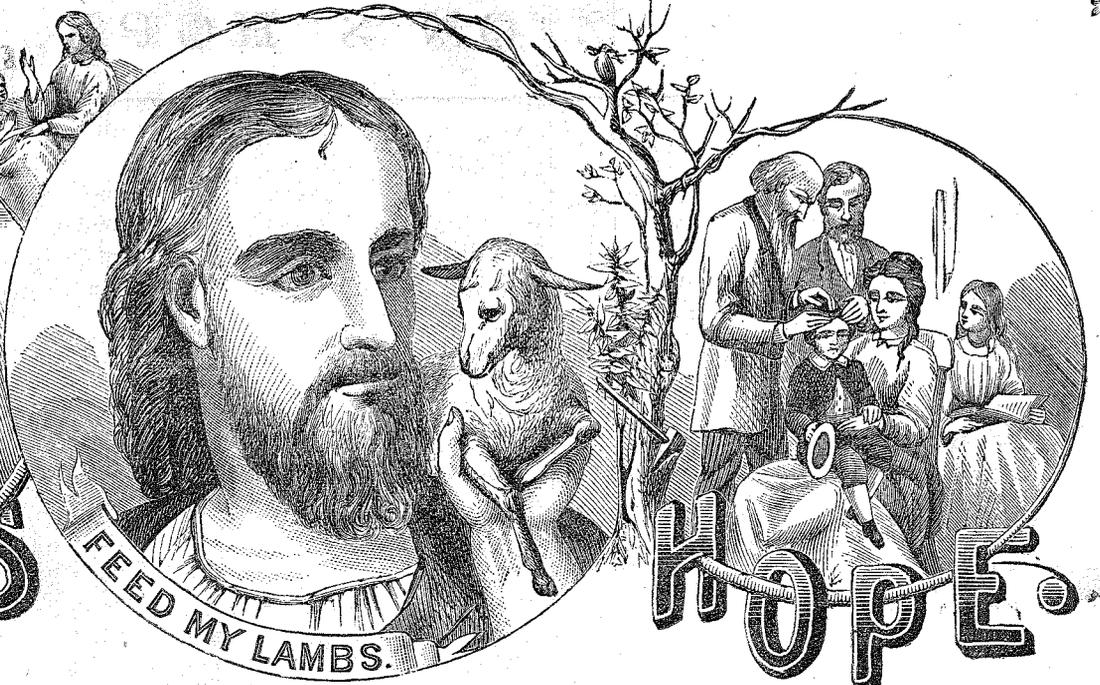
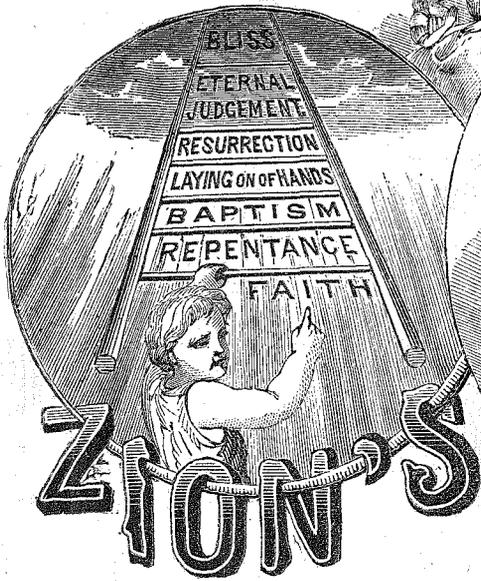


Henry A. Stebbins,
Lamoni, Iowa



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

Vol. I.

PLANO, JULY 1, 1869.

No. 1.

SUMMER, SCATTERING FLOWERS.

LOOK, dear children, at this beautiful cut, which the first number of your paper furnishes you, and see what useful lessons you may learn from it.

"Summer, Scattering Flowers." The glad summer days are just upon us, and on every side the lovely flowers are opening into bloom and beauty. You do not see the hand which scatters them; but none the less they are the workmanship of a careful, loving hand. He who causes them to spring up, and to bloom into beauty, cares for them as tenderly as though they were endowed with life and spirit.

In winter He provides for them a covering of snow, that their tender roots may not be chilled and die.

In spring He sends the gentle, life-giving showers upon them; softening their covering of earth; imparting strength to their roots, that they may shoot forth from their prison-house. Joyfully they raise their heads towards the blue sky above them, as if to seek "Him who dwells in light."

Summer comes with her glad warm days, her bright sunlight, her gentle dewy nights, and the buds open their leaves, taking into their very hearts the life and beauty God sends to them, through sunshine and dew—the brightness of day and the shadows of night. Is this all? Do they, my little friend, absorb or keep to themselves all their gladness or beauty?

Pluck them from their stems and tell me what it is which gives you delight in possessing them.

Their lovely forms and beautiful colors please and delight the eye, while their fragrance steals about you, sweet as the gentle gales of spring.

God has created them, and causes them to spring up in the green mossy valleys, and upon the high rugged mountains. They bloom by the

that the author of this world of beauty, God, is love.

Is this all, dear children? Oh! no. There are so many things which they teach us, that we scarcely know which to notice first. How patiently they wait in their prison-house beneath the snow, while the frost-king reigns above them,—wait for the gentle showers of spring, and for the warm winds from the south to break his icy fetters. Would you like to be as the flowers, patiently waiting the coming of sunshine? When your little hearts are sad and your lives seem chill and lonely, think how long they lie hid in the earth, waiting for God to bring them forth to the sunlight again; and if you will only trust Him, no sorrow shall ever cloud your life, which He will not turn into joy. After all their patient waiting for the spring, when summer clothes them in beauty and fragrance, they never turn from the hand which would pluck them, but just as long as they can, they retain their beauty and give out their fragrance, to gladden all about them.

You, dear children, are flowers of this earth, born into life here, with the promise of immortality. Do you obey the will of God, like these flowers of the field, which bloom to-day and to-morrow wither and die? Have you ever thought that God did not create you for the

selfish purpose of seeking only your own pleasure? If you have never thought of it, then walk out into the fields and learn this lesson from the flowers. Pluck the rose; scatter the leaves around you; and wherever they fall they will leave their fragrance. Did God form the rose for



a nobler object than He formed you? Oh! no; this is the difference. The rose never disobeys God, but answers the end of its creation; whereas you do not always listen to the voice of God; when you do not, you do evil and not good.

Was there ever upon this earth one who in all things obeyed God as patiently, cheerfully, lovingly, and as entirely, as the flowers of the field obey Him? Yes, dear children, there was One, and but one. The Savior—the Son of God. He forsook the courts of heaven, and all the splendor of His Father's house, and came to earth to lay His infant head in a manger—to be born where dumb beasts were stabled at night. Patiently, for long years, He waited the will of God; and when He went forth to His work, like the flowers of the field, that work was to comfort, gladden, cheer and bless the poor, the humble, the sick, the weary, and the sinning ones of earth.—He is called “The rose of Sharon,” and when vile wicked men led Him away to His death, He prayed God to forgive them and gave His life-blood freely, willingly, to cleanse them from the guilt of their wicked actions.

When then, dear children, you look upon the beautiful flowers; and consider how in all things they obey God, living to bless and gladden man, let them turn your thoughts to the Son of God, and remember, if you wish to please God, you must be like the Savior. He came to this earth to redeem it from the sin brought upon it through the disobedience of man, and without obedience there is no redemption.

Scatter thy flowers glad summer o'er the fields,
O'er mountains high, and in the lonely dell,
And children, while they grasp them in their hands,
Shall thank thee for the lessons which they tell.
The birds shall sweeter carol forth their praise,
All nature shall thy summons swift obey;
And from the beauties thou art scattering round,
Shall learn of Him who guides you on your way.

F.

SALUTATORY!

TO SUPERINTENDENTS, AND TEACHERS OF
SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

THE work we here inaugurate, we undertake with sensations of hopeful joy. The education, entertainment and spiritual status of our youth, demand a union of effort in their favor. We shall be expected to do our part faithfully; we ask that you will render us all the assistance in your power.

The distribution of ZION'S HOPE with a liberal hand, will secure increased interest in your schools, add to their numbers, and place you on a footing which will enable you to compare favorably in this matter with the schools of other churches.—If you limit your subscription to the number of your scholars, you will have no paper to encourage the recruits that it is hoped your little soldiers will bring in to your ranks; and the mind of childhood is very sensitive on these points.

We think it our privilege to be “up with the times,” and to this end, have made this an illustrated paper. We shall require, however, at least five hundred subscribers more to issue it illustra-

ted than we should to issue it plain, to realize simply the return of expenses in either case.

“ZION'S HOPE” is the name of the St. Louis Sunday School, under the superintendency of Eld. Geo. Bellamy. This is a flourishing and well ordered school. We have adopted as the name of this paper the name of that school.

We recommend to your notice the Question Book advertised in the HERALD.

We shall be thankful for brief, pithy articles. If accepted, we shall publish them at such times and in such connection as our means of understanding the wants and merits in the case shall determine most proper. If rejected, we cannot as a general measure, undertake to return them.—Contributors to our columns will, if desiring them, please therefore retain copies if they are in doubt as to the suitability of articles sent. If a special written request accompany an article, to the effect that it be returned, if rejected, the request should be accompanied by stamps for pre-payment of postage.



THE LAMPLIGHTER!

MOTHER! What do you think? Sister and I, as we came home, saw the ‘Kwivester’ going ever so fast with a little ladder in his hand,” was puffed out by little Sybilla, when she came in from the rehearsal for the Sabbath School exhibition.

The “Kwivester,” asked the mother with a smile?

“Why, yes! Emma Roberts’ father. He leads the singing at church; and they call the singers, the *kwire* (choir); ain’t that right?”

“I suppose so;” said her mother, “But, what about him?”

“I like him! He was ever so good when we came out of the meeting house. It looked so dark, and some drops of rain fell on my face, and we felt *afeard* to come home.”

“Bless the child! What were you afraid of?”

“I dont know. It was so dark, and we might get lost, you know, or fall over something, or into a mud hole, or see something, or —.”

“Well? and what did Bro. Roberts do, that you like him for?”

“Why, he went *up a lamp* and lit the gas; and made it light all around. He then went ever so fast to the next lamp and lighted it, and then to the next, and the next; and we had a good light all the way home.”

“Then you don’t like to be in the dark?”

“No! I like plenty of light, all the time,” said Sybilla.

“And you like Bro. Roberts because he lighted up your path home; do you?”

“Yes; I like every body that *is good to me*; don’t you?” asked the child.

“That is right; and I am very much pleased to find you so grateful. Come let me kiss you, you darling! I hope you will always feel as you do to-night; and then I am sure you will love God, and be a good girl.”

“Why!” said Sybilla, in astonishment, “God don’t light the lamps, does He?”

“Yes; my dear. God lights the lamps. All those beautiful lights, that so prettily bedeck the sky at night, were placed there, and are kept there by our Heavenly Father. Don’t you remember that beautiful stanza:

‘He formed the stars, those Heavenly flames;
He counts their numbers, calls their names.’

Yes; God gives us light all the time. The sun and the moon, without which, we could not see, could not live, even, are the works of His hands. And you love Jesus too, I know you do?”

“Brother Bellamy says all children ought to love Jesus. And the teacher had us read awhile about Jesus taking little children in His arms and blessing them.—I am sure I should love Him, though He *didn’t* light lamps.”

“But, my child, Jesus does light lamps. Have you forgotten your last week’s lesson? Don’t you remember reading in the apostle John’s testimony about Jesus, ‘That was the TRUE LIGHT, which *lighteth* every man that cometh into the world,’ &c.?”

“Yes; I remember it very well. It is the 9th verse of the 1st chapter. But, I don’t know that I know what it means. If you would tell me, I should remember, though?” interrogated Miss Sybilla.

