minute restrictions.

It is altogether reasonable to believe that the sabbath was known among the saints in the earliest ages of the world, for there would be the same benefit to be derived from it then as later. Among those who had lost the knowledge of God, the observance of the day would become perverted, but we can trace in the foregoing the principle of abstaining from the occupations of the other days of the week, and it is very significant of the sacred character of the day that it was still known as "a day of the rest of the heart."

When we come to the time of Moses, when the law was given on Sinai, the sabbath is mentioned as a thing already known, as something familiar. The commandment was, "Remember the sabbath day to keep it holy."—Exodus 20: 8. Here we are told that the day was to be kept holy, and Exodus 23: 12 tells us it was to be a day of rest. "Six days thou shalt do thy work, and on the seventh day thou shalt rest."

Before this command was given, while the people of Israel were on the way from Egypt to Sinai, the Lord had made a practical application of the teaching it contained by providing for the observance of the seventh day when he sent the manna. When a double portion of the manna came on the sixth day, Moses said, "This is that which the Lord hath said, To-morrow is the rest of the holy sabbath unto the Lord. . . . Six days ye shall gather it; but on the seventh day, which is the sabbath, in it there shall be none. . . . So the people rested on the seventh day."—Exodus 16: 23, 26, 30.

The following verses show us that the observance of the sabbath was one of the signs of the covenant between God and man.

"Speak thou also unto the children of Israel, saying, Verily my sabbaths ye shall keep: for it is a sign between me and you throughout your generations; that ye may know that I am the Lord that doth sanctify you. . . . Wherefore the children of Israel shall keep the sabbath, to observe the sabbath throughout their generations, for a perpetual covenant. It is a sign between me and the children of Israel for ever."—Exodus 31: 13, 16, 17.

That this sign of the covenant should be observed, that thereby they might know the Lord, was of such importance in the sight of God that he made death the penalty for defiling the sabbath.

"Ye shall keep the sabbath therefore; for it is holy unto you: every one that defileth it shall surely be put to death: for whosoever doeth any work therein, that soul shall be cut off from among his people. Six days may work be done; but in the seventh is the sabbath of rest, holy to the Lord: whosoever doeth any work in the sabbath day, he shall surely be put to death."—Exodus 31: 14, 15. See also Exodus 35: 2. In Numbers 15: 32-36 we read of a man who violated this command by gathering sticks on the sabbath,

and the Lord commanded that he should be put to death by stoning. This has been considered an undue punishment and we can only understand it in the light of the Lord's words to Nephi, "It is better that one man should perish than that a nation should dwindle and perish in unbelief."

In Leviticus 26:2 reverence for the Lord's sanctuary is associated with sabbath keeping: "Ye shall keep my sabbath and reverence my sanctuary." In this chapter great blessings are promised to Israel if they will keep the Lord's commandments, but woe is pronounced upon them and desolation upon their land if they will not keep them. They had been commanded to allow their land to rest during certain years which were also called sabbaths, and they were told by the Lord that if they brought destruction upon themselves by disobedience, "Then shall the land enjoy her sabbaths, as long as it lieth desolate, and ye be in your enemies' land; even then shall the land rest, and enjoy her sabbaths. As long as it lieth desolate it shall rest; because it did not rest in your sabbaths, when ye dwelt upon it."—Leviticus 26:34, 35.

Israel became established in the land of Canaan and there went into spiritual decline. The book of the law which Moses had been commanded to write for them, and which their kings were admonished to study diligently, was finally lost sight of. From time to time prophets were sent with warning voice, seeking to save the people from the sufferings that would come upon them by their neglecting to keep the Lord's commands.

Before the downfall of the ten tribes Isaiah was sent to Israel, but this people would not give heed to his messages, and the Assyrians came and carried them away out of their land. Isaiah remained with Judah and through him the Lord still sought after that people. The fifty-eighth chapter of Isaiah opens with the commanding language, "Cry aloud, spare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet, and show my people their transgression, and the house of Jacob their sins." Through the prophet the Lord denounces their sins, but still promises good to them if they will "loose the bands of wickedness" and show mercy to the afflicted; in language that would reach any but the hardened heart he pleads with them not to trespass upon his holy day, and renews his promises to them if they will delight to honor him.

"If thou turn away thy foot from the sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day, and call the sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable; and shalt honor him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words: then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father."

In the time of Josiah, king of Judah, the book of the law was found. The king mourned because he and his people had been going so contrary to its teachings, and he set about restoring the observance of the law. He made every effort to establish righteousness and to escape the woes that were predicted in the book.

After his death, one of the first signs of returning laxity in spiritual matters was a disregard of the sabbath.

At this time Jeremiah was commanded to stand in all the gates of Jerusalem where the kings and all the inhabitants who passed through the gates might hear, and declare to them this word of the Lord.

“Thus saith the Lord, Take heed to yourselves, and bear no burden on the sabbath day, nor bring it in by the gates of Jerusalem; neither carry forth a burden out of your houses on the sabbath day, neither do ye any work; but hallow ye the sabbath day, as I commanded your fathers. But they obeyed not, neither inclined their ear, but made their neck stiff, that they might not hear, nor receive instruction. And it shall come to pass, if ye diligently hearken unto me, saith the Lord, to bring in no burden through the gates of this city on the sabbath day, but hallow the sabbath day, to do no work therein; then shall there enter into the gates of this city kings and princes sitting on the throne of David, . . . and this city shall remain for ever. But if ye will not hearken unto me to hallow the sabbath day, and not to bear a burden, even entering in at the gates of Jerusalem on the sabbath day; then will I kindle a fire in the gates thereof, and it shall devour the palaces of Jerusalem, and it shall not be quenched.”—Jeremiah 17: 21-25, 27.

The people did not hearken, but went on in wickedness, their city was destroyed, they were carried into captivity in Babylon, where they remained for seventy years, and their land enjoyed her sabbaths while they were in the enemies' country, as the Lord had predicted to them. “Therefore he brought upon them the king of the Chaldees . . . and they burnt the house of God, and brake down the wall of Jerusalem, and burnt all the palaces thereof with fire . . . and them that had escaped from the sword, carried he away to Babylon; . . . to fulfill the word of the Lord by the mouth of Jeremiah, until the land had enjoyed her sabbaths: for as long as she lay desolate she kept sabbath, to fulfill threescore and ten years.”—2 Chronicles 36: 17, 19-21.

Again, through Ezekiel, the Lord said, “Moreover also I gave them my sabbaths, to be a sign between me and them. . . . But the house of Israel rebelled against me . . . they walked not in my statutes . . . and my sabbaths they greatly polluted: then I said I would pour out my fury upon them.

When the seventy years captivity were over the Jews were restored to their land. Their city was rebuilt under the leadership of Nehemiah, the service of the Lord's house was established, and the people made acquainted with the law. Then for a time Nehemiah was absent from Jerusalem, and of the time when he returned he says:

“In those days saw I in Judah some treading wine-presses on the sabbath, and bringing in sheaves, and leading asses; as also wine, grapes, and figs, and all manner of burdens, which they brought into Jerusalem on the sabbath day: and I testified against

them in the day wherein they sold victuals. There dwelt men of Tyre also therein, which brought fish, and all manner of ware, and sold on the sabbath unto the children of Judah and in Jerusalem. Then I contended with the nobles of Judah, and said unto them, What evil thing is this that ye do, and profane the sabbath day? Did not your fathers thus, and did not our God bring all this evil upon us, and upon this city? Yet ye bring more wrath upon Israel by profaning the sabbath. And it came to pass, that when the gates of Jerusalem began to be dark before the sabbath, I commanded that the gates should be shut, and, charged that they should not be opened till after the sabbath: and some of my servants set I at the gates, that there should no burden be brought in on the sabbath day. So the merchants, and sellers of all kind of ware, lodged without Jerusalem ones or twice. Then I testified against them, and said unto them, Why lodge ye about the wall? If ye do so again, I will lay hands on you. From that time forth came they no more on the sabbath."—Nehemiah 13: 15-21.

Coming to the time of Jesus, we find that it was his custom to keep the sabbath. Luke 4: 16 tells us: "And he came to Nazareth, where he had been brought up: and, as his custom was, he went into the synagogue on the sabbath day."

On the sabbath, at different times Jesus healed a man with a withered hand, a woman who had suffered for eighteen years; also a man with the dropsy, and the impotent man at the pool of Bethesda. From Matthew 12: 12 and Luke 6: 9 we learn his rule, that it is lawful to do good on the sabbath. When the Jews found fault with him for healing on the sabbath, he made defense saying that the sabbath was made for man. (Mark 2: 27.) We may ask, Does this sanction a desecration of the sabbath? The sabbath being made for man, is he justified in using his own pleasure in the way he keeps it? We may come to an understanding of what is right for us to do on the sabbath by answering the question, What things come under the head of doing good on the sabbath? Those are the things we may do.

We are free from the law of Moses with its sentence of physical death, but its principles are renewed to us in the life-giving spirit of the gospel covenant. The word of the Lord comes to us in our own time and tells us, "the inhabitants of Zion shall also observe the sabbath day to keep it holy."—Doctrine and Covenants 68: 4. In Doctrine and Covenants 119: 7 we are instructed that we are to keep the first day of the week as a day of rest and a day of worship; that on this day we should "refrain from unnecessary work; nevertheless, nothing should be permitted to go to waste on that day, nor should necessary work be neglected."

What is necessary work? What is unnecessary work? To Israel the Lord set the example of sending the manna for the sabbath that it might be in readiness the day before. Was the example for them alone, or should we profit by it also? It is highly important that we decide in our own minds what work is necessary and what unnecessary; for it is required of us to do the one and

not to do the other. Israel of old suffered from profaning their sabbaths. Shall we not suffer if we profane our sabbaths?

What is the result where men do not observe the sabbath? It is to lose knowledge of God and of his word. It is to become heathen. The Lord said to Israel concerning the sabbath, "It is a sign between me and you that ye may know that I am the Lord that doth sanctify you." It was to preserve to them the knowledge of God. Does it not answer the same purpose for us?

The Lord has told us why we should go to church on the sabbath. "And that thou mayest more fully keep thyself unspotted from the world, thou shalt go to the house of prayer and offer up thy sacraments upon my holy day; for verily this is a day appointed unto you to rest from your labors, and to pay thy devotions unto the Most High; nevertheless thy vows shall be offered up in righteousness on all days, and at all times; but remember that on this, the Lord's day, thou shalt offer thine oblations, and thy sacraments, unto the Most High, confessing thy sins unto thy brethren, and before the Lord."—Doctrine and Covenants 59:2.

The paragraph that follows points out the rule concerning necessary work, and tells us the spirit in which it should be performed. "And on this day thou shalt do none other thing, only let thy food be prepared with singleness of heart."

We read in Hebrews 4:9-11: "There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God. For he that is entered into his rest, he also hath ceased from his own works, as God did from his. Let us labor therefore to enter into that rest." Rest here means a sabbath. There remaineth therefore a sabbath for the people of God. Let us prepare for it by keeping the Lord's sabbaths here.

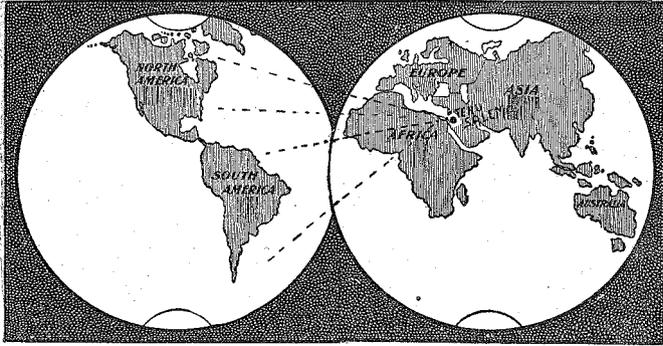


"IT IS SAID the traveler in the Holy Land coming to the famous Sea of Galilee, is wonderfully surprised to find growing on its shores the most beautiful flowers that are to be found in all Palestine, but coming on down the famous Jordan River to the Dead Sea a very remarkable contrast is noticeable, the shores of this sea being absolutely barren and lined with nothing but crusted salt. The Sea of Galilee *gives* up all the waters that flow into it, while the Dead Sea *retains* all waters which reach its shores, and these two seas may well be likened to two classes of human lives. The life *into* which flows many blessings, and which gives them *out* again to others, may be likened to the Sea of Galilee, on whose shores grow the beautiful flowers, while the life retaining all that comes to it, but *giving* out nothing to others, may be likened to the old Dead Sea whose shores are barren and desolate. How are we to hope to give out to others that which will benefit and brighten and ennoble if we do not assimilate that which will benefit and improve and enrich the mind? How are we to be helpful, in the broadest and best sense, to those around us unless we are able to give them something out of the storehouse of the mind which will benefit and improve?"

The Religio's Arena

ELBERT A. SMITH, Editor, Lamoni, Iowa.

AMERICA A LAND OF PROPHECY.



THE LAND of America is a God-given land. It was first given by the patriarch Jacob to his son Joseph in his final blessing, and confirmed by him upon the crown of the head of him that was separated from his brethren, that was Ephraim. (See Genesis 22 to 26 inclusive.) It was again given to Joseph by prophetic declaration by the prophet Moses, and the special blessing of the man of God pronounced upon it; and it was stated that it was to rest upon the top of the head of him that was separated from his brethren. (See Deuteronomy 33:13-17.) The prophet declares: "Ephraim is my firstborn." (See Jeremiah 31:9.) He was to be the firstborn of the Lord in the restoration of Israel to their former home, Palestine, by being the one chosen by the Lord to whom he should restore the priesthood, with all its powers and privileges; hence, we must expect to find the latter-day prophet of the seed of Ephraim, and so he is; for he says, "I am an Ephraimite."

Then we find that the statement of Moses that this land was blessed for the precious things of heaven, was found to be true, in his word as given to us through the Ephraimite, who was the firstborn of God in the restoration, and also as given to the ancient inhabitants of this land as found in the Book of Mormon. And all people that dwell upon this land must worship God, or they shall be swept off the land when the cup of their iniquity is full, as were the ancient Jaredites; and all the Nephites, when they had filled to the brim the cup of their iniquity, and those Lamanites and Nephite dissenters that divided in unbelief, and became a dark and loathsome people, have perished from the land as a nation, or nations, and only for the promise of the God of heaven to Lehi and Nephi that he would preserve a remnant of their seed, until they were brought to a knowledge of their forefathers through the restoration of their long lost record, the Book of Mormon which

was hid up unto the Lord by the Nephite prophet, Moroni by name, before his people were swept off the land for their wickedness. And so the prophet declares that after being nearly exterminated by the Gentiles, because of their wickedness, that the Gentiles that ruled the country at that time should become a father to them, and care for them tenderly; and we all know that this Government has been a father indeed to the Lamanites or Indians, in caring for them, educating them, and training and civilizing them. It has been a hard and bitter lesson to them, but no harder than that of their brethren from Palestine, who because of their iniquity were scattered among all nations and became a hiss and a byword. God's word has been literally fulfilled in both cases. The prophet Lehi declares that if the people who dwell upon this land will keep the commandments of God, it shall be a land of liberty unto them. (See 2 Nephi 1:1; also 2 Nephi 7:2.) And there shall be no kings on this land raised up by the Gentiles. (See 2 Nephi 7:2.) There were kings among the Nephites, but this last king, Mosiah, was a just and holy man, and he counseled the nation to choose judges by the voice of the people, or by popular vote, and they heeded his counsel, and the plan was greatly approved of God. "For," said he, "I will be their king, and the people shall be free." And if the Lord makes them free, they shall be free indeed. So we quote from Mosiah 13:3-5. "Therefore choose you by the voice of this people, judges, that ye may be judged according to the laws which have been given you by our fathers, which are correct, and which were given them by the hand of the Lord. Now it is not common that the voice of the people desireth anything contrary to that which is right; but it is common for the lesser part of the people to desire that which is not right; therefore this shall ye observe, and make it your law to do your business by the voice of the people. And if the time comes that the voice of the people doth choose iniquity, then is the time that the judgments of God will come upon you; yea, then is the time he will visit you with great destruction, even as he has hitherto visited this land. And now if ye have judges, that they do not judge you according to the law which has been given, ye can cause that they may be judged of a higher judge; if your higher judges do not judge righteous judgments, ye shall cause that a small number of your lower judges should be gathered together, and they shall judge your higher judges, according to the voice of the people. [That is, the law as adopted by the voice of the people.] And I command you to do these things in the fear of the Lord; and I command you to do these things, and that ye have no king: that if these people commit sins and iniquities, they shall be answered upon their own heads." And now that this land is to have no more kings, that the sins of every man may be answered upon his own head, and as God, in these last days, was making preparation for the restoration of the gospel to benighted man, is it not likely that he would do as he did before, have a hand in framing the Constitution and laws of this nation of Gentiles whom he brought to this country to deliver

them from bondage in their own country, because they desired to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences? We think so, as God's ways are one eternal round, and to act like himself, he must do so again. You know history repeats itself. Why? Because God's ways are one eternal round; and so we find the Israelites, who were God's people, chose judges by the voice of the people, and this nation, chosen of God, chooses its rulers by the voice of the people in direct harmony with God's will as is evidenced by a quotation from the Book of Covenants 98:10 as follows: "And again I say unto you, Those who have been scattered by their enemies, it is my will that they should continue to importune for redress, and redemption, by the hands of those who are placed as rulers, and are in authority over you, according to the laws and Constitution of the people which I have suffered to be established, and should be maintained for the rights and protection of all flesh, according to just and holy principles, that every man may act in doctrine, and principle pertaining to futurity, according to the moral agency which I have given unto them, that every man may be accountable for his own sins in the day of judgment. Therefore, it is not right that any man should be in bondage one to another. And for this purpose have I established the Constitution of this land, by the hands of wise men whom I raised up unto this very purpose." Oh, how great is the wisdom of the Lord, and his ways are past finding out by finite man! Say, brethren, shall we not love this beautiful land of America, the "land of the free and the home of the brave," when we learn from God's word that it is choice above all other lands, and has God's special watchcare over it? Yes, a thousand times yes.

"And it came to pass that when they had come down into the valley of Nimrod, the Lord came down and talked with the brother of Jared; and he was in a cloud, and the brother of Jared saw him not. And it came to pass that the Lord commanded them that they should go forth into the wilderness, . . . and did build barges, in which they did cross many waters, being directed continually by the hand of the Lord. And the Lord would not suffer that they should stop beyond the sea in the wilderness, but he would that they should come forth even unto the land of promise, which was choice above all other lands which the Lord God had preserved for a righteous people; and he had sworn in his wrath unto the brother of Jared, that whoso should possess this land of promise, from that time henceforth and for ever, should serve him, the true and only God, or they should be swept off when the fullness of his wrath should come upon them. And now we can behold the decrees of God concerning this land, that it is a land of promise, and whatsoever nation shall possess it, shall serve God, or they shall be swept off when the fullness of his wrath shall come upon them. And the fullness of his wrath cometh on them when they are ripened in iniquity; for behold, this is a land which is choice above all other lands; wherefore he that doth possess it

shall serve God, or shall be swept off; for it is the everlasting decree of God. . . . And this cometh unto you, O ye Gentiles, that ye may know the decrees of God, that ye may repent, and not continue in your iniquities until the fullness come." Say, will you heed the warning, or will you perish? "Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter. Fear God, and keep his commandments: for this is the whole duty of man, for God shall bring the every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil."

D. S. BAUGHMAN.



WHITEWASH.

Uncle Jerry was black as the midnight,
 A fact that was loathsome to him;
 There was only one blessing he longed for,
 And that was a white, spotless skin.
 Little Harry, the child of his master,
 Awoke from his sleeping one day,
 And discovered the servant a-weeping
 O'er the unanswered prayers that he prayed.
 "Uncle Jerry," said Harry, to soothe him,
 Caressing the slave as he spoke,
 "You remember the walls of your cabin,
 All dirty and dingy with smoke?
 But you whitewashed the walls of your cabin,
 And now they are spotless as snow,
 Can't you whitewash your face, Uncle Jerry?
 Then it will be white, too, you know."
 "Ah, my boy," answered wise Uncle Jerry,
 "The walls do indeed appear white,
 But the dirt and the smoke is still under
 The whitewash that makes it all light.
 I could whitewash myself, Master Harry—"
 He paused just a moment to cough—
 "But I'm sure, oh, so sure, Master Harry,
 The whitewash, someday, would wear off."

Once a minister came to our city.
 We thought him a most perfect man.
 All his sermons were Christlike and powerful.
 More honor we gave to him than
 Any other that lived in the city.
 Alas, as the years sped away
 Then we found whom we honored, a scoundrel.
 He fled from our city one day
 Taking with him much wealth of the people.
 He fled with his ill-gotten gain,
 But some followed to get back their riches,
 They sought him. Their seeking was vain.
 Now, his name is a by-word among them.
 At it they will murmur and scoff;
 For they found him the blackest of villians,
 The hour that the whitewash wore off.

Ah, the lives in the world that are whitewashed,
 The characters black as the night;
 Ah, the actions all painted and covered

Appearing to all to be right!
 But the Father above knows each secret,
 He knows each desire of the heart,
 And they can't hide from him thoughts, all sinful,
 He knoweth the whitewashing art.
 And the creeds in the world that are whitewashed—
 No wonder the world's full of sin,
 When so much seeming right is presented
 And thinking they're following Him
 Who has died for them, lives for them, loves them;
 They find in His book, when they read,
 They have only been following blindly
 A sinful and falsified creed.
 But the Lord shall soon come in his glory—
 Oh, hasten thy coming, we pray,
 For 'tis then the deceitful and wicked
 And whitewashed shall all pass away.

MARCELLA SCHENCK.

Read before Woodbine (Iowa) Religio.



HOW WE CAN DO MISSIONARY WORK.



“We,” as here used, refers to the librarian or the gospel literature committee, so what follows will be intended to apply to that department of Religio work.

1. Placing books and tracts in public reading-rooms, libraries, hospitals, churches, etc. It seems that little need be added to this heading. Permission may be obtained by the committee from almost all such public places for the placing of tracts, books, periodicals, and they are quite sure to be read by many whom the preacher would never reach, and not a few will become interested and be prompted to investigate our system of religion more fully, and when an honest person investigates the truth it is to become converted. Many have read themselves into the church, and such usually are faithful members.

2. Lending books to persons interested. This we believe to be a good way to disseminate information. Nearly every Latter Day Saint has some books which he is glad to lend to those interested,

but as the individual members of the committee are not likely to have sufficient books in their own private libraries to accomplish much in this direction, we take it that this heading presupposes that the Religio possesses a library from which to supply these books; an idea we think well worth attention. Personal solicitation upon the part of all Religians in general, and members of the literature committee in particular, will locate the "interested persons" to whom these books are to be loaned.

3. Distributing tracts. First, at church. Regular receptacles might be provided in a conspicuous place where tracts could be placed by the committee and obtained by interested persons; or members of the committee could be stationed at the entrances with supplies of tracts which could be handed to strangers as they pass in or out. Second, house-to-house. A personal house-to-house canvass could be made by the committee, leaving tracts, and a few days later they could be called for, thus ascertaining who are interested; and other matter could be supplied to those who seem inclined to investigate. Third, in the streets. Upon public occasions, when large gatherings of people are assembled, tracts could be handed directly to individuals with a degree of good resulting therefrom. This would be especially profitable in cases of street-preaching. Fourth; through the mail. This method, though often productive of much good, is expensive and therefore should be done with care in order that the most possible good be done with the means placed at the disposal of the committee.

This paper is not intended to be exhaustive, but simply suggestive, leaving plenty of room for development, neither is it to be local in its application, but general. Every local committee has to deal with its own local conditions as circumstances permit. We can not contemplate a place, however, where some of these suggestions could not be put into practice, and thereby good be accomplished.

In our day the power of the press can not be overestimated. The policies and the destinies of nations are largely influenced by the editorial power of the day. In this age of rush in every department of life, the few think for the many, the many accepting the product of the few, largely without question, not having the time, the disposition, or the mental capacity to successfully controvert the ideas presented, hence the practically unlimited scope of the influence of the writer.

Recognizing this condition to exist, we as a people should take advantage of the situation and place within the reach of all who can and will read, that which will bring them to a knowledge of the truth.

A few cents will take a sermon where it would cost many dollars to send a preacher.

The distribution of literature should not be neglected, but promoted to the fullest extent by a systematic effort upon the part of all lovers of truth. Let him who is warned, warn his neighbor.

LAMONI, Iowa.

C. I. CARPENTER.

RELIGIAN'S DICTIONARY.

1.

TALK, *v. i.* To converse freely.

"I know a lady that loves *talk*ing so incessantly, she won't give an echo fair play."—Congreve.

"The *talkative* listen to no one, for they are ever speaking."—Plutarch.

TEACHING, *n.* The act or business of instructing.

"Scratch the green rind of a sapling, or wantonly twist it in the soil, and a scarred or crooked oak will tell of the act for centuries to come. So it is with the *teachings* of youth, which make impressions on the mind and heart that are to last for ever."—F. W. Robertson.

"The *teacher* is like the candle which lights others in consuming itself."—Ruffini.

TEMPER, *n.* Disposition of mind.

"*Temper*, if ungoverned, governs the whole man."—Shaftsbury.

"A tart *temper* never mellows with age; and a sharp tongue is the only tool that grows keener with constant use."—Washington Irving.

TEMPERANCE, *n.* Moderation in the use of things lawful and total abstinence from things unlawful.

"I have four reasons for being an abstainer—my head is clearer, my health is better, my heart is lighter, and my purse is heavier."—Guthrie.

"I dare not drink for my own sake, I ought not to drink for my neighbor's sake."—T. L. Cuyler.

"Every moderate drinker could abandon the intoxicating cup if he would; every inebriate would if he could."—John B. Gough.

E. A. S.



THE ORDINARY THINGS.

We often have exalted ideas and feel that our lives would be very unsatisfactory to us unless we should accomplish some great thing. But we must not forget that the world is not made up of the great things, but by far the greatest part of this life is made up of ordinary things. It is only now and then we meet a person of extraordinary ability, or one who has extraordinary wealth, influence, or skill. On the other hand the world is full of ordinary persons, things, and actions.

Ordinary persons raise the food we eat, make the clothes we wear, and chop the wood we burn; but how essential they all are to our welfare and happiness. Great people are like automobiles: they get along finely on a smooth road, but when they come to a mire they can not pull you through. At such a time you would rather have an ordinary horse than a fine automobile.

A lamp is an ordinary thing. A stove is an ordinary thing. A loaf of bread is an ordinary thing. A needle is an ordinary

thing. But how we would shiver on cold days if there were no stoves, and nothing would give more pleasure to a hungry person than a good loaf of bread, and we have of late been made to realize that an ordinary lamp was a convenience more to be depended upon than a brilliant gas jet, and the little, simple, ordinary needle can be made to accomplish feats that the sewing machine never thought of.

To speak a kind word to a child, to have a smile for those we meet, to be on time for every engagement, to be ready to lend a helping hand, are all ordinary actions, but how far they go to brighten life around us. If a little child comes to you to ask a favor of you, and its wish is granted with a kind word, it goes away happy and bright, but if you turn it away with a cross word it will remember it always, and that word will help to darken that child's life just that much.

Since ordinary things go to fill so large a part of our lives, they are not to be despised, and the little things are well worth our best efforts. The great things will follow afterwards. Let those who have ordinary talents improve what they have and their opportunities will increase as they progress. One improved ordinary talent is better than one hundred unimproved extraordinary talents.

TESSIE SMITH.



WHAT IS THE HOME CLASS DEPARTMENT DOING FOR US?

"The Home Class is planting seed that in years to come will bring forth a bountiful harvest for good and for God."

It is an old, old saying, but just as true to-day as when it was first uttered, that—"God helps those who help themselves." This is true in temporalities, and especially true in spiritual affairs.

Everything that we do that amounts to anything requires effort; and if we are to be the recipients of blessings from God, we must not only "take time to be holy," but "study to show ourselves approved." I believe it was our Methodist friends who were the originators of young people's societies; and years ago when Zion's Religio-Literary Society was organized it took on something of the form of the then existing societies in other churches. The improvement and advancement in the Religio has been so great that it is to-day one of the most important auxiliaries to the church.

The opposition to both the Religio and the Sunday-school by some of the members of the church is now practically eliminated; and a future of further advancement is open to the Religio if its members will but occupy.

One of the most important advancements in the Religio was the establishing of the Home Class Department; and while this department is, we might say, in its infancy, it is occupying a very important place and its influence will be felt more and more, if the Saints will but avail themselves of the opportunity which it offers.

What is the Home Class Department doing for us? It is prac-

tically placing at the disposal of those who are situated in isolated places, and those who from age and other reasons are unable to attend, the same advantages which the Religio affords, minus the fellowship and associations which these meetings give.

In the Home Class Department each member is required to put so much study on each lesson—something that is not always done in an organized Religio—so this is one of the advantages of the Home Class. Again, the literary part of the Religio meeting will at times take more than the allotted time, to the detriment of the time that should be spent in the study of the lesson.

The study of the Book of Mormon has come to be such a part of the Religio and Home Class that one can not think of them, without associating with them the Book of Mormon; and this can not but bring forth great results.

To some, the Book of Mormon has been said to be dry reading. There is a good deal of repetition in its make-up, and those who are looking for pleasing diction have found fault; but can not the same be said regarding parts of the Bible?

But with the helps in the preparation of the lessons, the archaeological research which is developing, authenticating the truthfulness of God's word in this land, the study to the unbiased and unprejudiced mind becomes intensely interesting, and is resulting in the Book of Mormon being read and studied more to-day than at any time since the reorganization, if not before.

Will this not bring results?

It will prepare the rising generation with facts indisputable, and a position regarding the Book of Mormon which can not be gainsaid, if we are but true to God.

Aside from the study of the Book of Mormon, the home class work is planting seed, that we all hope in years to come will bring forth a bountiful harvest, for good and for God.

The harvest will be great, and it will depend largely on the older Saints as to what that harvest will be, wheat or tares. Time was when the influence for good in the world was more prevalent than to-day; but as we near the end of the "Gentile reign," men are becoming "lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God," and this influence is being felt by the rising generation in our church, as well as in the world.

Our environment in a greater or less degree shapes our destiny; and it is here where the home class work can do its greatest good, by giving to those who are to build them up, to occupy their time, and fill in a place that will bring to those who will avail themselves of this opportunity benefits of a substantial nature; and with the influence of God's Holy Spirit accompanying the study, many will be kept from drifting with the world.

I am sure there are those who have been led to investigate our claims and come into fellowship with us, through first associating with some Home Class; so let us extend this Home Class Department until every member of the church who can will become identified with the Religio or Home Class. Then would the redemption of Zion be near.

ARTHUR H. ADAMS.

JASPER, Minnesota.

CORRECTIONS.

In the new *Religio Quarterly* (for October, November, December, 1907,) the following corrections should be noted:

On the title page a typographical error occurs in "Lessons on the Book of Mormon and Latter-Day Revelation," etc. The word *latter* begins with an S instead of an L, making it read *satter*. It will be understood that *latter* is intended.

In lesson 1, page 119, the lesson outline has been crowded so as to make the first part read differently from the way it was intended. The bracket inclosing *Is Indestructible, Is Conscious, Always Existed*, should follow, or be preceded by, *Spirit*, only, not *Spirit and Body*, as it now stands.

Lesson 4, page 131, the heading, *Introduction*, has been omitted, after *Associated Text*.

Lesson 6, page 140, *Subject Thought* and first part of the quotation have been omitted. It should be:

Subject Thought.—"The day cometh that all shall rise from the dead and stand before God, and be judged according to their works."

Lesson 6, page 142, first column, just before the text citation, "Alma 9:3, small edition," etc., the topical heading, *Spiritual Death*, should be inserted.

Lesson 7, page 149, first column, in the third line from the bottom of the page, the fifth word, a letter has been left out. The word should be *called*.

EDITOR RELIGIO QUARTERLY.



LIBRARY DEPARTMENT.

We have received several inquiries as to what books to place in our local library. We hope that the inclosed brief sketch will answer most of these inquiries.

It has been with pleasure indeed that we have noted the interest taken in the library work, and the extra articles printed in the "Arena." Many of them would have been printed with pleasure in this column, but as it is we have gained double space.



WHAT BOOKS IN OUR LOCAL LIBRARY.

Our great purpose is to become church members in the fullest and largest sense of the word,—Zion. Hence no department of knowledge can be finally shut out, though in each department we expect to have room for only the best books. Still, there are some books of more importance to us just now. Many insist that the public library fills our needs. But the public libraries have not as a rule the books we most need, and again, what they have is often mixed up with the undesirable.