“I’ll try and do the best I can,” said mother. “We read in the good Bible that ‘The whole world lieth in darkness.’ That Christ points us the road home to the Heaven that the Saints shall share; that He is the light to guide us on the path which we are told, is very narrow; and few there be that find it. We have sinned, and become darkened in our minds, we have strayed from God; but Jesus has lighted up our path HOME, and we need not to walk in darkness, be buried in the mire of sin, or get lost in the fogs of confused and false doctrines any more.

“Christ himself is the light. He has cleared away all obstacles; and made bridges over all other waters, except the ‘waters of baptism,’ and these we have to *go through*. He went through them, and He has bidden us to follow Him.

“But it is time for you to offer your evening prayer and go to bed.”

“Oh! dear Mother, I love Jesus; and I love our Heavenly Father; and I love you and the Teacher for telling me all about them. But I love Emma’s father for lighting us home too,” persisted Sybilla. “X.”

AVOID RUDE LANGUAGE!

It was a lovely morning, one calculated to inspire every heart with gratitude to the Allwise giver of every good and perfect gift; one likely to fill the heart with pure and holy thoughts; one that echoed forth sweet melody from the feathered songsters, as they sang their song of praise and prayer to that holy being who created all things for His glory.

It was lovely indeed!

Here and there, was seen an artificial fountain, throwing up water in fantastic shapes, catching the sun's rays, as it fell upon them, making them appear like diamonds of the first water. Here you could inhale the balm of a thousand flowers; here you could contemplate the goodness and mercy of God.

But alas, sin entered into the world, and changed the scene. I heard a sound break forth upon the stillness of the air, like the murmur of the troubled waters, and for a moment it seemed to mar the beauty of the scene.

What does it mean? Surely nature has not forgotten herself. Ah, no! nature, remains the same. But man, oh man, how art thou and thy seed fallen!

From out that pleasant dwelling, rushes forth thy offspring, as if Satan was master of the place. There he stands; a boy of noble mein, but overcome with anger; and with taunting lips he cries to his sister,

"You lie, you lie, you do."

I instantly turned my head to see who could be guilty of repeating such wicked words, and there beheld the sister weeping, because of her brother's rudeness. And well she might.

That unthinking brother was virtually declaring her unfit to become a member of the kingdom of heaven; for it is written in God's holy book, that no liar can enter there. But if the accusation was not true, then he, himself, was the one that was guilty, being found a false accuser of his sister, and liable to a double punishment.

When I heard this angry outbreak on the stillness of the air, I involuntarily cast my eye upwards, if possible, to keep back the sound of that angry word, before the angel of the Lord should record it against the boy, in heaven. But the wind had caught it, and wafted it onward on its wings.

That eye, that pierces through the dark shades of night; that ear, that hears the gentle breathing of the soul; takes notice of the actions of the children of men, and the Recording Angel writes it in the books, out of which every man, woman and child will be judged according to their works, whether they be good or whether they be evil.

Perhaps some of my young readers may say, There are so many wicked boys, that we are not surprised at what you have written, but we belong to the Sabbath School, and there our teachers teach us, that we must always strive to overcome, by checking every thought and word that is contrary to the law of God.

What is it I hear that rosy cheeked boy, and that bright little girl say?

"We hope no Sabbath School scholar was guilty of being so rude, for our teacher says it is

a sin to speak unholy words, and it grieves our Heavenly Father too, especially from the lips of those who are taught the words of eternal life."

You are right, my dears; this boy was not a Sabbath School scholar, and therefore we will draw the mantle of charity over the scene, praying that God will forgive him, and that they who read, may understand.

Use, dear children, all diligence for the future, to overcome every evil habit; so that you may have a right to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the Paradise of God.

ELIZA.



—For Zion's Hope.

ANGELS OF MERCY!

"Angels of Mercy!" How the children love,
When night her mantle throws above the earth,
To gather round a loving mother's knee,
And hear the story of their Savior's birth.
"Glory to God on high," the angel cried,
"On earth, to fallen man, peace and good will;"
A multitude shout forth the tidings grand,
Proclaim it earth, it is the Father's will.

"Angels of Mercy!" How the children hush
Almost the throbbings of their hearts, to hear;
The rustle of soft wings, the gleaming of white robes,
They almost hope will to their sight appear.
Children, dream on, but listen while I tell
Of angels born on earth, who have no wings:
Whose praise to God is music sweeter far
Than that which from the harp of seraph rings.

"Angels of Mercy!" Yes, an infant hand,
Ready the aged to assist, obey;
Feet young, but ever willing to be led
Adown the paths of wisdom's pleasant way.
"Angels of Mercy!" Yes, a loving word,
A kind "good morning" to your parents dear,
A helping hand to brother, sister, give,
'Tis angel like, although no wings appear.

A soft foot-fall beside the bed of pain;
"Dear Mother, may I sit one moment here;"
With moist cool hand upon the hot brow laid,
That mother feels, at least, the angels near.
"Father you're weary; sit beneath this shade,"
As with quick step, the clear cold water brought,
Quenches his thirst; revives his weary frame,
"The glimmer of the angel's robe is caught."

"Angels of Mercy!" Little friends, who love
To hear the story of the angels told,
And joy to think them watching round, when ere
Her softening mantle over earth enfolds;

You may be angels pure, of mercy kind,
Angels of peace and joy to friends below;
Strengthen the weary, help the fainting ones,
And dry the tears which grief has caused to flow.
FRANCES.

GREETING!

WITH a warm and hearty greeting we salute your joyous hearts, dear, happy children, and bid you welcome to the love our own fond heart feels for the precious lambs of the flock of Jesus.

ZION'S HOPE! Do you not think we have chosen a very suitable name for the paper we have commenced to publish for you? It declares our thoughts of what you are, of what we expect many thousands of youthful hearts to become.

Zion is the name of the city where David, the sweet singer of Israel, dwelt; the name of the city of the Saints of the Most High; the name of the pure in heart, God's own dear people, and Zion's hope is the hope of that people, surnamed Zion.

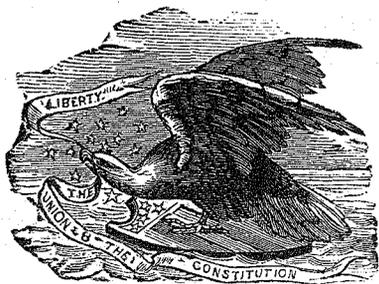
You see, then, dear little ones in what light we view you. You are *our hope*. We are trying to work for Christ, and our army of spiritual workers embraces all who have taken upon them the name of Christ in baptism. Many of you have done this; others of you will do this when you are of sufficient age. In a few years, you will be in strong and vigorous manhood and womanhood, and many of those who are now your teachers will be either too aged to labor much, or gone from earth to rest in the mansions prepared by Jesus for those who love him, and they look for you to take their place then; hence you are their Hope.

Will you disappoint us? We think we hear you say, with joyful promise, "No, we hope not." Yes dear children, we hope not too; but, "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth," is the commandment in the Holy Scriptures.

We will welcome your letters to our office, as we welcome your love to our heart. We shall hope to hear of your growth in goodness and in zeal for God from every part of the earth, where the children of Zion dwell.

"MAMMA, may I have some wine?" said a lovely little girl, on New Year's day, as she stood by a well-spread table. The mother poured a little into a glass, and gave it to her darling child.

How sad I felt as I looked upon that scene, and thought how fearful might be the end of that dear child. Nursed from her infancy on intoxicating drink, and already asking it as something very nice! May the day never come when that child shall tell her mamma that she taught her what proved her ruin.—*Temperance Banner.*



LIBERTY, THE UNION, AND THE CONSTITUTION.

HOW full of joy and gladness will be many of our young readers on the day they receive this, the first number of ZION'S HOPE. The 4th of July is a day of gladness to every one of us; but will it not be more so this year to our little friends than ever before?

The proud king of birds, the noble, storm-daring, sky-soaring Eagle; fit emblem of the freedom, bravery, and ambition that mark our national character. The motto held in his bill, and floating in the breeze, "Liberty, the Union, and the Constitution," is as familiar as household words to many of our little readers, whose young hearts will beat high with hope, whose merry eyes will sparkle with glad some glee, and whose tiny hands will clap with zeal, as they celebrate the birthday of American liberty.

Liberty! How much we prize this word, but how differently it is used! Some will celebrate it by spending this day in debasing themselves, in sipping at the drunkard's bowl, in wicked sports, in mixing in bad company, and call this 'enjoying liberty.' Some will be at the house of God, but not in His service nor to His glory. Some will laugh and jest and be rude there, and think they have a right to the liberty to be so. Some will be there because it is father's command, or mother's wish, and will suppose they have not so much liberty as other children, whose careless parents do not bid them go. But let us hope that none of the readers of ZION'S HOPE will so spend this sacred day; sacred to the worship of the Lord of heaven and earth, sacred to the birth of Free America.

Would our little readers have the enjoyment of true liberty to be theirs, they must strive to be obedient to every good law. God must be loved and His commands obeyed; teachers must be respected, and their wise teachings heeded; parents must be honored, the society of the good must be sought, the company of the wicked must be shunned.

UNCLE MARK.

OUR ENGRAVING.

THE very beautiful engraving at the head of our "HOPE," is from an original design by Bro. David H. Smith, engraved by Mr. Wm. Baker, and electrotyped by Messrs. Rounds & James, of Chicago, Ill. We believe that our readers will join us in a testimony of approval to the gentlemen whose talent and exertions have enabled us to present our patrons with a frontispiece so original in conception, so characteristic in features, so expressive in representation,

so complete in its embodiment of saving truth, as this very interesting electrotype is.

The artist's conception of our blessed Redeemer, will compare with many others that have made famous the names of their authors; and is both pleasing and manly. The confiding look and calm repose of the lamb upon his shoulder; the gentle but firm pressure of the lovely Shepherd's hand; the benignity of the lustrous eyes that seem to melt into tenderness with the expression of divine sentiment, add force to the love-inspired command, "Feed my Lambs."

The decay of old age, the springing up of new life in youth; the felling down of old and spiritless systems of error, and the vigorous growth of a new system of truth, full of vitality and fruit-producing qualities, are aptly illustrated by the axe struck into the almost leafless and gnarled trunk of the old tree, and the leaf-adorned, thrifty scion growing from out its side, from which the feathered songster has plucked a leaf, and risen to the summit. "The axe is laid unto the root of the trees; therefore every tree which bringeth not forth good fruit, shall be hewn down."

The gospel ladder! How very appropriate!—"Train up a child in the way he should go."—Jesus is the way, the truth, and the life. No man can reach the summit of bliss but through Christ, and Christ is made plain to us in the gospel. The ladder touches not the earth, but is yet within the reach of the humblest child. Beautiful thought, indeed! See with what firmness the dear little aspirant for bliss lays hold of the first round of the ladder; while, his countenance indicating the calm resolve of his upward-bound soul, he points us with the index finger of his right hand to the ground-work of his hope, "FAITH!" Ah! noble little fellow, many have taken hold as thou dost; but they have transferred their faith from God to man, and have fallen. May our hold on God's ladder to bliss be never less firm than is thine.

See that group to the right! Observe the countenances of those two men, the fingers of whose hands but gently touch the head of the child so comfortably seated on his loving mother's knee. Observe the anxious look upon that thoughtful mother's face. Notice the absorbing interest in the scene, manifested by that maiden whose features wear an aspect of such lovely grace, as she turns from her study towards the group whose minds are fixed upon the observance of the sacred rite, instituted by the Shepherd who careth for, and gently leadeth His lambs, into the living pastures of His love,—the rite recorded by the evangelist, who informs us that:

"Then were there brought unto him little children, that he should put his hands on them and pray. And the disciples rebuked them, saying, There is no need, for Jesus hath said, Such shall be saved. But Jesus said, Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven. And he laid his hands on them."

The subject, in the opening above and between the Great Shepherd and the gospel ladder, is a beautifully suggestive one to our older readers as well as to the children. It is the child's duty to pray; but it is the parents' and the teachers' duty to teach the child its duty in prayer. Have we

ought that is good? Let us earnestly turn our hearts upward, and give God thanks, and teach our children to do likewise. Have we evil to encounter? Let us cast our burdens upon Him who has promised to assist us; seek for strength in every time of need, and teach our children to do so likewise.

Dear little ones, your duty to God "from whom all blessings flow" will be made plain to you in the *Hope* from time to time; will you not study what is taught you there? Be kind to each other. Be obedient to your parents. They have suffered much for you, and are trying to make you happy. Will you be cross, or unkind, or saucy, or fretful, or peevish, or mean? No, no; I hope not. Be punctual at your Sunday School. Be attentive to your teacher's instructions. Be kind and courteous to your classmates. If any of them excel you in learning, in goodness, in attention, and secure the teachers' "good boy," or "good girl," do not be envious because it is not your lot; but strive to learn, to be good, to be attentive also.

Observe the beautiful frontispiece of your paper. Be docile like the lamb on the shoulder of Jesus. Be quiet like the boy receiving the Elder's blessing. Be earnest like the lovely girl listening to the blessing the Elders are conferring. Be prayerful like the little girl kneeling before the mother who loves her, and who is pointing her to God. Be resolute like the brave little boy taking hold of the gospel ladder, and let the motto he points you to, "FAITH,"—faith in God, in Christ, in the Holy Spirit, in the Scriptures and their precious promises,—be your guide; and you will be happy, and live with Christ and with the holy angels, for ever and for ever.

UNCLE MARK.

ENIGMA, No. 1.

I am composed of 9 letters.
My 1, 2, 3, and 4, are what God's people love.
My 8, 9, and 4, are what scholars use.
My 4, 3, 5, and 9, are what we could none of us do very well without.
My 5, 2, and 4, are what we ought to guard against.
My 8, 7, 2, 5, 3, and 4, are what will destroy life.
My whole is what the children of the Church of Christ are.

ANSWERS SOLICITED.

The one who answers the greatest number of enigmas and puzzles in six months correctly, will be entitled to a New Hymn Book—best quality, as a prize.

UNCLE MARK.

ZION'S HOPE

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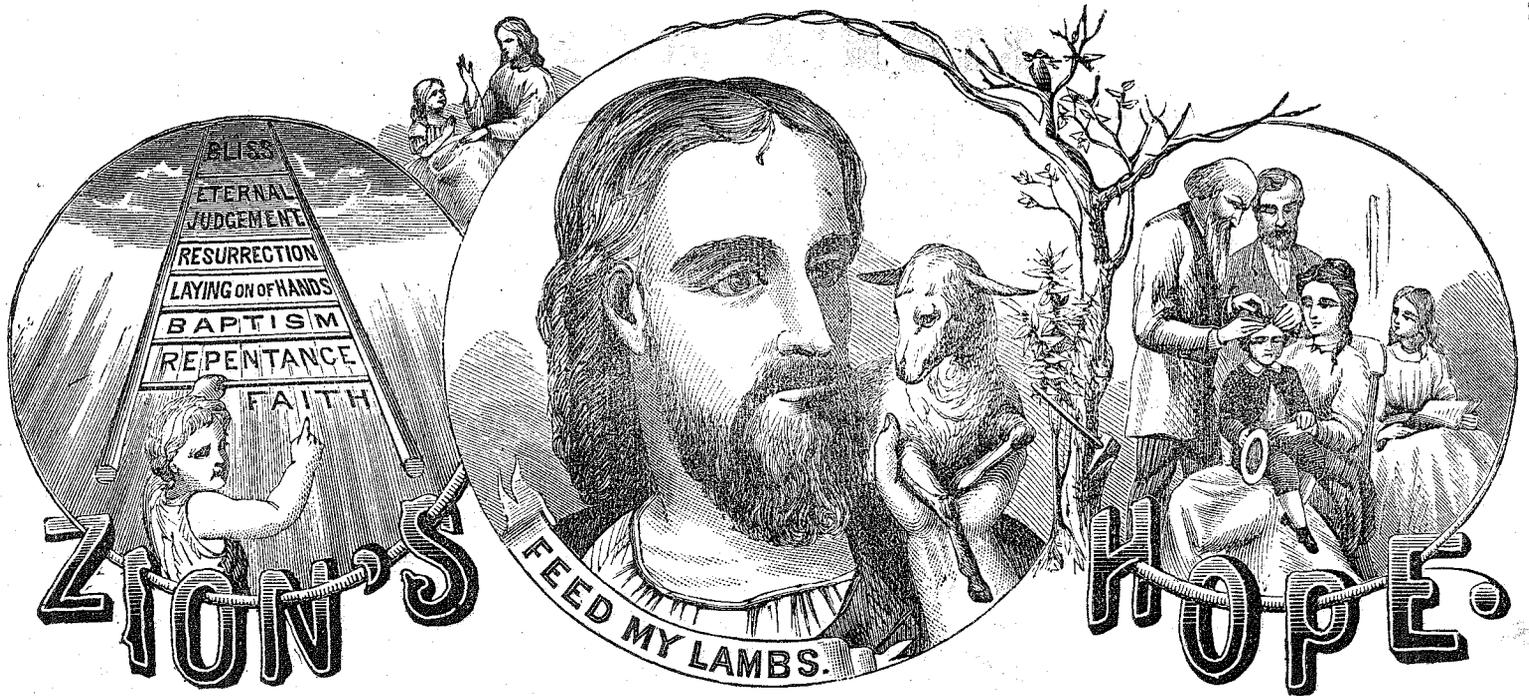
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Superintendents and Teachers of Sunday Schools, Book Agents and the Travelling Ministry, are requested to act as Agents for Zion's Hope.



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

Vol. I.

PLANO, JULY 15, 1869.

No. 2.



HOW TO BE UNHAPPY.

THE BROKEN LAMP FLUE.

THE sky was blue and cloudless, and the sun was shining brightly, while a cool breeze wafted through the branches of the old elm trees, and into the open parlor windows of the old-fashioned farm house. Willy Irving stood by one of the windows, his hand resting on a side table near him, looking out, and singing in

random, boyish style, with a spirit of glee such as none but the happy children of a free people can feel; on the anniversary of their nation's birth, and such as American children especially delight in,

"This day to greet, with joy we meet,
And banish care away,
We'll shout and sing, and flowers bring,
'Tis 'Independence Day.'"

Just at this moment he turned around with a sudden movement, quite common with him, and as he did so, his hand came in contact with the top of a lamp that was standing on the table.—The quick blow threw the lamp over, the flue striking against a heavy china vase near by, and breaking in pieces. He quickly righted the lamp, but there lay the fragments of the broken flue; some on the table, and others on the carpet. He stood for a moment, regarding the accident in grief and amazement, then hurried quickly from the room.

It was the morning of the Fourth of July; there was to be a school picnic in a little grove, on the border of a beautiful lake, some six miles distant. Mr. and Mrs. Irving were going to visit a sick friend living a few miles beyond the lake, and they were to take Willy and Theodore to the grove, in the morning, and call at the place of the picnic, in the evening, on their way home, and bring the boys home.

There was much bustle and preparation, the mother was washing and dressing the children; packing some jelly, a bottle of wine, and a few other little articles to tempt the appetite of an invalid; then there was a big basket stowed full of pies, half a dozen kinds of cake, tarts, nice snowy biscuit, cheese, and the like,—this was all to go to the picnic.

The boys were much pleased with their antici-

pated trip, and danced and frolicked about in true childish glee. Willy had finished dressing, and, while his mother was dressing the baby, preparatory to starting, he came into the parlor to give vent to his happiness, all alone, in a burst of careless song.

After breaking the lamp flue, he went into the garden, on pretense of picking some flowers, but really to get away from the house, fearing the effect of his carelessness would be discovered.—Hark! there is some one in the parlor, closing the windows! But he hopes the broken flue will not be noticed! Just then he saw his father go up to the kitchen door and call out, pleasantly,

"Are you ready, all of you?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Irving; "but tell me, do you know who broke the lamp flue?"

"The lamp flue?" exclaimed Mr. Irving. "It was all right last night! I've not seen the lamp this morning! Did not know it was broke, till you told me!"

"Strange!" remarked Mrs. Irving; "I know it was not broken this morning, when I placed it on the table in the parlor; and Theodore declares he has not been in there this morning; and Willy is too large to be playing with a lamp!"

"Where is Willy, though?" inquired the father. "Willy; O, Willy! come here, my boy!"

Willy came slowly toward the house, his head bent, seemingly intent on arranging a bunch of roses in his hand. He had heard all that was said, and, some how he felt very guilty, and dreaded to see his parents. Then it occurred to him that he would declare himself innocent of the mischief, and his parents would believe him; as he was not in the habit of telling falsehoods.—They had always taught him particularly to avoid telling an untruth; and he had been a very good boy, in most instances; but this morning something tempted him to disobey his parents, and declare that he knew nothing about the broken flue. Now this was not through fear of some harsh, unkind treatment from his parents, in consequence of breaking the lamp flue, if he should own his guilt; because they were very kind and gentle in their manner toward their children, and

always lightened punishment for any offence, when a child truthfully acknowledged that offence, and expressed sorrow for the same.

"Willy," asked Mr. Irving, "did you know the lamp flue was broken?"

Willy turned very red in the face and stammered out, that he "didn't know any thing at all about it."

His father went toward the barn to get the horses out, telling Willy to help his mother about bringing the baskets to the hall door, in readiness to be placed in the carriage, when he drove up to the house.

"Were you in the parlor this morning, Willy?"

"Yes—I—was in there a little while ago, mother, but I didn't notice the lamp at all!"

He was tying up the bouquet of roses with a bit of string as he spoke; his face was almost crimson, and he trembled with the knowledge of his guilt, and falsehood, and almost broke down when he commenced speaking, but before he finished, his voice was steady and firm, indeed, he felt quite bold to think he had committed an offence, and escaped detection by a twice-repeated falsehood. It was very hard to speak at first, and even when he began to say it the second time, the words seemed to choke him, but when he had twice put down the sweet voice of conscience, or the knowledge of right,—it was a good deal easier for him to breathe, and he felt as if he could say it again a great deal easier than before.

It is generally much easier to tell a falsehood that we have already repeated two or three times, than to tell it first. This is because we get accustomed at last to the knowledge of our guilt, and do not think it so bad as at first. It is much easier, therefore, to break ourselves of speaking untruths, when we first begin, than after we have continued some time in this bad habit, and it is very foolish, as well as wicked to be in the habit of telling what is not true; we should speak the truth because **IT IS RIGHT, AND WILL PLEASE GOD, and our friends**; rather than through fear of the punishment awaiting those who do not, which you will remember is a portion in the lake of fire and brimstone. This is a dreadful punishment, we imagine, but it is just, or God would not threaten it; but then, it is only for those who know that it is wrong to tell a lie, and will persist in it, regardless of the consequences.

PERLA WILD.

TO BE CONTINUED.

UNCLE JETHRO, TO "ZION'S HOPE."

YOU are all aware how awkward we feel, in being introduced to those that are unknown to us. Many writers have found it an easy task to prepare a work for the press, suited to the young mind, but have been fretted for days, in writing a suitable introduction to their readers.

Uncle Jethro realises that the young mind must be fed, and fed with food that will give vigor and health; that will correct the taste, and at the same time instruct and entertain.

President Smith says, "If *Zion's Hope* is to become a success, the effort must be persistent."

Many have allowed "the enemy to sow tares," by placing publications in the hands of their children that have vitiated their tastes, corrupted the channels of thought, created desires for fiction, and wounded truth, the meekest ornament of childhood.

Uncle Jethro accepts the invitation of the Editor to aid in this work of "Hope," and sends greeting to his young friends, the children of the saints; Buds of promise; *Zion's Hope*. He has many things to talk about, and intends to continue pleasant interchange of thought for precept, and example.