For home use our library should be as complete as possible. Yet with the most earnest effort we can not all of us afford to buy all the *church books* at once. But, acting together for the common

good, there should be no branch without one complete collection of church books, which may be used for reference, study, and home examinations by each and every one.

So all can not afford all the *church papers*. But, acting together, there should be no branch in which access can not be had to any church periodical. Nor should members cease subscribing. Many will want a home copy, but none should be without possible access to all church papers.

Then there are books of reference for the Sunday-school and Religio. For the Sunday-school,—a good Bible encyclopedia, dictionary, concordance, and commentary; for the Religio, American Archæology (see list in *Sunday School Exponent*, October, 1906), philosophy, great world religions; and for both, teachers and teaching, normal work, child study, and the like.

In time, when our purse and time warrants, we shall want a general encyclopedia, general dictionary, histories, and some of the world's best literature. As we grow, our ability and needs will grow, and we may take a much larger view. Many other subjects may be added as we go along, and even now volumes picked up on the history of the church, including attacks thereon.

But at the very threshold another need appears, and that is for a select list of books for the children. To turn them loose to choose would certainly be a mistake, especially when so readily a good selection can be made for home use. We can afford to select the best of juveniles, fairy stories, histories, travel books, science books, nature studies—all written especially for children, and graded from imaginative period to history. This part is still under the direction of the stake or district library board, though the books while in any particular library will be in charge of the local board. In this way a larger selection can be made for the use of all the schools and branches in the district.

The general librarians are preparing a suggestive list giving title, author, publisher, price, and brief sketch of character of books, and they hope soon to have it ready for publication. This list will not only include juveniles, but books for local library as well. We want it to be but a nucleus, however, from which to grow.



POETIC NONSENSE.

You got back, massa, from de town?
 You fetch my ma'yage license down?
 Dem license read for Sal and me?
 Dat's a pity, massa, 'caze you see
 Since you been gone I change my min'
 And conclude I'll marry Adeline—
 Des you take dem license and change de name—
 And lemme ma'y on 'em all de same.
 You can't do dat? Cost me two dollars mo'?
 Oh, no, sah, massa! No, sah, no!
 Des leave de name dat's writ dar Sal's,
 'Caze dar ain't two dollars diffunce 'twixt dem gals!

—MARTHA YOUNG.

NORMAL LESSON ON THE BOOK OF MORMON.

Lesson III.—The Period of Nephite Unity.

This period begins with union of the Nephites and the people of Zarahemla about 200 B. C., and closes with the death of Mosiah II, the last Nephite king, 91 B. C. It covers three generations, the last of which witnessed the union of all the godly people in one nation, hence it is called the period of Nephite unity.

The period is divided into three epochs, as follows:

1. The first generation, in the days of Mosiah I, who was chosen the ruler of the Nephite, Zarahemlite confederacy. Shortly after the occupancy of the land of Zarahemla by the Nephites, some of the people became anxious to reoccupy the land of Nephi. A colony under the leadership of one Zeniff (the supposed brother of Amaleki, son of Abinadom,) returned to the land of Nephi, and occupied the city of Lehi-Nephi, by permission of the king of the Lamanites.

2. a. The second generation, in the days of King Benjamin, who ruled over the Nephites, after his father Mosiah I. Some contention between the Nephites and Lamanites is recorded. The last of the prophetic line, Amaleki, dying without issue, the sacred records and things were conferred upon King Benjamin.

b. Zeniff having passed away, his son Noah reigned as king in the city of Lehi-Nephi. Being a wicked man, he debased the nation, and much evil ensued. Abinadi, a prophet, came prophesying of the destruction of the people. He was put to death. Alma, one of Noah's priests, was converted, and, having received authority from God, organized the church in the land of Mormon, but being pursued they fled out of the land into the wilderness.

3. a. The third generation, Mosiah II, succeeds his father Benjamin as king of the Nephites. He was a righteous man, and ruled with equity all his days, and the people prospered. His sons refused to succeed their father, but went upon a mission to reclaim the Lamanites from the error of their wickedness. Mosiah, prior to his death, proclaimed a liberal law of the land, and Alma II, son of the founder of the church, was chosen chief judge of the republic. Alma I and Mosiah II died 91 B. C.

b. Limhi, son of King Noah, was chosen to succeed his father, who was put to death by the people. He was oppressed by the Lamanites so greatly that he and his people fled out of the land of Nephi and joined the Nephite nation under King Mosiah II, 121 B. C.

c. Alma I, the founder of the church, after fleeing into the wilderness, was subjugated by the Lamanites for a time, when by the direction of the Lord they came into the land of Zarahemla and were united with the Nephites. Alma was permitted by Mosiah to establish the church in Zarahemla, and was made, by the Lord, high priest of the church. Prior to his death he consecrated his son Alma high priest, and Mosiah conferred upon him the sacred records and things.

Thus were all the people who remembered God united. All became one nation, and for thirty years the kingdom of the Nephites was ruled in unity by Mosiah, when the monarchy was exchanged for a republic.

The principal occurrences which materially affected the future of the Nephites, were: The return of the colony under Zeniff to Nephi; the transfer of the sacred record to the family of Benjamin; the establishment of the church by Alma in the land of Mormon; the discovery of the twenty-four gold plates of Ether by the men of Limhi; and the refusal of the sons of Mosiah II to be king.

What is the third period of Book of Mormon history called? With what events does it begin and end? How long did it last? Why is it called the period of unity? How many epochs are there in this period? Who was the first king of the new confederacy? What desire was manifest among some of the people shortly after the union? Who led the colony? Where did they locate? Who succeeded King Mosiah? What sacred trust was reposed in him? Who succeeded Zeniff in Lehi-Nephi? Who prophesied in his reign? What great thing occurred in this generation? Where was the church organized? How could Alma organize the church? Who succeeded Benjamin in the land of Zarahemla? What unusual thing occurred with regard to his sons? Who reigned after the death of Noah? What occurred to the colony? Where did they remove to? What became of the church organized in the land of Mormon? What did Mosiah do in regard to the church? Who was consecrated to succeed Alma, the founder? What great change was made in the government of the Nephite nation? Mention some great happenings of this period.



NEWS FROM THE SOCIETIES.

Necedah, Wisconsin.—We are still trying to carry on the work here, although many of our young people are away. We have three classes and hold services right after the Sunday-school, excepting on the first Sunday of each month. Several here are taking up the normal work and hope that later more will be interested in it. It is just what we need. RILLIE MOORE.

London, Ontario.—London District Religio Association will convene in London, at 2 p. m., October 17. Much important business will be transacted, requiring representatives from every local and home class.

At night an instructive program will be given by our best workers.

Send all credentials to James Pycock, Humber Bay, before October 14.

FLORALICE MILLER, Pres.
JAMES PYCOCK, Sec.

Fall River, Massachusetts.—Our local here is bright and active, with our young Bro. John Sheehy acting as president. His inten-

tions are to organize a home class for parents who would like to attend but are deprived of the privilege. We have a large class of young people, ranging from thirteen to eighteen years of age, a primary class, and a senior class. We have tried a new method of arranging the programs. One week it is given into the hands of the lookout committee to provide the program, then it is turned over to the social committee, etc., and our programs are much better than before, and are of great profit in keeping our young people together. Our Sunshine Society, which is in connection with the Religio work, is to have a supper and concert with the main object in view to have in the treasury a surplus which we can use for the sick of our membership, by taking them a nice bouquet of flowers, some fruit, or other delicacy that they may be cheered in their affliction, and especially that they may know we are thinking of them when absent from the society.

One of our young sisters who has lately moved to another branch is sorely afflicted with inflammatory rheumatism, so a request was made that every one from the youngest to the oldest join in sending this sister a postal card surprise party, which we hope will lighten her affliction, and that through the prayers of God's people she may soon be restored and be able to perform her God given duties.

MRS. HATTIE HOWLETT.

Toronto, Ontario.—The Toronto Religio held its fourth annual rally in the beautiful new brick church, Sunday, September 8. Two sessions were provided for the locals by the district officers. The first was held in the morning and the other in the evening. The flower committee had tastily decorated the large auditorium with suitable flowers and plants. Over six hundred attended this rally, thirteen dollars were collected, and we believe good was done in every way. On September 10 an ice cream social was held in the basement of the church. It was well attended and patronized sufficiently to make it a financial success. Among the visitors we noticed Bro. and Sr. Pitt of Buffalo.

W. S. FAULDS.

Boston, Massachusetts.—You have not heard from the Boston local for some months, but it is not because we have had nothing to write; we have simply neglected to let you hear from us. Our president, Ada Sanford, is a wide-awake Religian. What was a loss to Providence was our gain when she returned to Boston last winter. We have a small attendance in summer, owing to so many being away during hot weather, but interest is good. The programs are nearly always carried out, not as they are arranged in the *Quarterly*, as we often find it impossible to use them, but as arranged by the program committee, using the *Quarterly* program as much as practicable. It is the president's aim to have all committees in working order all the time. The study of the lesson is as important to us as ever, if not more so. In fact, we believe we see a growing desire, manifest among the younger element especially, to become better acquainted with the book. The day is coming when we must be able to meet the opposing element, and

we shall have no plausible excuse if we are within range of a live Religio.

We expect to have a bigger and better Religio this fall than ever before, when the rest of our workers have returned. We wish every local in the church might live fully up to our motto, "Onward and upward."
MARY O. LEWIS.

Stockton, California.—Our Religio has been organized since July 1. It had a charter membership of thirty. It was decided recently to hold a "missionary tea." All were invited to be present and the gathering was held at the home of Sr. Kern. Refreshments were free, but an offering was taken such as each one could afford to give, and those who could give nothing were as welcome as others. Following the refreshments a short program was rendered. We adjourned to meet again in a similar meeting three weeks later.
K. E. FRAZIER.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.—Judging from the attendance at the last three or four meetings prospects are bright for our local. Since the union of the Religio and the Doctrine and Covenants class interest has increased. We can now call on our older members to participate in the meetings. At our last meeting Bro. Archibald Angus gave an interesting talk on his visit to Scotland, England, and Ireland. We now have four large classes, including two senior classes and one junior, and one Doctrine and Covenants class.
CLARA ZIMERMANN.

St. Louis, Missouri.—Interest and attendance seems on the increase. Two excellent papers were read at a recent meeting: one on the Book of Esther by Sr. Himmelgarn; one by Bro. A. W. Smith on the Book of Job. Owing to studies Bro. Ed Bell has discontinued his lessons to us in singing, and Sr. Anna De Jong, who was appointed in his stead, has given some very interesting lessons. The last Friday of the month a debate was held on the subject of holding bazaars and offering things for sale in the church. It was both interesting and beneficial.
MISS E. M. PATTERSON.

AUTUMN LEAVES

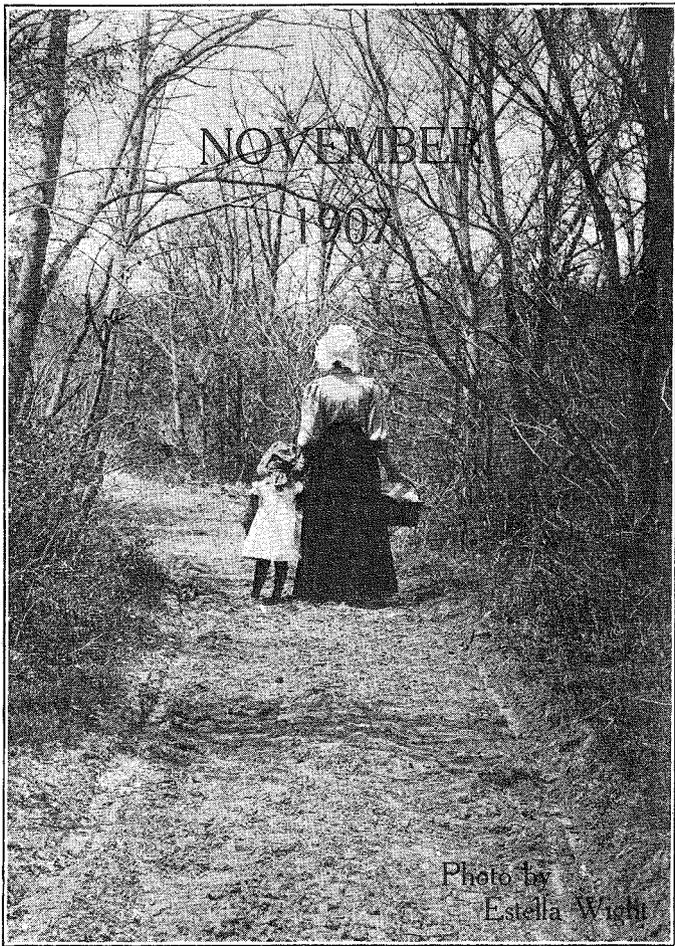


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AUTUMN LEAVES

ELBERT A. SMITH, Editor

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Juvenile Instructor.

THE HILL CUMORAH.

“Asked to describe in one word the chief characteristic of the place, I should reply that the intense tranquility and peacefulness of the entire scene and environment is its most striking feature.”

(See page 485.)

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AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ELDER J. C. CLAPP.—PART I.

LIFE IN NAUVOO; THE MARTYRDOM; THE EXODUS; CROSSING
THE PLAINS.

IHAVE many times been asked to write a history of my life and experience in the latter-day work, and I have now quite a volume of manuscript that I have thought of offering to the church, but on account of things that have come into my life of late years, I have concluded to withhold it; but quite recently I have consented to give a brief account of my life, and am sending it out with a prayer that it may aid some struggling one that may be called upon to pass through like experiences with myself, and that it may enable some to shun the mistakes that I have made and the stones over which I have stumbled.

As my narrative will be mostly confined to my own experience, I will be very brief in speaking of my parentage. My father, Benjamin L. Clapp, who was of German extraction, was at an early day associated with the church, having received the message in Graves County, Kentucky, where he then lived, at the hands of the late Wilford Woodruff. At or near the same time he was ordained to the priesthood under the hands of David Patton. He was an industrious and quite an able defender of the word, and for many years was one of the seven presidents of the seventy.

My mother, whose name was Shults prior to her marrying my father, was also of German extraction. Unto them were born nine children, five boys and four girls, who are now all dead but myself and my youngest sister, who now lives in Walla Walla, Washington. I have been told that my father descended from a warlike tribe that was possessed of wealth and political influence; but I ask no favors on that score. If I ever get anything in the day of judgment, or in this world, I want it to be what my personal efforts have merited.

Because of the spirit of persecution, my parents moved to Missouri and settled at Far West, where on August 24, 1837, I made my first appearance upon the stage of action. When I was a child (as I have often been told by my parents) I was blessed by the prophet Joseph Smith, and the prophet placed his own name and the name of his brother Carlos upon me, and made a prophecy to the effect that I should preach the gospel. The language, as I have

often heard it quoted, was that I should bear the gospel banner, and even upon the islands of the sea I should lift up the standard of truth.

From the time of the settling in Far West onward, our family was associated in some way with the church, and shared in the suffering and privation incident to that terrible persecution that the early Saints underwent, the fruits of which are felt by many to this day; for being driven from our homes and reduced to poverty, we were deprived of many of the comforts and conveniences of civilization, not the least of which was education; and on



JOSEPH AND HYRUM SMITH.

(Joseph at the right.)

"I well remember the awful gloom that was cast over the city of the Saints when the Prophet and Patriarch were slain."

account of poverty, as soon as we were big enough we were put to work, and the result was that we learned more about the corn-field than we did about the schoolroom.

The church was driven from Missouri, and we settled in Commerce, now called Nauvoo, on the east side of the Mississippi River, and it is here that my recollection and personal knowledge of things begin. The first thing of importance that I recollect was

the laying of the cornerstone for the temple. Although I was very young I can recollect it quite well, as though it had been last year. I have a bright recollection of many things that transpired—many of them I fain would forget if I could. I well remember the awful gloom that was cast over the city of the Saints when the prophet and patriarch were slain, and I saw the throng that wept around the lifeless forms of those two men of God. I, with my mother, came to the mansion where the dead lay, and as I saw the streaming eyes and heard the lamentations of the people, I too partook of the spirit of weeping; indeed it seemed to be in the very air. It seemed that the very heavens wept. My father, at the time, was away on a mission in the South, and my mother was so affected after looking on the faces of the dead, that she spent the following night in prayer for grace to help her bear up under the great trial. My two brothers older than myself went to bed and slept as usual; but I stayed and wept with my mother. Although I was but seven years old when this occurred I felt that it was the greatest calamity that could possibly befall the church; but alas! even a greater misfortune was in store for the people, and was brewing at the time of the martyrdom, but could not develop while he lived. "He who now letteth [or hindereth] will let, until he be taken out of the way. And then shall that wicked be revealed," etc.—2 Thessalonians 2: 7, 8.

Those that have passed through the same experience that I have, will understand why I say that a worse calamity than the martyrdom awaited the Saints. But these things have been so often and so graphically told that I need say nothing about them, and I only mention them to let the people know that I was there, and so far as I was capable, on account of my youth, was partaker of the sorrow and affliction that came to the church on account of the errors and false ambition of men.

We were expelled from Nauvoo in 1846, and our destination was supposed to be upper California, although the people of Utah have claimed that their settling in the great Salt Lake Valley was by the advice and direction of the prophet; but while traveling through the Iowa territory in our westward journey, we used to sing, "On the Road to California;" and again, "In upper California, that's the land for me;" and we never thought of Salt Lake until the pioneers discovered the Salt Lake Valley, which at that time belonged to Mexico, and Brigham Young decided to locate the church there, and as he expressed it, "Build up an empire of his own."

At the time of our exodus from Nauvoo, Iowa, was an Indian territory and was very sparsely settled. We settled Council Bluffs, then called Cainsville; also settled Florence, then called Winter Quarters; which is on the west side of the river in Nebraska. It was while we were located in this new country that the church (or I mean that portion of it that was willing to follow Brigham Young) was reorganized, and Brigham Young was made the president and declared the successor of the martyred prophet. I remember the effect upon many, especially upon my father, who claimed

that the church was or would be rejected because they had, contrary to the law, made Brigham Young president without any revelation from God, and from that day till the day my father left Utah he was never satisfied with the order of things then established.

My father, being of an adventurous disposition, went about forty miles up the river and settled on the Iowa side in a large bend of the river that we called "Nettle Bend." On the east side of us was a lake about one mile long and perhaps a half mile wide, which we called "Lake Benjamin," after my father. My father ran a string of fence from each end of the lake to the river, and because of the big bend in the river we inclosed about one thousand acres of land of wonderful fertility, although the two strings of fence were not more than a half mile each in length.

The country abounded in game and wild fruit and honey, and if



From an old painting.

THE EXPULSION FROM NAUVOO.

we had possessed sense enough to have stayed there, it would have been much better for us, both temporally and spiritually; but the Omaha Indians became a little hostile and threatened to kill us, and I am of the opinion that they would have done so had it not been that I had acquired the use of their language while we were in Council Bluffs and Winter Quarters, and as I could speak their tongue quite fluently, I became a favorite with them, which no doubt saved us serious trouble.

My father built houses and furnished land to any who would come up and settle with us, and we finally succeeded in getting four or five families to come; but, as the Saints were starting for

the West again, we were swallowed up in the general desire to go with the church. We did not start till the spring of 1850. I was then thirteen years old, but I drove a team of four yoke of oxen from Council Bluffs to Salt Lake City, over one thousand miles. On our journey to the West this time we did not sing "On the road to California," but it was,

"In thy mountain retreat,
 God shall strengthen thy feet,
 On the necks of thy foes thou shalt tread;
 And then silver and gold,
 As the prophet has told,
 Shall be brought to adorn thy fair head."

I don't know that I heard these words till after we arrived at Salt Lake City, but this expresses the spirit of the move.

Our train being large, it made traveling slow, and we were caught in the snowstorms in the mountains, which caused much suffering among the people, especially as quite a number of them were very poor and ill prepared for such a journey, much less for such severe weather. Cholera and mountain fever made some heavy demands upon us, and we left many little unmarked mounds that were the resting places of loved ones; but we finally reached the promised land, Salt Lake Valley, where we were assured in our new Zion we would be free from Gentile interference, and where mobs could never come to molest or make us afraid.

The people were courageous and happy, and they went to work with a zeal that was commendable, and the wilderness and the solitary places began to respond, and "The desert began to blossom as the rose."

(To be continued.)



THE HILL CUMORAH.

BY F. R. TUBB.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This brief description was written shortly after the visit of the Canadian Saints to the Hill Cumorah. Several of our readers expressed a desire to know the height of the hill, its present surroundings, whether it is at present under cultivation, etc. This article will answer at least a few of their queries.

BUT for the great kindness of the Hon. Pliny T. Sexton (a gentleman not only well able to supply the needed information, but who has upon many occasions exhibited towards our people a courtesy and cordiality which has won our lasting esteem) the present article could not have been penned, by its present writer at least; but this gentleman's courteous response to my letter enables me to introduce items of information which will, I trust, prove interesting.

Writing from Palmyra, New York, on July 18, Mr. Sexton says: "I think the Hill Cumorah is about one hundred feet high above the plane of its base. It can hardly be said to have a circumference [I had asked if he could kindly tell me the height of the hill,

also its circumference] since while quite steep at its north end, it runs back into a sloping table-land at the south."

I did not discover any traces of volcanic origin or action on Mount Cumorah myself; but to the student of the science of geology the next sentence of the honorable gentleman's letter is significant, for he goes on to say:

"That is the characteristic of the hills of this vicinity; their northern end abrupt and narrow, rising to a sharp ridge which widens out into a broad level land as they run on to the south."

This is to my own mind significant of a common origin in some cataclysmic upheaval in the long forgotten past; doubtless one of those mighty upheavals alluded to in the Book of Mormon history as contemporaneous with the crucifixion of the Christ.

A thorough and systematic examination of the entire vicinity by geological experts would, I believe, result in some very interesting and unlooked for discoveries as to the geological formations of this entire region. The hill (in reply to your other inquiry) is not under cultivation. Cattle graze at the southern slope or foot of the hill, which is inclosed with a ring fence and entered by a padlocked gate at the southern or southeastern end. Asked to describe in one word the chief characteristic of the place, I should reply that the intense tranquility and peacefulness of the entire scene and environment is its most striking feature. So much so indeed is this the case, that seated upon Cumorah's summit on a beautiful Sabbath morning, on the occasion of the visit of the Canadian Saints, I found it difficult to realize that such fierce and blood-curdling scenes of battle and murder and sudden death could ever have been enacted upon the slopes of this hillock, so calm and still in its peaceful and quiet loveliness and serenity. Indeed, were it not that our minds are fortified and forewarned in other fields of science and in other phases of nature, to behold, mark, and learn this very same lesson, it would become an impossibility for our finite minds to grasp or learn the lesson. A most desolating storm lashes the bosom of the sea into a cyclone of "stress and storm and fury." Fires from above leap to meet the angry waters from below. Lightning blazes with tropical glare and with blinding ferocity. The mammoth ocean liner is struck and all the world is stirred by the tragic story of over four hundred precious souls engulfed in an ocean grave, hurled into eternity in a moment. Yet who that gazes upon the calm and placid countenance of that same ocean but the very next morning can realize that but a few short hours before there was a scene of harrowing horror, fearful death and desolation, wherein hundreds escaped the devouring fires from above, only to be swallowed up and engulfed in the equally devouring waters from beneath.

Or take, for instance, some of the scenes of fearful and destructive earthquake and volcanic eruptions in which not merely tens or hundreds, but tens of thousands have been, as in the space of a lightning's flash, hurled into the vortex of instant ruin. Yet some of these very mountains and earthquake areas are now scenes of such idyllic repose that the inquiring mind of the visitor finds it

unspeakably difficult to realize that the bodies of unknown thousands lie entombed beneath those smiling fields of apparently for ever undisturbed tranquility. Astronomy, too, in her grandly exalted sphere terribly emphasizes this same relentless lesson. A star which for centuries has shone with an undimmed lustre and grandeur of the fifth or sixth magnitude, suddenly blazes out ten, thirty, sixty, and even an hundred fold its normal size and lustre without apparent reason, burns thus with undimmed fury for perhaps weeks or months, or it may be for two years, then as suddenly dies away and sinks into a dull ashen-colored orb which can not be discerned or distinguished save in the large thirty-six foot or forty foot equatorial telescope of our best equipped observatories. All is again as calm, as peaceful and serene as before, and the ordinary individual sees or notices nothing; yet to the mind of the astronomer is present the awful fact that far, far off in the regions of fathomless space a catastrophe has occurred, the vastness, the awfulness, and the magnitude of which no merely earthly calamity can afford the slightest idea or comparison! Suns, speeding with immense velocity, have met in awful collision, and involved not only each other, but whole systems of planets in one terrible vortex of ruin, fire, and desolation.

It is as though nature in her fierce and fiery moods blazes forth and shows her poor human children some brief glimpse of what might be, and then straightway draws the curtain of forgetfulness over the scene lest her children by dwelling too long upon the terrible aspect of her might, anger, and majesty, should forget that she is also the minister of love, joy, gentleness, and peace.

May that peace which permeates "Cumorah's lonely hill" ever abide with and brood over him who reads these lines, and they who may visit the same sacred spot.



PSALM OF THANKSGIVING.

BY ELBERT A. SMITH.

O Thou who art mighty, yet merciful,
How hast thou lifted us up out of the depths of humility
And planted us as it were upon a rock.

Thy truth came unto our tent in the desert,
As a stranger walking in the heat of the day.
Our hearts were opened unto it
As the parched earth opens to the summer rain.
It tarried with us and brought an everlasting blessing.

We said that we would rise up and follow where it led,
Even through the valley and the shadow of death;
But lo! it has led in ways of everlasting life,
Through broad valleys, by still flowing waters,
Among thy green and holy hills.

The manna of joy to our souls has fallen upon us.
Unto as many as did thy will and walked in thy way
Was given power to become the sons of God.
Better than the way of our choosing has thy way been.

As sheep know their shepherd so do we know thy voice
 And we will follow thee and no other.
 The wicked one and the scorner endured for a little season,
 But their fall was miserable, and it came speedily.

As the arms of Moses were upheld, so has our strength been.
 Thy law has been graven upon our hearts;
 Thy truth has been written within.
 Our minds have received wisdom from above;
 The citadels of our faith rest upon the eternal rock.
 Unto thee will we ascribe all praise.



EXPERIENCES AND OBSERVATIONS OF ONE OF OUR PATRIARCHS.—NO. 10.

BY J. R. LAMBERT.

CASE NO. 6. A middle-aged brother, head of a family, received his blessing under my hands. Three years later, for reasons best known to himself, he received a second blessing under the hands of our presiding patriarch, Alexander H. Smith. Bro. Smith did not know that the brother had received his blessing from another patriarch, else he would have refused to give the second one, at least until it had been established that he was entitled to it. But in striking similarity to the actions of the brother represented in case 5, he failed to deal in good faith with the patriarch. Are there any others who have done the same thing?

After returning home, Bro. Alexander H. Smith told me that, since giving this blessing, he was told that I had given him one three years previously. So, by agreement, we met together to compare. Sentence by sentence we made a careful comparison all the way through, as nearly as we could, and when we were through, we felt amply rewarded for the labor, confirmed in the work, and a little wiser than we were before.

We note a few of the salient points:

First, the sentiment contained in the two is completely harmonious. Second, the blessing given by Bro. Alexander H. Smith is one of his shortest, though perhaps a little longer than mine. The one given by me is one of the shortest I ever gave. Third, neither one designated his lineage. Fourth, both blessings are rich in promise, and the way is made plain for the brother to move in and occupy to the glory of God, and his complete salvation, if he will. Fifth, the conditions of the divine plan, or the necessity of obedience to them, is made emphatic and plain in both blessings. Sixth, instruction and warning are strong and conspicuous in both copies, which is not always the case, by any means.

I was told soon after giving this brother his blessing, that he had been under a strong impression and conviction, for quite a while, that he ought to be ordained to some ministerial position in the church; but they did not ordain him. We do not know, but it

is fair to presume, that the brother being under this strong conviction (claiming that the Lord had revealed it to him), would expect his supposed call to the ministry to be made plain in his patriarchal blessing; but in the one given by me the matter is not mentioned. Three years later, he concludes to get another, and still the matter is not mentioned!

I will only have space to give the second paragraph from each of the blessings:

“Dear brother, I bid thee to think carefully upon the great provisions and blessings of the divine plan; that thou mayest settle it in thine heart that it is the truth; that no trial may be able to move thee from the path of duty; that no wrong or deficiency of others may diminish thy love for God, and thy love for humanity. And when thou shalt behold that which is not in harmony with the pure gospel, in the conduct of others, let nothing but love and goodwill actuate thee. But move against these things, as may be proper and right, under the influences of the divine Spirit, with love to God and goodwill to all men. And so, thou shalt be greatly blessed, and you shall develop rapidly in the divine life. And thou wilt be able to look back upon thine experiences and trials and rejoice in the opportunities which God has given thee for thy development, and for acquiring a knowledge of divine things; and thy strength shall be equal to all the trials through which thou art called to pass, if thou wilt but do this.”

In the beginning of my work, as will be seen, I made a very imperfect use of some of the pronouns. This was caused by an attempt to conform to the solemn style.

The corresponding paragraph in the second blessing reads as follows:

“Now, I bid thee to serve the Lord faithfully, and though thy labor may call thee among those who have little regard for our heavenly Father, and less regard for the profession of faith which thou hast made, though their actions and words may disturb thee, and be hard for thee to bear, still I bid thee to be patient, and by a life of good works and kind words, even to those who would oppress thee, prove the strength and power of God, and win for thyself recognition because of thy goodness. Remember that our Lord and Savior, in his life, endured disappointments, and those things are to be borne as we are called upon to endure them; remember that it was written of him, that he was a man of grief, acquainted with sorrows; and always remember this, dear brother, that the trials of life are calculated to try and test the qualities and integrity of the individual, and if thou wilt bear them patiently, looking to the Lord for thy reward, and not expecting too much from thy fellow men, thou shalt be blest in thy life. Use the information which thou hast acquired by study and thy natural gifts, given of God, in wisdom and discretion, and thou shalt be recognized of God.”

At the risk of taking too much space I will quote the closing portion from each blessing:

“And I feel to say to thee, dear brother, that the reward is

sure. The inheritance shall be thine. But remember, that none will secure that inheritance, except those who carefully observe the conditions upon which it is graciously offered to men. And that thou mayest realize this, I seal upon thee the blessing of wisdom, the strength and power to overcome and to resist temptation; to continue in the way of life, that thou mayest indeed be a blessing to the erring ones, a rebuke to the wrong-doer, because of the purity of thy way and the influence of the divine Spirit, which shall come upon thee in answer to thy prayers and thy efforts to do right; and so, you shall secure the reward and be the means of accomplishing good."

Second blessing: "Seek to do good, every day; every day, adding to thy faith virtue, and to virtue diligence, and to diligence godliness, that by means of thus doing, thy life and its work may be found worthy, when the Master shall come, and thou shalt be found numbered among his jewels, and shall stand with the ransomed as they shall surround his throne.

"Now, dear brother, warning thee against the world, its follies and its dangers, I bid thee to be faithful and thou shalt pass through them in safety and receive from our Lord that welcome, 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter into my joy and partake of the holy bliss of life eternal.'"

Case No. 7. Because of such poor health, just before the convening of one of our general conferences, I prayed earnestly that God would give me strength to do my work; that I might not be overtaxed by a rush, but that they might be caused to apply one or two at a time, until God saw it was enough.

"A curious prayer," you say. Yes, especially for me; but it is more curious that it was so significantly answered. It seems to me that Bible believers, who of course are believers in God, must acknowledge one of two things, either God arranged things so as to answer my petitions, or I was led to pray in harmony with previous arrangement, made by him. In either case, God comes in for the greater share of credit, which is as it should be. We are not living in a world of chance.

But let us appeal to the record: April 3, the first day of the Religio convention, gave two blessings, one in the forenoon and one in the afternoon; April 4, two; April 5, none; April 6, two; April 7, one; April 8 and 9, none; April 10, two; April 11, one; April 12, one; April 13, two; April 14, one; April 15, one; April 16 and 17, none; April 18, three, one in the morning, two in the evening; April 19, last day of conference, none; April 20, one—nineteen in all, with a number of days to rest!

On the 18th, after our blessing meeting, I told my stenographer that I had no more names, did not expect any more, and was glad of it. I hardly need tell the reader, however, that we are sometimes mistaken; and in matters of this kind it will not do to set our stakes with a fixed determination not to pull them up should it become needful to do so.