Having made our bow to the Editor, and introduced ourselves to our readers, we retire till next we meet, when we hope to have something to say upon "Perseverance" or "Persistent Effort."

UNCLE JETHRO.



LOOKING OUT AND UP.

WHAT is right my son. Look out, and up! Out upon the great wide world, with its many men, women, and children; all busy, all full of life.

And while you look out upon the world, look up to Him who rules on high, who made the world.

Look out, without fear, upon the trials, griefs, troubles and disappointments, which my little man is sure to meet as he grows up. But my boy, as you so look out, look up! It is God, the great, good and wise, who will help you, if you are brave and trust Him.

Look out! See how pretty, and grandly beautiful are the flowers, the streams, the clouds, the

fields and all the creatures which the Lord has made. And, my boy, do not forget to clasp your hands; look up to God and thank Him for all this beauty.

Look out! See the grain, the fruit, the wise provision which is made, by which my boy is fed, with food to make him grow large and strong, that when he gets to be a man, he may look up to God and work for Him.

'Tis God does all this for us. So, my boy, look out and up!

A RESULT OF DISOBEDIENCE.

TWO little boys, one eleven, the other thirteen, living in the Town of Little Rock, in the State of Illinois, were sent by their father, one morning in sheep shearing time, after a "wool packer." The sheep had been sheared and he wanted to pack the wool.

The boys started in high glee, their father having hitched up a good, faithful, gentle horse for them to drive.

On the way in which they went, there was a creek, which from the heavy rain was swollen and deep; and the father charged the boys to be sure and not go to the creek. He feared the little fellows might get into deep water with the horse and get drowned.

The boys were happy in being trusted to go on such an errand, and chirruped and clucked to the horse, shouted at the birds, and laughed to see the little ground squirrels dodge out of the way as they went along.

When they came near to the creek, these little fellows thought about the nice swimming place there was in the mill-dam

of Mr. Steward's mill, and forgetting the command of their father not to go near the creek; they turned the horse out of the road, intending to go to the mill-dam, and after a nice swim, go on to the place where they had been sent, and get home all right. They did not suppose their father would ever know any thing about it.

The water in the creek had run over the banks, and these foolish boys drove the horse into an old channel where the water was deep, the strong current threw him down and carried the buggy and the boys down into the swift running stream.

The little fellows were sadly frightened. One of them jumped out into the water and was carried to the shore, clambered out and ran away to hunt for help. He found some men near by, who went back with him to the creek where his

little brother was and got him out, but the noble, good horse, was dead. He was carried by the strong current down under some tangled limbs of trees, brush and drift wood, and being tied up by the harness he could not get out, and was drowned.

The little boys started home on foot feeling very bad. Their father, who had become alarmed about them and had started after them, met them on the way.

O what a sad story they had to tell their father.

They had disobeyed him; had betrayed the trust he had reposed in them; had been sadly frightened; had got quite wet, and had lost the gentle horse they all loved so well, by driving him into the deep water.

Disobedience to parents is one of the signs which, the Apostle Paul said, shall mark the children of men in the last days.

Zion's Hope, never disobey your parents; never. Think of these boys.

AIM HIGH.

BIE, you stupid! Don't go along the road in that way. You will stub your toe presently and fall flat.

Step high! and be careful too. Why, if you always look down that way, you will never hit any thing higher than your toes.

See George, yonder. He goes like a bird; full of glee and as happy as the day is long. He intends to strike high up. He will too, for he looks higher than the tips of his shoes.

"ZION'S HOPE!"

IS it not a beautiful title, my little friends, for the paper which is printed and sent to you as a messenger of love and good news?

You will eagerly look for your S. S. paper as its appointed times come round. What shall you do with it? You must read it carefully, to your little brothers, sisters and playmates, who are yet learning their A B C's, you must read and explain it as well as you can; and after a little practice, it will be a great delight to you to do so.

When you do not understand what you read, ask your parents and older friends to explain it to you, which they will be happy to do. Never be afraid nor ashamed to ask for knowledge, for by it your minds will expand.

I rejoice with you in your paper, and hope that many of you have the privilege of attending Sabbath School, and those who are removed from this privilege, we trust *Zion's Hope* will reach, and bear them whispers of truth from which they may learn many a good lesson and profit by it, if they will.

I hope through its means to get acquainted with you all, and will try in future to tell you something that will interest and amuse you.

I want you always to have cheerful faces, for to be good, it is not necessary to draw down a long face, but enjoy everything that is beautiful and bright in this pleasant world.

You look forward with pleasure to your hour

in Sunday School and your pleasant songs, but O, how much more delightful to have a "hope in Zion," where you will dwell with your blessed Shepherd and sing praises to Him, and rejoice with the lambs of His fold forevermore.

Prize this hope, strive for it, and with your heavenly Father's help, you can obtain it.

NELLIE.



MY PRETTY DOLL!

MY pretty doll! How much I love my doll. Papa is very kind to buy me this pretty doll for my birthday present; and then how kind of Uncle George to buy me this nice little cradle, and dear Mamma to fix these dresses for me," said happy little Birdie, as she sat in her neat, clean little room, all beaming with smiles at the thought of how good and pleasant a home she had.

And there was one the parents of this sweet little girl taught her to love and thank, whom she did not name at this time. But she did remember that one, and when her day's play was over, and her little limbs ached with being tired, she always kneeled to that one, and thanked Him for all the mercies that had made her life so pleasant, and prayed to Him with meekness and love.

Angels watch over little Birdie—Jesus owns her as his little lamb—and if she continues to be prayerful, dutiful, and loving, she will make herself and others happy in this life, and when Jesus reigns on the earth, Birdie will be among those to whom He will say, "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom."

Children dear, be like little Birdie.

F——

"A BRAVE AND NOBLE BOY!"

THE following touching incident is given in the *New York Sun*, and said to have recently occurred on board an English steamer. The little boy was taken on board the vessel, and there concealed by his step-father, who was too poor to pay his passage, or to keep him at home with him, and took that as the only means he could think of to get him to his aunt, who was living in a distant city, where the vessel would stop on her way to New York. Frances has changed the prose into poetry for her little

friends, and she hopes they will never, never forget the story, but ever speak the truth.

The vessels' white sails caught the breeze,
The anchor weighed, and "All aboard"
Sung out the Captain, while the fierce
Uneasy engine screamed and roared.
The cable coiled safe, covered e'er,
The gallant ship was fair to see,
Swung from her mooring, and next morn,
Was far upon the deep, blue sea.

Four days the ship her course pursued,
Cleaving the waves with steady prow,
But on this day her mate is seen;
With angry frowns upon his brow.
Before him stands a little boy,
Ragged and pale, but with calm eye;
Though tears are stealing down his cheek
Like pearly drops from summer's sky.

"How came you here?" The stern demand
Falls on his ear, his beating heart,
With motion swift arose and fell
Pierced as with a painful dart.
His soft blue eyes he lifted up,
His sunny face—which guilt belied—
He raised, and in a steady tone,
To the stern question thus replied:

"Beneath the clods my father sleeps,
My mother, pale, now weeps for me;
My step-father brought me on board,
And sent me friendless out to sea."
"This must be false;" the mate replied
As day by day he told the same;
"It must be false—some sailor here
For hiding you must be to blame."

Weary at last, and angered too,
With a fierce hold the boy he took,
Who, unresisting, followed him
With a sad, grieved, but holy look.
"I give you minutes ten," he said,
"Confess the truth, and none shall harm,
But if you do not you shall hang
Till you are dead from yon yard-arm."

Gently the brave boy raised his head;
Bright through the tears his blue eyes shone;
His pale, proud face, so sorrowful,
Of honor looked the very throne.
Beside the mate the captain stood,
While all on board had gathered round,
And nothing there the stillness broke,
Save parting waves, with rippling sound.

"Eight minutes gone—but two remains—
Speak now the truth, your life to save;
Speak; or to-night your corpse shall lie
Fathoms beneath the dark blue wave!"
Calmly he raised his truthful eye,
Nor asked the mate his doom to stay,
Plead not for life, but simply asked,—
"Sir,—if it please you, *MAY I PRAY?*"

Pale as a corpse, the trembling mate
Nodded assent, but could not speak;
His limbs together smote, as with
Wild terror rendered faint and weak.
There calmly knelt the brave young boy,
His small hands clasped, his brown locks bare,
In accents firm but tender, sweet,
He breathed to God a Stephen's prayer.

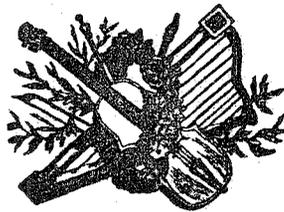
"Jesus, my spirit now receive!"
Sobs broke from stern-browed men around,
While to the noble, proud boy's side,
Sprang the stern mate with sudden bound.
"Brave boy!" he cried, and held him fast,
"I know you true; thank God on high!
Brave boy, who'd rather give his life,
Rather meet death than tell a lie!"

Dear children; watched by loving eyes,
Cared for by ever ready hands;
Think of this little friendless boy,
Seeking a home in foreign lands.
A little waif in th' wide, wide—world,
Without a friend, save God on high;
Oh! think, and may you ever scorn
To soil your soul—to *speak a lie!*

God is the essence of all truth.
"False witness" thou must never bear;
God scorns the lying lips, and such
His anger fierce will have to share.
If honor you would gain from men,
Honor from God and angels seek,
Let truth each word, each act control,
And rather *die* than *falsehood* speak.

FRANCES.

Original Poetry.



COME TO THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

AIR, "LIGHTLY ROW."

One, two, three; come with me!
Mary, Kate, and Emily;
Alice too, Belle and Lou,—
Yes, come all of you.
Come with me to Sunday School,
When the morn is bright and cool;
Come with me, glad and free,
Singing merrily!

'Tis so sweet, there to meet,
All our little friends to greet!
Don't say "no," come and go,
You'll enjoy it so!
O! we love to read and sing,
Of our great and heavenly King!
Come with me, glad and free,
Singing merrily!

We repeat verses sweet,
When we in our classes meet;
Prayer and song, wont be long,
Come and join our throng!
There are pleasant books to read;
Do not let me vainly plead!
Come with me, glad and free,
Singing merrily!

PERLA WILD.

WATCHING ONE'S SELF.—"When I was a boy," said an old man, "we had a schoolmaster who had an odd way of catching idle boys. One day he called out to us: 'Boys, I must have closer attention to your books. The first one of you who sees another idle boy, I want you to inform me, and I will attend to his case.'

"Ah!" thought I to myself, 'there is Joe Simmons, that I don't like. I'll watch him; and if I see him look off his book, I'll tell.' It was not long before I saw Joe look off his book, and I immediately informed the master.

"Indeed," said he, 'how did you know he was idle?'

"I saw him," said I.
"You did? and were your eyes on your book when you saw him?"

"I was caught, and never watched for idle boys again.

"If we are sufficiently watchful over our own conduct, we shall have no time to find fault with the conduct of others."

WAITING FOR BABY TO "COME UP."—A little friend of ours, (says the editor of *Merry's Museum*), who had been told that, though the flowers died in the autumn, they would come up as beautiful as ever in the spring, lost her baby sister, and some time after was found sitting by the little grave with a face full of hope and expectation. On being asked why she was there, she said, with an air of innocent faith:

"O, I'm waiting for baby to come up. We planted her in the fall; but she'll soon come now, prettier than ever, like my snow-drops in the garden."

It took a long time to teach her the truth; and she was much grieved because baby would not sprout visibly, and blossom again on the little green bed where she had slept so long.

WHAT IS AN ENIGMA?

ON the last page of ZION'S HOPE is found the promise of a New Best Bound Hymn Book to the child that shall answer correctly the greatest number of enigmas and puzzles, in six months; and it is thought that many would like to know how to make the enigmas.