As I approached the church to attend the last session of conference, I fell in company with one of our high priests, who about

the time we entered the church commenced to talk about my work. As nearly as I can remember, the conversation ran about this way:

"Well, I suppose you have been busy during the conference?"

"No, I have not been very busy, but have had all I wanted to do, and all I was able to do."

(At this juncture, I had the impression that he wanted his blessing, and immediately the voice of the Spirit spoke to me, in a clear, positive manner: "*Don't refuse to give it.*")

"I was thinking some of getting my blessing, but thought perhaps you had all you could do."

"We will give you your blessing yet, brother ——, if you desire."

"But I am going home to-morrow."

"At what time do you start?"

"I am going to take the first train after dinner."

"All right, we can give your blessing at half past eight in the morning."

Arrangements were completed and we passed to our seats in the conference. I felt at once an unusual weight of responsibility, and without delay lifted my heart to God in silent prayer. The matter recurred to my mind several times during the business session of the conference, and occupied my mind nearly all the way home, after adjournment.

In the dead hours of the night, I awoke, and the necessity of standing near to God when I should give this blessing was the first thing to occupy my mind. I could not tell why I felt that there was so much at stake. I prayed, and oh, there came to my soul such sweet peace and holy calm! I enjoyed it for a few minutes, then fell asleep, but awakened early and rose from my bed.

Before the time appointed I walked to the residence where the blessing was to be given, and was surprised to find the brother already there. I said, "Well, it is early, but we are all here and might as well go to work at once."

The Holy Spirit was with us from beginning to end in rich effusion, and we all rejoiced.

Up to this time nothing had been said to me that revealed the peculiar situation, but I was satisfied, whether I ever learned it or not. I learned a good while ago to be the best satisfied when I had good reason to know that God was with me; and not to be satisfied at all, when I had reason to believe he was not. We can not afford to neglect the only party that always constitutes the majority and is always right.

I walked off with the brother, telling my stenographer that I would soon return to look over the copy, as she should write it off. He said nothing to me about his previous condition, nor his blessing, nor I to him, but in less than two hours the mystery was made plain. I renewed my rejoicing, and offered gratitude to Him "from whom all blessings flow."

On my return, the stenographer said to me:

"Did brother —— tell you about his case, as you walked together away from the house?"

"No, he said nothing about it."

"Well, he told me, this morning. We were talking about it when you came. Then, I have boarded with Bro. and Sr. ——, and know how he was feeling. He was very much discouraged, and had concluded to withdraw from the ministry. I do not know whether he received all he desired in his blessing, but I do know that all the leading points of difficulty which he mentioned to me are plainly covered in the blessing. He got the idea that his methods and style, etc., were not acceptable to the people, and he could do no good among them, as a minister. I never saw anything like it! I could not doubt if I wanted to!"

I had noticed that the stenographer was in tears at the close of the blessing, and wondered what caused it. I thought, it can hardly be the outpouring of the Spirit, alone, for we have had many experiences like this, before. But all was plain now, and our conference labors closed with great joy in the Lord.

To make the lesson drawn from this experience a plain and profitable one, I present the following extracts from the brother's blessing:

"Now, I say to thee, for thy encouragement, and that thou mayest be comforted through thy labors, when thou hast trusted in God—even when thou didst feel very weak and frail—God has brought souls to a knowledge of the truth, the precious truth, as it is with him. Many others have been benefited, and have been enabled, because of thy labors, and thy faith, and thy prayers, to come nearer to him, and serve him in more complete harmony with his will. Therefore, lift up thy heart and rejoice in God. Do not doubt nor fear, for he who has watched over thee thus far, as his child and his servant, will continue to watch over thee, protect thee from the wiles of the adversary, give thee strength according to thy needs, knowledge which will enable thee to do good, and such discernment as will qualify thee to guard carefully against every power of darkness and of evil; and thou shalt be able to triumph, in the name of the Lord Jesus, and secure celestial reward, in the presence of the ransomed ones, and in the presence of thy Father and thy God. . . .

"God has given thee gifts and qualifications for the accomplishment of good; and while thou hast not always been able to see things as others have seen them—and sometimes this has tried thy soul, because of thy zeal for the truth and the right, as thou hast seen them,—yet, thou hast received a precious gift from God; and because thou hast sought to exercise this gift, diligently, the Lord has loved thee and greatly blessed thee. He has endowed thee with a goodly degree of wisdom, with precious knowledge, and with strong and abiding faith. These blessings will continue with thee, if thou wilt strive to be faithful and true. Thy faith shall grow stronger. Thy knowledge of God and his truth shall increase. More of the love of God, which thou hast feasted upon from time to time, shall dwell in thy soul; and if thou wilt rely upon God, and

desire to correct every mistake of the past, behold, it shall come to pass that the Lord will help thee where thou art weak, and thou shalt be able to speak words of kindness and love, and to exercise greater patience in the times of trial, when thou dost see that which, to thee, is wrong. I bid thee to make a special effort to exercise patience, before God, that thou mayest be perfect and complete, and that thy usefulness may be increased in the hands of the blessed Master, who has called thee out of the darkness and placed thee in the light, who has called thee as his servant, given thee authority, and qualified thee to accomplish good. Do not permit the thought to enter thy mind for a moment, that because thou art not able to speak the word in the manner in which others speak, that thou art not fully qualified for the accomplishment of good. Thou hast received rare and precious gifts and blessings from God. They have qualified thee to build up permanently, according to the will of God, and thy work has found sanction and approval by the Infinite One. Therefore, rejoice. Continue thy work. Put thy whole trust in thy Father above, and he will enable thee to finish that work and secure the crown of glory, promised, in the presence of the Father and the Son. "I seal upon thee the great promise of life, everlasting life." It shall be thine. Thou shalt never depart from the truth, for thy soul is stayed on God. Thou shalt continue in that truth, and in an earnest effort to perform duty, though men, because they permit the peculiar conditions that have obtained in the church and the world, to influence them in the wrong way, shall fall by the right and by the left; and as they are falling now, and the love of some is waxing cold, so thou wilt see this continued. But God will care for thee, keep thee in the truth, and qualify thee to complete the work which thou hast undertaken to do. Therefore, I bid thee to remember, that notwithstanding this promise is sure, yet none can ever secure the glory, and honor, and reward, which awaits thee, except those who carefully observe the conditions and commandments of the gospel of Jesus Christ."

I gladly submit the lesson, drawn from this case, presuming on the intelligence and spirituality of the reader.

Case No. 7. This was a little girl, not nine years old, who had only been in the church a few months. She had been taught by an intelligent and God-fearing mother, who told me, after the blessing had been given, that her little girl said she wanted her blessing now, so that she could read it, and be comforted, when she was old.

In the beginning of my experience, I hesitated to give blessings to children from eight to twelve years old; but after thought and prayer, I felt impressed to bless some children, though not all for whom application was made, and I have felt as well in blessing them as older ones.

I herewith present to the reader a portion of her blessing:

"Sr. ———, I lay my hands upon thee in the name of Jesus Christ, and present thee to God, that thou mayest receive a father's blessing, even such as is provided for in the revelations of God. And as thou art very young—just entering upon the important

duties that attach to the lives of those who make covenant with God, I bless thee with light and understanding, from God, that thou mayest be able to see and understand every duty required at thy hands; and that thou mayest find peace, joy, and gladness, in the service of thy Lord and thy Redeemer.

"I bless thee with that knowledge that will dispel darkness, and that hope which will enable thee to look within the vale, in the midst of the greatest trials of life, some of which thou wilt experience, so that thou mayest pass safely through, do good, and fill thy exalted station as a member of the church of the living God. And I say to thee, dear sister, the Spirit manifests that if thou wilt but make a reasonable effort to be humble, to honor God's eternal law, which thou hast obeyed in its first requirements, that thou shall be sustained in all the work required. Thou shalt be successful. Thou shalt be an ornament in the kingdom of God, and be exceedingly useful, in thy place, in the accomplishment of good for the progress and building up of the work in which thou are engaged.

"I seal upon thee these blessings, asking God, the Eternal One, to recognize all thy needs; to recognize all the peculiar experiences of life, through which thou wilt be called to pass. And I say to thee, that the infinite God, who has all power, will stand by thee, protect thee, and abundantly bless thee. Put thy trust in him. Strive to honor the gospel which thou hast accepted, for it has come from God, and this great latter-day work, in which thou are engaged, is the fulfillment of God's promises to his people. He has restored the truth. The light is shining. He requires thee to walk in it, dear sister; he will help thee to walk in it; and notwithstanding the trials which thou shalt experience in life, there shall come to thee much joy, much peace, in the service of thy Lord and Master. And in those peculiar ways in which thou shalt need strength and help, he will bestow upon thee such power, and fill thy heart with such love, and thy mind with such a bright hope, that thou wilt be able to overcome and secure, according to his eternal promise."

In another paragraph she is bidden, "even in the days of" her "youth," to "look up to God and rejoice in him;" to learn all that she can of God and his ways from her parents, Sunday-school teachers, and others. As she shall grow in years, to make herself acquainted with what is written in the sacred books of the church, etc.; with the promise that her mind shall expand,—and "God shall give thee an understanding of his truth, here a little and there a little, until thou shalt become wise unto salvation."

In the latter part of another paragraph, we find this promise: "And I say to thee, that thou shalt be able to pass through all the scenes of darkness and conflict with safety, pass over into the realms of peace, and light, and joy, and there behold the face of thy Redeemer with gladness; for the Lord God shall give thee the victory."

I have given the reader so large a portion of this blessing,

because, among those given by me, it is more than ordinary, and the subject was so young. Could I find space for all of it, the lesson would be still more impressive.

(To be concluded.)



MANUAL TRAINING AT GRACELAND.—PART II.

BY PROFESSOR C. B. WOODSTOCK.



PROFESSOR C. B. WOODSTOCK.

IN A preceding article the general industrial idea has been discussed. In it we told of the growing need of education along the so-called practical lines, which had fostered the development of various industries in and about the college. Since the foregoing article went to press definite steps have been taken to procure a building and equipment for a model laundry to be operated on our own grounds and run so far as possible by students. The limit of space forbids a discussion of this much needed acquisition, which we expect to have in operation before the coming of cold weather.

While the several lines of occupation undertaken at the institution are proving a success, in that they are affording a means of defraying expense of board and room to a large number of young men and young women, and while they can not but prove of some

additional value along the lines of individual development under our present limited scope and advantages, they can not have their full educational value until each industry can be properly studied by pupils, and taught by instructors who are masters in their line. This will require the addition to the curriculum of courses in agriculture, horticulture, animal husbandry, dairying, various phases of domestic economy.

Nor are our hopes in this regard simply a fanciful dream. Some of them are verging on the boundary of reality. Already within the horizon of Graceland's future can be seen young men and women whom the Master is moving upon to prepare for future usefulness. Zion is to be redeemed, is soon to arise and shine in her true beauty. Loyal sons and daughters of Israel are coming forward with financial aid, and with mental and muscular vim and energy, and are seeking a preparation which will make them able to become colaborers with God in hastening Zion's redemption. While we are thankful for past and present successes we have reason to be hopeful for the future.

A previous suggestion that a domestic science department is needed in Graceland is only emphasized as we consider the benefits of manual training. Too sadly shall our work be onesided until the proper development and training of our girls—our future mothers in Israel—has been provided for. Far too much of the health, the purity, and the happiness of our future depends upon our young women for this special training to be longer delayed. Only a little financial aid and some consecrated effort to this end is all that is needed, and the Master will bless its use.

But this article concerns Manual Training. Pursuant to the generous gift of the General Sunday-school Association in April last, steps were promptly taken to have the new department installed in the college. Soon after my election to the faculty I prepared a statement concerning manual training, which was published in the 1906-7 bulletin, which I may quote here as expressing in a meager way something of what manual training means.

"There is a demand for an education of our young; mental, physical and moral. For centuries our common schools, colleges, and universities of learning, through the media of science, philosophy, linguistics, etc., have attempted to develop the mental faculties of the race. The church, with its influence on society, has sought to uplift the moral life. Yet the physical nature has been left to its own resources or occasionally intrusted to the gymnasium in which the main object is to develop the muscular strength, conserving beauty, health, and physical prowess.

"However laudable each of these aims may be there has been in the last twenty-five or fifty years the perfecting of an idea tending to correlate more closely the efforts at education along these three lines. The point of attack was found in physical development. In the Swedish sloyd system, which was one of the first, an attempt was made to educate the hand by a series of crudely carved projects. From this primitive system, others more or less complex have been evolved until we have the manual training schools of

to-day, whose aim in general is to supplement the more formal text-books and mental training of the class room, which deals largely in words or other symbols, by placing the pupil for a part of his time in a work shop where he deals with objects—things he can grasp and see. His problems are concerning real, practical, and material things. The tools must be studied and processes of operation must be mastered. His mental and physical activities are centered upon the problem in hand. Not only is his eye taught to see, but his brain must think, plan, and decide, and his hand must execute. Only such problems are suited to the manual training shop as will make this demand upon the individual.

“The idea is not to offer technical education for any trade; the only reason for emphasizing training in any one trade must be on account of the developmental value of the processes involved, considered with the cost of equipment and of the material used.

“A minor aim of manual training is to give the pupil a training in the elements of various industries that he may be the better prepared to earn a living. Perhaps a greater one is to give true dignity to honest labor. By a careful study and application of the basic principles of a given industry, it is elevated to the plane of a science. Shoes and tables are not made by accident, nor are potatoes planted by chance; certain laws of utility and environment must be studied and certain principles of construction and growth must be observed, together with other conditions, to obtain satisfactory results. No honest labor can be degrading when done in the best, most thorough and most systematic way.

“The manual training is not designed to supplant the former college work nor any part of it, but rather to supplement it. While it is not the desire to found a technical school, the work should at least, help to prepare an individual to take his place in the industrial world. It should enable him to have a broader view of life, to see more in his own labor, to be more efficient therein, and hence to be of greater benefit to his family, to society, and to the world at large.

“Yet this work is not of great value to those entering industrial pursuits.

“The artisan may later use most of the skill in handling tools and in manipulation of materials, but who can estimate, for instance, the value of the lessons in accuracy, beauty, strength, harmony, truth, nobility, and tenacity of purpose, clearness of conception, and the breadth of sympathy established by an insight into various industries, to any man, be he of whatever profession or vocation?”

In the equipment of our shop we have been guided by these ideas, and have sought within as conservative an outlay of money as practicable, to equip our one available room to meet our present needs. Accordingly we have benches and tools, accommodating classes of twelve students at a time, where all principles of carpentry, joinery, and cabinet making may be taught, learned, and put into practice.

Two wood turning lathes have been installed to open up the field

of turnery and pattern making. These, with our new power bed saw will be run by a three horse power gasoline engine. A forge is also added, that the pupils may gain a knowledge and an experience in forging, blacksmithing, tempering, and annealing. Such general accessories as a grindstone, furniture clamps, breast drill, and the like, as one would find in a modern shop, are not lacking.

For the mechanical drawing department a most excellent and complete equipment has been procured, consisting of instruments, boards, T-squares, triangles, curves, and rules, all of which are furnished for the students' use practically free.

The course in drawing, which is closely correlated with the shop work, includes, in brief, instruction in the care and use of tools, free hand sketching, orthographic, isometric, and cabinet projection of exercises and projects, original designing, geometrical constructions, lettering, original project designing, machine construction, shades, shadow and true perspective.

The course in shop work includes briefly, instruction in the care and use of tools, principles and problems in joinery, carpentry, cabinet-making, lathe and forge work. To make the work as practical as possible, all exercises lead to the more difficult and interesting project work—the making of actual things of use, value, and beauty.

Much attention is paid to the selection of woods for various purposes and the best methods of finishing.

The two courses are designed to run parallel, and to cover two years of work. While the effort, as aforesaid, is not to offer a technical education at present, but rather to develop clearness of perception, correct interpretation and expression, proper muscular control of the finer muscles of the body, and especially of the hand and arm, and the closest possible co-ordination of muscle and brain in the execution which gives skill, accuracy, and rapidity of manipulation, yet manual training may by all means have its technical side. Should it be possible to add in another year a practical civil, steam, or electrical engineer to the faculty, the shop work and mechanical drawing as now planned may supply a large part of the instruction necessary for an engineering course. Students planning on an engineering course, here or elsewhere, may now receive credit for a part or all of the work done. In many of the courses at Graceland, as at most institutions, some form of manual training is required or offered as an elective and full credit given for the work done.

But the so-called more practical utilitarian idea in manual training, rather robs it of its true ethical value. We desire to understand the problems of the carpenter, the blacksmith, the carver, the turner, the mechanic, the artist, and architect, that our scope of knowledge and sympathy may be increased—we desire to be in harmony with the world of activity about us, and to be able to sense and appreciate true beauty, strength, and proportion in our surroundings. Not only shall our lives become fuller, deeper, and broader, but we may be able to add something to the comfort, convenience, or joy of the society about us.

Then in Zion's redemption, it may become the happy lot of this department of Graceland's work to help prepare a people whom the Master may use, literally, in building up the waste places, and who shall fully enjoy and appreciate the beauty of Zion.



EXPERIENCES, PLEASANT AND OTHERWISE, IN SOUTHERN SEAS.—PART I.

BY CHARLES H. LAKE.

ON APRIL 23, 1906, we received word from friends who were at the conference, that we, in company with Bro. and Sr. Burton, had been appointed to the Society Islands Mission, and although not wholly unexpected, the notice was read with feelings hard to describe; so far to travel, so long to be away from friends, a strange language to learn, new experiences to meet, and like thoughts, caused some apprehension.

Of course every book that gave any information about the South Pacific was eagerly consulted, and many, many questions, some as hard to be answered as those of a child, were propounded to Bro. Burton, but he very graciously made the attempt, with the result that when we arrived in Tahiti we had a little idea of what to expect.

I need not say much about our journey from the most eastern State of the Union to San Francisco, except that we were cordially received by the Saints at the different branches where we stopped, every one seeming to think that those doomed to labor in this mission are entitled to extra consideration; but let me say just now that judging from what we read in the *Herald* from time to time, there are many missions less desirable than this, and although I may change my opinion before our return to the States, I can say that thus far I have not regretted having come here. Do not understand me to say that all things are just as I would like to have them, but where in this world would you look for such a place? It has never been discovered by me as yet, nor am I looking for it in this life.

Promptly at the appointed hour, Sunday, the first day of July, the good steamship *Mariposa* cast off from her dock with us four on the forward deck and many of the kind Saints of San Francisco and Oakland on the pier waving their farewells and bidding us God-speed. We could not have asked for more favorable conditions under which to sail; we saw the bright side then, and it has been within our vision most of the time since.

We were soon steaming through the Golden Gate, with the Cliff House in full view, testifying to the unreliability of the average news in the modern press, for we had read but a short time before that both it and the rock upon which it stood had been cast into the sea by the earthquake.

We ran down the coast for the remainder of the day, but a dense

fog soon hid from view our beloved America, and feelings unexperienced before came to me, for I love my native land, although its boasted freedom is at times but a mockery. No fear, however, in facing the future, for we knew that our Father could care for us as well upon the deep as upon the land, and that he had a people on the little spot of earth to which we were bound.

On the following day the fog disappeared, but the sea was quite turbulent, as I am told it most always is along that coast. We still had to eat from individual pens, and if you had seen the soup plates slide towards one's lap, you would realize what a necessary adjunct was the "pen" to the table service. Three of our four did duty at the first and last meals of the voyage, and all between. After the fog had lifted, the writer would frequent the extreme bow of the steamer, on the lookout for strange sights, and almost wishing for rougher weather, that he might rise higher upon and plunge deeper into the advancing waves; a few drenchings in the spray not lessening the interest in the least. We looked and listened in vain for a whale, or the cry, "There she blows," as none were sighted during the voyage.

The third day out, the sea became quite calm, and the significance of the name "Pacific" was understood. The weather, which had been damp and chilly, was tempered by tropical breezes, and it was very pleasant to sit on deck, admiring the deep blue ocean, which had the appearance of rinsing water, when the washerwoman had spilled too much indigo into it.

On the morning of the Fourth we were agreeably surprised to see the saloon neatly decorated in honor of our nation's birthday. At the breakfast table the captain made a few appropriate remarks, and announced that at ten o'clock Captain Burton would deliver a Fourth of July speech. At the appointed time all the passengers and officers were assembled in the upper saloon, each having a mimeograph copy of "America," presented by the purser. After singing, the short speech was attentively listened to.

At the dinner table by each plate was a neat menu card, with a souvenir postal attached, also a mysterious looking package which when opened proved to be a fancy cap, made of tissue paper, which each one was supposed to don at once; also a piece of candy, and one's fortune all written out. Nearly all enjoyed the good things to eat, because the sea was calm, and many who had not appeared at table before did justice to the excellent fare. In the evening a hastily prepared program was rendered, including instrumental music, singing, recitations, and an original poem, appropriate to the occasion. There were more than the usual number of passengers on this voyage, among whom were some who did not shun us because we happened to be Latter Day Saint missionaries, so that we all thoroughly enjoyed the day.

On the fifth day the officers and some of the passengers appeared in their white suits, for we were well within the tropical zone and rapidly approaching the equator. Schools of flying fish were to be seen, which reminded me of Hearst's "Common people," the large fish would chase them from beneath, and when they went

sailing through the air, the seagulls would nab them from above. What an excellent idea for one of his cartoons!

On the seventh or eighth day we crossed the equator, not a jar to be felt, in fact we were on the south side several minutes before the captain informed us. Father Neptune was nowhere to be seen, no sailors were ducked, nor any of the pranks played I had read of so often when a boy.

I remembered how at school, in my boyhood days, I had thought there must be some line to be seen at the equator; it was always on the map; how could they tell where to mark it if there was nothing to be seen? But like many other illusions of those days, it had been dispelled, and it was not necessary for me to display ignorance along those lines when conversing with others. How often had I wanted to be over the exact dividing line between the Northern and Southern Hemispheres, and there I was, my longings had been realized: I was where most every boy has wanted to be, at the equator.

There are few, if any voyages as uneventful as the one from San Francisco to Tahiti; no ports to stop at, no islands to be seen for ten days—not one craft was sighted during the entire voyage, with the exception of one ship passed in the night, just before reaching Tahiti. But, although there was nothing to be seen afloat, there were new sights in the heavens above; we had lost the North Star, although the Dipper, with its pointers, was still to be seen, as from these islands, six months in the year. We turn our attention to the south, and find the Southern Cross and other familiar designs studied of at school. How brightly they shone; some more like little suns than stars. Wonderful indeed is the science of astronomy; a man familiar with the heavens needs no compass to direct his course, providing there are no clouds to obscure his vision. Equally true in a spiritual sense.

On the twelfth we were told to be on the lookout for Rairoa, the first land to be sighted after leaving America. Did I say land? It is not land, just coral, covered with sand, caused by the constant beating of the waves upon its shores. Of course many of us haunted the forward deck from ten o'clock on, until about two in the afternoon, when the lookout shouted, "There it is." I looked in vain to discern it and thought he must have made a mistake and the vessel steamed at least fifteen minutes longer before I could distinguish it from the clouds along the horizon. Am more adept now, and can find them more readily.

We were soon alongside, as the coral islands can only be seen from about fifteen miles away; very seldom is the top of the highest cocoanut-tree two hundred feet above sea level. What an interesting sight was our first glimpse of a South Sea island, its sand glistening like snow in the sunlight, and the still whiter foam of the breakers made a bottom line to the typical tropical scene before us. Insects had injured the trees, and the branches had turned a beautiful yellow, somewhat like the trees of New England after the first frost of autumn. We went within a mile of shore, then steamed along the coast for about ten miles. High and

dry on the beach was a boat, which we were told was all that remained of Nari Salmon's vessel that had been in the great storm of the February before. As we passed between Rairoa and Tikahau, Bro. Burton pointed out the place where the Evanelia sank, and lately we have been made to realize how great was our loss.

At dusk we passed Makatea, a huge rock rising about two hundred feet out of the water, nearly level on top, like a great table-land; it is about ten miles long, by three in width. We hope to visit there sometime, and can then describe it more minutely.

Next morning we were to be in Tahiti, and of course all were alert with anticipation: twelve days is a long time for a "land-lubber" to be upon the broad ocean, and besides we were to see strange sights and meet a strange people; and who is proof against a certain amount of excitement under such conditions? We have all met people, who think it an evidence of good breeding to display no excitement or emotion, to keep one's feelings in the background; in fact to appear as a lifeless statue chiseled out of the cold marble; but for me, I was given to no such nonsense. However, I managed to sleep a good part of the night; but at the first sign of daylight my head was out of the porthole looking for Tahiti, and, sure enough, there she lay, to the left and ahead of us, a dim outline against the sky, the peak Orohena piercing a white, fleecy cloud, a sight to cure seasickness had I been troubled with it. Of course there was no such thing as going back to my berth; I must dress and be on deck that nothing of interest might escape my notice. How slowly we were moving.

"Why is it?"

"Breakfast before entering the harbor."

"Breakfast? Who wants to eat?"

But most of us found an appetite for early breakfast, and when we appeared on deck again, the pilot was aboard and we were steaming for the entrance through the reef. What fantastic mountains! such a splendid background for comic opera with dusky dancers! Ah! there is the diadem; well-named, too. Too much to see at a glance, so will not attempt to describe all now, but may try at a later date. When within about three hundred yards of the dock, the outer anchor goes splashing into the water, natives in a boat carry a line ashore, with which the steam jack is to haul us alongside. Here come some native canoes, all decorated for the holiday on the morrow. What strange costumes; some of the men with but a fancy figured cloth hanging from the waist to their knees, with a wreath of flowers for a hat, others had in addition, an undershirt, but a majority wore nice white suits of cotton. The women, with no exceptions, were dressed in mother-hubbards, a costume well adapted to the climate. The Saints were collected by themselves to one side, and when they had discerned Bro. and Sr. Burton, they raised their welcoming cry, "Iaorana! Iaorana!" The gang plank was soon in place, and the first thing to go ashore was the mail, after which the brethren came aboard to meet us and carry our luggage to the inspector's office, from which, when freed,

we were taken to a carriage in waiting and driven rapidly in a round-about way to the chapel in Taronā, which was filled with Saints waiting to welcome us. As we entered they all arose and sang, "God be with you, till we meet again," which to them is appropriate for either meeting or parting.

When we were seated, leading men from the different islands, then present in Tahiti because of the storm having washed away their homes, made short speeches, all showing great emotion and expressing their kindly feeling so plainly, that we, the ones total strangers to their language, could form a good idea of what they were saying. One old man in particular was so overcome that he stood at least five minutes before he could say a word. We strangers were using our eyes to the best advantage, even if our ears were of little use to us, and sometimes we felt like laughing outright at the ludicrous sights; to see a man dressed in a white shirt, collar, and tie, a nice black Prince Albert coat, with white pants, terminating at great, black, sprawling, bare feet; others with their shirts worn outside their trousers, and nearly every one with a cane, were sights to attract our attention and hold it. In choosing their canes, a preference is shown old umbrella handles, with all the "fixins" except the ribs and covering; so handy to scratch one's back with, as they often did.

After the speeches were over, shortened by one of the brethren calling out, "We don't want to hear any more talk, we want to meet the missionaries and shake their hands," we held a reception, and the handshaking was a continuous performance for some time. As I could say nothing but "Iaorana," I must be satisfied with smiling and gripping their hands, and truly it was a "smile that wouldn't come off," for my face pained me the remainder of that day, to say nothing of my hand.

As the missionary house had been destroyed in the storm, the Saints had rented a neat cottage for us not far from Taronā, to which we were taken and our dinners were brought from a Chinese restaurant; and seldom has food tasted better than did that, not so much because of the quality of the food, as it was because of the quality and quantity of our appetites.

During all this time my head had been swimming, and it seemed as though the ground were rolling and pitching, as had the steamer for twelve days past. We were considerably left alone to enjoy our dinner, after which the house rapidly filled with those wishing to visit with Bro. and Sr. Burton, and gaze at the new missionaries. As before, wife and I had to be seen and not heard, and be satisfied with an occasional word interpreted for our benefit; we did not care to hear more, however, as the natives were listening to the news (parau api) from America, which was no news to us.

We could not help but notice the marked resemblance of some of the natives to different friends in the States, and before we had been long in Tahiti we noticed the similarity in disposition and action as well, notwithstanding the difference in color; but when we come to think of it, unless the white man has a perfect complexion, his skin is not nearly so nice to look upon as is the rich brown skin

of these natives. As I have heard some one say, after living among the natives a long time and becoming accustomed to their color, when we meet a white man, he seems to be faded out, and I may add, that now, after a recent sea trip, I look as though the color had run, and left my face streaked and striped.

Well, our first day in Tahiti, like all other days of the past, came to an end, and four tired missionaries retired to rest on comfortable beds, provided by a kind and thoughtful people. In our minds we had been prepared to sleep on the ground in a cocoanut branch house, not knowing of course the extent of the damage done by the tidal wave, but instead we were comfortably housed, with plenty of food to eat.

The next day being a holiday, we could not get our oilstoves and other utensils from the wharf, so had to live like gypsies, cooking on an open fire in the yard.

I speak of the next day being a holiday, so suppose it would be in order to tell of some of the happenings. The guns of the French man o' war, saluting at sunrise, and a few crackers fired by the Chinese merchants, were all that reminded us of a holiday until evening, when the crowds began to put on a holiday appearance. The event of the day was to be a singing and dancing contest at the public square, so hither we went, a brother helping me carry chairs for the four of us. We found an excellent location close behind the governor and city officials. When all was in readiness we heard drums approaching from the distance, and the sound was what we might expect to hear, had we been in Central Africa with Stanley. Did I say drums? I should qualify that by saying large pieces of hollow bamboo, and tin cans, instead thereof; if I remember rightly one man had a bass drum, but I saw no snare drums, only tin cans, and those large tubes of bamboo, which gave to the occasion a feeling both weird and mysterious. I would not have been surprised to see a large company of savage warriors, all decorated in their war paints and feathers, carrying great long spears and shields, shouting their war cry, and threatening our lives. But how different was the real thing! Companies of gay and smiling singers and dancers came trooping in, with perfect order, and keeping exact time to the music. They would march to the front of the governor, salute him, and then on to the front of the judges stand, where they would seat themselves on the ground in a semi-circle, the director alone standing. How important he felt! You should have seen him spread himself and heard him shout the words of the song that was to follow. Some companies would carry boxes, which would be placed systematically, either in the shape of a hollow square or triangle, each one standing on his box like a statue, erect and motionless. At a given signal the drums would strike up, beating the same tune that answered for all the marching and dancing. The dancing of those men was indeed excellent, such perfect unison in the different evolutions, equal in that regard to any dancing I had ever seen. How long they continued in the vigorous exercise, their faces glistening in the flickering lamplight, from the perspiration that was streaming down!

While the dancing of the men was good and pleasant to look upon, that of the women was lewd, vicious, and altogether distasteful.

The singing was good, nothing but native airs being sung; a few words, mostly in laudation of the governor and his country, being repeated over and over again. We were meeting with strange experiences in a strange land, and although I had witnessed as strange dancing, and heard somewhat similar singing by natives of different countries, under the show tent in America, here we had the pure unadulterated article in its native element, which added zest and interest to the occasion.

(To be concluded.)



PURE AIR. ↩

BY W. A. SINCLAIR, M. D.

The composition of the inspired or atmospheric air and the expired air may be compared in the following table:

	INSPIRED AIR.	EXPIRED AIR.
Oxygen.....	20.96 vols. per cent.	16.03 vols. per cent.
Nitrogen.....	79 vols. per cent.	79 vols. per cent.
Carbonic acid.....	0.04 vols. per cent.	4.4 vols. per cent.
Watery vapor.....	variable.	saturated.
Temperature.....	variable.	That of body 98.6 F.

The nitrogen remains unchanged. The recently discovered gases—argon, crypton, etc.,—are in the above table reckoned in with the nitrogen. They are, however, present only in minute quantities. The chief change is in the proportion of oxygen and carbonic acid. The loss of oxygen is about 5, the gain in carbonic acid about 4.5. If the inspired and expired airs are carefully measured at the same temperature and barometric pressure, the volume of expired air is thus found to be rather less than that of the inspired. This diminution of volume will cause a slight rise in the proportionate volume of nitrogen per cent. This conversion of oxygen into carbonic acid would not cause any change in the volume of the gas; for a molecule of oxygen (O 2) would give rise to a molecule of carbonic acid (CO 2) which would occupy the same volume (Avogadro's law). It must, however, be remembered that carbon is not the only element which is oxidized. Fat and proteid contain a number of atoms of hydrogen, which, during metabolism (a word used to express the sum total of the chemical changes that occur in living tissues), are oxidized to form water; a small amount of oxygen is also used in the formation of urea. Carbohydrates (chiefly found in vegetable tissues) contain sufficient oxygen in their own molecules to oxidize their hydrogen; hence the apparent loss of oxygen is least when a vegetable diet (that is, one consisting largely of starch and other carbohydrates) is taken, and great-

est when much fat and proteid (meats) are eaten. It varies also with muscular exercise as the output of carbonic acid is then increased both absolutely and relatively to the amount of oxygen used up.

The amount of respiratory interchange of gases is estimated by inclosing an animal in an air-tight chamber, except that there is a tube entering and another leaving it; by one tube oxygen or air can enter and is measured by a gas-meter as it passes in. The air is drawn through the chamber, and leaves it by the other tube; this air has been altered by the respiration of the animal, and in it the carbonic acid and water are estimated; the carbonic acid is estimated by drawing the air through tubes containing a known amount of an alkali; this combines with carbonic acid and is increased in weight: the increase in weight gives the amount of carbonic acid. The alkali used in Regnault and Reiset's apparatus was potash; Pettenkofer used baryta water; Haldane recommends soda-lime. The water is estimated containing pumice moistened with sulphuric acid.

A writer in the *Scientific American* once remarked: "People have often said, that no difference can be detected in the analyzation of pure and impure air. This is one of the vulgar errors difficult to dislodge from the ordinary mind. The fact is that the condensed air of a crowded room gives a deposit, which, if allowed to remain a few days, forms a solid, thick, glutinous mass, having a strong odor of animal matter. If examined by the microscope, it is seen to undergo a remarkable change. First of all, it is converted into a vegetable growth, and this is followed by the production of multitudes of animalcules (minute animals), a decisive proof that it must contain certain organic matter, otherwise it could not nourish organic beings."

Doctor Angus Smith, in his beautiful experiments on the air and water of towns, showed how the lungs and skin gave out organic matter, which is, in itself, a deadly poison, producing headache, sickness, or epidemic, according to its strength. If a few drops of the liquid matter obtained by the condensation of the air of a foul locality introduced into the vein of a dog can produce death by the usual phenomena of typhus fever, what incalculable evils must it not produce on those human beings who breathe it again and again, while rendered more foul and less capable of sustaining life with every breath. Such contamination of the air, and consequent hot-bed of fever and epidemic, it is easily within the power of man to remove. Ventilation and cleanliness will do all, so far as the abolition of this evil goes, "and ventilation and cleanliness are not miracles to be prayed for, but certain results of common obedience to the laws of God."

Few people take in enough fresh air to keep their systems well supplied with electricity. Thousands of women in our large towns do not venture out of their houses oftener than once a week in cold weather, and these houses are protected by patent weather-strips, and every possible device for excluding the breath of heaven; and when the poor creatures do summon the courage to face a north or

east wind, they so envelop themselves in heavy clothes, furs, and veils, that they can hardly see out. Beneath all this muffling, they breathe over and over again their own exhalations, with scarcely enough fresh air to even partially disinfect them. Of course their verdict is, on reëntering their dwellings, that it does not agree with them to go out; so they stay in until some necessity compels them to go out again. Professional men cloister themselves in their offices, and work up with hard thinking what little vitality they derive from imperfectly digested food. Business men stick to their counting-rooms with as great pertinacity as the bull-dog hangs to the nose of a stag, and expend their nervous forces in business-planning and laboring their brains with long columns of figures. With such practices in vogue, the stone, the brick, the mortar, the double window-sashes, the weather-strips, (which are devised by cunning hands to protect us from the storms of winter, and to shelter us from the oppressive heat and dust of summer,) form so many barriers between man within and the health-giving element without. With stoves to furnish heat to destroy what little life the confined air originally possessed, he breathes over and over a few hundred cubic feet of air, as if it were an expensive commodity delivered at the door of conscienceless express companies, instead of the free gift of God which can be had by opening a door or window. (See Foote.)

We should not only open our houses for the ingress of pure air, but our clothes should not be made of such water-proof material as to exclude it. Besides going out to parks, cleanly streets, and the country for it, an air bath before going to bed is an excellent promoter of sleep. Doctor Foote tells of an intelligent woman who informed him that she could not sleep without spending an hour in a nude state in a well-ventilated room before retiring. No doubt there are many people who would be benefited by similar practice. Such, for instance, as are full of blood and animal heat; and those who, instead of experiencing a chill, would find simply a sense of coolness creeping over the skin, followed by a reaction immediately after covering up warmly.

We breathe through the pores of the skin as well as by the lungs, hence the necessity of keeping the skin not only clean, but allowing it to come in contact with the air to insure perfect safety.

Especially should the sick-room be well ventilated. Not only should the air therein be cautiously changed in inclement seasons, but disinfectants should be freely used. These are easily obtainable, and are not expensive. A large bowl of water standing in a sick-room will absorb an immense quantity of impure gases. A dozen or more pieces of charcoal the size of a hazel-nut placed in the sick-room, have wonderful antiseptic properties. Put them in a saucer or soup-plate, moisten them daily with boiling water, and in the course of a week, they will have gathered their own weight in impure air. At the end of the sixth day they should be removed, and burned, as in cases of disease they have gathered the poisonous exhalations and are no longer without danger. In sickness or health we can not afford to do without pure air and, as it comes to

us without money and without price, it is one of those God-given blessings which the poor may enjoy as well as the rich. Let us have plenty of it.



Editor's Corner

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ELBERT A. SMITH, EDITOR, LAMONI, IOWA.

THE PLEA OF THE SUBSTITUTE.

IT frequently occurs that one seeking to purchase some well known and reliable article of commerce is met by the dealer with the statement, "We are out of that; but we have something else just as good at a lower price." That is the plea of the substitute, and as a rule it is false, because if it were as good as the original it would stand on its own merits instead of posing as a substitute, and it would command a price equal with the original.

In a somewhat similar manner in religion and ethics, when some one has outlined a true and correct principle of conduct, some one else recommends another policy which is "just as good, and a great deal easier." Unfortunately, too, often the appeal is successful.

This was illustrated in a striking manner in the case of the Galatian saints, to whom Paul wrote, "O, foolish Galatians, who hath bewitched you, that ye should not obey the truth, before whose eyes Jesus Christ hath been evidently set forth."—Galatians 3:1. Christ had been set forth before them, but afterward some one had recommended some substitute for his gospel and they had accepted it; because Paul said, "I marvel that ye are so soon removed from him that called you into the grace of Christ unto another gospel: which is not another."—Galatians 1:6, 7.

Paul touched on the weak point of the substitute: It is not, and can not be, all that the original is. In this case the substitute for the gospel of Christ was not the gospel of Christ at all, and no matter how easily it was obeyed, it was not worth the price.

Will there be any substituting in our day? It is written, "They shall turn away their ears from the truth, and shall be turned unto fables."—2 Timothy 4:4.

That is why people to-day plead the thought that some other baptism is just as good as the "baptism of John," and much more convenient. That is why we are told that some other form of church organization is as good as the one outlined in the New Testament scriptures. That is why some have abandoned the principles of the doctrine of Christ and substituted creeds that are just

as good—"Because it does not matter what we believe if we are only honest." That is why individually some who do none of these things in matters of personal duty substitute something else for that which God requires.

We must learn that almost right is not right; that almost truth is not truth; that almost duty is not duty. There is no substitute for truth, or right, or duty. The plea of the substitute was first made in the Garden of Eden; it was a fraud then, and it is still a fraud.



A LITTE HUMOR NOW AND THEN.

"President Patton, of Princeton University, recently delivered a sermon at the Fifth Avenue Collegiate Church, his subject being 'Faith.' He spoke of the blind faith of the client who puts himself at the mercy of a lawyer in preparing an action for trial, and of the confidence of the sick in intrusting themselves to the physician.

"A case of blind faith,' said the clergyman. 'The doctor writes out a prescription. Oftener than not you can not read it; you don't know what it is. He tells you to take it. Yours not to reason why, *yours to do and die.*'

"Whether or not Doctor Patton meant it, there was a distinct ripple throughout the congregation."

"A New Yorker, who is accustomed each year to pass a few weeks with a farmer in Dutchess County, says that once, in notifying the latter of his intention to make the usual visit, he wrote as follows:

"There are several little matters that I should like to see changed if my family and I decide to spend our vacation at your house. We don't like the girl Martha. And in the second place, we do not think that it is sanitary to have a pig-sty so near the house.'

"In reply the farmer said: 'Martha went last week. We ain't had no hogs since you were here last September.'"



Daughters of Zion

Truer Parenthood, Better Children, Happier Homes, Purer Society.

CALLIE B. STEBBINS, Editor.

“A partnership with God is motherhood;
What strength, what purity, what self-control,
What love, what wisdom, should belong to her,
Who helps God fashion an immortal soul.”

ADVISORY BOARD.—Mrs. B. C. Smith, president, 214 South Spring Street, Independence, Missouri; Mrs. H. A. Stebbins, vice-president, Lamoni, Iowa; Mrs. T. A. Hougas, secretary, Henderson, Mills County, Iowa; Mrs. F. M. Smith, 630 South Chrysler Avenue, Independence, Missouri; Mrs. S. R. Burgess, 5920 Etzel Avenue, St. Louis, Missouri.

THANKSGIVING.

Where'er, O Lord, thy children be,
To-day they lift their praise to thee.

On tossing wave, on desert sand,
In exile of the alien land;

In tent, in cabin, by the way,
To thee, the journeying children pray,

And join their words with us at home,
Who kneel and say, “Thy kingdom come!”

For grace that made the feeble strong,
For every martyr's triumph song,

For love that knew not mete nor bound,
For faith that belts the world around,

For gifts that fall from grateful hands,
For Christian homes in distant lands,

For that fair banner of the cross,
Unstained by shame of sordid dross,

For daily help in time of need,
For answer swift whene'er we plead,

From households and from homes we raise
This day the anthem of our praise.

Lord, be thou to thy people near,
Redeem thine own from fettering fear.

Reveal thyself in every place
Clear with the shining of thy face.

Let not our vision know eclipse;
Accept the tribute of our lips,

As far and near, beneath the sun,
We bow and say, “Thy will be done.”

—Margaret E. Sangster.

SINGLENES OF HEART.

With joy the stars perform their shining,
 And the sea its long moon-silvered roll;
 For self-poised they live, nor pine with noting
 All the fever of some differing soul.
 Bounded by themselves, and unregardful
 In what state God's other works may be,
 In their own tasks all their powers pouring,
 These attain the mighty life to see.

So, resolve to be thyself; and know that he,
 Who finds himself, loses his misery!

—Matthew Arnold.

I DO NOT KNOW why I write this paper. Once I felt that I had a message, but I do not know that I can tell it. I have wondered if we were truly consecrated to our work in life if we would not be so happy and more useful, and my soul cries out, It is the hidden spring, it is the iron string to which all things else vibrate. Singleness of heart is near kin to consecration.

Consecration means to dignify, to make sacred, to set apart. Any of these, all of these, and more. It is not spelled with dollars and cents, or stored in banks, or carried about in bags. It is an element of the soul, not a creature of pounds and pence. It gives of the soul with gold and silver sometimes as agents. There was a time when a consecrated life was thought to mean cowls and veils, stone walls and cold cells, long fast and longer prayer; the sacrifice of home, love, friends, and social influence; but now he who would save his fellow man goes forth in the sunshine, clothed body and spirit with that which is comfortable and beautiful, lays his hand in the hands of the fallen, puts his shoulder 'neath the weary and weak, sings a song for the discouraged, and paints a healthy, faithful picture of a better life to the tempted and faltering.

It is consecration as dignified and sacred as can ever be, that teaches a child to be true, and encourages a man in good works by faithful care of the home and its inmates. How many boys and girls to-day are sadly, pitifully struggling with habits and the consequences of sin, that might be useful, splendid instruments for good, had the mother and father *both* felt the true meaning of that beautiful word, *consecration*.

It was Hannah, know it you mothers, who took the boy Samuel from her own warm arms and soft caress, and lent him to the Lord; but first it was Hannah who instilled into the baby heart the high, noble, tender devotion to God and duty. Could she do this with her baby boy if he were running wild on the street? Could she teach him dignity and sacredness of soul and body in a street rabble? Every boy-child and every girl-child should be consecrated, *set apart*, dignified in early childhood above the street habit. There may be a John and a Samuel there, but hardly like the sons of Elizabeth and Hannah. True, not every son is born for temple service, but he will be a priest in a holy of holies called home. Else what is he? Oh, that our youth might be consecrated to

lofty thought and righteous purpose! And we—my hands fall down with the magnitude of the work undone. I bow my head to the noble lives consecrated to the uplifting of humanity. The work of undoing is *so* hard. I hail that man or woman a hero who undertakes it.

I saw a little woman a few weeks ago busy in the rescue work. She talked easily and beautifully, but springing to her feet and throwing out her hands she exclaimed, "I can not reach them. I must go to them!" Her work was to lecture and speak publicly, but the call of a soul in sin seemed to reach her as subtly and sweetly as the breath from the rose, or the aroma of the pine needles beneath her feet.

If I be consecrated to my work, so shall the needs of those near me call to me. Consecration to purpose brings assurance and light and self-reliance and rest at night.

"Not for dreams, but for *fresh* power." We read that some of Holmes' best works were those of later life. Things that had been "aching in his soul since childhood;" but they were against hereditary tradition, and when at last he reached a point of self-reliance, a place secure by reason of his self-consecration, he struck the waiting chord, and lo, it vibrated in a thousand hearts, and is still echoing. We may be lingering too, not yet dignified enough to say, "This is my thought, Old World, take it and use it." Why? Because we fail to be true to *ourselves*. Our little corner is too humble, so we vascillate and drift with the multitude. Not *for* it, nor *to* it; but *with* it. Think you that with a strong purpose and steady hand the chord *we* strike will not vibrate happily? Emerson speaks of the "independence of solitude" as the power to do sweetly in public what in solitude seems easy and proper. Great men have this power because they come to the public with a single purpose. They are the eloquent men who are consecrated to some thing. They are the successful who throw into life all the energies of being; and life is living, not performing.

Strength may be born in public necessity, but it is begotten in the quiet hour of prayer—alone with God. If our forces could be kept close, and centered on the purpose of their being, steady, unwavering, always there when needed, what an easy battle it would be. That would be a consecrated effort. A singleness of purpose calls for a fixed faith and faithful will, and the supreme sureness of that purpose must be strong as iron. The battle for it will bring strength. The sometime isolation will be on the heights, and Sinaitic heights at that. A consecrated purpose will draw tribute from every department of life, domestic, commercial, social, artistic, and from the religious wine and milk of divine unction. It will effect every day; and help save the Sabbath, that oldest of all holidays, that friend of rest, that Christian seal and saving force, mental and physical, that says to the hammer and wheels, "Hush!" and calls man to man as brothers in his temple. God save our Sabbath that it may save men from despair and minds from insanity. For foolish man would not consecrate one day of his six to rest. Truly beautiful are those words of Isaiah,

"If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing *thy* pleasure on my holy day; and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable; and shalt honor him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words: then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

As consecration is the motor power in the accomplishment of other things sacred, honored, and sweet, so shall it single out the purpose of the Sabbath and qualify us to keep it. With singleness of heart, dignity and calmness, we will gather children, parents, friends, and eat and drink, though it be the Sabbath. For the days are many in which to prepare food and body for this very season of rest. We are justified and happy to sit in our sanctuary, His temple, and rest and worship. The hours are consecrated if we walk in the sunshine or shadow and contemplate his wonderful and eternal works; and shall we not talk by the way? One of old talked as he walked on the Sabbath day. We shall not rest less if a lonely one share our bread, baked and buttered for this hour, remembering in our service that the "life is more than meat, and the body than raiment." If in his name we do what will make some life sweeter and nobler, is the day not sacred as before? We may not heal the withered hand, but we can gladden a sad heart; and if we spread our loaf and meat beneath the trees, with the people of God, and offer there our prayer and praise, let us dignify the occasion in manner and in name; for sometimes there is the appearance of evil in evn the name of things. It is not the *day* that makes the Sabbath to us, but the place it holds in our hearts. A sacred time! Full of tender thoughts and sweet memories when God's great family bow together and praise him, and then in groups and couples, in houses, and in quiet beauteous places tell over his goodness, and consecrate new strength to the days to come. O, for the power that comes to the consecrated workers, and the melody like many waters that shall tell the finished story!

Read at the Lamoni Stake Reunion, August 26, 1907. VIDA E. SMITH.



AN OLD STORY.

BY DOROTHY DAVIS.

There is one who's gone astray, gone astray;
 Just a little from the narrow, saintly way.
 Tender heartstrings, bleeding, broken,
 Aged heads, bent low, betoken
 Their dismay.

Fresh in memory still there lingers, still there lingers
 Clinging touch of dainty childhood's soft, pink fingers,
 Tumbled curls of soft, brown hair
 Round a face, sweet, dimpled, fair.
 Glad young life!

And the eyes were brown and merry, oh so merry!
 Guileless, innocent, and loving little fairy,
 Who could know that e'er thy gladness
 Would give place to gloom and sadness
 And regret.

Seems but yesterday we held her, held her here,
 Laughing, withching, merry sprite to us so dear.
 And we listened to her prattle,
 Never dreaming that life's battle
 Was so near.

"Ah! we thought to shield our darling well, so well.
 'Twas through ignorance of evil that she fell.
 Would to God that we had taught her
 Truths that might have saved our daughter
 From the snare."

Yes, there's one who's stepped aside, stepped aside,
 Jeers and coldness from the world she must abide.
 But at home, the old folks dear,
 Still are tender, kind, sincere,
 Whate'er betide.



The Religion's Arena

ELBERT A. SMITH, Editor, Lamoni, Iowa.

WELCOME, NOVEMBER.

AMERICA, our native land, we love thee!
 Reflecting upon history and tradition we are made to
 emphasize those words, while within our bosoms there
 rises and swells our gratitude to the Ruler of the uni-
 verse, for the privilege we enjoy expressed in the words,
 "America, our native land."

As we tread thy soil, as we look upon thy features, as we drink
 from thy fountains and feast upon thy bounties, we lift our eyes
 to that source of all good and gladly accept the name he has
 given thee, "Choice above all other lands."

At the ushering in of the glad November, we feel a great degree
 of pleasure as we see the grain, already harvested and stored away
 —bright, yellow grain—every head in its maturity, having been
 abundantly nourished because of the richness of thy soil, and as we
 choose a bright, round, luscious apple, the early one from the cellar
 or the late one from the tree, and gather the nuts from brown
 October's wood. Is this all? Nay! Thy rivers furnish abundant
 water power for transportation and manufacturing; thy hills are
 the hiding places of stores of gold and silver and valuable metals so
 adequate to the exigencies of so great a nation as thou art. Here,
 then, a thought for the animal kingdom—beautiful in its nature,
 plentifully found within thy borders, the ostrich of the warmer
 regions, the alligator and crocodile of the Florida waters, the horse

and the sheep, the bounding deer, and the slinking bear of the Northwest.

For picturesque beauty, what more could we wish than the ocean of peace on thy west, the gorgeous floral display in California, thy wide-stretching prairies, thy majestic peaks of Colorado and Wyoming, thy ever-rustling forests, at no time more beautifully arrayed in the magnificent blending of rich hues than in glad autumn, the rippling music of the gracefully winding rivers, the far-reaching valley of the great Mississippi, the resounding glens and ravines of old Kentucky and Tennessee, the slashing waters of the careless Atlantic, and the broad plains of Canada.

To thee, our native land, has been given a blessing of infinite value yet unmentioned. Ever has law and order been the pleasure of the God of the universe, and at this season should there throb in each breast the pulse of thankfulness because of the law and order maintained in this land, because the hand of the oppressor is stayed, because liberty is ours to enjoy, because the example of our Pilgrim Fathers is an example of the past, because the Author of Right has mercifully directed the footsteps of those whose desire it was to serve him aright, to thy shores. And there, 'mid snow and sleet, with hunger and weariness upon them, yet with bright sparks of hope glowing within, bowed they in humble reverence and sincere devotion to the one whose never-tiring arm is e'er ready to strengthen the weak, to make steady the faltering, to relieve the suffering, and to liberate the captive, where law and order be complied with.

And so in commemoration of the day when those souls drank deeply of the joys of freedom, do we desire to always remember that grand event, and each year celebrate on a day set apart for that purpose, "a day of thanksgiving," and rather than a day of feasting, make it a day of fasting and thanksgiving to him who loved thee, our grand America, who made thee the land of promise, the land bountiful, and who will make thee the land of inheritance for his Saints.

America, our native land, we love thee!

MISS MAY CRAYNE.

2110 Newell Avenue, KANSAS CITY, Kansas.



REJOICE! RELIGIO WORKERS!

(Composed by Elder F. R. Tubb, of Toronto, Canada. Dedicated to Floralice Miller, president of London District Religio Association.)

Tune.—"The morning light is breaking."

Rejoice! Religio Workers!
 Let every heart awake!
 And with the choir of angels
 Celestial music make;
 Let your combined hosanna
 Reverberate afar,
 And Zion's heaven-blest banner
 Lead forth to glorious war.

For in the grand effulgence
 Of everlasting day,
 Thy powers of nature awaken
 Her songs of victory!
 Thunder, and storm, and battle,
 And earthquakes rend the air,
 While fierce tornadoes loud proclaim
 The Lord of hosts is near.

Send forth your testimony
 With no uncertain sound—
 Rocks, hills, and mountains catch the cry,
 And send it pealing round
 'Till thy sublime evangel—
 Religio workers all—
 Shall gird the earth from pole to pole
 And every foe shall fall.

While heavenly hosts commingle
 Their songs of grateful praise,
 Let Zion's hosts assemble
 And pæons of victory raise;
 Their vast battalions spreading
 The Lord's great battle song,
 While myriad feet are speeding
 To join thy conquering throng.



THE KING AND HIS GEM.

(An Allegory.)

A great and mighty King who lived in a home of beauty and splendor possessed a gem of intrinsic value; so rare was it that none other could be compared with it, in fact it was the only one of the kind that ever was in existence.

It had wonderful powers; under certain conditions it shed forth a soft, peculiar light that could penetrate the deepest darkness. It possessed healing qualities, and strange powers of blessing all came within the scope of its radiance. It could bring joy out of sadness and turn sorrow into gladness, soothe and comfort the mourner, and give hope and peace in place of despair. It enabled weary, discouraged ones, struggling along steep, stony pathways, to go cheerfully along their journeys, lightening their burdens and giving them renewed strength.

Another peculiarity of this strange stone was that only those who were loyal to the King could perceive its beauty or receive any of its marvelous benefits. So sensitive was it, so searching in its light, that while one might profess allegiance to the King yet at heart was a traitor, it refused to reveal its luster or give forth its blessings; but on the other hand, if one did a deed of kindness, or otherwise rendered service to the King, its brightness increased.

The King desired all to become his subjects, that they might partake of the blessings to be received through the peculiar influence of the rays of this brilliant jewel, and sent many of his servants who loved him and his beautiful gem above all else to

proclaim its powers abroad and the conditions under which it could be reached, and many joyfully believed their message and came and basked in its light.

It was necessary to protect this treasure carefully, and to place around it strong safeguards, for the King had an enemy, a powerful, crafty person, prince of another kingdom and leader of a strong army, who maliciously desired to destroy it. He did not seek to obtain it for his own use, for he was well aware of the fact that in his possession, its beauty and its glory and its strange powers would disappear; but he was jealous of the King and his subjects and also feared the power of the jewel, for it drew many of those who would otherwise serve his purposes, even reaching within his realm and liberating many he held captive; so he sought with all his cunning to overthrow the kingdom and remove or destroy the treasure.

After vain attempts with all the stratagem he and his crafty aides could invent, he seemed to find that his most successful plan lay in trying to duplicate the marvelous stone. He gathered material and made all manner of imitations, and so skillful did he become that those who were unacquainted intimately with the true gem were often unable to distinguish one from the other, for the false lights in the spurious stones were not discriminating, and shed forth their rays, which lacked softness and delicacy, upon those who sought their aid, whether true or false at heart.

To make the imitations more attractive and hide their imperfections, he placed them in gorgeous settings, and built beautiful and costly edifices for their keeping, in conspicuous places. He also instructed his servants to proclaim abroad the merits of his jewels, and promised the same advantages as those obtained through the gem of the King; he even taught them to declare it was the very same, while at other times they were taught to say the one priceless gem, the King's treasure, no longer gave forth its wonderful blessings; that they were formerly yielded only to illustrate its great value, and as that became widely known no further demonstrations were necessary. This he did to pacify those who were disappointed in his gems.

To make the deception greater, he sought to hide the pure jewel by hurling all manner of rubbish and unclean things over and around it, and succeeded in a great measure, for the King would not allow his subjects to resort to the violent, debasing methods of his enemy, but suffered it to be thus obscured for a time, knowing that the worthless imitations would crumble and vanish away with all their glitter and pomp, while the priceless jewel would remain, its luster untarnished and its powers unimpaired, and that it would again shine forth clearer and brighter and more beautiful than ever.

But again his faithful, loyng servants patiently removed the debris and polished anew the stone, the "little stone cut out of the mountain without hands, that shall fill the whole earth," and to us, dear Religians, is given a part in that work, to prepare ourselves that we may be able to defend the gospel and help remove the

prejudice caused by false stories; and the study of our lesson texts as found in the Book of Mormon, will prove a powerful implement to aid us, and by living lives above reproach, avoiding even the appearance of evil, we will help polish our precious gem, our "pearl of great price."

EMILY DAVIS.

For San Francisco Religio.



✓ WHY SHOULD WE STUDY THE BOOK OF MORMON?

When God created man, he gave him his free agency; he gave him the privilege to decide for himself whether he would do as the Lord commanded him or follow the whisperings of the opposing power.

God does not delight in a people that worship him through fear, but in a people that love to obey; and in order to do this our understanding and intelligence must be reached.

In order to help the human race to gain eternal life, he has placed within our reach many testimonies that he is God and that he is love. He has handed down to us the history of his dealings with his children in all ages of the world, that we may read and understand his will concerning his people.

The first step we take towards eternal life is faith in God. We must believe that he actually exists. Second, we must form a correct idea of his existence. Third, we must have an actual knowledge that the course of life that we are pursuing is according to his will.

This knowledge should be the highest aim of, not only those who profess to know Christ, but all mankind.

We read that God before the world was, just the same as after it was created. That he is merciful, slow to anger, abundant in goodness, that he always was so and always will be. That he changes not. He is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

We have three books that testify that this is true; that he is God. The testimony of many generations are therein recorded. He has told us to search the scriptures for in them is revealed the plan of salvation. We believe the time is near at hand when the millennium will be ushered in. Are we as a people prepared for the great event? Satan knows his time is short and engages all his power to overthrow the work of God, and it behooves us to so fortify ourselves behind that which is written that we may not be shaken. We read that the tempter came to Jesus in the wilderness after he had fasted forty days and was an hungered, saying, "If thou be the Son of God command that these stones be made bread," thinking no doubt that Jesus being hungry would take his advice, but the Savior answered, prefacing his answer with the words, "It is written." He came the second time, and this time he got quite pious, quoting scripture, saying also "It is written." He came the third time, but each time the Savior answered with the word of God, saying, "It is written." How many heart-aches, how many trials would be spared, and on how much higher ground we would be occupying to-day if when the tempter came to us we were

so versed in the word of God that we could say like Him of old, "It is written." How often we hear said, I would have done differently if I had known that was in the books. I do not believe that God excuses careless ignorance. He says, "Study to show yourself approved, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed."

Do you think that the Saints of 1846 would have followed a self-appointed leader out to a salt land if they had been acquainted with God's law contained in the Book of Mormon and Doctrine and Covenants? What sorrows and troubles they brought upon themselves through their ignorance. If they had known what was in the Book of Mormon many of these people would not have gone into that abomination that the Lord so frequently warns the people of in that book. Do you think that Uzzah would have put forth his hand to steady the ark if he had known that God had said that whosoever should touch the ark should die? Yet he had to suffer the consequences.

Many things in the Bible that have been changed through the weakness of man are made clear in the Book of Mormon. In second Nephi the twelfth chapter we read, "Know ye not that the testimony of two nations is a witness unto you that I am God, that I remember one nation like unto another? . . . And I do this that I may prove unto many that I am the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. . . . Out of the books which shall be written, I will judge the world, every man according to their works, according to that which is written." If this be true, that we shall be judged out of the books, it is necessary that we should know what is in them. In the first century the Christians took all possible care to accustom their children in the study of the scriptures and to instruct them in the doctrines of their holy religion, and schools were everywhere erected for this purpose, even from the very commencement of the church. The Saints in the very commencement of the restoration must have been careless in this respect, for in Doctrine and Covenants, section 90, paragraph 6, the Lord reproves his people because they have not taught their children his laws and commandments. In Doctrine and Covenants, section 83, paragraph 8, we read, "And your minds in times past have been darkened because of unbelief, and because you have treated lightly the things you have received, which vanity and unbelief hath brought the whole church under condemnation. And this condemnation resteth upon the children of Zion, even all; and they shall remain under this condemnation until they repent and remember the new covenant, even the Book of Mormon and the former commandments which I have given them." We are constantly reminded of the word of the Spirit to come up higher. How can we come up higher unless we know how? Let us not fall under the condemnation of our predecessors, but let us like Him of old, be able to say, "Get thee behind me, Satan, it is written." JESSIE ALLEN.

Read on Religio day at Independence Stake reunion.



Ability is a poor man's wealth.—M. Wren.

OUR NEIGHBOR.

This seems to me a very deep question, the answer to which we all stand badly in need to learn.

Luke tenth chapter, from the twenty-fifth to the thirty-seventh verses, contains a very touching and heart-searching story. It says that a lawyer tempted him, saying, "Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?" Christ said, "What is written in the law? How readest thou?" And he, answering, said, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself." And he said unto him, "Thou hast answered right: this do, and thou shalt live." But he, willing to justify himself, said unto Jesus, "And who is my neighbor?" Those few words ("and he, willing to justify himself") strike home to us all.

Ah! how often when we do those things that are not right and leave undone things that we ought to do, we try to "justify" ourselves. We may be able to do so to our fellow men; but never to the searcher of hearts and minds.

Christ then goes on to tell him of the man who fell among thieves and was left wounded and half dead, and by chance a priest came that way and saw him but passed by on the other side; likewise came also the Levite and went over and looked at the poor man and he too passed by. I suppose these men were looked up to as good men, but how far they came short of the Savior's example!

Then came the Samaritan: he also saw him, and we read he had compassion on him. What a difference! This man had learned what the brotherhood of man meant. Have we also learned this lesson? The Samaritan set him on his own beast and brought him to an inn and he was taken care of. Then Christ asks the lawyer this question, "Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbor unto him that fell among the thieves?" and he answered, "He that showed mercy on him." Christ said, "Go, and do thou likewise."

As we read this story we are apt to look down in scorn at the priest and the Levite, but let us pause a moment and reflect.

Can we not remember the time when we could have spoken kind words of comfort and cheer to some poor, weary, overburdened soul?

But no, we too passed by on the other side and said (trying to justify ourselves), There are plenty of others in the church to see to them, and so we let the opportunity slip by. Methinks there will come a time when we shall be sad indeed, when we realize how many opportunities we have thus passed by, and those to whom we could have done good, go away sad and downhearted because we were out of touch with our Lord. I think every person we come in contact with day by day should be looked upon as our neighbor, and they are either uplifted or cast down by our conduct. So it behooves us to be very careful how we walk. Let us see to it that our walk and talk in our daily life may be such as our Master meant when he said, Go and do thou likewise. I do not think I can close better than by quoting these few lines:

"Judge not, that thou be not judged.
 Thy brother falls and with averted eyes
 Thou passest by, considering in no wise
 The steepness of the path, whereon he trod.
 Thou hast not slipped, and so, self-satisfied
 Despiseth him. In thy self-righteous pride
 You will not stoop to lift him back to God.
 Thy sister stumbleth in the path of right,
 And seeing her from thine own virtuous height
 Thou leav'st her, to sin in dark despair.
 Did'st thou but know the darkness of the way,
 The stones that cut her feet, thou need'st might say
 I too had stumbled had God placed me there."

ADELAIDE, Australia.

LILLIAN J. PROUD.



A WALK IN LATE OCTOBER.

Late October's sun is shifting its yellow beams down through the tall straight alders, shedding a mellow light over the moss with which Mother Nature has carpeted the logging road that runs just back of our cabin. The fitful shadows come and go throughout all the woodland paths, and the soft dreamy atmosphere, so peculiar to this best of all months, invites us out of doors, and we saunter out into the forest. A gentle breath of salt air from the sound stirs the trees, and there comes drifting down about us the autumn leaves, which the frost sprite has painted red and gold and purple. The alders change from green to yellow and brown only, but now and then there is a dainty vine-maple whose fairy-like leaves turn to all the tints of autumn, and remind us of the grand old maples of northern Michigan.