It is an interesting pastime to make them, and much easier than to find out what they are. Our little friends can spend many a pleasant hour by making and answering them, and if they each take their turn, they need not have any unpleasant feelings of jealousy. We trust however that Zion's Hope will avoid jealous feelings, as they lead to much sin.

We will teach you the principle of making enigmas, by illustrating the one published in our last number, which is already answered correctly by Ida Z. Reynolds, and several others.

You remember how it reads:—

"I am composed of 9 letters."

The name is "Zion's Hope." Write this name with each letter separate, and put over them the number, as follows:

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Z	I	O	N	S	H	O	P	E

Having thus arranged your figures, you examine the letters and see how many words you can make out of them, and after you have done so, you select such of these words as you wish to use in your enigma. The letters in this name will form some forty-five words, of which the following twenty-five are an example:

Zion.	Hope.	Open.	Poison.	Shone.
On.	Pen.	She.	His.	Shine.
In.	Sip.	Hen.	Nose.	Hose.
Sin.	Nip.	Sop.	Inez.	Size.
Hop.	Pin.	Son.	Soon.	Phiz.

But very few of you would have thought that such and a still greater variety of words could

have been formed from nine letters, yet you see it is so.

Having examined these words, you will discover that Enigma No. 1, was formed of six of them, namely, Zion, Pen, Nose, Sin, Poison, Zion's Hope.

Figures 1, 2, 3, 4, what God's people love, Zion.

Figures 8, 9 and 4, what scholars use, Pen.

Figures 4, 3, 5 and 9, what we could none of us do very well without, Nose.

Figures 5, 2 and 4, what we ought to guard against, Sin.

Figures 8, 7, 2, 5, 3 and 4, are what will destroy life, Poison.

All the figures, what the children of the Church of Christ are, Zion's Hope.

The secret of success in writing enigmas is not to make them so easy that it will require no effort of mind to solve them, nor so difficult that the effort to solve them will be given up in despair.

Persevere, dear children, and you will conquer many difficulties that may at first seem too great for you to contend against, and you will develop such minds within yourselves as shall win the approval of those who like bright thoughts, as you already have the love of UNCLE MARK.

ENIGMA, No. 2.

I am composed of eleven letters.

My 1, 4 and 10 are the name of a very deep color.

My 6, 2, 5 and 4 are what the good possess.

My 11, 2 and 10 indicate the temper of those who do what

My 6, 9 and 10 expresses.

My 5, 2, 3 and 10 speak of what is necessary to the subscribers of ZION'S HOPE.

My 5, 9 and 10 name the place where a certain class will sometime dwell.

My whole is a name dear to many thousands of the righteous.

ANSWERS SOLICITED.

ENIGMAS SOLICITED—Enigmas sent must be accompanied with the answer on a separate sheet.

The child who answers the greatest number of enigmas and puzzles in six months correctly, will be entitled to a New Hymn Book—best quality, as a prize. UNCLE MARK.

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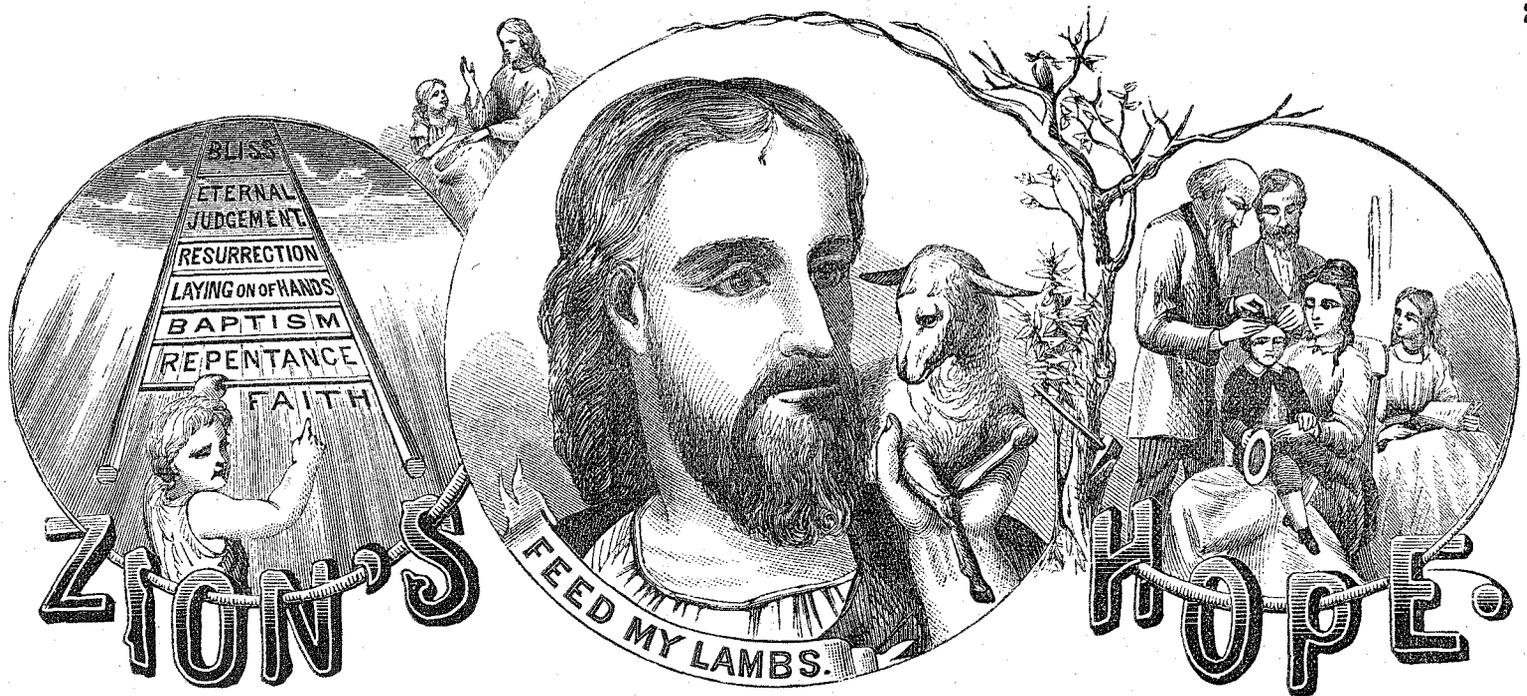
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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

Vol. I.

PLANO, ILL., AUGUST 1, 1869.

No. 3.

THE AMERICAN INDIAN!

MANY of the little readers of *Zion's Hope* have never seen an Indian, and are very much puzzled in their minds as to what an Indian is like. They have heard some terrible stories, perhaps, about them, and they think that the sight of one would frighten them very much.

We present to them in the accompanying cut, the picture of an Indian, who sits in mute despair, silently and sullenly grieving at the thoughts of the greatness of his people, before the white man came and built upon the lands, and rode upon the waters, where he formerly hunted the wild game, gathered the rich fruits, and caught the fine fish on which his people lived.

His gun rests upon his shoulder, his arrows by his side.—His people are waxed feeble.—His name is a reproach. His brave warriors are killed in battle with the white race. His lands are taken from him, and his former hunting grounds are their fine farming lands. His fishing streams bear the beautiful steamers, laden with the persons and property of his enemies; and on the surface of the waters where he once so joyously paddled his frail canoe of flag and reed, now float the vessels whose white sails and gay streamers tell of commerce, of civilization, of conquest; proclaim the red man's defeat, the white man's triumph.

It is not surprising that as he sits upon the bluff, and gazes on the bustling scenes of the, to him, new manner of life, that he looks so sad and sorrowful. It is to him a sign that he must leave this beautiful spot; go away, far away from this lovely stream; become a beggar on the white man's charity; or change his mode of obtaining

a living, and lead a life new to him, and one which his fathers taught him was beneath an Indian warrior to submit to.

Poor Indian! He has done much mischief, much injury. He has committed many great sins; but he is ignorant—he is not educated.—His father did not teach him to lead a useful life. His mother did not point him to God as a being who wishes all His children to be "diligent in business, serving the Lord." He had no kind instructor to teach him how to read. He had no



Sunday School in which to be taught the beautiful lessons of purity, of goodness, of mercy, of love, that you, dear children, learn. He had no kind pastor to point him to Jesus Christ as the meek sacrifice to God; as the Lamb slain for his sins; as the divine teacher who forbids His disciples to fight, and commands them to live in peace with all men, and be peace-makers between men; and his chief idea of God is a Great Warrior, who kills all his enemies.

But the Indian was not always thus. He is from the loins of good old father Jacob, whom

God loved so much, and who was surnamed Israel. He is, still more, of the promised seed—of the house of Joseph. In him are Ephraim and Manasseh joined. Have you never heard his history? It is a sad one.

The Indians are a far more numerous people than many of our little readers imagine. In the year 1847, Congress passed an act authorizing a census, (an account), of the number of the Indians to be taken. The following is the result as obtained under the agency of Mr. Henry R. Schoolcraft:

Tribes in Bands and Families, 34,704; Tribes of the new States and Territories South and West, 183,042; Tribes North of Texas and New Mexico, and between the Mississippi and Rocky Mountains, 157,330; Remnants of tribes in the old States, 3,153. Total 378,229. Three hundred and seventy-eight thousand, two hundred and twenty-nine souls. They are probably considerably reduced in numbers now, especially in the North-West. Their history is not known to the world; but the Lord has been pleased to preserve a record of them, which is now translated into the English language, and informs us how that the forefathers of this copper-colored,

"red" race, were once a white and delightful people who loved God and did Him faithful service; but who, through sinning against Him, lost their beauty, and were accursed with the dark skin that now marks them in their fallen state. Their condition should warn us against sin, and teach us that in the service of God is both safety and peace—in rebellion against Him, danger and distress.

In our next paper, I will tell you something about him that will be instructive to you. In the mean time, let me beg of you to be kind in your

thoughts toward him, and while you remember what I have here said of his not being taught the blessed things you learn of your kind parents at home, your teachers at school, and your Elders in meeting, be very thankful to God for His kindness to you in so many good gifts, and resolve to be better for the future than you have ever been in the past.

UNCLE MARK.



THE BOOK OF MORMON.

MAMMA," said little Helen, "I have been reading the vision of Lehi in the Book of Mormon, but I cannot understand it. Won't you please explain it to me? What tree was it that bore such sweet fruit, and why did the people in the building on the other side of the river laugh at those who ate of this fruit?"

"One question at a time my little girl. Mamma is pleased to know that these things interest you; she will most cheerfully explain them to you. First let me tell you the dream in my own way, and then we will see what it means.

"Lehi dreamed that he was going through a dark and dreary wilderness, when a man in a white robe stood before him, and told Lehi to follow him. After travelling for many hours through a dreary waste, he prayed earnestly unto the Lord to have mercy on him, and lifting up his eyes he saw that they were entering a large and beautiful field. In this field was a tree, of the fruit of which Lehi ate, and found it was most delicious to the taste, as well as white to look upon above all the whiteness he had ever seen, and that it made those who ate of it exceedingly happy.—Lehi began to desire earnestly that his family also should eat of this fruit. This you know my dear, was very natural; for if your father or I have any nice thing, we always wish to share it with you and your brothers.

"While Lehi still stood by the tree, he saw a stream of water running close to it; and looking to see where the water came from, he saw the beginning of the stream a little way off, and standing by it, his wife and two of his children. He called them; and they came and also ate of the fruit.

"You remember that Lehi had two other sons and when he saw them he called them, but they would not come. As he looked earnestly along the river, he saw a rod of iron extending all along its banks, until it came to the tree by which he stood. He saw also a straight and narrow path running along by this rod of iron, leading above

the head of the fountain, into a large and spacious field almost like a world, and thousands of people were striving to get into this path which led to the tree. He saw a great mist of darkness arise, and many lost their way; others however took hold of the rod of iron, and by holding fast to that, they walked safely through the darkness, and when they reached the tree, they ate of the fruit with great gladness.