We wander on and on, farther and farther over the carpet of brown leaves lying so comfortable on their bed of soft green moss, on over the thick pine needles that give forth a savory odor as we tread upon them, on over the soft bare earth, into the gloom of the forest.

A gentle breeze sighs through the firs and cedars overhead, as they stand erect, mighty in their strength, rearing their proud heads high above their neighbors, for they boast of ages upon ages before their more tender friends were more than tiny saplings. They cast about them a shade so dense that an eternal gloom ever lingers beneath their branches. There the life-giving rays of the sun never enter to bring into new being the vegetation that sleeps waiting only his call.

We retrace our steps, and at last find our way into a path beside a babbling brook. We climb upon a great rock, moss grown in the damp it ever feels beneath the weeping branches of a great willow. Ever as the gentle October breeze stirs among the branches, the long, yellow leaves let go their hold and drop, tremblingly, shiveringly; do they dread that watery grave below?

A splash in the deep shady pool at the side of the rock on

which we sit draws our attention, and we turn to learn what has troubled the waters, but we see nothing save the rings widening on the surface of the pool where something has fallen and disappeared beneath. We quietly watch and presently our patience is rewarded, as the water is again troubled, and the shiny, speckled sides of a beautiful trout are revealed to our gaze, as he springs out of the water and poises for an instant in mid-air to catch a fly that has dared too near the water, and then disappears again, to lie in wait in the shadow of some rock. The water laps the great rock caressingly as it flows around its base to form a tiny whirlpool where bright autumn leaves dance round and round in a merry waltz. Could any fashionable ball-room boast of more beautifully tinted costumes than those the leaves are wearing at their party upon the waters of the brook?

That rumbling sound comes to us from farther up the bank, where the water is boiling and gurgling through a narrow passageway, only to dash itself over a precipice where it forms the most delightful of waterfalls. How the sunbeams love to linger there, as falling across its shining face, they are sifted through the trembling branches.

A merry whistle comes to us from somewhere across the brook, and we look up and down to catch a glimpse of the whistler. Ah! there he is, just emerging from behind that clump of vine-maples; he is whistling some favorite tune; a jolly, rollicking, boyish air, as he trudges along with his school books fastened in a strap and slung carelessly over his shoulder. His cap hangs over one ear in an indifferent way, and his yellow-brown curls bob up and down in the soft autumn air that stirs all around and yet seems to come from nowhere. He is making his way to a little cottage in the distance. As he passes up the lane he stops to gather clusters of purple grapes hanging in the sunshine and giving out a sweet odor that invites him to stop and take a taste. His books slip from his shoulder and he bounds over the fence into the orchard, where he stoops to fill his pockets full of bright red apples.

A chill breath reminds us that the sun does not linger long these days, so we make our way homeward, our hearts filled with praises to him who doeth all things well, and giveth with a generous hand all the beauties and sweets of nature in her different seasons.

Helen Hunt Jackson draws a beautiful pen picture of late autumn in her poem, "October's bright blue weather:"

"O suns and skies and clouds of June,
And flowers of June together,
Ye can not rival for one hour
October's bright blue weather,

"When the loud bumble-bee makes haste,
Belated, thriftless vagrant,
And golden-rod is dying fast,
And lanes with grapes are fragrant;

"When gentians roll their fringes tight
To save them for the morning,
And chestnuts fall from satin burrs
Without a sound of warning;

"When on the ground red apples lie
In piles like jewels shining,
And redder still on old stone walls
Are leaves of woodbine twining;

"When all the lovely wayside things
Their white-winged seeds are sowing,
And in the fields, still green and fair,
Late aftermaths are growing;

"When springs run low, and on the brooks,
In idle golden freighting,
Bright leaves sink noiseless in the hush
Of woods, for winter waiting;

"When comrades seek sweet country haunts,
By twos and twos together,
And count like misers hour by hour,
October's bright blue weather.

"O suns and skies and flowers of June,
Count all your boasts together,
Love loveth best of all the year,
October's bright blue weather."

BELLINGHAM, Washington.

EDITH M. KINNEY-HOWER.



LIBRARY DEPARTMENT.

FICTION. The question has been asked a great many times, Do you favor fiction in the circulating part of the library? and if so, Why?

Many of our earnest workers seem to be opposed to any fiction whatever, others favor some fiction, but want all foreign fiction expurgated. In such a matter as this, we must concede a difference of opinion and a right to each one to his opinion.

Personally we are heartily in favor of fiction and will try briefly to show the reasons. The first reason might be that we have read so many fairy stories and novels ourselves, especially as a child.

Fairy stories have but little of history, it is true, and so would seem to be nothing but fiction. Yet in all that we have read, and we have read hundreds of them, there is always a big moral. Wrong may triumph for a time, may even accomplish the death of the good, and seem to be everywhere triumphant, yet in the end right will triumph, and if necessary, the good will be brought back even from death itself, to be in at the grand final victory, and then the good have everything that heart could desire. This is one very common thought, but there are other ideas also conveyed, and in such a way that the child mind absorbs the good and rejects the rest. Early childhood is imaginative and a story period anyhow. Children will often make up such stories for themselves, so that this

form is most readily adopted for telling them the great ideas of truth.

Later the child will require and demand more of fact. We have noticed many times that you can tell a child a story and say, "This story is all make-believe" and the child will nod its head and understand, and will never think for a moment that it really happened. Again you can tell a story and say, "This story is all true," or, "So much of this story is true," and there seems to be an appreciation of what parts really happened. Later, as we have said, a child will want more of history and the real thing until almost before we know it he will be reading straight history for himself.

The great fairy stories have been handed down for ages and so have an historical as well as a psychological interest. The great folk stories seem always to be enjoyed by the childish mind, and yet, by gradations to many mature minds almost imperceptible, they lead up to Bible stories. Certainly we can not recommend all fairy stories. But there are enough of good ones to supply the demand, and from our personal observation we have seen less harm in poor fairy stories than in any other form of poor reading we know.

Later there come novels. Some feel they are vitiating the taste for books worth while if they read novels. And it is true that too much novel reading, especially of a poor grade of literature, will spoil the taste for other books which are really worth while.

As we grow older, it seems that our desire for solid things increases and that we prefer to get our history, psychology, and facts as condensed as possible, yet even then there remains time and taste for the best fiction.

In fiction, we now include fairy stories, novels, the great epic poems; drama—in fact, all literature that does not deal with facts alone. In view of such literature, there is this to be said: History is dry at the best, if taken in a dry state of just a mass of detail and fact. The king, who reigns, is not the most important feature of the age. We may read many histories and still not know the conditions or character of that age. Then some one comes along, studies for years everything written and to be found dealing with that period, and writes an epic poem or a historical novel, and presents the living people of that time to our view. Prose, in fact seems but the skeleton of the life of the world. These poets try to fill in the flesh and color and make a living picture, with which we can sympathize, and love. The real things, those that endure, are not thus visible to the natural eye, but thinking men, for ages past, have perceived that the unseen is that which really is and endures. The aims, ideals, and hopes of a people are an essential part of their life. The king is not all; but how the people live, even down to the least of his subjects, is a part, and in fact the greater part of history.

Again, fiction presents the writer's views of life. It is his realism. It may not be ours. Without fiction we judge all mankind by our own feelings and tastes and opinions alone. By reading what the best authors have to say, we learn of characters we

have not met face to face. We learn of other characters, whose types we have met, and see them suffer. Our experience of life is no longer limited to our own outlook, but is broader, and yet broader, until it really includes in sympathy all humanity, because we see with other's eyes instead of our own alone. Something of psychology and other scientific subjects may be gleaned from fiction, yet it seems to us that this fact of broader views and sympathy with life is one of the most important features of fiction.

The best of masterpieces have been translated, and many of them rewritten for children. Such books we can use with profit for the telling of these great stories to the little ones. Yet as we grow older our sympathy is hardly with expurgated editions. There are some good novels which can be read with profit by but few; such it is safer to keep from our shelves, together with the indifferent, the bad, and the vicious. But when a master-mind has produced a worthy book, to have some lesser writer attempt to correct and modify and rewrite, would seem an unfair tampering with a masterpiece. This is by way of general observation, as story books for children these great stories retold are excellent. Many adult readers also prefer these modified editions.

But we would hardly call a book a classic, unless it is the original or a careful literal translation of the original. It is but fair to say that there is great difference of opinion in regard to this matter and that others of the general library workers take a different view. Nor are we prepared to recommend placing many of these masterpieces in reach of the children, though older minds may read them with profit.

Fiction should be but a part of our reading, a decorative, pleasing part, it is true, and serious also in many aspects. But we do not want to neglect the books of the local library to devote all our time to fiction. Both are necessary for a clear, true view of life. So far as personal experience goes, we have read less of fiction in the last fifteen years than in the first fifteen, and shall probably read less in proportion as the years go by. This does not mean that our opinion has changed of the relative value and place of good fiction, as it seems to us a natural development, that more in proportion of fiction should be read in earlier years and that it should decrease in proportion as we approach our prime, though not entirely to disappear.

For the present we are most concerned with books for the children and a few of the best of the great masterpieces. There is enough of the best—enough, that need not be questioned, to supply our shelves for many years to come. Yet we hope for the day, when on our shelves may be found *all* of the best.

Do not forget the question box in this department, though the above is partly in answer to questions received.

S. A. BURGESS.

NORMAL LESSON ON THE BOOK OF MORMON.

PART II.

Lesson IV.—The Period of the Reign of the Judges.

1. This period extends from the seating of Alma II, the first chief judge, 91 B. C., to the birth of Christ. During this time the Nephites had a republican form of government. The presiding officer was called chief judge; hence the period is called "the period of the reign of the judges."

2. This period is divided into six epochs as follows:

a. The reign of Alma II, the high priest, who was chosen according to the laws of Mosiah to govern the nation. Under his righteous rule the nation grew and the people prospered. The good reign was marred by the wickedness of Nehor, the rebellion of Amlici, and war with the Lamanites. The increase of pride in the church caused Alma to resign the judgment seat, 83 B. C., to devote his entire time to the ministry.

b. The reign of the house of Nephiah. From this family were chosen four judges who ruled the people from 83 to 50 B. C. The church grew and for a time peace and plenty were enjoyed by the Nephites. Some desired to return to a monarchical form of government, and rebellion marred the land. A large emigration to the north country occurred. A secret combination like them of old was established, bringing strife and murder.

c. The reign of the house of Helaman II. In the midst of the strife and confusion, the people chose Helaman II, the high priest, to judge the nation. He and his son, Nephi I, judged them twenty years. Order was restored and righteousness increased, and the people prospered. Division arose, and the Lamanites overran the land, driving the Nephites to the land northward. Nephi resigned 30 B. C., to care for the church.

d. The reign of the house of Cezoram. He and his son ruled the people for four years. An era of great prosperity prevailed, the Nephites were restored to their land, and the Nephites and Lamanites were at peace. The Gadianton robbers began to be introduced among the people, and both judges were slain by them.

e. The reign of Seezoram. The Gadianton robbers became so strong that they placed one of their own number on the judgment seat. He reigned two years. Terrible strife and confusion followed. He was assassinated by his brother. A season of civil war ensued, succeeded by three years of famine.

f. The reign of the house of Lachoneus. He was chosen to judge the nation some time subsequent to the confusion of the latter reign, but the time of his choosing is not known. (There may have been another judge, not named, between these judges.) This family furnished two judges, one of whom reigned after the birth of Christ. The nation was much disturbed during this reign.

3. During this period, eleven judges ruled the land (one after the birth of Christ, twelve in all). Seven high priests presided over the church, three of whom sat in the judgment seat.

4. Prominent among the great men of this age were:

Alma II, the first chief judge and great high priest.

Ammon, son of Mosiah II, the great missionary.

Moroni, the great chief captain of the Nephite armies.

Helaman II, chief judge and high priest, the publisher of the records.

Kishkumen, the founder of the Gadianton band of robbers.

Samuel, the Lamanite prophet.

QUESTIONS.

How much time is covered by the period of the reign of the judges? What form of government had the Nephites during this time? How many epochs are there in this period? Who was the first chief judge? How many judges were chosen from the family of Nephiah? What were the principal events of the epoch? What happened during the reign of the house of Helaman II? What house ruled next? Name the principal events of this epoch. To what order did Seesoram belong? What followed his reign? What is said of the time of the election of Lachoneus? How many judges came from this family? When did the last one rule? How many judges were there in all? How many high priests? Name the most prominent men of this age.



NEWS FROM THE SOCIETIES.

Lamoni, Iowa.—The interest in Religio work in Lamoni is on the increase, if we are able to judge from indications. With the opening of the school year a goodly number of young people from abroad come among us, and we are always glad to welcome them to the Religio meetings. We trust that all who have come this year in the hope of receiving the most possible good from the association of the Lamoni Saints will not be disappointed with the good they may receive from the Religio.

The programs of late have been good; among the features deserving special mention were the efforts of Bro. Fred B. Blair on the mission of the Book of Mormon, and of Bro. Elbert A. Smith on the mission of the Doctrine and Covenants. On Friday evening, October 18, the local will give its annual reception in honor of the teachers of the Lamoni schools and the faculty and students of Graceland College. The occasion has always been a pleasant and profitable one, and we anticipate the usual pleasurable features at the present one. These items go to the editor too soon to give particulars.

J. F. GARVER.

Independence Stake.—The Independence Stake reunion was held at Holden, Missouri, September 13 to 22. All the Presidency of the church, as well as the stake presidency, and missionary in charge, Heman C. Smith, were with us, as also Uncle Alexander Smith. Both auxiliaries of the church were well represented by talent, if not great numbers, and both did splendid work. Mrs. D. H. Blair

was in charge of the Sunday-school work and was assisted in the normal work by Mrs. M. A. Etzenhouser.

Miss Eva M. Bailey, stake superintendent of Religio Home Department, was in charge of Monday morning service. The president, W. A. Bushnell, could not stay over Sunday, but left some good lieutenants, out of a possible twelve hundred that he presides over, who took charge of the work.

The service consisted of some excellent papers, and a map talk. Institute work was then entered into and some leading questions were then taken up and answered by Heman C. Smith, Bishop Scott, Sr. Haines and others. In the afternoon R. B. Trowbridge and Mrs. M. A. Etzenhouser, treasurer and secretary of the general Religio Society, instructed us on constitutional duties, calling attention to the translation fund, which is now nine hundred dollars.

The whole work was for development and progress. Normal work was given every afternoon, and the Daughters of Zion held one session on Friday. The prayer-meetings, sermons, lectures, and study class in charge of W. H. Garrett, of the stake presidency, was educational, developing, and inspiring. Taken as a whole the reunion was a success.

The Holden paper gave us a splendid write-up at the hands of A. H. Parsons.

ALTHA DEAM.

Clitherall, Minnesota.—We have a flourishing society with a bright outlook. The officers are all working for the good of the Religio, and have no doubt that they will do much good. We now have twenty-four members enrolled and expect to grow all the time. We like the Book of Mormon work and are trying to study up on all points where there is any possible chance of criticism from outsiders. I think criticism in a friendly way on the Book of Mormon during study is a good thing. I think that the scholars will learn some things that they would not otherwise learn. We meet in private home.

FRED W. SMITH..

A Glance at the Future



AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ELDER J. C. CLAPP.—This autobiography, so well begun in this number, will continue with increasing interest,—on through the days of apostasy and personal peril in Utah to the rise of the Reorganization, coming as it did with joy and peace. At the request of the editor, Elder Clapp has written a few paragraphs regarding his personal recollections of Joseph and Hyrum Smith that will appear at the close of the next chapter of his autobiography.

THE HOLIDAY NUMBER.—The holiday number is now in course of preparation. Besides the regular articles now running, which include Elder Clapp's article, Elder Lake's experiences in Southern Seas, and Elder Lambert's experiences, there will be several short articles and stories of great interest. These will include another "tale of the sea," similar to the one that appeared in the August number; a story from the life of a Latter Day Saint sea captain; a story of shipwreck and escape as marvelous and as true as the one that is found in the Acts of the Apostles.

LETTERS FROM THE PAST.—It is perhaps early to anticipate 1908; but we will give our readers a glimpse at its possibilities. One of the well-known elders has prepared a series of letters, dealing with the history of the church, that will be of surpassing interest.

They purport to be written by a young Englishman who is visiting the New World. He writes from Manchester, New York; from Kirtland, Ohio; from Far West, Missouri; and from Nauvoo, Illinois. From each place he recounts the doings of the church as he has witnessed them. This series will be both interesting and instructive.

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ELBERT A. SMITH.

EDITOR

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AUTUMN LEAVES

ELBERT A. SMITH, Editor

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ORDINATION.

Lo! how many truths need stating,
To the children of mankind;
Clouds of witnesses are waiting,
To convince the honest mind.
Ye who know these truths, go teach them,
And their practice keep in view;
All these evidences, preach them—
God requires it of you.

Take the sword, which is the Spirit,
In its sheath, which is the Word;
Use it oft, as well as wear it,
Till its luster be restored.
In authority and power,
Not as scribes, nor Pharisees;
Heed not when man's frown shall lower—
'Tis the Lord you ought to please.

To this calling we ordain you,
Consecrate and set apart,
Praying that the Lord sustain you—
Be you faithful, we exhort.
Rich the blessings promised to you
When your noble work is done.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
To the Father and the Son.

David H. Smith, in Hesperis.

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THE PRAYER ON THE MOUNT.

BY "RICHARD."

FATHER, knowing how heavenly influences help the soul along, I have come from all the world apart to be with Jesus one short hour.

My soul is weary, and famished for the bread of heaven.

I call on these mighty rocks, in whose cleft I am concealed, to witness my devotion. Lord, your own power, for some cause unknown to man, convulsed the bosom of Mother Earth, formed this rude grotto, placed yon cromlech, and placed these silent, moss-clad giants as sentinels to guard them. A select place indeed to commune with heaven. Oh, help me to become more and more like my Savior. Attune my soul like a musical instrument, until it shall vibrate with all the finer forces of nature in her mighty march toward Millennium.

Father, will you lead me where precious souls hunger and thirst for righteousness? Will you help me cleave a rift in the dark clouds that conceal the light of life from them? Month after month have I traveled in quest of some seeking for light—still I find no demand for the gospel. Aspirations for truth seem dead. Your word is not appreciated.

The spiritual aspect of my mission seems like that of these rugged heights—above the dews of the glen, where local showers are diverted toward the rivers, where there is no depth of earth above the rocks, unsheltered from the fury of the wintry blasts. Even the summer sun, in his efforts to thrust light into the thickly wooded gorges, has burned much of the vegetation from these glades.

Give me faith as that small seed that lodged in the crevices of this ledge years ago and produced this tree. Oh, my God, give me faith like that little seed. High above the earth, it thrust its tiny rootlets deep into an invisible stream, and against all odds it has become a tree superior to many of its kind in the fertile valley below. A colony of mammoth ants sucks the sap from its flattened roots; insects feed upon its foliage; severe heat and drouth have killed some of its members; the storm king has wrenched it beyond measure; still it is not discouraged. It turns the palms of its leaves heavenward and prays for rain with a faith which never falters—serene, unmoved, majestic, it casts a dense shade where kids engage in their reckless pranks, and where

birds warble their love songs and feed their young in its branches.

Help me to become like this tree; help your servant to develop a character and manifest a faith as positive, as determined, and to adapt himself to his surroundings, and fill the measure of his creation, and grapple as successfully with the seemingly impossible.

And open the eyes of your servant that he may quickly discern such noble characteristics in his associates.

Be all the glory thine. Amen.



THE THREE NEPHITES.

BY VIDA E. SMITH.

HEY STOOD in trembling silence near,
 The three with downcast eyes,
 Near Christ before the multitude,
 Beneath the smiling skies.
 "What will ye I should do to you?"
 Fell gentle, sweet, and clear,
 How could they tell the boon they craved—
 To linger always here?

From the vast eternity of heaven,
 And all the beauteous earth,
 To choose and frame the wish in words
 That honored well its worth.
 Fast beat their hearts with wild desire,
 Then well nigh ceased to move;
 As on each paling, flushing face,
 They felt those eyes of love.

No word, no voice for that new hope
 To linger here with men,
 And love and lift the multitude
 Till He should come again.
 The hour was radiant with light,
 And rich with power divine;
 Here beat the wondrous Heart of Life,
 The Spirit's bread and wine.

Into the silence crept the sound
 Of leaves by soft air stirred;
 Of insects' hum, and men's deep breath,
 But never sound of word.
 Then fell the voice with nature tuned,
 "Behold, I know your thought,
 More blessed are ye," and lo, the thing
 They feared to ask was wrought.

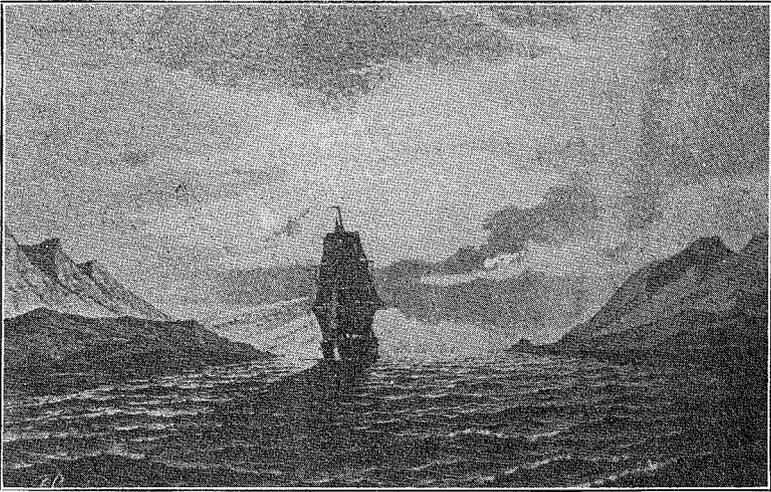
All up and down the busy world,
 And by the lonely ways,
 They pass to bless their brother man—
 E'en to these latter days.
 Quick changed from common human state,
 Yet left manlike below,
 They suffer death, nor weight of years,
 Nor sorrow, pain, nor woe.

Then shall I fear to ask a gift,
 Though far too great it seem?
 The thing that he can do for me
 Is greater than I dream.
 I may not look beyond the gates,
 But this to me is given;
 In lifting up the fallen one,
 We both are nearer heaven.



THE FATE OF THE "ORIE V. DRISKO."

BY BISHOP RICHARD BULLARD.



ON WEDNESDAY NIGHT, July 3, 1889, the Saints of the Boston Branch, Massachusetts, were assembled together at their regular mid-week prayer- and testimony-meeting. The evening was warm and oppressive, but a goodly number of the Saints were on hand to enjoy whatever of blessing the Father was pleased to give. It was a "cottage meeting," held at the house of Bro. and Sr. A. W. Bowers, as we had no church building at that time to assemble in.

As the meeting was opening, a man with bronzed and weather-beaten face entered and took his seat quite near the writer, who was then presiding over the branch. I think I had seen this brother once before in our meetings. It was Captain John Richardson, of Jonesport, Maine, who six and one half years ago passed away, and is numbered now with the silent majority.

The meeting was spiritual and comforting to the tired Saints who had worked hard through the day, and had come long distances to worship the Lord. I repeatedly looked toward Captain Richardson, and the Spirit rested upon me in a marked degree.

Towards the close of the meeting the voice of the Spirit said to me: "Speak to him the message I will give you." I arose and delivered in substance the following prophecy:

"Thus saith the Spirit unto thee, Bro. Richardson, the time is at hand when thou shalt be released from thy perilous occupation, that of going to the sea in ships, for thou hast a work to perform for thy Master, which thou art called to do, and the way shall be opened before thee to do the work which lieth before thee, and to leave the work which thou art now engaged in. Thou hast been delivered from many dangers—yea, when no hand but His, who holds the sea in his hands, could have delivered thee, thou hast been brought to a haven of safety. Now hearken unto this word and thou shalt be saved from the destroyer who moveth upon the face of the deep. *The Lord shall open a way for thee to accomplish his work, and he will strengthen thee to perform it. Amen.*"

It was the first Sunday in the month of November, four months after the event just narrated, when the same body of the Saints were assembled to partake of the emblems of their crucified Savior. We were then worshiping in the Knights of Honor hall, Roxbury, Massachusetts, where we enjoyed many seasons of the outpouring of God's Holy Spirit.

Upon this Sabbath morning a goodly number were present, when after singing the opening hymn, Bro. Captain Richardson came into the hall and took his seat at the end of the rear settee. After the sacrament was served, and the meeting was opened for testimony, Bro. Richardson stood upon his feet and said: "Brothers and sisters, I have something to relate which has happened since I was last with you." The following is his testimony:

"I left Jonesport in August for Calis, Maine, for lumber to take to Delaware, and return with fruit. I had partly loaded my vessel with lumber when a man stepped aboard and said, 'Captain Richardson, I would like to buy your vessel,' making an offer of five thousand dollars for it.

"I replied, 'I can not sell now, as I want to take this trip, as I have engaged to take this timber and think I can make a good thing of it. On my return I will talk business with you and sell out, as this is to be my last voyage.'

"Immediately the words came to my mind, 'The way shall be opened before thee to do the work which lieth before thee, and to leave the work which thou art now engaged in.' I reasoned for a moment in my mind while the man urged his offer, but I decided to go on this my last trip and then quit the sea for good. The man made another appeal, and I refused and he left. I loaded up my vessel and left with a fair wind early in September for Delaware.

"Towards the end of my voyage, about two days' sail from my destination, a bad storm came down upon us and soon lashed the sea into fury. The wind increased in force until it became a howling hurricane. My sails were rent to ribbons, and I was almost

entirely at the mercy of the raging elements. The strain was so terrible through the night that my vessel sprung a leak, which added to our overtaxed efforts to save the vessel. Night again settled in upon us with an awful sea, and the wind hurling tons of water onto our decks, and our hope of saving the vessel almost gone. My mind was in a terrible state as my men fell upon their knees in despair, calling upon God for deliverance, as the water was gaining rapidly upon them. I felt I could not pray, for the words of the prophecy rang in my ears, and my willfulness had brought this distress to these men, who were in no way to blame for their condition. Groans, sobs, and pleadings were heard, blending their dismal sounds with the shrieks of the elements, and thus another night passed away with no abatement of the storm's fury. The morning found the men weak and faint for want of rest and food. The situation was pitiable indeed, and at last I determined to go to my cabin and pray God to save my men. I threw myself down and pleaded for forgiveness for my willful disobedience, and asked God to have mercy and spare the men who were with me. While thus praying an audible voice spoke over my shoulder to me, saying: 'Steer your vessel to the west. Give your orders as I shall give them to you, and none shall be lost.'

"I immediately returned to the deck, told my men to arise from their knees and eat, for they would all be saved if they would follow my instructions. The men in turn took a little nourishment and followed my instructions. I had lost two anchors and had but one left (the kedg anchor), with the Delaware breakers right ahead, and I was instructed to run right toward them. Vessel after vessel was dashed to pieces near us, and all on board lost, and no one could describe the horrors of the destruction wrought all around us. My men had confidence in my word, knowing I was a Latter Day Saint, and each one solemnly promised the Lord that if his life were spared he would join the church.

"The vessel was headed for the reefs where the breakers were hurling their spray amid a roar louder than thunder, when suddenly an opening was made in the reefs (solid rocks), and a huge wave carried the vessel through the opening, and it landed high and dry, far above high water mark, and all were safe. Three other vessels, watching the wonderful deliverance of my vessel, now safe from the raging billows, essayed to follow, but were dashed to pieces on the reefs, and all perished. Never before had a boat landed where this vessel was carried to safety.

"I lived on the vessel for more than a month, trying to get some means of launching my vessel and saving it, but I could get no one to assist in the work. I sold my vessel for one thousand dollars, all I could get for it, because I did not hearken unto the voice of the Spirit. I am now on my way home, sad because of the terrible experience I have passed through, but thankful to Almighty God for his wonderful deliverance."

There are those who will read this who will remember Captain Richardson relating this most thrilling experience in our meeting. His daughter, now living here in Jonesport, now Sr. Mertie Wilson,

confirms the truth of this article, as she has heard her father relate it so many times. Who is a God like unto our God? Was the Apostle Paul's experience, as related in Acts 27, any more wonderful than the experience of Captain John Richardson and his crew. The vessel was a three-masted schooner of three hundred and twenty-one gross tonnage. Only one of the six sailors obeyed the gospel.

JONESPORT, Maine, August 20, 1907.



GOLDEN MEMORIES; A CHRISTMAS REVERIE.

BY EDITH BEECROFT.

AS THE smoldering logs settle deeper into their bed of glowing coals, they crack, split, and up darts a bright flame. Another, and still another follows, until the dear old fireplace is filled with snapping, sputtering tongues of fire, shooting this way, that way, attacking each other in gleeful conflicts and then slipping behind the logs an instant to hide from their playful antagonists, only to again leap out and continue their game with renewed ardor.

Their crackling and hissing almost drowns the soft purring of a little maltese kitten, half concealed in the shadow of one of the big andirons, grimly guarding by either side, while the sturdy tick tock of the big clock standing in the nearest corner, can be heard above all. In the shelter of the semi-darkness, lurking around the walls of the room, is an old couch, patched and mended, but still comfortable; a spinning-wheel, idle now for many a year; and a square table upon which rests a well-fingered Bible, and several other time-worn books.

Holly, mistletoe, and evergreens in profusion, deck every available article in the room, extending to the inmates the usual Christmas cheer. But what is that in the corner yonder? One black mass, mounting to the very ceiling, as if all the shadows chased from the center of the room by the firelight had crouched together, quivering and quaking with fear.

By and by a flame, bolder than its companions, may leap beyond its bounds and light up the darkened corner, but our attention is now attracted to the wide hearth, bathed in flickering, mellow light. There sit, side by side, a man and a woman, their thin hair whitened by the snows of many winters; the once clear, smooth brows wrinkled with age; while the shoulders droop from the toils and cares of a life, long, hard, and sometimes bitter, but too sweet to be spoken of lightly. He in an arm-chair, she in a low-seated rocker, her hand resting confidently upon his knee, together gazing upon the burning logs, present a picture not soon to be forgotten.

In the strange maneuvers of the lithe, wreathing flames, they read an old, old story. Old, yet ever new. As the wind whistles down the chimney they live again their early years.

The strong north wind is wrathfully hurling the blinding snow

into the air, the country roads are almost impassable with rapidly growing drifts, as a traveler, mounted upon a trustworthy steed, makes his way toward a distant light, in the hope of finding shelter. He bows his shoulders and buries his face deeper into the big fur coat, swinging his arms with all his might as he urges on his noble horse, knowing that it is mere chance if he reaches safety.

Ah, did a fireside ever look more inviting than the one seen through the window as he at last stops before the little farm house? He casts a longing glance at the family circle, the little ones in nightrobes hanging up their stockings before the open grate.

"So it is Christmas Eve. Well, well, queer state of affairs I'm in! I had quite forgotten. But what's the use of all this fussing? Nothing but trying to outdo each other in giving gifts that are not appreciated. I'm sick of all this foolishness." Thus he muses as he dismounts.

It takes several raps with his benumbed fingers before the inmates, above the raging storm without and the merriment within, can be summoned to the door. And then, with eagerness and pity, they usher the half frozen young stranger into their midst, and the oldest boy unhesitatingly turns out into the bleak atmosphere to care for the horse.

When sufficiently warmed, and having partaken lightly of the food offered him, he begins to feel free to look about him and converse with those who are so considerate of his comfort. There is nothing extraordinary in his surroundings that he can see, but what is it that makes him feel as he has never felt before?

The cheery fire is before him, the old farmer beside him talking in a friendly manner, while the busy housewife rocks swiftly to and fro, her nimble fingers finishing a little pair of knitted stockings. His life has been a blank as far as home love is concerned. Here it not only enfolds each little soul therein, but reaches out to him, a stranger.

The little giggling voices of the children, hustled away into an adjoining room, soon fade away, as the tired feet tread the road to dreamland. Then the work begins. A fir-tree appears from some unknown nook, and a large box of ornaments made at odd moments by the girl's busy fingers.

The girl! Why, she has been unnoticed before! And such a pretty little blonde, of some nineteen summers. As she glides here and there, producing parcels of various shapes and sizes, she slyly chides her brother for his awkward efforts to help, but the smile which follows shows the true meaning of her words, and a longing to help enters the stranger's heart.