"But now, Helen, father is coming, and we must wait for the rest of our talk until after tea."

CORA.

TO BE CONTINUED.

BE KIND TO THE STRANGER.

ONE bright moonlight evening, Willie and Alice Ross sat on their mother's doorstep, talking of their absent father, who, they supposed, had been lost at sea many years before.

Willie was fourteen years of age and Alice twelve, and both were very good children, only that Willie was very fond of what he called "fun." It did not matter who it was, where it was, or how it was brought about, he must have his laugh; and often he exercised rudeness to secure it. This seemed to be his only, or at least, his greatest fault. His mother had often reproved him for it, but without any good result; he still persisted in it. He would often call to strangers as they passed the street, make some rude remark, and then laugh as if he had said something funny.

"It has just been eight years ago to-day," said Alice, "since father left us to cross the ocean for England. You were six years old and I four.—Do you remember anything about him, Willie?"

"Not very much. I only remember seeing him, that is all. But mother has told me so much about him, that I fancy I am well acquainted with him. How I would like to see him."

"And I too; but I never expect to. You know the ship was wrecked, and all the passengers reported lost. It was eight years ago; and if he was living, he surely would come back. I often think it very hard that we should lose our father in this manner, but mother says if we are good and keep the laws of God, we will meet him again at the great resurrection, for you know he was a good man. This hope makes me happy, and I sometimes wish the day was at hand."

"Sister Alice," said Willie, earnestly, "I wish I was as good a little saint as you. You are just like mother, always good and kind, and make all happy around you. I wonder if I will ever be good?"

At this point in the conversation a tall good-looking stranger made his appearance on the street, and came walking towards them. Willie's serious thoughts left him at once, and he resolved to have some fun at the stranger's expense. His sister tried to prevent him, but it did no good, he must have his laugh.

"Good evening, children," said the stranger, kindly.

"Good evening, Captain," Willie replied, winking an eye.

"Does Mrs. Ross live here, or in the next house?"

"No, not exactly, just across the street in that building;" and Willie pointed to an old frame stable that stood near by, "just knock on the door and walk in."

The stranger did as Willie directed, but was much mortified to find he had been deceived.—He enquired again for Mrs. Ross. Willie pointed him to another stable. Seeing that he was again deceived, the stranger went on to the hotel to pass the night, and Willie laughed heartily over the joke he had played him.

The next day Willie went to school, and often he told his companions about the man hunting Mrs. Ross in the stable, and many were the jolly laughs they had over it.

After school was dismissed, he started home. As he neared the house, his sister Alice came running to meet him. Her face was all beaming with smiles, while tears of joy were flowing down her cheeks.

"Guess who's come home, Willie, guess who's come," she exclaimed, almost wildly.

"I don't know," said Willie, "who is it?"

"Our father, our long-lost father; come quick, let's go and see him."

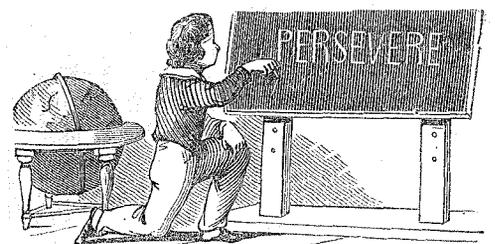
Willie needed not the invitation. He made a rush for the house, and was just going to embrace his father, when he recognized in him the stranger he had so shamefully tricked the evening before. Little reader, can you imagine Willie's feelings at this time? I guess you cannot. He must have felt very badly.

His father had been away for eight years, and Willie had, during that time, supposed him dead; then, after his return, to be treated so by his own son, was more than the father could bear.

Bursting into tears, Willie confessed all, and craved his father's forgiveness, which he received at once. Willie had much pleasure in listening to his father's story of his shipwreck, his narrow escape, and wanderings in distant lands; and from that time became a better boy, and left off his habit of having fun at other's expense.

Children, be kind to the stranger, for in so doing you may be kind to angels, unawares.

T. J. S.



PERSEVERE.

DO you, my dear young readers, desire to be useful, when you grow up and become men and women?

"Why, Uncle Jethro, certainly we do; we are determined not to spend our days in idleness.—Our teacher says God is not pleased with the idler."

I like that word "*determined*." See the boy on the picture above, he is determined to be useful. See how attentively he is looking at the sentence before him, "*Persevere*." Can you

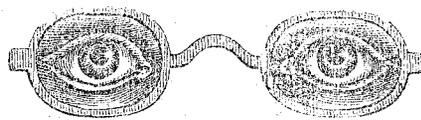
guess what he is trying to do? I will tell you.

He has been studying that round ball that is placed inside the stand by his side. That ball is called a globe, or miniature world. It has all the countries that are known marked out upon it.

He heard the Elder talking last Sunday about the Book of Mormon, and he remembered that the Elder said something about "the land shadowing with wings," spoken of in the Bible by Isaiah, one of the prophets. He has found "the land shadowing with wings," marked upon the globe, and he is now trying to trace it out upon the blackboard.

He finds it quite a task to form those "wings;" but the sentence, *persevere*, written on the board occurs to his mind, and he resolves to accomplish the task. Now take another look at the picture—watch the boy's face—he will conquer. He bends his knees, one on the ground, the other to form a rest for the hand that is not at work.—This boy is no idler. You do not see him lolling against his work, as if too lazy to think, but he takes pains to succeed in his task.

So also must all my young friends take pains, and to succeed in their studies, they must be determined to *persevere*. UNCLE JETHRO.



THE SPECTACLES.

HOW delicate is the eye. What an amount of suffering a very trifling accident to it will cause, is beyond our power to tell. A small particle of dust, a very fine hair, the delicate little speck that we can scarcely see, will cause great pain if brought into direct contact with the eye. And yet what a blessing is this little organ to man. How very imperfect would be our enjoyment of the many beauties a kind, wise God has surrounded us with, if we could not see them.

Yet there are many who are very careless of their sight, and many young people think their parents are unkind when they forbid them to do what will injure their sight.

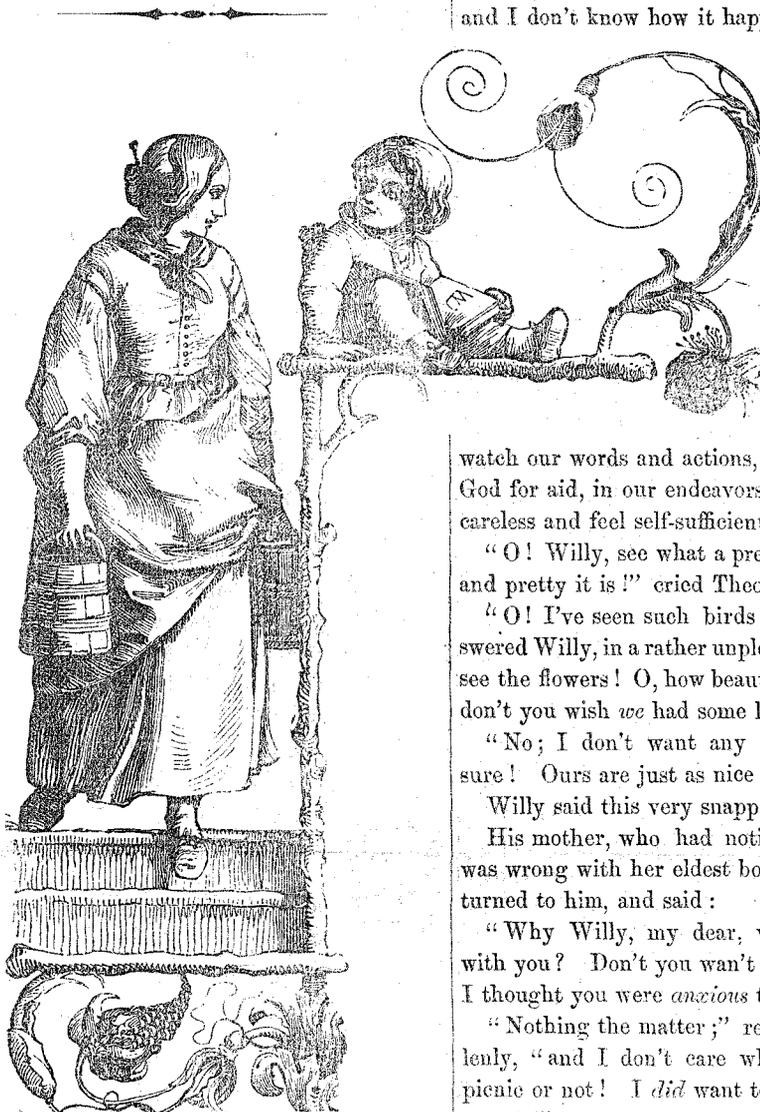
Little readers, how much have you to be thankful for, that God has given to you good eye-sight. Did you never hear wicked children laugh at and mock those who were blind? Oh! shun such habits. They are sinful and wrong. Have you ever joined with rude, naughty companions in jeering some poor boy or girl whose sight was not so good as yours? If you have not, never do so. Pray for those who are less blessed in this respect, than you are; but never mock them.

You all know what the little picture at the head of this article is; a pair of spectacles. You are young now, and perhaps you do not think you will ever need such things. Some of you will not—some of you will. Some of your friends will not be able to read this without spectacles; and when they see and hear you read it without, they will wish they were blessed as you are.

Oh! dear little ones, be kind to those aged ones whose sight is growing dim. You are young

and active; they are feeble. You can do many things for them, if you will, to lighten the burden they have to bear. Read to them, be kind and loving to them, and pray for them; but never mock them, nor despise their age.

MERCY.



HOW TO BE UNHAPPY.

WILLY WAS UNHAPPY.

HE tagged the baskets to the door alone, as if an extra effort to assist, now, would make up for what he felt he had done.—He tied Theodore's hat; held the baby while his mother put on her bonnet and cape; and did all he could to help her. But still he was not happy. He felt restless all the way to the grove.

Though it was a delightful day, with a cool refreshing breeze, and the horses pranced swiftly and gayly over the well-beaten highway, and the rest of the family were cheerful and happy,—Theodore chatting eagerly about every new object that came in sight, and wondering how long it would be before they would get to the picnic, and who would be there, and the like—though even baby Hattie crowed and cooed in true baby-glee; yet, poor Willy was sad.

He felt peevish and ill-natured. He didn't want to give any one a pleasant word, it provoked him to see others enjoying themselves so well, while he felt so miserable!

He did not consider that no one but himself was at fault—that his own actions and words had

caused his misery and unhappiness; and, although he should have known this, yet I fear he would not have given it place in his mind, had it occurred to him; because he felt guilty and cross, and,—well he just felt as if he didn't care whether he did right or not!

Willy was not such a naughty boy, usually, and I don't know how it happened this morning,

the morning of the Fourth; but, somehow, such things often happen when we are the happiest, or anticipate some great enjoyment. It probably is because we become so taken up with our happiness or anticipations, that we forget to

watch our words and actions, and fail to rely on God for aid, in our endeavors to do right; we get careless and feel self-sufficient, too.

"O! Willy, see what a pretty bird! How red and pretty it is!" cried Theodore.

"O! I've seen such birds many a time," answered Willy, in a rather unpleasant voice. "And see the flowers! O, how beautiful! Look Willy! don't you wish we had some like them?"

"No; I don't want any body's flowers, I'm sure! Ours are just as nice as these!"

Willy said this very snappishly.

His mother, who had noticed that something was wrong with her eldest boy all the way, now turned to him, and said:

"Why Willy, my dear, what is the matter with you? Don't you want to go to the picnic? I thought you were *anxious* to go!"

"Nothing the matter;" returned the boy, sullenly, "and I don't care whether I go to the picnic or not! I *did* want to go, but I have got over it!"

Now, really, the little fellow, (he was only eleven years old), did not consider what made him feel so! He said he did not care to go, and he thought, just then, that he did not; but had he been deprived the privilege of going, he would have been sadly disappointed.

Every thing went wrong with Willy that day; at least, *he thought so*. His father carried the basket of provisions to the managers of the table, when they reached the grove; and Willy, in trying to follow him closely, and keep little Theodore behind him, stumbled against a bush that had been trimmed off to clear the way for the children assembling there, and fell heavily against his father, and, in falling, thrust his hand into the basket, and mashed a nice cream pie that his mother had placed on the top of the other things to prevent its being spoiled.

Willy cried, from sheer vexation; not because he was hurt by his fall, or sorry for his carelessness. His "good pie was gone, and he didn't care whether he had anything at all to eat now, or not!"

He sobbed, as the lady who received the basket removed the fragments of his favorite pie, and placed them in another among broken bits of pie, cake, bread, and the like, which were not suitable

for the table. She kindly offered him the largest piece that remained unbroken, but, though he wanted it very much, he felt so cross and contrary, that he refused it.

He saw his father depart, after giving his children into their school teacher's care, and telling them to be good and enjoy themselves all they wished, till his return,—and Willy wept again. He wished he could "go with his father and mother, he didn't want to stay there, no he didn't!"

But his teacher told him that "Theodore would not like to be without him; he was three years older than his brother, and must look after him."

Soon after, the band struck up a lively tune, and Willy, for awhile, forgot his grief and vexation.

Just before sundown, as the people were preparing to leave, Mr. Irving called at the picnic grounds for Willy and Theodore. Theodore was cheerful and happy as ever, while Willy wore a gloomy look on his face, and declared himself heartily glad to leave the place. His parents wondered at his unusually peevish demeanor; without, however, divining the cause.

"Well, Willy, what kind of a time did you have?" asked his father at length, as they were driving briskly homeward.

"We didn't have a good time, at all!" replied Willy, pettishly, "I tore the sleeve of my new coat on a bush; and I lost my handkerchief, and I stepped on the side of a boat we had been in, and tipped it over to the edge of the water, and filled my shoes full, and if I hadn't jumped quickly on shore, I guess I would have got a regular ducking! I didn't enjoy myself at all!"

"I declare, my son, you were unlucky!"

PERLA WILD.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Original Poetry.



A CHILD'S PRAYER.

Oh God, to Thee I humbly bow,
My little tott'ring frame;
And ask thy blessing on me now,
In Jesus' holy name.

If I have sinned in any way,
Or broke Thy blest command;
Forgive, oh Lord, I meekly pray;
And shield me with Thy hand.

Wilt Thou now bless me as Thy child,
My footsteps guide below;
Give me Thy Spirit sweet and mild,
To lead me safely through.

And when Thou callest me to die,
And life yields up this frame;
Oh, take me home to Thee on high,
I ask in Jesus' name.

THOS. J. SMITH.



THE RAILWAY.

A few years ago and our fathers and mothers thought that a ride in an old-fashioned stage coach, or in a carriage or buggy drawn by horse, the best method of travelling by land. But what a change has been wrought since the days of their youth!

This vast continent is now measured by lines of rails for the steam horse to ride on, all the way from New York to California. The distance that we can travel in one day, it used to take our fathers two or three weeks to go.

Yet there are many of our little readers who have never seen a railway; aye, and some of our big readers too. They have lived all their lives where there are no railways, and some even have never seen a picture of one. Well, here it is.—A huge iron horse, drawing large carriages on lines of iron laid down straight on a road specially made for them, and one iron horse drawing on the railway more than six hundred horses like those you have in your stables, could on the turnpike road. The men in charge of these iron horses, feed them on wood and coal, and give them as much water to drink at once as you would drink in a year; and they consume so much, that when they are working, it takes one man nearly all his time to feed them. But when they do not want them to work, they do not feed them.

They will not work on a turnpike or a country road, and require two men to attend them when they are working. One drives them, another feeds them.

When anything happens to be on their road before them while they are travelling, and also when they come near a town they whistle so loud, that sometimes other horses get frightened and run away.

But for all this, they are a noble invention, and will be used by the great God who rules above in the great gathering of His people Israel in the latter days. They will be made to work for the glory of God, as they do already for the welfare of man.

They represent the gospel train. It will not travel on the highways and byways that men make, but only on the straight and narrow way marked out by Jesus, the Chief Engineer of the line. May you all ride in his train. Ask your teachers to explain to you the prophecy of Nahum in his 2nd chapter and 4th verse.

HOPEFUL.

If any of our liberal-hearted friends of the children's cause wish to donate any other books to the children as prizes, we will receive and dispose of them according to their orders. Ten have answered Enigma No. 1; if ten should answer all correctly throughout the volume, we would like to reward them all. Of the ten answers sent, the best written are "Lillie's," and "Teresa's."

ANSWERS SOLICITED.

ENIGMAS SOLICITED—Enigmas sent must be accompanied with the answer on a separate sheet.

ENIGMA, No. 3.

I am composed of fifteen letters.

My 1, 2, 14 and 5 are what saints and sinners should never be, and

My 10, 2, 12, 13 and 3 are what every body should be.

My 7, 8, 12, 6 and 9 are what some farmers are very proud of, yet

My 7, 12, 8, 6 and 9 are what they never keep.

My 6, 2, 12 and 13 are what an ancient prophet prayed for.

My 6, 8, 4, 3, 1, 5, 6 and 15 are what old buggies, wagons, and some people are.

My 7, 11, 3 and 5 are what the children of Zion's Hope S. S. should never omit when writing letters to the Herald office.

My 14, 11, 3, 4 and 9 are the name of a horse celebrated in song among the saints.

My whole is the name of a people famed in history.

T. THOUGHTFUL.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA No. 1 is Zion, Pen, Nose, Sin, Poison, Zion's Hope.

CORRECT and full answers to Enigma No. 1 have been received from Ida Z. Reynolds, Frances Lowe, W. Molyneaux, Eveline Allen, Teresa J. Cook, Lillie S. Hudson, Mary Kyte, Frederick Borland, Emma J. Smith, Frances Brunson.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENTS.—"Lillie" has done excellently. We are pleased to see your name on our little banner.

"Mary" has our thanks for her high esteem of our efforts to provide for our youth. Be assured, dear Mary, you are as dear to the Editors as they are to you.

"Alice" is extremely witty. She thinks the writer of Enigma No. 1 is an Englishman; because he did not use H (No. 6) only in the Enigma as a whole.

"Teresa" writes neatly, and in good taste.

"Ida's" answer is original in style, and does her credit.

ANSWERS must be written as neatly as possible, and words spelled correctly. We shall not publish the answers until a month after we publish the Enigmas. Our reason for this is that many of our correspondents reside so far away that they will scarcely have received No. 1 when those nearer to have received No. 2.

The child who answers the greatest number of enigmas and puzzles in six months correctly, will be entitled to a New Hymn Book—best quality, as a prize.

UNCLE MARK.

ZION'S HOPE

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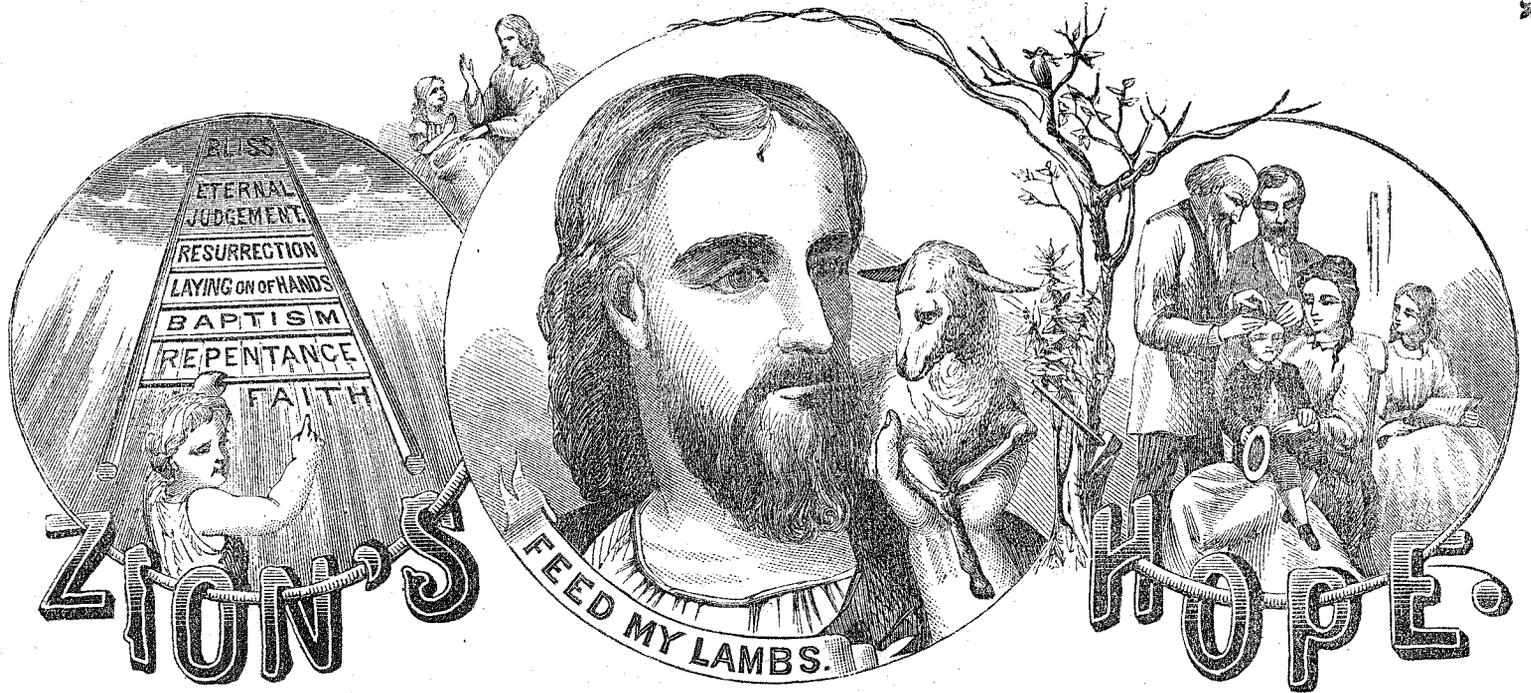
JOSEPH SMITH, - EDITOR.