Almost before he himself realizes it, he is in the midst of the excitement, tacking a spray of holly here and there, fastening the parcels and ornaments on the higher branches. And then, under her direction, an angel robed in white and wreathed in tinsel is handed him, to be placed in the very top of the tree. Climbing upon a chair, he proceeds to fasten it, when, for some unknown reason, he turns suddenly, and looks straight down upon a sweet,

upturned face. Only a second; then a rosy flush dyes the fair cheeks, and drooping lids hide the deep blue eyes. Only a second, but that second has never been forgotten.

The years fly past, one, two, three, and the merry flames have another story to tell. The night, as before, is wild and rough. The sleet drives continually against the windows of a newly built log cottage. Inside all is bright and gay, and the room, yes, this very room, is massed with the decorations that nature provides for this time of year.

In one corner, some six feet apart, stand two tiny evergreens, daintily decked in tinsel and lighted by small white tapers. Masses of the same green, sprinkled with the sparkling webs and tiny lights, form a bower beautiful in its simplicity.

No other lights are necessary. As the big clock strikes the hour, a hush settles upon the merry band of young folks assembled here. Eager eyes are turned expectantly upon the closed door, leading into the other room. Then a sigh of satisfaction disturbs the stillness, for the door opens. An elderly gentleman steps forth, closely followed by a youth and maiden. Slowly, reverently, they advance and take their stand in the midst of the myriad of twinkling, blinking specks of light, peeping forth from the deep green of their abiding place.

Ah, go the world over and over, if you will, and find a sweeter scene,—sweet because of the happiness, too deep and sacred for utterance, there expressed. The auburn curls of the fair young bride are caught at the back in a net. The lace fichu is fastened upon her bosom with a spray of mistletoe, whose waxen berries fairly glisten in the candle light. The tight fitting bodice and full ruffled skirt of soft white wool; the trim, white-slippered feet just peeping from beneath the hem. The groom, with his black suit, dotted waistcoat, and high, white collar, gently clasps the hand of his fair one, while, with bowed heads, they listen to the prayer of the aged pastor. The prayer that is hovering around their own hearts.

The flames, tired out by their romp, sink to rest in their warm, cozy bed. The old gentleman slowly shakes his head, and his eyes sparkle as in those dear old days of yore. Slipping his arm around his feeble companion, the two gray heads resting together, they talk over the happenings of this day. How changed things are. Only this room remains the same. The children have decked it to-day as it was then. Their two sturdy sons, with their wives and babies, had come over the crisp, snow-packed roads to celebrate their parents' fifty-third wedding anniversary. The youngest daughter, only a few months married, had come from the city, for this day. As the old folks sat side by side, amid the evergreens, in the same corner where they took their solemn vows so long ago, and gazed upon the happy faces of children, grown now to prosperous man- and womanhood, they felt that their work was ended.

Many mistakes and backward steps had been taken, but despite all these, they could not but feel that their work was good.

The loved ones have now departed. The candles have flickered and died. The shadows revealing the masses of evergreen, alone tell of the day's festivities. The two old people sit before the fire alone, but not lonely. Dear was the time when the little log cabin was new and the young couple started to tread life's road together. Dearer still when three little souls had been intrusted to their care, and their object for living had been broadened to the directing of tiny feet aright. But last, dearest, and best, is the present, when their journey is almost ended, and they wait side by side for the summons to rest.

The dull glow in the grate is fading. In the shadowy corner, between the two little trees, two forms bow low, and with hands clasped together, they breathe a prayer, heard alone by the Father above. As the last word is uttered, lo! upon the stillness are borne the distant Christmas chimes. They seem to frame the golden words, "Peace on earth; good will toward men." The sweet cadence mingles with the murmured prayer, and rests as a benediction upon the bowed heads, in the sanctuary called HOME.



AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ELDER J. C. CLAPP.—PART II.

EXPERIENCES IN UTAH.

AS EARLY as the fall of 1850 Brigham Young began to agitate the subject of temple-building, and called for volunteers to haul rock from Red Butte Canyon to build the temple. This Red Butte Canyon was five or six miles east of the city, and they could easily make a load in a day. My father, always ready to help in work of that kind, put on two teams to haul rock. A number of other brethren did the same, gratis, of course. I suffered considerably, as it fell to my lot to drive a team, although I was not big enough to do much at loading the rock. The weather was cold, and we were very poorly clad, but we were hauling rock to build the house of the Lord (?), and we drew considerable comfort from that.

This rock hauling was the first eye-opener my father got in Utah; for, notwithstanding he was so dissatisfied with Brigham's usurpation, he was still zealous and confiding to a very great degree. But he was greatly surprised when Brigham made the announcement that the rock was not suitable for the temple; "But," said he, "we have not lost anything, for we need a place to kick up our heels in, and to have fun in. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." So the wily chief took the rock that was hauled for the temple and built the Salt Lake Theater of it, and when it was built it belonged to Brigham. So now, if any wanted to see Brigham's daughters kick their heels, they could just go and pay a dollar, and there was no difference between the saint and sinner.

The next eye-opener on temple-building was a call for all the faithful to turn out and dig out a canal from Big Cottonwood

Canyon to Salt Lake City, to boat rock down from the mouth of the canyon. Every ward was called out, and the portion of each ward was staked off, and so there was a string of men almost the entire length of the canal. I and my brother William each worked fifty-three days on the canal, and although the work was hard and the weather cold, we were happy in the thought that we were to have a name in the house of the Lord. But imagine our surprise, after we had got a good stream of water running in the canal, to receive word from headquarters that it would not be practicable to run rock down the canal to the city, but again said the chief, "We have lost nothing, for we need the water."



BRIGHAM YOUNG.

(From an old and rare photograph.)

The kid gloves which he wore were not typical of his rule.

And they abandoned that project, but they did not abandon the canal, for it was useful to irrigate Brigham's big farm and turn the water mill just south of the city.

These are but two of the many swindles that Brigham perpetrated upon the people. Another was the grain speculation when Johnson's Command came into the territory, by which he cleared thousands of dollars, and another on the lumber of which Camp Flogel was built, of which I will not take time to give the details. I know that many of the young men that are now sent out to represent the Utah church would deny these things; but I am telling but the truth and mini-

fyng rather than magnifying it, and only am telling a *little* of what I know to be truth, to account for my being what I am and where I am.

My father got a grant for Big Cottonwood Canyon, which at the time was considered impenetrable on account of rattlesnakes and the granite rock that almost shut up the canyon for about a

quarter of a mile; but my father was an enterprising man, and not fearing the rattlesnakes or the granite rock, he persevered and made the road, and we killed many thousands of the snakes; and after we had opened up the way to perhaps the first body of timber in the territory, and exhausted our means, Brigham came to my father and began to administer large doses of taffy. He said, "Bro. Benjamin, you are one of the most thorough young men in this territory. If I had one thousand men like you, all hell could not keep me out of the presidential chair of these United States," etc. "Now, Bro. Benjamin, there is not another man in the territory that could have done what you have done; and now, Bro. Clapp, we have got to have that timber out of that canyon, and as you have not got the means to get it out, I propose to take this thing off your hands and let you rest," which he did,

and made millions out of it. "But, Bro. Benjamin," said he, "I tell you in the name of the Lord, that you shall in no wise lose your reward."



ELDER BENJAMIN L. CLAPP.

(Father of Elder J. C. Clapp.)

Benjamin Clapp was one of the Seven Presidents of Seventy in the Utah Church.

During the reformation in Utah, brother William and I, on account of seeing so much of what we thought not right; or, as we called it, hypocrisy,, would not be rebaptized or subject ourselves to the confessors, as each home missionary was simply a confessor, and of course we were looked upon as rebellious and apostates. That, no doubt, was the cause of much that I suffered in after years, of which I do not choose to write at this time; but I have it written out in detail, which, although absolutely true, looks almost like fiction, and it is to this day marvelous in my eyes how I escaped with my life. I do not say that I was always wise and acted prudently. Indeed, I know I was not; but if I should

tell of some of the narrow escapes that I have had, no one, unless it would be some who passed through like experiences, could believe it.

In the spring of 1856 I made up my mind to fulfill a covenant that I had made with my mother, for I had seen her tear-scalded cheeks and heard her sobs until I thought I could be burned alive if it would be of any service to her; and I told her if I ever got big enough I would take her and take care of her, and would never forsake her as long as we both lived. It was one morning early in April that I resolved to throw off the yoke; but I knew it was a desperate undertaking, for my father was an austere man, and a

born ruler. I summoned all the courage I could, and prayed for strength that I might not falter, for I knew that the time had come for a change; and I went tremblingly to my father, or rather he came to me and began to lay off work for me to do. I looked him in the face and said, "Father, you will have to get some one else to do that, for after this I am going to work for my mother." (My father at this time was living with his second wife.)

Prior to this time I had never even said I did not want to do what he told me to do. At this time my oldest brother was in California and my next brother was in Mexico, and I was at home with my mother and her daughters. So I took upon me the responsibility of maintaining my mother and raising her children, consisting of four girls and one boy, the youngest of the family. My father did not seriously object, and I felt much relieved. So, after getting a divorce for my mother, which Brigham seemed to keep in stock, I located her in the fourteenth ward, and made arrangements to go to California. William Smith, who claimed to be a relative of the family, was going to take a thousand head of cattle through to California. The cattle were called church cattle but were branded "B. Y." This Captain Smith was a three-ply polygamist, (so I understand,) and withal a bigoted, over-bearing fellow, who only lacked the courage and opportunity to be a tyrant. I hired to Captain Smith to help to drive cattle to the Pacific slope, but as I was not as submissive as Smith thought I ought to be, he began watching me for an excuse to withhold my wages, and by the time we got through to Carson Valley I suppose he concluded that he had ample excuse, for he didn't pay me a cent. I will here mention one little incident that will show the character of Smith. During a little scuffle with a couple of the men, one Mr. Nolan stabbed me with a large pair of shears in my left leg and made a big, painful wound; and as it injured the cords of my leg it made it very difficult for me to walk, and Smith said, "Now, he will be a burden to us, and I think I will send him back to Salt Lake." I said, "Never mind, Mr. Smith, I will do my whole duty." But he seemed to have a spite at me, and put upon me much more than my duty; and it was so plain that all the boys could see it. The case that I will mention is this, on the Lecasia River (the Lecasia is a branch of the Snake River, I think,) I was put out on day guard, that is, to watch the cattle while they grazed.

It was early in the morning, and although I was lame, I was on foot, and every one that has had much to do with cattle knows that a thousand head of cattle while grazing will cover considerable ground and require a good deal of running to keep them in bounds. There was another man out on the other side of the herd, but it seemed that the cattle pressed towards my side, and it was a dangerous time, for we were in an Indian country and the Indians were hostile, and while I was hobbling along as best I could some Gosutes Indians came dashing into the herd, whooping and yelling and shaking their robes like demons, as they were. They stampeded the cattle, to the southeast towards the Goose Creek Mountains, and it was but a few minutes until there was not an animal

in sight. The man that was on guard with me broke for the camp yelling "Injins! Injins!" I could not have run if I had wanted to, on account of my lameness; but I made my way to the camp, and when I got there I found the camp in great confusion. The captain was scared, which was plain to be seen by his blanched countenance.

The Indians followed the cattle on their fleet ponies until they began to lag, and then they cut off the foremost and most fleet ones and rushed them into the Goose Creek Mountains. They got away with from fifteen to twenty-five head of our best cattle; and the captain blamed me for the whole thing, but did not blame the other man, who had deserted his post. He said I ought to be tied up and whipped; and then I got on the warpath and did not manifest much meekness in my talk. I was well armed, and being almost desperate on account of my suffering and the way I had been treated, I would not have cared if Mr. Smith had made the attempt to tie me up; but I felt then that it would not be well for him to do it. The celebrated Lot Huntington was along, and when he came to me and gave me to understand that he would stand by me I felt quite secure; for Lot was one of the bravest men that ever listened to the whistle of a hostile bullet, and the camp all knew it.

This Lot Huntington was afterwards killed in Skull Valley by Porter Rockwell, and I can say of him, although he was guilty of many atrocious acts, that he had some excellent qualities. And I wish to say right here that much of my life at that time was spent in what may be termed a hard crowd, and I have seen much crime and passed through many hair-breadth escapes, but I have never shed man's blood, or taken one cent from him unlawfully, for which I can now look back and wonder, and thank my heavenly Father. Yes, I do greatly wonder that I was able to keep my garments so free from crime. I do not wish it understood by this that I have always done right by any means; but when looking back I see many cases where I would have been justified by law or the verdict of popular opinion, in doing something desperate, and was restrained by an unseen hand. I feel to give glory to God for his wondrous love and protection.

A few days after the loss of our cattle we passed over into the Thousand Spring Valley and met a band of Indians who were at war with the Gosutes, and had on their war paint. "Their valiant men were in scarlet," (Nahum,) and any one who has not seen a band of warriors on the warpath can form but an imperfect idea of how a fellow feels about the spine at such a time, and he could excuse our brave (?) captain for letting his knees smite each other something like Belshazzar did. Things looked rather gloomy for a while; but a beef ox or two, and a few sacks of flour seemed to have a good effect upon them, and we were finally allowed to proceed. We thought we got off quite well, seeing there were twenty-nine of us and several hundred of them.

I spoke of the cattle stampeding, and it came to my mind that those that have had no experience on the western plains can not

understand what that means, and of course I have not time to write a description of it, but I will say that when the Indians make a raid on a herd and scare them, any one could understand that; but the real stampede is a mystery. I have seen a thousand head of cattle lying or standing, chewing their cud as docile as lambs, and without any apparent cause, in the twinkling of an eye, every one would be transformed into a ferocious beast, worse than a grizzly bear, and, as though impelled by some mysterious power, they will all rush in one direction, and it takes almost superhuman power to stop them. The old and lame among them seem to be just as supple as the young and strong ones. I have seen several stampedes when the teams were hitched to the wagons, and besides a train of eighty wagons and a herd of nearly a thousand loose cattle, which of course would be strung out perhaps a mile and a half, and the entire herd and the teams hitched to the wagons would take fright apparently at the same instant, and in one second of time every one would be in motion, and no animal could be more dangerous to anything that would be in its way. I have in my manuscript, from which I am making these extracts, the description of some stampedes and some Indian troubles fully written out; but lest this paper be too lengthy I pass over this very briefly in order to arrive at the point where my personal experience in the church work begins.

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—Since the appearance of the first chapter of this autobiography, Elder Clapp, at the request of the Editor, has written out more extendedly his personal recollections of the two martyrs. Although not in line with the order of events in the story at this juncture, we append them to this chapter, believing that they will interest our readers.]

My personal recollection of the two martyrs, Joseph and Hyrum Smith, is limited on account of my youth; but still, as I have been blessed with tolerably good memory, I can recollect many things connected with those times, and I may say that some of them are as bright on memory's page as though they had been written there but yesterday. I have a fair recollection of the city of Nauvoo as it existed before the exodus, and when I visited the city a few years ago, after the absence of nearly a lifetime, I was able to point out many of the old familiar spots, once beloved. As Bishop Anderson of Lamoni could tell you, I was able also to locate many of the dwellings that have withstood the ravages of time, among them Brigham Young's, H. C. Kimball's, our own, and many others.

My recollection of the two martyrs is that they were both good-sized men, Joseph a little heavier than Hyrum. Joseph was of a ruddy countenance, and appeared to be in the very vigor of health and manly strength. Joseph was of a jovial disposition, and seemed to be more mirthful than Hyrum. Joseph, when we (boys) would be playing on the green, would often stop and take a lick or two at our ball with his cane, but I do not recollect that Hyrum ever stopped to play with us. Hyrum was of a sedate appearance,

and the boys felt that he was not as approachable as Joseph was. Joseph would generally manage to knock the ball over the fence if he could, and would then say, "Over the fence is out," and would pass on.

I recollect a little circumstance that took place at one time while a lot of us boys were playing on the green. One of the boys had tied his little tin dinner bucket to the tail of his kite, and it was flying quite lively, and was affording a good deal of merriment for us. Five men rode up among us. We supposed they were of the mob, of course, and we did not care to be very sociable with them. One of them, who I suppose was a leader among them, a man riding a big, bald-faced horse, said to one of the boys, "Sonny, do you know where the prophet Joe Smith is to-day?" and one boy blurted out, "Yes, he's gone to heaven. We are just sending his dinner up to him." The man turned to one of his companions and said, "These little —— are trained to lie from the cradle up."

I recollect hearing what is now known as the "King Follet" sermon. I suppose the reason I can recollect it so well is that Bro. Follet was a friend of our family, and perhaps it would be still more strongly impressed upon my memory because I believe it was the last sermon by the Martyr. While I say I recollect the sermon it will not be understood that I recollect any of the merits or demerits. I can say I recollect just one sentence that was uttered, and that is as bright in my memory as though it had been uttered this morning. It was: "The Holy Ghost that is now upon me comprehends the whole world," and as he uttered the words he stood very erect and spread wide his arms, and assumed a most majestic appearance. I looked for that sentence in some of the printed copies of that sermon, but I could not find it just as I recollect having heard it. I can also remember how spellbound the large congregation seemed to be.

One thing above all others is deeply engraven upon my memory, that is the death of the two martyrs, and the awful gloom that settled like a pall over the city. There is no language adequate to describe it, or no imagination vivid enough to depict it as it now appears to me after the lapse of many years.

I went to the mansion that morning with my mother (my father was in the South on a mission), and it seemed that everybody was weeping; the very air was pregnant with sorrow. I can now call to mind many of the utterances that fell from sorrowing hearts and lips: "Oh, my God! this is too much." "Oh, have we come to this?" "Oh, my God! why have they taken our prophet and patriarch?" The air was full of expressions of this kind, but no loud talking was heard, especially about the biers of the dead.

There was a quantity of blood on the floor beneath the corpses, and at the sight of the blood my mother fainted and was carried out into Aunt Lucy's room, where, notwithstanding the great trouble of the good old lady, she ministered comfort to my mother.

It seemed that everybody was weeping. I, young as I was, was so overcome with grief that it seemed my heart would burst, and one could hardly see a face but it bore evidence of weeping.

I can say of the two martyrs that, according to what I knew of them as a child, and what I have learned during my whole life's experience, and what I have learned by reading their history, there never were two men more beloved, and that by those who knew them best.

(To be continued.)



EXPERIENCES, PLEASANT AND OTHERWISE, IN SOUTHERN SEAS.—PART II.

BY CHARLES H. LAKE.

SUNDAY in Tahiti brought additional experiences, among the first of which was a meeting at eight o'clock in the morning, a preaching-service, at which the writer occupied, with Bro. Burton as interpreter. By the way, there are some advantages to preaching with the aid of an interpreter; if the sermon pleases, the preacher takes the credit; if, on the other hand, it is not well received, there is a chance to blame the interpreter.

Elder Burton preached at ten o'clock, with Sunday-school following soon after. Again at three we met for social service, and at seven in the evening for preaching by a native elder. Five services on the one day, which has been the rule, in the order named, ever since. You must not think, however, that the native Saints are satisfied with five meetings on Sunday; no indeed, they barely take time to eat their meals; but when the regular meeting is closed, they all remain to talk over the sermon and sing. How they do love to sing; keep it up continuously, and do not get hoarse or tired.

It is a question in my mind as to which they enjoy more than the other, singing or talking, but think I will say that the men prefer talking and that the women would rather sing. I can say further, that the men can talk, or preach, just as well as either can sing; to find one who is not an orator, or at least able to make a respectable speech, is an exception. A much larger percentage of this people are orators, than of Americans, or any other nationality I have met. I account for it in this way, and it will be well for the young people of the church to take note: The principal diversion of the Saints in these islands is, the "matutu," or what we would call a debating contest. Some verse of scripture is selected, and leaders are appointed for each side of the discussion; or, if it is a subject upon which a stand has been taken by some other church, principals are only appointed on the one side of the question. The verses are generally written on the blackboard some days before the appointed time, that all who may care to take part in the general discussion may have time to prepare. It is good to see the zeal and interest displayed by both old and young, and is indeed commendable. One after another will come to the

missionary for help in their preparation, and would not like for another to obtain the same help, or at least on the same points. None are debarred from taking part when the principals have finished, and the only way you could tell who the principals are, is because they speak first, as all are equally in earnest and seemingly well prepared. So earnest are they, that a stranger might think they are about ready to fight.

I am led to think how our young people would develop if they would respond as readily when asked to take part in the Religion program, and try as hard to be prepared; with the excellent advantages they have over these people, there would be no limit to their attainments. When we stop to think that less than one hundred different books have been printed in the Tahitian language, and that very few own more than the Bible, with no concordance to assist them in studying that, their development has been wonderful, indeed! The young student of the Bible or Book of Mormon in America, or in any other land in which our church has a foothold, has thousands of books of reference, and general information, in the free public libraries; or those not in touch with a library can send to the *Herald* or *Ensign* Office, and purchase any book they care to pay for. Is there any possible excuse why our young Saints should not develop and become useful instruments in God's kingdom? I am ashamed of myself when I think of the opportunities I have had, and how little I have benefited by them, and coming here has made me feel that shame the more keenly.

Now, I do not want any of my readers to run away with the idea that this people have developed along *all* lines equally with that of which I have just written; that is mentally. It is commonly talked among white people who have lived among them for years, that as a people they are not developing morally or spiritually at all; and my own observations would lead to that same conclusion. We need not be surprised at that, however, when we read the words of the Lord through Nephi, for he says, "And then shall they rejoice; for they shall know that it is a blessing unto them from the hand of God; and their scales of darkness shall begin to fall from their eyes: and many generations shall not pass away among them, save they shall be a pure and a delightsome people."—2 Nephi 12: 62. The gospel was first brought to these islands in 1842 (?) hardly one generation having passed away. "Not many," is rather indefinite. The laws that do not interfere with their old traditions and customs are the ones most stringently observed. For instance; while an elder would not think of baptizing one who used tobacco, he would, if the law permitted, baptize one that was living in adultery. It would seem that to them adultery is no sin, but one who uses tobacco is beyond redemption. Only yesterday, one of our leading men asked me if it was permissible for a member who used tobacco to partake of the sacrament. I answered that each one must decide as to his worthiness to partake, and that there was no specific law saying, "Thou shalt not." He warned me not to teach that, for if I did the whole

church would go to smoking. Am inclined to think he knew what he was talking about.

Mrs. Parsons should visit these islands and observe the result of "trial marriages." The greatest fault I find with the practice, although I condemn it altogether, is, that it takes the contracting parties such a long time to decide whether they are adapted to one another or not, anywhere from one year to a lifetime.

However, we must understand that development mentally is one thing; but development morally and spiritually, quite another thing; the latter is wrought by the gospel alone, and is a slow process, because all old customs and traditions must first be overcome, and libraries stored with thousands of books can not accomplish that work.

If I left this question as it is now before you, I would seemingly be contradicting myself, or else practically saying that the gospel of Christ had not been brought to this people; but I have done neither, for you know that although the gospel is the only thing that will develop a people morally or spiritually, it does not follow that that is always the result of the preaching of the gospel among a people; and so I will say, that *if* a people, or individuals, *do* develop along those lines, it must be through the power of the gospel, for Paul assures us, "It is the power of God unto salvation, to every one that believeth." Now, if that is *the* power, there can be no other, and the extent of our salvation, or moral and spiritual development, accords with the extent of our belief, but our belief does not always accord with the extent of our "hearing." Read Romans 10: 17-21.

To me, these people are a paradox; for, while with them the Bible is the end of all controversy, and they know it by heart you might say, still when the teaching of the book on adultery is pointed out to them, and they are shown that those who practice it can have no place in the Kingdom, and must abide without the gates of the beautiful city, although they will say nothing, nor attempt to justify themselves, neither do they rush off to obtain a marriage license. Some make the excuse, "I could not get married without making a feast for all my relatives and friends, and I have not the money to do that; when I get enough money for a feast, wife (?) and I will be married." Another says, "My wife's uncle objects, hence we can not be married until he dies or gives his consent." Any other relative or excuse will answer as well, seemingly.

The same with paying their debts; debts never produce insomnia in this country; nothing but interest and useless "statements of account."

I must confess, however, that these two evils are not confined to the church in this part of the world alone. I have seen the books of the Herald Office, *our* Herald Office; and well do I remember that there are thousands of names of Saints on their pages, with a balance on the debit side of their accounts. Need I speak of the other and greater evil? "Have they not heard?"

And right here the question asserts itself, is the church in

general making any development along moral and spiritual lines? When we listen to the older ones tell of the good times when they would walk fifteen or twenty miles every Sunday to meeting, and what spiritual feasts they then had, one could easily believe that the church as a whole is making no more progress morally and spiritually, seemingly inseparable, than is this portion.

I will not attempt to answer the above query, as it does not seem possible for any one, during his short lifetime, to judge accurately as to the development of a people along spiritual lines, especially when living among that people all the time. Could we become perfectly familiar with the customs of a people, leave them for forty or fifty years, then return into their midst, we would be better able to judge, but even then it would be but the opinion of one, and another might have an altogether different opinion. Spiritual development does not necessarily mean an abundance of outward manifestations, *that* is not lacking here.

I do not wish to be a pessimist, therefore will leave the question unanswered, and continue to hope that the white people of these islands have passed hasty judgment, and are therefore mistaken, and that the Saints in our beloved America and in all other parts of the world, are building with pure gold and on the sure foundation.

This people will need the letter of the law for some time to come, and must gradually learn to obey the spirit of the law as well.

Digressing, am I? Then back to "Experiences." As in America, Monday morning was on time, we too, for we had learned during the two days previous, that it was well to have the morning's work finished while it was yet cool. We were fortunate enough to get our goods from the custom house, and having bought a few dry-goods boxes, the cabinet maker (?) was kept busy making tables, dish cupboards, food closets, benches, and numerous other things that two women would know how to use. When we had squared around, so as to know where we "were at," it was necessary to attend to our correspondence, as the steamer was to remain but two days more. No chance for rest, however, even when the steamer had sailed; leaving Bro. Burton to entertain the different delegations, and attend to his other duties, wife and I set ourselves to the study of this strange and at that time seemingly unattainable language, and from then on until this day, with no stopping place in sight, it has been study, study, study. Prayer-meeting Tuesday, preaching Wednesday, prayer-meeting again Friday evening, with the four meetings and Sunday-school on the Sabbath, left us no reason to grow lax along spiritual lines.

The second Sunday in Tahiti we were to spend in Tiona (Zion), where preparations had been made for a feast. A native feast in Tahiti—how rapidly we were being ushered into strange and interesting experiences. A feast, what recollections the word brings with it (excuse this blur, Mr. Editor, a drop of water from my mouth, that's all); Thanksgiving and Christmas feasts in my native land; "Have some more turkey, Charles, with cranberry sauce on the side?" "Yes, some more turnip, please." "Sparingly! mince and pumpkin pie, ice cream, cake, and nuts to come yet, sparingly!"

Nor does the feast end with the good things to eat; shall I say the best part is yet to come? Singing, innocent games, and joyous conversation; those experiences can not be duplicated in this warm climate.

An unexpected feast, however, brings pleasant anticipations, no difference in what language the invitation is expressed, nor in what land it may be, and we were all expectancy and ready for the team which was to take us out Saturday afternoon. The team for the occasion has been written of before, and I will only touch on that, not with the whip, however, as the driver lashed them enough to last for some time. The team: one horse was considerably taller than the other, and would make a better hat rack, that is, it would hold more hats. A bridle, collar, hames, rope tugs, with smaller rope for lines, answered for harness, but we were whirled through the principal streets of Papeete, whether to display us, or the city, I know not, with all the flourish of a king's carriage, and a blind man might readily imagine he was riding in King Edward's carriage of state, were it not for the rattle of all the loose bolts.

Papeete was soon left in the rear, and we were following the seashore, and skirting the mountains on our way to Tiona. What new and interesting sights were pointed out to us. Bananas, pineapples, coffee, vanilla, and other tropical fruits were growing by the roadside; a young cocoanut grove near Papeete, with trees about twenty feet tall, and branches quite fifteen feet, the lower ones forming perfect arches, the outer ends nearly touching the ground, with beautiful green sward beneath, looked cool and inviting, and had I known how, I would have asked the driver to go slowly, that we might have more than a fleeting view of such pleasant scenes.

There are few places in the world where mountain and water scenery is more beautifully combined. Across a channel, about nine miles, rose the peaks of another submerged mountain, an island named Moorea, whose highest point is not so high as those of Tahiti, not unlike a huge battleship, with its funnels, turrets, and masts; sometimes a fleecy cloud streaming away from a peak helping in the delusion.

About one mile from the shores of Tahiti, runs the coral reef, great swells constantly breaking over it, the blue ocean and Moorea beyond, make a picture to gladden the heart of a marine painter. But more beautiful still are the different shades of coloring, caused by varying depths of water inside the reef, all so perfectly blended that no artist could do justice to the scene. Beginning near the shore would be violet, drab, or a light brown, a streak of blue next, then a beautiful emerald green, merging into all the different shades of that color, all capped with snow white spray of the breakers, and the deep blue of the broad ocean beyond. To our left were the gradually sloping foothills, leading to the sharp peaks a mile or more above us.

Of course such swift steeds would not be long in going five miles, and we rounded the brow of a little knoll with a dash that would

do credit to a coach and four at the New York horse show. "Here we are, Tiona." Not much to be seen, however, as our Zion, as it should be, is set upon a hill, and it took some climbing to reach there; but when the top is reached the words of the hymn, "Lovely Zion," come to one's mind. "Oh, the view, how grand!" The great ocean below us, the beauties of its changing colors enhanced because of our height above it; about us were cool, shady spots, under the large spreading mango trees, a few banana stalks, numerous flowering shrubs, plenty of cocoanut-trees, young and old, making a scene inviting and restful, well worth the climb.

Here we found the chapel built by T. W. Smith, also the old missionary house, somewhat the worse for wear. Varoa and his wife had kindly vacated their cosy niau house for us, which was larger than the average native house and had a board floor, with walls and roof of niaus (woven cocoanut branches). By propping up portions of the walls, plenty of air was allowed to circulate, and the niau roof was not so hot as would be a shingle or metal one. How welcome this people makes one feel, trying to have us think they are honored in being allowed to vacate their homes for us and live in the little cook house. No matter who may be approaching their house, whether a native or foreigner, the welcoming cry is always raised, "Haere mai" (Come in). A people noted for their hospitality, love for their children, and general good nature, I have found them to be well worthy of their good name in that regard.

Often when we visit the different branches, we are told to take anything we see and want, asking no questions. Do not think their hospitality is extended to foreigners alone, for that is far from the truth: while they may take especial pains to entertain a stranger in a strange land, they love to have their friends from other islands visit them and stay as long as they care to, months or years, never showing by word or sign that they have overstayed their welcome. If one happens to be prosperous, he never lacks for visitors, all his relatives, no matter how distant, having a claim on his hospitality, and taking advantage of it, nor would he dare protest should they eat him out of house and home; should he do so, he would be branded as was Cain, ostracised and abandoned to his own regrets. I now have in mind a brother who has a good position in a store in Papeete, that is seldom without five or six visiting relatives, care free and happy. When asked if he could not prevent it and save some money to build him a new home, although he seemed to realize that he was being imposed upon, showed no resentment, and said he would not dare protest; he would rather have nothing and their good will, than all the world without it.

None of them are above taking advantage of a prosperous relative, should the occasion arise, and sometimes I do not blame the brethren for using up their money as fast as they earn it; if saved, it would go to their relatives.

One man not long ago found a pearl worth four hundred dollars. He walked into the store like a Vanderbilt. "Two barrels of flour." "Any dress goods?" "Yes; two bolts of that." In comes

a relative. "Another barrel of flour for this man"; and so on, until it was all gone. The storekeeper, an American, told me of it; and that is the rule, with few exceptions. Some are wise enough, that when they find a pearl they will trade it for a new boat or a new house; the man who buys the pearl contracting to build either one.



EXPERIENCES AND OBSERVATIONS OF ONE OF OUR PATRIARCHS.—NO. 12.

BY J. R. LAMBERT.

CASE NO. 8.—In case No. 7 we presented the experience of blessing a little girl, between eight and nine years old. This number represents an old man, between eighty and ninety, who has had a long experience in the work—a faithful old brother, whose soul is full of faith, hope, and love. He received a patriarchal blessing in England, while in the first organization of the church; but, as he told me when he made application for his blessing, it was worn out, and could not be read. This plain, open way of dealing with the patriarch, and with everybody else, we commend. We are not engaged in a "fortune telling" arrangement, and would prefer not to be treated as fortune tellers.

A few quotations from this brother's blessing, in contrast with the one given to the little girl, will serve our purpose:

"Brother ———, in the name of Jesus Christ, who has called thee out of darkness into the marvelous light of the gospel, I lay my hands upon thee, and bless thee, according to the holy order of his word. I bless thee with the understanding that God knows all thy needs, that he is fully acquainted with all the desires of thy heart; and I take great pleasure in conferring this blessing, as the humble instrument of God for this work, because of the purity of thy life, the righteousness of thy desires; and because thou art an Israelite indeed in whom there is no guile.

"God loves thee and has accepted thee as his child, and thou wilt be able to complete the preparation required, and secure the full reward. And when thou art gone, and thy body shall lie in the dust, for a time, thy Spirit shall dwell in the paradise of God, until the trump shall sound and the dead in Christ shall rise, and thou wilt still rejoice in the glorious gospel, which thou hast learned to love exceedingly. And thou wilt find thyself, when thy work is done, and thou art ready to pass over the river into the sunny land, nearer to God than ever before; and thy death shall be sweet, because of the purity of thy life and thy faith in God.

"Thy work is almost completed; there remains but a little season for thee to dwell with the loved ones here, but thou wilt meet loved ones who have gone before, and loved ones will follow after thee, and dwell where thou dwellest; so, thy joy shall continue, in this life, because of the hope of the gospel, and the evidences of its divinity which have come to thy soul, strengthened

and supported thee in the trying hours of thy life, and will remain with thee to the last; and thy joy shall be complete in the life which is to come."

Space will not permit me to quote further, as I desire, with this number, to bring this article to a close. Sufficient has been presented for the lesson sought to be conveyed.

I am aware that the course I have pursued in the writing of this article may be strongly condemned by some. It may be said, or at least thought, that those who are called to do this kind of work had better go ahead and do it, and let the people of the church go ahead and attend to the work which belongs to them. Yes, that is all right, but we need to be careful, take the people into our confidence, and be sure that they get that which does belong to them. I believe in receiving the people into our confidence instead of holding them off at a distance.

The better condition to insure unity of purpose and action, by the ministers and non-ministers, is that they should be brought as nearly together as possible, and that both should be brought as near as possible to God. This enables us to be what the apostle Paul said the Corinthian saints were, namely, "laborers together with God."

I have long been an admirer of the sentiment expressed, and the feeling manifested by Moses. The Lord had put his Spirit upon the seventy elders; "And it came to pass, that, when the Spirit rested upon them, they prophesied, and did not cease." A young man ran and told Moses what was going on, which caused Joshua, the son of Nun, to say: "My lord Moses, forbid them."

Listen to the reply: "And Moses said unto him, Enviest thou for my sake? Would God that all the Lord's people were prophets, and that the Lord would put his Spirit upon them."—Numbers 11: 24-29.

In my judgment, the people, "the common people," should be diligently and carefully taught the things of God, and then they should be trusted. The nearer the people are to the ministers, and the ministers to the people, the better it will be for both, in time and eternity.

I am prepared to admit that patriarchs *may* make mistakes; nay more, that it is probable that they have made more or less mistakes in their work. I am also prepared to apply the same statements to every other quorum or council in the church. We are not required to show the absolute perfection of the work done, or the infallibility of those who do it. What we are required to do, is to recognize the divinity manifested in the work; that God is performing his part (as usual) faithfully and well; that when the individual blessed, and the patriarch who blesses, perform their duty as they should, the inspiration of God is enjoyed, and the individual is made better, morally and spiritually. He is brought nearer to God.

The patriarchal work has its pleasant side, and the side of difficulty. One of the difficulties which sometimes distresses and embarrasses the patriarch is the carnality of the candidate who is

seeking a blessing. He wants this, that, and the other, which, if secured, would be of little or no benefit to him; but the precious blessings of the Kingdom, which would make his life better brighten his hopes, enable him to endure till the crown of life is secured, he esteems as ordinary and of comparatively little importance. But, I am pleased to say, this condition is far from being the rule,—it is the exception.

The difference in the character of blessings given, is a matter that sometimes produces unpleasant conditions. These differences may be accepted in good faith, that is, without jealousy or envy, as I believe they usually are, and yet there is a degree of embarrassment to the patriarch, if to nobody else. I have often felt keenly the fact that I was not able to give to one as good a blessing as to another, who, so far as I know, was no more deserving than the one receiving the inferior blessing. But the fact that all who apply with pure motives, receive something good and precious, relieves the situation and makes us feel better.

As a fitting close to this article, I present the experience had in January, 1903. This experience has been already published over my signature, in the *Saints' Herald*, for June 20, 1906, page 582; but as it contains a strong implication in favor of the patriarchal work, I herewith present it.

The ninth day of the month, referred to above, found me very weary and sick. It was all I could do to keep on my feet. For several weeks I had been struggling unusually hard against the power of disease. So far as being able to do work in the future was concerned, I was badly discouraged. It did not seem possible for me to do any more. My life had been a continuous struggle, almost, and I felt that I was worn out.

On this date we had laid our little grandson to rest, and I returned home, not being able to go to the cemetery. I retired early and at once fell into serious meditation. I concluded I had struggled long enough, and desired to be released. I had a strong desire to pass over the river and meet the conditions of the future world.

At this juncture it occurred to me that I had tried to be submissive to the will of God in the past, why not now? So I prayed, felt better, and fell asleep. While asleep, I had a peculiar and significant dream, which convinced me at once, (while I lay thinking about it,) that whether I lived or died, remained with me. I prayed again, and in a very few minutes either fell asleep and commenced to dream, or passed into open vision. I now think the latter to be the correct view, but as it was my first experience in vision, I first regarded it as a dream.

It is no matter whether it was a dream or vision, so far as the material facts are concerned. This is what I *saw* and *heard*:

Looking to the north, I saw a personage whom I understood to be the Lord. Of the correctness of this there was not a doubt in my mind. He seemed to be in a sitting posture, with his head leaned towards me, and his countenance, which fairly beamed with

love and intelligence, seemed to indicate an intensely interested listener.

When I looked upon him, I felt glad and perfectly at home. The first thought which occurred to my mind was this: "Now is an opportune time to lay before him the thoughts and desires of my heart when I lay down to rest." I did so, in plainness and simplicity, with the direct view of getting his decision thereon, concluding my statement with these words:

"Now, this is what I think about it. You can do as you think best, and I will try to be submissive to your will."

He looked at me with intense interest and loving consideration, then, in silence, waited a few moments, like a thoughtful person who is about to answer an important question, after which he deliberately, plainly, and emphatically spoke these words:

"Your work is *necessary* and *important*. Are you willing to struggle, again and again, that you may rally and complete your work?"

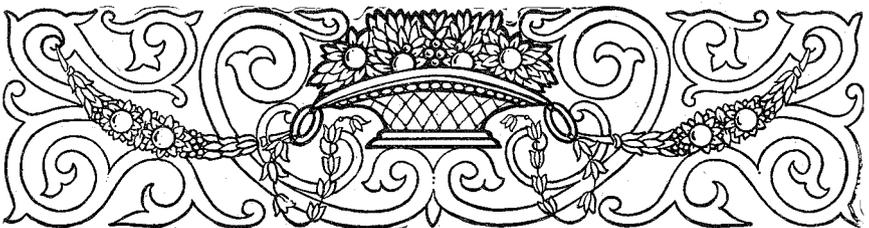
The significance and comprehensiveness of these two sentences, struck me forcibly, and at once; for with them came light, understanding, and power. I was prepared to answer without delay, and hope by the grace of God I shall be able to act in complete harmony with the answer given, till the last struggle is over. My answer was:

"Yes, Lord, I am willing."

Thus ended the vision, and I lay awake for some time, rejoicing in spirit, for I can truly say, like John on Patmos, "I was in the Spirit" on that night. (Revelation 1:10.)

I was a patriarch at that time, and my work was that which belonged to my office and calling. I had no thought of doing any other work. Any work is important, first, *because it is divine*, and the Lord has appointed that it shall be done; and, second, because each individual has his own particular work to do, in harmony with the purpose of God, and it is important, especially to him, that he should do it. All this, of course, the Lord knew before he made answer to my statements; and if he dealt with me like himself, honestly and intelligently, then, surely, his language is a strong indorsement of the patriarchal work. It "is *necessary* and *important*."

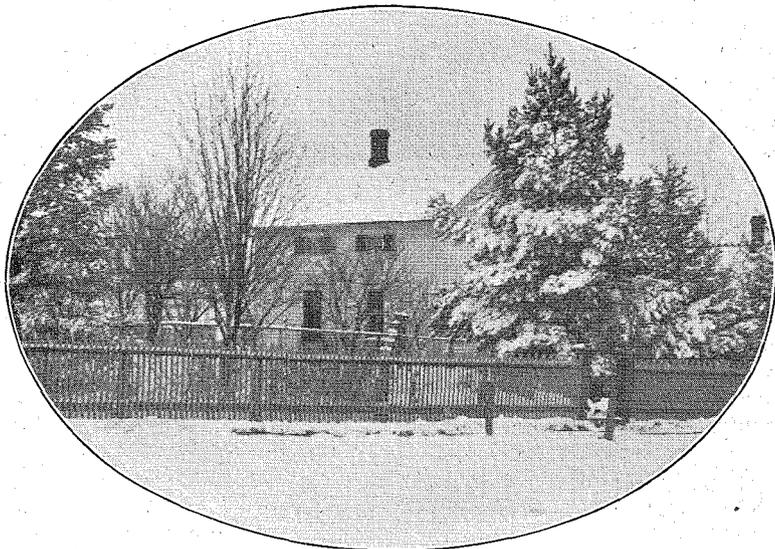
THE END.



Editor's Corner

AUTUMN LEAVES is published monthly for the youth of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. Herald Publishing House, Lamoni, Iowa.

ELBERT A. SMITH,
322 North Prospect Street,
Colorado Springs, Colorado.



THE FOLIAGE of the evergreen looks brighter when contrasted with its mantle of snow. The fire burns with a ruddy glow when the frost is on the window pane. Home is most homelike and attractive in the winter of the year, when men seek shelter from the storm and stress of the elements.

This rule of contrast holds good in all our experiences. Hope, faith, and godliness shine brightest when confronted by those trials that hope, faith, and godliness were designed to meet and overcome.

At this season of the year the passage of time is most vividly brought to mind. The year is about to die. For weeks we have watched the accumulating evidences of approaching winter. Men remark, "Winter is coming on fast." Well, no faster than at any time during the past summer; only we begin to think more about it. In like manner, in life, time moves slowly, or appears to move slowly, during the spring and summer of life, but the years seem to acquire velocity as they move on, and some day the man awakens to the thought that the end is approaching rapidly.

Some individuals really awaken to the fact that winter is coming

only when the wind begins to whistle down the chimney, and the north wind spreads a winding shroud over the fields. Then they make some belated efforts to prepare for the time of cold and famine. How unsuccessful they are! It is the man who has sown during the spring, and cultivated during the summer, and harvested during the autumn who is prepared for winter.

Carry the idea into the spiritual world: Why wait until the slow pulse and the hoary head warn us of approaching death, and then make a few feeble efforts to prepare for the beyond? A well spent life is the only true provision for death.

This is the month when we celebrate the birth of Christ. His law teaches us how to spend our lives to the best possible advantage. He tells us how to lay up treasure in heaven. He did more than that—he showed us how to live. Let us *contemplate* his teachings and his life.

Contemplation leads to praise. No one can understand the work and nature of Christ and fail to feel the impulse of praise. This impulse has stirred the human heart most profoundly. It has kindled the flame of inspiration. It has given the world its best paintings, songs, music, sermons, and lives.

We must not withhold our personal tribute of praise. Our love can be voiced in secret and public prayer and testimony; and we are even permitted to join with the angels in songs of praise to the King of all the earth.

But though contemplation and praise justly claim a portion of our time, they do not satisfy the ambitions and longings of an active and healthy soul. We must render *service*.

A life spent in the dim cells of a monastery in praise and contemplation is a life misspent. God gave the hand, the tongue, the brain, and he demands their reasonable service. His command is, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy *heart*, and with all thy *soul*, and with all thy *mind*, and with all thy *strength*." A love of that profound, all-embracing character will take form in deeds as well as in words. Service is the best praise—service that begins, if possible, in the morning of life.

Skilled workmen build a great ship. It is launched with ceremony and applause. It is then tied up at anchor for years. What is the result? Barnacles gather upon the hull; the machinery rusts and decays; the crew loses all discipline. Finally, when the old ship limps out of the harbor, she is a sorry spectacle. What might have been a fast ocean liner is now a tramp steamer.

A young man starts out in life as a Latter Day Saint. Friends rejoice at the ceremony of baptism. But he does not get to work. "There is plenty of time." He ties up at the shore. What is the result? A splendid life of service is spoiled. Perhaps years later he strikes feebly forth; but what a caricature his deeds are upon his former capabilities!

Young man, young woman, you launched out in this work with promise, are you now tied up at the dock?

Contemplation, praise, service—these three abide, but the greatest of them all is service. The time to begin service is now. That will be the best way to celebrate the Christmas time.

“Hear the words our Savior hath spoken;
Words of life, unfailing and true;
Careless one, prayerless one, hear and remember,
‘Blessed are they that do.’”



AMONG THE MAGAZINES.

“ST. NICHOLAS” IN 1908.

Major General O. O. Howard, well known throughout the land, not only for his distinguished military career, but as an author and lecturer, has, undoubtedly, had to do with more Indian chiefs than any other man, in either civil or military life, now living. He has written of the Indians he has known, and fought, and made friends with, for the boy readers of *St. Nicholas*, and these exciting true stories will be published in *St. Nicholas* during 1908, under the caption, “Famous Indian Chiefs.”

Carolyn Wells has written a series of quaint and humorous verses, which she calls “The Happychaps,” which will run through several numbers of *St. Nicholas*. They will have plenty of pictures, made by Harrison Cady, the artist who has been illustrating Mrs. Burnett’s “Queen Silver-bell” stories.



THE “COMPANION” AS A CHRISTMAS GIFT.

Nobody is too young, nobody too old, to enjoy reading the *Youth's Companion*. For that reason it makes one of the most appropriate of Christmas gifts—one of the few whose actual worth far outweighs the cost. Welcome as the paper may be to the casual reader on the train, at the office, in the public library, it is, after all, the paper of the home. The regularity and frequency of its visits, the cordial sincerity of its tone, make for it soon the place of a familiar friend in the house. Like a good friend, too, it stands always for those traits and qualities which are typified in the ideal home, and are the sources of a nation’s health and true prosperity. Is there another Christmas present costing so little that equals it?

On receipt of \$1.75, the yearly subscription price, the publishers send to the new subscriber all the remaining issues of the *Companion* for 1907 and the Four-Leaf Hanging Calendar for 1908 in full color.

Full illustrated Announcement of the new volume for 1908 will be sent with sample copies of the paper to any address free. The *Youth's Companion*, 144 Berkeley Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

Daughters of Zion

Truer Parenthood, Better Children, Happier Homes, Purer Society.

CALLIE B. STEBBINS, Editor.

"A partnership with God is motherhood;
What strength, what purity, what self-control,
What love, what wisdom, should belong to her,
Who helps God fashion an immortal soul."

ADVISORY BOARD.—Mrs. B. C. Smith, president, 214 South Spring Street, Independence, Missouri; Mrs. H. A. Stebbins, vice-president, Lamoni, Iowa; Mrs. T. A. Hougas, secretary, Henderson, Mills County, Iowa; Mrs. F. M. Smith, 630 South Cryslar Avenue, Independence, Missouri; Mrs. S. R. Burgess, 5920 Etzel Avenue, St. Louis, Missouri.

ONE SUCH.

Sweet round of earth's glad child-life free and dear

What hope for her fair future this assures!

But voice of other childhood we can hear—

That sinned against, which suffers and endures;

Of this sad infancy, with life its prayer,

What think ye who assume a fitful care?

What answer ye before this judge arraigned,

Whose clear child gaze has searched us through and through?

Ah, little ones, has earth some heaven attained?

Then surely does she find her gain through you.

Yet looks she still into your trusting eyes,

To miss the soul beyond this faint disguise.

Some say ye be not angels;—no, not yet;

But turn ye and reproach us, who forget,

Who hold you from your gentle angel charms,

And put you with impatience from our arms,

And fill them up with needless cares instead;

Arms meant to stretch in blessings o'er your head.

Oh, turn ye and reproach us who have set

Strange tasks and foreign ways for you to learn

From babyhood. O child eyes! grieved and wet

Through frown, and hasty deed, and words that burn,

And cold neglect of ours, with what amaze

Ye miss your Christ from our unsmiling gaze!

Are ye amiss? Then who has been your guide?

And who example set of erring speech,

And from the straight path turned your life aside?

'Till lo! we see you far beyond our reach.

Then we discourse upon your youth gone wild

And turn us back to find—no waiting child.

But ah, the child with us is always here;—

Our own? All children near us are our own.

Go win them. Quick toward love they venture near.

Why in a world of children dwell alone?

Your gifts they will return an hundred fold;

And richer life all future for you hold.

For years are fuller, sweeter if we may

Foster the blessed Christ Child day by day;

And this we do by cherishing each grace,
 Each Christ-like charm which finds abiding place
 In infant hearts. What were his words to thee?—
 "Whoso receiveth such receiveth me."

Do we indeed receive, O Christ! of thee,
 Receiving one such child, and in thy name?
 Meekness, obedience, humility,—
 Thy lovely attributes, these have the same;
 A patience marvelous, forgivingness,—
 Yes, Lord, thyself with these do we possess.

And yet men know thee not nor seek thee here,
 Nor hold the half of all these children dear.
 They mar thy visage in the helpless face
 That comes unwelcomed to unworthy place.
 They twist, distort, and wholly lose from sight
 The child divine, which, knowing not, they slight.

—Mrs. Arthur Parks Smith, in *Springfield Republican*.



HE NEEDED SYMPATHY.

THE PASSENGERS in the day coach were nearly all sleeping, or trying to sleep, when I entered it at eleven o'clock one night during the Christmas holidays. As I passed to a seat some distance back, I noticed, near the front of the car, a mother with two small boys who were, perhaps, three years old and five.

The older one was leaning back as if intending to go to sleep, but the younger one sat up and looked around as if there was no sleep in him. And so he seemed to feel, for all his mother's efforts to get him quieted were unavailing. She would prepare a place and put him down, and in less time than it took to arrange him, he would be up again, struggling to keep himself upright against the presence of her hand, or to get away from her,—to do anything except to go to sleep.

He did get away from her, and came running down the aisle, his mother quickly following. As he was passing my seat, I put out my arm and held him, smiling at him as I did so; but he could see nothing friendly in my act, and I felt almost sorry I had detained him, for when his mother reached us, I looked up expecting to see her smile, but there was nothing pleasant in her face, either for her child or for me.

She was a large, capable looking woman, with very dark eyes and hair, and I thought she must seem to the slender, nervous child, like a relentless power as she swooped down upon him to carry him back to the dreaded confinement, without a touch or look of love to make it tolerable. She took him with a jerk, and carried him, struggling, back to his seat. By this time he was crying. She sat him down on the seat forcibly, and stretching out a big, black shawl, she spread it over his head, so that it covered him completely, and then gathering him up in her arms she held him tight against her to muffle the sound of his voice. I was frightened, for it seemed as if it would smother him, but the

continued sound assured me that such was not the case. Finally he grew quiet, and she removed the shawl from his head. By main force she had subdued him, temporarily, but he was farther than ever from being sleepy. A little later I could see him standing in the seats or otherwise stirring around, but in a more quiet way.

After twelve o'clock, for an hour or more, I slept. When I awoke and straightened up in my seat the child was walking up and down in the aisle, keeping well back of his mother's place, while every other passenger seemed to be asleep. His mother had given up watching him, and had settled herself to rest, if not to sleep. For some time I let him pass back and forth without notice, except to give him a pleasant look each time he passed. Finally I put out my hand to him, and when he paused, I put my arm around him and said softly: "I like little boys. Will you come and sit with me awhile? I'd love to have a talk with you."

He looked at me for a moment with his great, dark eyes, and seeming satisfied with the study he had made of me, he showed a willingness to come. When I had taken him up, I began talking of things that might interest him. I asked him, "Are you going on the train to visit somebody, or are you going home?" and when he made no answer, I added, "Are you going to grandma's house?"

Then he said, "No, we've been to grandma's!"

"Isn't that nice," I said. "And what did you do at grandma's?"

"We had Christmas," he answered, with a look of delight. And then his tongue was loosed, and while he told about his presents and how his brother and he had played with them, I showed myself a most interested listener. I had said to him, "We will talk softly, won't we? so as not to waken the people who are sleeping," and at once he dropped his voice to a lower tone. When he seemed in danger of raising it too much, a little reminder was all that was needed to lower it again. Once I said, "We will try not to forget, for if we talk, we must be careful not to disturb those who want to sleep, mustn't we?"

He agreed with this sweetly, and seemed to feel that we were working together. He drew nearer to me, and I could feel his muscles gradually relax as he settled back into my lap, my arm drawing closer about him, as he seemed ready to accept it, and presently his head was resting on my shoulder. The poor little fellow was tired. The feeling that some one stood with him and could understand him seemed to comfort him. He was nervous from the Christmas excitement, the travel, and the change, and antagonism had only been the more disquieting to him. Sympathy was soothing him.

I knew that I was drawing near to the station where I should change to another train. I was sorry, for I felt sure that in a little longer time he would have been asleep in my arms. But I hoped to have him ready to go back to his mother when I left, to go to sleep with her. So after we had dropped down to saying

only a few words now and then, I said gently, "You love grandma, don't you?" and without hesitation he answered,

"Yes."

"And brother, and papa?"

To each of these he gave assent.

"And you love mamma best of all?"

He looked at me with wide open, troubled eyes, but gave no answer. I pitied the mother whose child's face looked like that at the mention of her name, but I thought that every child does have love for his mother, even if it be clouded over for the time, so I would try another way.

"Don't you think mamma must be tired, and wouldn't she rest better if you were there beside her? I shall have to get off pretty soon, and when I do, don't you want to go and climb up by mamma, and go to sleep with her?"

The child looked steadily at me, but he made no sign of agreeing to my suggestion. So I held him comfortably and let him rest until I was obliged to go. When I put him down in the aisle, I said,

"Will you go with me to mamma now?"

But he drew back, and so I had to leave him standing there, alone, at that time of night, the lights turned low, with all those sleeping people, because he was not "as one whom his mother comforteth."

His mother stirred as I passed her, and I couldn't resist the desire to speak to her of her boy. So, in the moment I could spare, I leaned down and said:

"I've been having a good visit with your boy, and he almost went to sleep in my lap. He's a dear little fellow. Don't be cross with him. He's not naughty. He's only nervous."

I don't know how those words must have sounded, coming out of the stillness of the night to her ear. I hope, at least, they did no harm.

The love of that little child, as I felt it that night, the comforting nearness of body and of spirit, come back to me yet. And to think that I, a stranger, should receive what rightly belonged to the mother! As for the child, she cared enough for him to give him Christmas presents, but how much more he needed the Christ love expressed in her sympathy.

God pity the mothers who make such mistakes, and the little ones who suffer from lack of sympathy.



GIVING UP TO THE YOUNGEST.

In some families it is held as a matter of course that the older children shall give up to the baby. They love the baby and it is not very difficult to persuade them to favor the little darling who appeals to them with so many charms.

In one home little Pauline came first, a child of such sweet disposition that it took little persuading to cause her to surrender her

will every time to the dear little brother who came a few years later. Exceptionally good children they both were, but the habit of giving up always to the baby soon began to bear fruit by making the little fellow selfish. What a pity, when he could so easily and happily have learned to share evenly with his generous hearted sister, if only this had been his mother's ideal for him.

He was in a fair way of being spoiled, but he was saved from this by the coming of another baby sister. Now it was his turn to share with Pauline in giving up to the youngest. For some time it was harder for him than for her, but they both loved little Ruby and when either hesitated at giving up anything to her, the other would say, echoing their mother's words, "Oh, she's little, let her have it," or "Let her do it if she wants to, she's the smallest." And so these two grew in habits of loving and giving, and having to give up so much to their sister made it easy to give up to each other.

But what of the little Ruby? Was she really being favored, or greatly wronged? To start with she gave promise of being as amiable as the others, but the best natural disposition will suffer under such treatment. If there could always be another "youngest" to save the one before from confirmed selfishness, such a practice might not be so harmful; but Ruby was the last and all through her early childhood she knew nothing else than that others were to give up their pleasure—their comfort when it interfered with her wishes.

There were times when the other children felt the injustice that was done them, and with different dispositions it might have made them resentful, but by far the greater injury has been done the one to whom the mother felt so tender that she wanted to save her from all unhappiness.

And now that she is older, how is it with her? If she has candy she says, "I must eat it all up before the other children come or I'll have to give some to them." She has been in school for some years, and of course it is necessary at times for her to give up to other children. This brings her much unhappiness though she submits more pleasantly than at first and it gives hope that she may sometime learn outside of her home the lesson that has not been taught her there of what is due to other people. But at present she is learning to be nicer to those outside than to the ones who have done the most for her, for at home her determination to have her own way is seemingly stronger than ever.

To near-by observers it seems very easy to account for her present disposition. They can trace so plainly the growth of her selfishness that they have no doubt as to its cause. But the strange thing is that her mother does not see anything wrong in the course she took with her. "Of course," she says, "Ruby ought not to be selfish, but it's right for the older ones to be nice to their little sister."

Why is it that some mothers can not see? Their love prompts them to do their children great kindness and their very favors are to their hurt proving to be cruelty instead of kindness.

The Religio's Arena

ELBERT A. SMITH, Editor, Lamoni, Iowa.

HOLIDAY GREETINGS FROM OUR PRESIDENT.

AS A SOCIETY, the closing of the old year and the opening of the new brings us many reasons for thankfulness and congratulations. There are very many things that indicate the sure progress of the work beyond that of former years, and betoken greater achievements still in the future.

The normal course has been nicely introduced, and is being received with much favor. Though the enrollment is far below what we could wish, yet it is all that could be expected, perhaps, when we consider all the obstacles that have been in the way of its

progress. Unwise criticism from those who should have been friends to the work, and unsolicited advice to beware of sectarianism, have deterred some from taking up the work. The thought of a set course and an examination have looked too big an undertaking for some of the timid ones. Too many duties, supposed or real, have hindered others.

The new course of lessons on the Book of Mormon has more than met the most sanguine expectations. Not only the Religians are pleased with them, but the ministry are advising that they should study them. Already a marked increase in the subscriptions to the *Quarterly* has necessitated a second edition of the first quarter, and we shall have to increase the next issue to four thousand.

We have been able to get more field work done than in any year previous, which is sure to bear fruit, indeed, has borne fruit already. A number of field workers are developing that will be a power for good hereafter in this line of work.

There is apparent a decided awakening in places on account of the Home Department work, so ably conducted and so energetically pushed by the superintendent of that department. This goes to show that this department furnishes one of the most fruitful fields for the work of the society, and it is a work that has hardly even now been entered upon.

As individuals, we all have an abundance of blessings to call forth our greatest praise to an all-loving and kind Father, who



ELDER J. A. GUNSOLLEY.
President of the General Association,
Z. R.-L. S.

has presided over our destinies in the past, and will continue to do so in the future, insomuch as we will put our trust in him.

But more than this; more than an appreciation of blessings received by us as a society or as individuals; we ought to be appreciative of the opportunities that have been afforded us for blessing others. We should not overlook the former by any means, but the latter are of so much more consequence, if we will rightly consider them. To be an humble instrument in the hands of an all-wise and loving Father, who will take us into partnership with him in the greatest work known to the world—the emancipation of the human family from the bondage and thralldom of sin—is the greatest blessing that any one ever enjoyed in this life; and if he will accept the offer, will bring the greatest reward and enjoyment to him in the life to come.

The world, with all its selfishness and greed, yet contains much of good. Aside from the grasping and self-loving dispositions, are many loving hearts and willing hands, that are striving against the powers of evil, and endeavoring by their labors of love to make this old world better. We are counted among the latter number, if we are striving for the mastery of self, and if we are trying to keep the ways of the Lord.

It is to be hoped, and I believe it confidently, that the Religians largely partake of this better part. I can not understand that any one who will live a consistent member of the church and of the Sunday-school and the Religio—and a true Religian is all this—could ever be found among the other class. Their thoughts are constantly turned in the direction of God and godliness, and if they are sincere, the Spirit of God will abide in them to the driving out of all the undesirable elements of character.

Dear fellow Religians: It is a splendid work we are engaged in. In the past the Lord has been on our side, and has manifested his acceptance of our work in a very encouraging manner. He has also signified that if we are faithful and energetic, he will continue to be with us in our work, until we shall be able to accomplish great good. We can not do it in our own strength, though the Lord has given to man some power to accomplish good. We need constantly his guiding hand.

With most hearty congratulations over the work accomplished, and with most cordial greetings and compliments of the season, and with earnest prayers for abundant success in the future,

I am, your colaborer,

J. A. GUNSOLLEY.



CONJUGATION.

A Latter Day Saint may be compared to a verb, "representing action, being, and state of being." "The verb is the life of the sentence." "Ye are the salt of the earth," said the Savior. Saints, like verbs, may be divided into two classes, regular and irregular. The ending of a verb determines to which class it belongs, and the

same may be said to be true of the Saint. "He that endureth to the end the same shall be saved." "If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed." A verb transitive takes always an object. The object of a Saint is "a crown of eternal life." As the object of a transitive verb is in the objective, or accusative case, so the object of a Saint's life generally renders him objectionable to an "accusative" world. The "form" of a Saint should be "progressive." He should "go on unto perfection." As to tense, a verb may be "future perfect." Likewise the Saint. Verbs are said to have either "active" or "passive" voice. So are Saints. The command is, "Be not hearers of the word, only, but doers also." The "principal parts" of a Saint are "diligence, virtue, knowledge, temperance, patience, godliness, brotherly kindness, charity."

The world, instead of parsing the word *Saint*, as a "proper" noun, usually considers it a "common" noun, "objective" or "accusative" case.

SISTER BERTA.



JOHN'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

(A dialogue arranged by James L. Edwards and Elbert A. Smith. Used during holiday entertainments last year by several locals.)

Characters: The Reader; the Deacon; the Deacon's Wife; John.

PART I. Reading or recitation. (The platform is curtained and the reader appears before the curtain.)

Once upon a time, when trade was slack,
A Latter Day Saint his grip did pack
And started out to look for work,—
Any honest labor he would not shirk.

In parlor-car he did not go,
For, to state a fact, his funds were low;
But his heart was light and free, from care,
And like the old-time preachers, he rode "shank's mare."

One day as he briskly walked along,
Singing a lively latter-day song,
An old deacon heard, whom his notes did charm,—
He hired him at once to work on his farm.

This deacon and his wife were quite a span,
In theological discussions they were in the van,—
But with brother John it must be confessed
They always came out "second best."

The deacon's daughter, who was young and fair,
With John got on much better than the older pair;
With him, it may as well be now confessed
The deacon's daughter was decidedly "first best."

But more of that a little later we shall find,
It was baptism vexed the deacon's mind;
And on this subject he and John could not agree,
As you shall now both hear and see.

PART II. Dialogue. (Curtain rises showing John and the deacon at work in the hay field.)

John.—

Tell me, how is it, Deacon May?
Do you believe in infant baptism, pray?

Deacon.—

Why, yes, you know that Silas and Paul
Baptized the jailer's family, one and all;
And Lydia, of Thyatira, who purple did sell,
Was baptized, and all her household as well.
So from these passages we've the right to guess
There were babies amongst them, more or less.

John.—

But have you not read that this Philippian jailer
Had a daughter called Ruth, who was married to a tailor.
And they, with a servant old and frail,
Were the only ones who lived with her father in the jail;
And that Lydia who believed the words spoken by Paul
Was a middle-aged woman and not married at all?

Deacon.—

Well now, I am somewhat perplexed,—
Say, where in the Bible do you find that text?
I've read the Scriptures o'er and o'er,
But I never came across that yarn before.

John.—

It comes next to where you get the right to guess
There were babies amongst them, more or less.
While you were guessing there were babies around,
I was guessing there were none to be found.

And the logic is good, as well as true,
That I've the right to suppose, as well as you.
But I much prefer, I must confess,
An ounce of fact to a pound of guess.

(Curtain falls.)

PART III. Dialogue. (Curtain rises, showing the deacon restlessly pacing about the room; his wife knitting, and his daughter reading.)

Daughter.—

Mother, what ails father, something's wrong,
He acts so restless all day long.
A deacon of the church should quiet be,
Not easily disturbed like you and me.

Wife.—

Pa, what *is* the matter, anyway?
Have you been trading horses again to-day?
Or arguing politics, as no deacon should,—
You'd better spend your time in doing good.

Deacon.—

I'll tell you what's the matter, wife,
It's that latter-day chap. He's the plague of my life.
If it wasn't for religion I'd surely get mad,—
A deacon in the church to be floored by a lad.
I didn't hire him to preach to me,
What the fellow's good for I can't see.

Daughter.—

Now, father, own up like a man,
'Twas you and not John that began
The talk. And anyway don't blame the youth,
You're downed, according to my notion, by the truth.

Wife.—(To deacon.)

Well, dear, don't let your heart be faint,
We'll soon get the best of your Latter Day Saint.

You ask him something he does not know,
And he'll feel so cheap he'll want to go.

Deacon.—

The very thing, at least I think 'twill be;
I'll get him same as an infidel once got me.

Daughter.—

And when it's over you'll have this tale to tell,
You got a better answer than you gave the infidel.

(Curtain falls.)

PART IV. Dialogue. (Deacon and John.)

Deacon.—

John, you seem to have read the Bible quite a spell,
And I reckon think you understand it pretty well;
Now, I have something to propound,
And if the answer can be found,
I'll lighten your labor, raise your pay,
And ask no more questions from this day;
If you can from the Bible show
Where God came from. I suppose you know?

John.—

A deacon ought to understand that as well as I,—
Give me something hard, next time you try:
Habakkuk, third chapter and third verse tells the story,
That God came from Teman, in all his glory.

(Curtain falls.)

PART V. Reading or recitation.

You have heard how Absalom hung in the tree,
And of Jonah being swallowed by a fish in the sea,
Of Balaam's ass that spoke to her master,
And Lot's dear wife and her sad disaster.

If these were surprises to the above-named four,
The old farmer was surprised a great deal more,
But he rallied, and said in a voice quite faint,
"It is no use to tackle a Latter Day Saint."

To conclude this rhyme I am happy to say
The deacon and his wife for light did pray;
They found the truth, as do all who seek,
And were baptized within the week.

And, as the deacon said, when called upon,
"There's nothing in the world too good for John,"
And, as the mother with assent was swift,
John got the daughter as a Christmas gift.

PART VI. (Curtain rises, showing John and the daughter with the preacher before them, Bible in hand, about to marry them. Deacon and wife at one side.)

(Curtain falls.)



OLA'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

"Mamma, may I take some of my pennies and get something for Sr. Hall?"

Thus questioned little six-year-old Ola Spencer as she came in one afternoon a few days before Christmas.

"Why, dear, do you want to get something for her?"

"Because. Look here!" and she took from a little roll two bright new ribbons for her hair, and placed in her mamma's lap a sack containing Christmas nuts and candy.

Mrs. Spencer was a widow, and she worked hard to supply herself and Ola with necessary clothes and school supplies. Lately they were making their home with Mrs. Spencer's parents, who were very old. She did washings and other work for the neighbors, and though she worked hard for small pay, she often gave Ola pennies and nickels for errands and little chores at home.

On the occasion of the above conversation Ola had just returned from taking the weekly washing to Mrs. Hall, one of Mrs. Spencer's girlhood friends, now a minister's wife, who lived only a couple of blocks away. Ola liked to take the bundle of clothes in the little express wagon and go to Mrs. Hall's for she usually got permission to hold her six-month-old baby girl for a few minutes, and then take home the shining coins in her mitten.

Mrs. Spencer took Ola on her lap and again they talked about a Christmas a long, long time ago; how Jesus came to earth and was born in a manger; how the wicked king sought to take his life, and how God had protected him till he grew up to be the wisest and best of men, and became the example we all should follow.

"The years passed," she said, "till one day a rich Jew invited Jesus to his house. He had prepared a delicious dinner, and invited their rich relatives and friends. Jesus knew this, so on this day he tried to teach them a better way. He told them if they wished to do good, when they made a feast to go into the streets and invite the poor and sick and crippled ones, who go for days with only enough to keep them from starving, instead of inviting those who already had more than they needed.

"Jesus helped the poor, not with money, food, and clothes, for these he did not have to give. What he gave was, by far, of greater value. You remember that Lazarus, the brother of Mary and Martha, died and was buried; but when Jesus came he gave Lazarus his life again. A poor widow's only son died, and on their way to the cemetery they met Jesus. He saw the poor widow's grief and pitied her, and gave back the son's life. His days were spent in helping the needy. He gave sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, and health to those who had been afflicted for years. I am sure Jesus is pleased with my little girl's desire to do something for somebody, and since we have not much to give, let us give to some one who needs help."

"But, mamma, who needs help?"

"Think of all your playmates at school. Isn't there some of them who never have good clothes?"

Then the little brain was busy several seconds before Ola answered. "Yes, mamma, there's Emma Krane. Her dresses are all old, and her shoes have big holes in them. Can I get her some shoes?"

"You have not money enough to get shoes, my dear. Run and get your bank."

The coins were soon counted, and Mrs. Spencer continued:

"You have saved fifty cents. You could take twenty-five and get Emma a dress and still have twenty-five left for your Christmas offering."

"Oh—oh! Goody! goody!" and the things she said after that would fill a volume.

The day before Christmas enough bright blue calico was bought for Emma's dress, and inside the bundle Mrs. Spencer placed a slip of paper on which was written, "Merry Christmas! From Ola to Emma."

Christmas morning dawned, cold and threatening, with a chilling wind from the northwest. Ola put on her coat, and mamma tied her kitty hood under her chin, and away she went with her precious bundle. She knocked shyly at the door of the Krane home, and was admitted by Mrs. Krane. She passed the bundle to her and took the chair which had been placed by the stove for her, where she sat very quietly while the bundle was being opened and passed to the owner. She answered their questions with a shy nod or shake of her head, and smiled faintly when they thanked her. Then she remembered that she was going to spend the day with her cousins, so she slipped down out of her chair, said "good-bye," and ran home.

It grew steadily colder, and by noon a blizzard was on, but Ola's heart was very light and happy. She had found that it was indeed "more blessed to give than to receive."

SR. S. R. WILEY.



AN OVERWORKED ELOCUTIONIST.

Once there was a little boy, whose name was Robert Reece;
And every Friday afternoon he had to speak a piece.
So many poems thus he learned, that soon he had a store
Of recitations in his head, and still kept learning more.

And now this is what happened: He was called upon, one week,
And totally forgot the piece he was about to speak!
His brain he cudgelled. Not a word remained within his head!
And so he spoke at random, and this is what he said:

"My Beautiful, my Beautiful, who standest proudly by,
It was the schooner *Hesperus*,—the breaking waves dashed high!
Why is the Forum crowded? What means this stir in Rome?
Under a spreading chestnut-tree there is no place like home!

"When Freedom from her mountain height cried, Twinkle, little star,
Shoot if you must this old gray head, King Henry of Navarre!
Roll on, thou deep and dark blue castled crag of Drachenfels,
My name is Norval, on the Grampian Hills, ring out, wild bells!

"If you're waking, call me early, to be or not to be,
The curfew must not ring to-night! Oh, woodman, spare that tree!
Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on! And let who will be
clever!

The boy stood on the burning deck, but I go on for ever!"

His elocution was superb, his voice and gestures fine;
 His schoolmates all applauded as he finished the last line.
 "I see it doesn't matter," Robert thought, "what words I say,
 So long as I declaim with oratorical display!"

—Carolyn Wells, in November *St. Nicholas*.



AWAKENED THOUGHTS INSPIRED BY READING THE NEW RELIGIO QUARTERLY ON DOCTRINAL LINES.

First, that every soul in the kingdom, and those outside where it is possible to get their attention and interest, should be provided with a copy, and a class be formed for the study of the doctrinal subjects, and when there is no interest for one to be created by an enthusiastic explanation of the lessons to be studied from the three books.

In the Catholic Church the priest tells the people that babies will go to hell if not baptized; also children who do not go to their Sunday-school and church, and they compel the study of their church books; and I think when there are minds in the kingdom of God unappreciative of the study of the word, whose interest would be increased were they to study, and that our pastors should use more influence to induce the study of the doctrine of Christ as now so magnificently set forth in the Sunday-school and Religio quarterlies.

The law to parents is that *they shall teach* their children the doctrine of Christ, and the pastors and their assistants are to see that this is done, and the parents are the ones to be interviewed and induced to do their duty along with feeding the body of the child, and the Sunday-school and Religio are for the purpose of assisting them. We can tell them, as the priests do, if they do not study they will go to hell, a hell they make for themselves, and ignorance is its door and knowledge its exit; and where a child does not of itself choose to study, a parent has to force the child to do as it should, and more care should be used by the pastors and assistants to compel the purchase and study of the church quarterlies *just now*. How is knowledge to cover the earth as the waters do the sea unless more force is used to assist the erring to overcome the distraction of the worldly influences which are on the increase all the while to tempt people, to be a sign of the last days of "lovers of pleasure?"

Now I find in my experience in seeking to create and hold the interest of a child or adult in the study of the lessons of the Religio or Sunday-school that one succeeds better to reach the brain through the eye and ear, and one makes a lasting impression also, and a source of inspiration to create an interest in an illustration of the subject matter where it is possible to have one; either a hand painting or a printed picture, and the talents of the artist of each branch can thus be utilized and cultivated to the glory of God, and the pleasure of the Saints and self. Also the Perry sacred picture prints can be utilized where possible at a cost of a cent apiece, which each teacher is only too willing to bear for her class;

and where it is not possible to illustrate a subject, let the lesson outline be put on a card for the child instead. If this method of creating an interest be tried where interest is lagging, you will see the interest revive and the child enjoy attending the hour of study. I will offer as a suggestion to all Religio teachers and parents as well a list of illustrations for each lesson of the new quarter that can be procured of Perry Pictures Company, Malden, Massachusetts.

Religio quarterly lesson No. 1, Picture of Adam and Eve driven from the garden of Eden; No. 2, Savior crowned with thorns; No. 3, Picture of Christ risen from the dead, showing the empty tomb with angels there; No. 4, Use same card to explain further the resurrection bringing about the "restitution," if no better picture can be procured; No. 5, Picture of a prison, with inmates, if possible; No. 6, Christ as a king on a throne giving judgment for works done which all are to be judged for; No. 7, Picture of the results of industry—a peaceful home circle—with pets, fruit, and flowers in abundance, as results of good works; No. 8, A picture of an ancient high priest with a robe and breastplate on, and write under each picture a part of the lesson outline; No. 9, Christ healing the sick or raising the dead to picture the power of God and the gospel; No. 10, Subject of lesson, Faith. Picture, a man sowing seeds; No. 11, Picture of a drunkard's home, and one where he has reformed. Lesson subject, Repentance; No. 12, Review all the pictures of the quarter, asking some of the class to tell in order the story of the above eleven pictures, what they represent, etc. No. 13, Illustration, parliamentary drill, as arranged by some competent child or adult of the class, if one can be found.

Trusting these few suggestions may be of worth to the reader, and an assistant to cultivate and stimulate interest in the scholar where it is lacking, is the earnest wish of the writer.

SR. L. A. BROWN.



DECEMBER'S SONG.

November is gone, with his voice so shrill
 With shrieking sound, over valley and hill,
 Changing the tints of October, with cold,
 Turning to brown the autumn's gold.
 The trees are stripped of their garlands of green,
 And yellow and red with purplish sheen,
 That crowned the forest with beautiful life,
 And gave us a peace in the midst of strife.

The beautiful tints of October are gone,
 But that psalm of death tells a glorious dawn.
 A dawn of life, when the heart's worst need
 Is supplied from a hand that in mercy leads
 To a home above, with its jasper wall,
 Its streets of gold, over which no pall
 Is fallen again, but "life, more life"
 Is the song that's sang, and the song is rife
 With harmonies sweet, from voices that sing
 Hosannas, and glory to God who is king.

ALTHA R. DEAM.

THE TRAIN AMONG THE HILLS.

Vast, unrevealed, in silence and the night,
 Brooding, the ancient hills commune with sleep.
 Inviolable the solemn valleys keep
 Their contemplation. Soon from height to height
 Steals a red finger of mysterious light,
 And lion-footed through the forests creep
 Strange mutterings, till suddenly, with sweep
 And shattering thunder of resistless flight
 And crash of routed echoes, roars to view,
 Down the long mountain gorge, the Night Express,
 Freight with fears and tears and happiness.
 The dread form passes; silence falls anew.
 And lo! I have beheld the thronged, blind world,
 To goals unseen from God's hand onward hurled.
 —Charles G. D. Roberts, in "Book of the Native."



STORY OF THE BOOK OF ESTHER.

In studying the Book of Esther we find five prominent characters, viz.: King Ahasuerus, Queen Vashti, Haman, Mordaci, and Queen Esther.

In the third year of his reign, King Ahasuerus makes a great feast unto all his princes and nobles. This feast continues for many days, in which he shows the riches of his kingdom, and the honor of his Majesty. Royal wine is served in abundance, and in this state of revelry, or merriment with wine, King Ahasuerus sends seven of his chamberlains to bring Vashti, the queen with royal crown, before him, to show her beauty among the princes, for she was fair to look upon. But Queen Vashti, with righteous indignation, refuses to make exhibition of herself upon such an occasion. This refusal causes the anger of the king to be kindled against her, and by the counsel of one of his princes, a royal decree is sent forth throughout all his empire (which extends from India to Ethiopia, over a hundred and twenty-seven provinces,) that Vashti, the queen, shall no more come in the presence of the king, and that her royal estate be given to another.

This decree may have been given in haste, while the king was angry, perhaps with some regrets afterwards, for we read that after these things, when the king's anger was appeased, that he remembered Vashti. However, pride no doubt would have prevented him from taking steps to undo this hasty act, even if he could have done so.

A lesson here might be learned that we should not do in haste, while angry, such things as would later cause regrets, and with King Ahasuerus, allow pride to prevent repentance. For in his case this hasty decree was carried into effect, and from among the many virgins which were brought before the king to choose one for the place of Vashti, the peculiar beauty belonging to the Israelitish women surpassed all others in the estimation of King Ahasuerus, and the crown royal was placed upon the head of Esther, and she was made queen instead of Vashti.

This choice greatly pleased Mordaci, the cousin of Esther. He

having taken her to be his adopted daughter at the death of her parents, felt, no doubt, a very great interest in her welfare.

Mordaci was a descendant of the tribe of Benjamin and had been carried away from Jerusalem with the captivity of Jeconiah, king of Judah, by Nebuchadnezzar, the king of Babylon.

Now that Mordaci had a place in Shushan, the palace, an opportunity was given to make known to Esther, the queen, concerning a conspiracy which had been made against the king by two of his chamberlains. This was certified to the king in the name of Mordaci, and was placed in the Book of the Chronicles before the king.

This act brought Mordaci greatly in favor with the king, by which promotion and honor was conferred upon him later. May we not here be reminded that our acts are also recorded in the Great Book of Remembrance, and resolve that our daily effort may be to have some act go on record that will bring us nearer the great king, our heavenly Father?

“My Father? Yes, delightful name;
My Father, I'll repeat the same,
Rejoicing while thou thus art styled
That I may call myself thy child.”

Among the princes of King Ahasuerus, Hamen was set above them all. However, this exalted position was of short duration. An intense hatred existed between Hamen and Mordaci, by reason of which Hamen sought revenge upon all the Jews, and while in favor with the king gained his consent, through bribery, to send forth a decree that all the Jews should be killed, both young and old.

Queen Esther's life was in danger, as well as that of Mordaci, for they had not made known to the king concerning their nationality. But what could be done now? This royal decree had gone forth in the name of the king, with the seal of his ring upon it. The day of its execution was nigh at hand, and to approach the inner courts of the king without being called, was a penalty of death, except those who found favor in his sight, and to whom he held out the golden scepter, no exceptions being made, even to the queen.

This was a perilous time for the Jews. Wailing could be heard throughout all the provinces of the king. The city of Shushan was greatly perplexed; Mordaci was in sackcloth and ashes.

But Hamen, the haughty prince, sat down to drink, and lay his contempt for Mordaci before his wife and friends. A gallows on which Mordaci should be hanged the following day, was devised. The gallows was made, but Mordaci was not hanged.

The only hope for deliverance to the Jews seemed to be in Queen Esther entering the inner courts of the king, and making intercession with him for the lives of her people. Must she risk her own life by going to the king without being called? Would she find favor in his sight, and would he hold out to her the golden scepter? These momentous questions were before the queen.

A fast was proclaimed by her, and all the Jews in the city of Shushan were to participate, and with the hope of saving her people, she resolved to approach the king, though she should perish, and with this courage Queen Esther stands, in royal apparel, before the king, fair and beautiful. She has found favor in his sight, for from his royal throne King Ahasuerus holds out the golden scepter to Esther, the queen, and wishes to grant any request she may make, even to the half of his kingdom.

May we not with the same courage of Esther approach our heavenly King, with even greater assurance that he will hold out to us the golden scepter, even the richness of his love, hear and answer our petitions, bestow upon us favors, granting even more than we ask, and deliver us from his enemy and ours, in times of the peril of our souls? Yes, verily, for he has said we should come boldly to the throne of grace and seek help in times of need.

In her shrewdness Queen Esther had prepared a banquet, to which she invited King Ahasuerus, and Hamen, the wicked prince. Here the petition is made for her life, with that of her people. Hamen is accused as the instigator of the mischief, causing so much distress among the Jews. The king's wrath was at once kindled against him, and Hamen meets his death on the gallows which he had prepared for Mordaci. The request of the queen is granted, and the Jews are given opportunity to defend themselves.

Queen Esther is to be admired for her courage and shrewdness. But we should not forget Vashti, for her high regard for modesty and purity of character prompted her to make the sacrificial offering of giving up her husband, the king, and her royal estate to another. And for this nobility of character, thy sisters laud thee, Vashti, most noble woman. To thee honor belongs.

Sr. D. L. Himmelnarn, before the St. Louis local.



JES' 'FORE CHRISTMAS.

Then ol' Sport he hangs around so solum like an' still—
 His eyes they seem a-sayin': "What's er matter, little Bill?"
 The cat she sneaks down off her perch, a-wonderin' what's become
 Uv them two enemies uv hern that used to make things hum!
 But I am so perlite and stick so earnestlike to biz,
 That mother says to father: "How improved our Willie is!"
 But father, havin' been a boy hisself, suspicions me,
 When, jes' 'fore Christmas, I'm as good as I kin be!

—Eugene Field.



NORMAL LESSONS ON THE BOOK OF MORMON.

PART II.

Lesson V.—The Period of Nephite Christianity.

1. The fifth period of Book of Mormon history begins with the birth of Christ, and ends with the hiding up of the records by Moroni, 421 A. D.

2. During this period Jesus Christ visited the Nephites. He

revealed to them the gospel, abolished the law of Moses, and established his church among them, hence we call it the period of Nephite Christianity.

3. The period is divided into five epochs as follows:

a. The last of the judges, from the birth of Christ until the assassination of Lachoneus II. The sign promised by the prophets announcing the birth of Christ, two days of light without any night, and a new star, appeared during the reign of Lachoneus I. The Gadianton robbers spread confusion until their overthrow, 21 A. D., followed by peace and prosperity. The secret order was again revived, and Lachoneus II, the last chief judge, was assassinated 30 A. D., and the people divided.

b. The Nephites visited by Christ, from the division into tribes, 30 A. D., to the conversion of the whole nation, 36 A. D. Jesus Christ appears to the Nephites and ministers unto them, preaches the gospel, and chooses twelve disciples. (Find the names of the twelve, Nephi 9; 2), and establishes his church. The preaching is received everywhere, and the whole nation is converted to Christ, and the church universal in the land 36 A. D.

c. The era of peace and righteousness, from the conversion of the nation to the separation of the people into Nephites and Lamanites, 231 A. D. Following the universal conversion, a reign of peace and unequalled prosperity and righteousness was enjoyed. All the people were one. This was the golden age of Book of Mormon history. About 201 A. D. there was a decline in righteousness, and division followed. The people were separated, the righteous assuming the name Nephites, and the wicked, Lamanites, 231 A. D.

d. The division, from the assuming of the names, Nephites and Lamanites, 231 A. D., to the breaking out of the war between Nephites and Lamanites 321 A. D. The wickedness of the people increased. Many churches arose among those professing Christ, and idolatry was introduced. War broke out between the Nephites and Lamanites, 321 A. D.

e. The end, from the breaking out of war, 321 A. D., to the hiding of the records by Moroni, 421 A. D. The nation was so steeped in iniquity, and the hatred of one people for the other so great, that the war was a war of extermination. The Lord having forsaken the wicked Nephites, the Lamanites, who outnumbered them, soon gained the mastery, the final battle being fought at Cumorah, 384 A. D. Mormon committed to the earth all the records and sacred things except the abridged history of the Nephites, which he gave to Moroni his son. These Moroni finished and deposited in the earth in the manner found by Joseph Smith in our generation.

4. The following dates should be remembered: The sign of the crucifixion, fourth day of first month, 34 A. D. Breaking out of last war, 321 A. D. Armistice before last battle, 380 A. D. Battle of Cumorah, 384 A. D. Records hid up by Moroni, 421 A. D.

5. The following persons belonging to this age should be remembered: Lachoneus II, the last chief judge. Nephi, the disciple of Christ. Mormon, the compiler of the Nephite history. Moroni, the last historian, the one who hid up the records.

QUESTIONS.

What is the fifth period of Book of Mormon history called? Why? Into how many epochs is this period divided? Name the epochs. What principal events transpired during the first epoch? Who was the last chief judge? What great event took place in the second epoch? How was the gospel received by the people on the American continent? What was the result of this conversion? How long did the era of peace last? What names were assumed by the people after they divided? What was the result of this division? What can be said of the war that broke out 321 A. D? When was the last battle fought? Where? What was the result of this battle? What records did Mormon bury? What records did he give to Moroni? When and where did Moroni hide up the records? Give the principal dates of this period. Name the prominent men of this age.

Normal Lesson

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Regarding these normal lessons Brother Walter writes as follows: "I would like to have you make some mention of the fact that the author would like to have them criticised. Surely they are not perfect, and can be criticised with profit. That was the agreement at the General Convention, that the lessons be published for critical reading by the students of the Book of Mormon, and then be revised and published as a text-book in the normal department."

Now is the time to criticise these lessons. Give the committee the benefit of your thought, either by writing to Bro. Walter W. Smith, or by writing to the "Religio's Arena." Bro. Walter's address is 3354 North Howard Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.



LIBRARY DEPARTMENT.

The General Librarian is devoting his time this month in an effort to prepare a suitable list of books for our libraries. We also wish to prepare suggestive rules to answer many of the questions about the Library Commission, and so we have not time for many notes—to this department all of the requests and questions this month have been for a suitable list of books—this we hope soon to have prepared. We should like to receive your suggestions or questions. If fortune favors us we shall have such a list in hand by the first of the year.

S. A. BURGESS.



"Unwrap thy life of many wants and fine:
 He who with Christ will dine
 Shall see no table curiously spread,
 But fish and barley bread.
 Where readest thou that Jesus bade us pray
 'Give us our sumptuous fare from day to day.'"

NEWS FROM THE SOCIETIES.

Lone Rock, Missouri.—We are glad to report the organization of a Religio local. Bro. Roy Young organized it August 18, with twelve charter members. We have about thirty at present. Our president is Mody Sandage. Interest and attendance are both quite good, and prospects look bright. Some of the young people of Evergreen have met with us at different times, which helps to make it quite interesting. We have three large classes.

ONA SMITH, Correspondent.

Providence, Rhode Island.—Our weekly meetings have continued, some with intense interest, others with little enthusiasm and small attendance. If at times the society had been kept just alive by a few ever faithful, active members, at present and for several months, it has been supported by an increased number. Our membership is eighty-nine, including one senior and one junior class. The average attendance for three months has been forty. October 27, sixty-two were present. While this number does not represent our class students, most of the number were present at the opening exercises, which evinced an interest, at least.

Of late great interest has been manifested in the study class. Our teacher receives prompt answers. Many questions are asked by members, which is indicative of thought and study. We trust by our renewed zeal and activity to influence our "honorary" members, and to call others to our class, wherein by the use of the *Religio Quarterly* we shall endeavor to become more enlightened on this "great and glorious work." We follow the quarterly lessons; also the program, as far as convenient.

Socially, we have done very little of late. In that line of work and pleasure, we seem to have retired, on the success of our "stocking party," held in 1905. But again, we are awake! Our presidents, Daniel Joy and Edmund Browne, distributed to all who dared venture in a business scheme (when the Eastern financial panic is upon us) a tiny flower pot. In this flower pot was planted in sand, a seed or talent, the same to be grown to as large proportions as possible. The seed had all appearances of a bright new nickel.

We intend to be heard from again soon, and will then relate the growth of the "talents" that were found hidden.

We also trust we can relate much development in the spiritual growth of our society.

EDITH PERRY ROBERTS.

51 Francis Street.

Clavering, Ontario.—Bro. J. T. Thompson organized our Religio about the end of September with twenty members, and we are getting along fairly well. Quite an interest in the program, but we find the lessons require a good deal of study to understand them.

MRS. D. B. PERKINS.

Eldorado Springs, Missouri.—The Clinton District Religio-Literary Society met in convention at Coal Hill, Missouri, October 18, 1907, with Vice-president Sam Andes in charge. Three schools

reported. The interest in the district is very good, and we hope it will continue.

DORA LOWE, District Secretary.

Necedah, Wisconsin.—We enjoy the lessons in the new *Quarterlies* and often wonder why any one can not understand the Book of Mormon; its teachings are so plain. For our small members we use the lessons from the *Hope* and find them plain, and hope they will be printed in book form. We can not report any great gain, but believe the interest is better, and know great good will result from the study of the lessons this year. The "Breezy Banner" is still heard with interest.

RILLIE MOORE.

St. Louis, Missouri.—St. Louis local is actively engaged in the work of development. The programs arranged by the various committees have been successful, and were much enjoyed. That of the Flower Committee is especially worthy of mention. The musical numbers and decorations of autumn leaves were fine. The October issue of the "Indefinite" edited by Sr. Anne DeJong and Bro. S. R. Burgess, is to be commended for its instruction and spicy paragraphs. The singing lessons in charge of Sr. Anna DeJong are proving very successful.

We are especially interested in the lessons of late, and trust all will avail themselves of the splendid opportunities afforded us, and apply the teachings, not only theoretically but practically as well.

MISS E. M. PATTERSON.

2739 DeJong Street.

Independence, Missouri.—Independence local is experiencing the throes of non-attendance; conspicuousness being shown by absence. However, many are lifting and not leaning. We have a working corps in spite of mud and water. Our Religio has assumed the debt of lighting the lower room of the church with electricity, by subscription, and have about enough funds on hand for that purpose.

We are also endeavoring to increase our translation fund to much larger proportions than last year. The method used then was to form each class into a committee, with the teacher as chairman, to solicit subscriptions. The same method may be used this year, with the addition of a high grade entertainment which we may give in the Assembly Hall. We are trying to educate our people to appreciate that it is a privilege to give to this fund to show the world what the Book of Mormon is. If we are the chosen people, we should give because we desire this work done.

The man behind the gun (J. A. Gardner) is urging us to greater deeds of glory along these lines.

There is no "scathing languidness" about us.

Yours in bonds,

ALTHA R. DEAM.

Lamoni, Iowa.—On the third Friday of October the Lamoni local gave its annual reception in honor of the pupils of the Lamoni High School, and the students of Graceland College, and their teachers and instructors, as on former occasions. The feature

was made enjoyable by the rendering of a commendable program, and indulgence in appropriate games.

The local, under the direction of the Executive Committee, will, on the evening of the 29th of this month, give a home talent entertainment. This effort has a two-fold purpose, to encourage the "young men and maidens" in the cultivating of a few of the talents with which our Father has endowed them, and to aid in replenishing the local treasury. That all may alike enjoy the evening no admittance will be charged, but a collection will be taken up, sometime during the evening.

The work in Lamoni continues with seemingly the same interest as heretofore. The attendance at the sessions the past few months has been good. One lack is felt here as elsewhere. Too few willing workers for the great work of the society. Oh, that we had more truly devoted "workers for Jesus."

Lamoni Stake.—Probably there are some who would like to know how the Religio work in the stake is progressing. Will say that there has been quite an improvement noticed of late from the reports and communications received from the different locals. Our president has visited all, or nearly all, the locals personally, with the view of helping and encouraging, also introducing the normal work and the new record system. He has also, with local help, organized two new Religios during the past year. One at Greenville, and another at Lone Rock, Missouri. Good interest has been taken, and seems to continue. The superintendent of Home Department has also done some visiting relative to home classes. The Lamoni Stake reunion was held at Lamoni, beginning August 23, at which time the Religio and Sunday-school work was represented jointly by Bro. T. A. Hougas. Altogether we feel the work is onward, and good is being accomplished.

MARTHA MARTIN.



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“Autumn Leaves” for 1908.



“Yesterday, To-day, and To-morrow.”

There are three sisters that the world delights to love and honor—the past, the present, and the future. They never grow old. To each individual who will listen they whisper their secrets in turn. Those who listen and earn shall at last be in possession of truth. The past is fair to look upon, but a little shadow comes over her countenance. The present concerns us now, and soon we must learn the lessons of the future. It is of the present and the future that we wish to speak.

The Message of

“Autumn Leaves.”



AUTUMN LEAVES is a magazine. If it were a person it would speak to you thus: The harvest is great and the laborers are few. We are admonished to pray the Lord of the harvest to send other laborers into the field. Shall we not help him to prepare and send those laborers forth? That is, has been, and shall continue to be my work. For that purpose came I into the world.

I help and strengthen the middle aged and the old who now bear the burden of this great work. But my special appeal is to the young men and women who must soon carry on the gospel work, if it is to be carried on at all by human beings.

I go into the busy city and into the distant country-side. I go where the preacher can not go. My neat dress and the pleasant face catch and hold the attention of mine host and then I tell him the old gospel story.

I beguile lonely hours with poems, with true stories of adventure, with beautiful pictures, and with narratives of travel in foreign lands—and through it all I weave the golden thread of gospel truth.

I tell the people what the church has done in the past and what she is doing now. I delight to recount the histories of men and women who have borne an honorable part in the gospel service, and those who listen are inspired with new zeal and wisdom.

This is my work. No one else can do it. I ask little and give much. I am your magazine. Will you receive me into your home?



AUTUMN LEAVES stands for beauty as well as for truth. It is of artistic and literary value. In its pages, “diamond truth” is given a proper setting. The best talent in the church is using pencil, pen, and camera for your pleasure and benefit through the pages of the church magazine. Yet like all church enterprises it works at a disadvantage for lack of funds. What can be done?

What

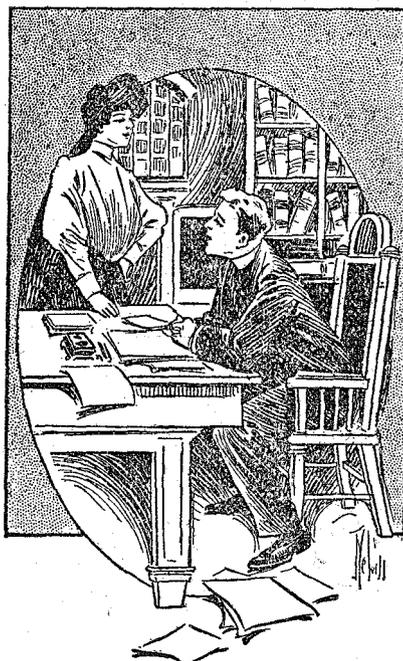
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A Glance at the Future.

AUTUMN LEAVES will continue to solicit, secure, and publish special articles upon subjects of immediate interest, by men and women "who know." The Autobiography of Elder J. C. Clapp, at present running, will grow in interest and will be followed by others of equal value. The Daughters of Zion Department and Religio's Arena will still form an important part of the magazine. In fact old lines will be developed and from time to time something *new, original, and attractive* will be added—as for instance, forthcoming series, "How I became Converted," to which several contributed.

Letters
From



The
Past.



One of the well known church writers has prepared a series of articles to begin in the January number. These articles are in the form of letters, supposed to be written by a young man, during the early days of the Restoration, from Manchester, Kirtland, Far West, and Nauvoo, relating the history of the church as it unfolded.

MANCHESTER, New York, March 29, 1820.

The three religious bodies before referred to have been holding a religious revival in the neighborhood. . . And just to-day, to add to the excitement, it is rumored that young Joseph Smith has prayed over the matter and has had a vision that the churches are all wrong. I shall have an account from his own lips, for I have known him well—AUTUMN LEAVES, January, 1908.

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