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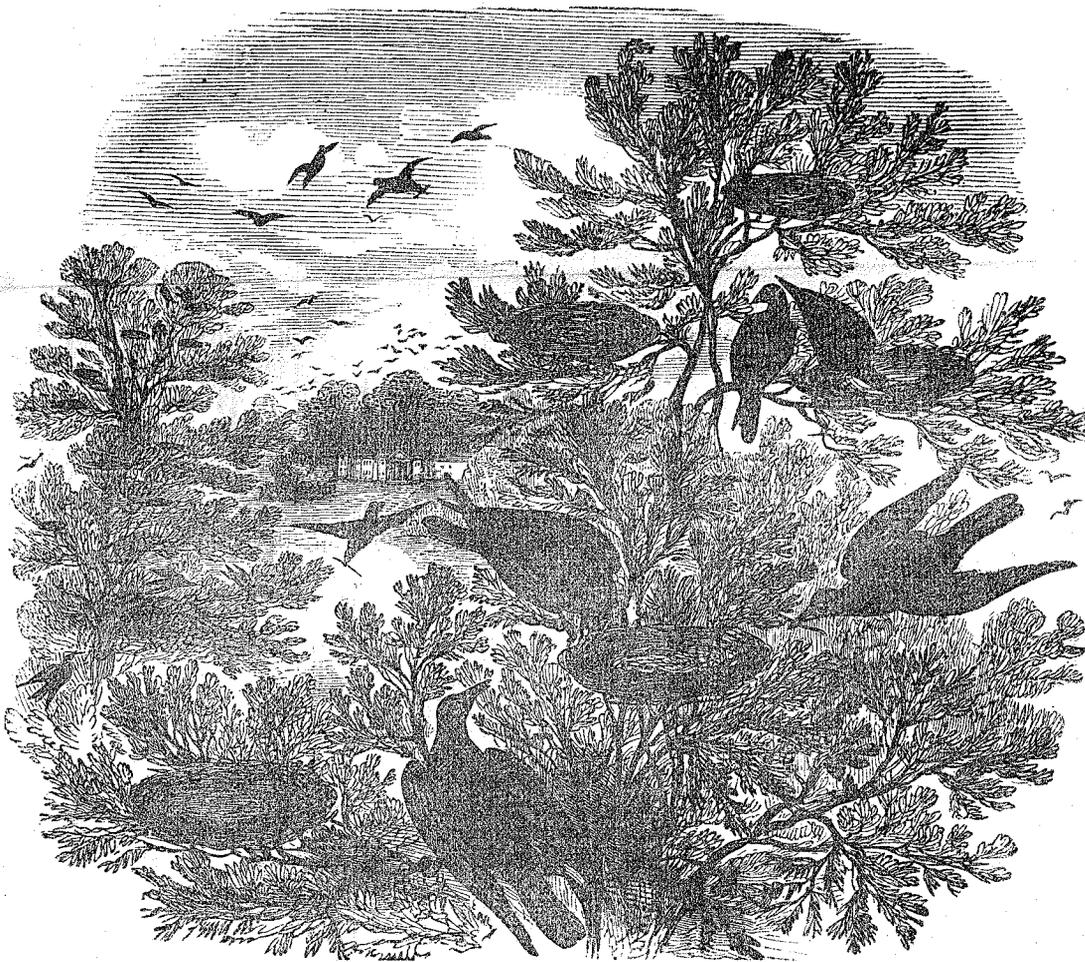


"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

Vol. I.

PLANO, ILL., AUGUST 15, 1869.

No. 4.



A COLONY OF ROOKS.

AH! what have we here? exclaims our little readers, as they look with delighted eyes, at the birds so busily engaged in building their nests. Ah! what indeed.

What little American girl or boy ever saw birds forming a colony or town of nests, after this fashion? Let us count.

Why there upon one tree is a dozen nests, if not more, and just look at the flock of birds hastening to build up more. See how they hover over the farm-house in the distance—looking somewhat like a flock of wild geese. They are

rooks, forming one of their bird-towns or colonies.

"And what kind of a bird is a Rook?" I hear a dozen eager voices exclaiming at once.

Come children, let us take up this interesting volume of Natural History, and see what we can find in reference to these birds. In the first place they are of the Corvistae or Crow family, and are quite as much disliked by the English farmers as the crow is by Americans, and for much the same reasons.

Naturalists admit that the Rooks do some mischief in pulling up corn, eating chickens, etc.; but they also insist that they do much good.

Cecil, in his late and interesting work, thus writes of them: "They live in colonies, many thousands sometimes finding a home on the trees of a single park. They pile sticks together into rather large and clumsy nests, and gather some softer material on which to lay their eggs. In these bird-towns there seems to be certain unwritten laws which these birds understand and obey. One law forbids any Rooks from dwelling in the limits of the town, except those born there; another forbids young Rooks from locating at a distance. Either crime provokes a conflict which ends in the destruction of the nest of the guilty parties.

"The Rooks are also said to hold courts for the trial of offenders. Some mornings a great noise is heard in the rookery. The birds gather upon a few trees, and one, who sits by himself, with drooping head, seems to be the center of the disturbance. After much croaking and flying hither and thither, in which may easily be imagined the examination of witnesses, the pleas of advocates, the charge of a judge, the verdict of a jury, the birds fall upon the culprit and execute sentence of death. They particularly punish such lazy and dishonest Rooks as will not go

away and bring sticks for their own nests; but stay at home, and rob the nests of others. They are so intelligent as to observe the marks made on the trees which are to be cut for timber, and will not build, or allow the young birds to build on them."

Is not the picture invested with a new interest, now that you know what it represents, and are you not charmed to learn something new in regard to the works of our Heavenly Father. We should learn to see the hand of God in all things, and from all the works of nature look up to nature's God.

Who taught these wild birds their wisdom, and

so instructed them and caused them to obey lessons which man, with all his rich endowments of wisdom, often neglects, and, when he does neglect, always suffers evil as the result of his neglect?

Observe their unity, and their industry—punishing idleness as a crime. Study the picture, dear children—there are many useful lessons taught in it—and be admonished that if idleness leads the birds to take from their neighbors what is not their own, it will lead little boys and girls to do the same; and as with the birds, so with them, the result will be pain and punishment.

There is one of the commandments of the law which reads, "Six days shalt thou labor." The laws which govern the birds are not written, but God is their teacher, and I hope dear children, that you will also learn of Him, and then you will find lessons of wisdom in all His works.

CORA.

Original Poetry.



THE TWO LITTLE FRIENDS!

BY PERLA WILD.

By the brookside, in the meadow,
Where the gorgeous lilies blow,
Nestling down among the grasses.
There the red strawberries grow.
Soon as they begin to ripen,
Little Ella, after school,
Goes to seek the crimson berries,
When the grass is damp and cool.

When she fills her tiny basket,
With the rich and tempting fruit,
Then across the sparkling streamlet,
Trips the child with willing foot;
Up the gently sloping hillside,
To a cottage 'mong the trees,
Where the sunset loves to linger,
Kissed by every passing breeze.

There within that humble dwelling,
Lived a widow and her child;—
Every one who knew her, pitied
Poor afflicted Mary Wilde.
For she was a hopeless cripple,
Weak and languid she must stay,
Half reclining in an arm-chair,
Or upon her bed all day.

Through the open door and window,
She could see the trees and flowers,
Bathed all day in happy sunlight;
Such a lovely world is ours!
And the deep blue sky above her,
Seemed a sea of dazzling light;
While the robins chirped and flitted,
By the window in her sight.

How she longed to be enabled
Once again to walk abroad,
And be free as other children,
If it were the will of God!
But she prayed to Him for patience,
And he gave her what she sought,

For the mother had endeavored
To instruct her as she ought.

"I'm so lonely!" sighed poor Mary.
"Such a long and weary day!"
Leaning on her mother's bosom,
Mary closed her eyes to pray.
And the mother kissed her daughter,
Smoothing back the waving hair.
While her heart went up to heaven.
In an earnest, silent prayer.

Hark! a sound without the doorway,
Then a shadow lightly thrown,
And a little, girlish figure,
Pauses on the great door-stone!
Mary raised her heavy eyelids,
For the sound had caught her ear,
As the tiny barefeet footsteps,
Of her little friend drew near.

"O! its Ella! see her, mother!
I'm so glad that she has come!
How I hoped you'd come, dear Ella,
When I saw the setting sun!"
"And I thought of you!" said Ella,
"See what I have brought you, too!
They're the first that I have gathered,
And I thought you'd like a few!"

Ella put her little basket
On the sick-one's knee, and then
Sat her down to rest a moment,
Ere returning home again.
Mary's eyes were overflowing
Now, with tears of gratitude:
"O, I thank you, dearest Ella!
You are very kind and good!"

"How can ever I repay you,
For your kindness and your care?"
"God will bless her," said the mother,
"For His love such children share.
He loveth well the cheerful giver,
He will bless the generous heart:
He will give to him that giveth,
And His Spirit will impart!"

"O, how ripe! and how delicious!"
Mary cries, with beaming eyes.
"Such a bright and lovely color!
And so very large in size!
Take them, mother, and divide them;
Keep for me but just a few!"
"O, no; take them all!" said Ella,
"For I gathered them for you!"

Though the little one persisted
That her friend should keep them all,
Mary would not listen to her,
Taking but a portion small.
Ella had not time to linger,
For the night was coming on;
So the children kissed each other,
And the visitor was gone.

Each succeeding evening after,
While the berries could be found,
Mary shared a goodly portion,
With the little Ella Brown.
When she had an hour of leisure,
Little Ella sought her friend,
Chatting pleasantly and kindly,
For the time she had to spend.

Ten years was the age of Mary;
Ella Brown was only nine,
Though so young, yet they delighted
In the Father's will divine.
Had she eaten all her berries,
Do you think this little one,
Would have been a whit more happy:
Than to do as she had done?

Mary suffered on in patience,
Yielding to the Father's will;

Till at length she grew more languid,
Weaker, and more helpless still.
Now the Father had commanded,
That she should be freed from pain,
And her disembodied spirit,
Seek th' eternal world again.

Mary's latest, dying whisper,
Caught her mother's anguished ear:
"I am dying, dearest mother;
But I die without a fear!
God bless you, and God bless Ella,—
Good bye, mother, do not weep?"
And the blue eyes, gently closing,
Mary sweetly sank to sleep.

And a crowd of truthful mourners,
Followed Mary to the grave;
And they tried to cheer the mother,
Who was striving to be brave.
None except the weeping mother,
Mourned as little Ella did;
For her grief was so impulsive,
That her tears could not be hid.

O how thankful then was Ella,
That she had been kind and good!
And to make poor Mary happy,
She had done what'er she could!
Long and sadly Ella missed her,
And with Mrs. Wilde she went
Often to the grave of Mary;
Sweet, sad moments calmly spent!



THE BOOK OF MORMON.

BEA being disposed of, little Helen cleared away the tea things, swept up the room and then drew her little stool close to her mother's knee, anxious to continue the talk which had proved so pleasant.

You remember, Helen, continued her mother, that many of those who ate of the fruit, afterwards looked over the river, and when they saw the richly dressed people in the large building pointing the finger of scorn and laughing at them, they acted as though they were ashamed, and turning away from the tree, they wandered off, and were lost in strange paths.

Afterwards Lehi saw great multitudes pressing their way to the large building which seemed to stand in the air; and many of these were drowned in the river, and many lost to his view, wandering in strange roads.

Now, having simplified the beautiful vision of Lehi, so that you might the better understand it, I will answer your questions.

The tree by which Lehi stood was the tree of life, and the fruit so delicious to his taste, was the love of God. The straight and narrow path

leading to this tree of life, is the path spoken of by the dear Savior, leading to the kingdom of God. The rod of iron, running along by this path, to which many of the people cling when the dark mist surrounded them, represents the word of God. If we hold fast to this, it will keep us from falling away, or from being lost in the river whose waters represent filthiness, and divide the righteous from the wicked.

You remember, Helen, that multitudes of people sought the great building on the other side of the river, and persecuted or derided those who were eating the fruit of the tree. It is always so with the wicked; they hate the righteous. Some were foolish enough to be ashamed and to wander off, and so were eternally lost. It was so then, it is so in our day.

Many good people resolve to seek the kingdom of God. They join the Latter Day Saints and for a time the love of God causes them to rejoice greatly. But when they hear the saints evil spoken of and called Mormons—and see that the finger of scorn is pointed at them; they begin to be ashamed—then turn away from their company, and are lost.

My little daughter, remember this beautiful vision of Lehi, hold fast to the rod of iron, the word of God, which will lead you to Him, and you shall dwell in a city whose builder and maker is God, and drink from the fountain of crystal water—the water of life—which flows from beneath His throne, and makes glad the city of our God.

CORA.

A CHILD'S FAITH.

ABOUT six weeks ago, there was quite an elaborate article in one of the city newspapers about a comet, which some astronomers have predicted will strike the earth, unless either the comet or the earth changes their present positions. The article having been read, some men present discussed the destruction that should come to life and limb.

While this talk was going on my little brother of five summers, who was giving heed to what was being said, came to me, and with his whole countenance expressive of wonder, fear and desire to escape, he asked with a quivering lip, "Will that thing burn up this city?"

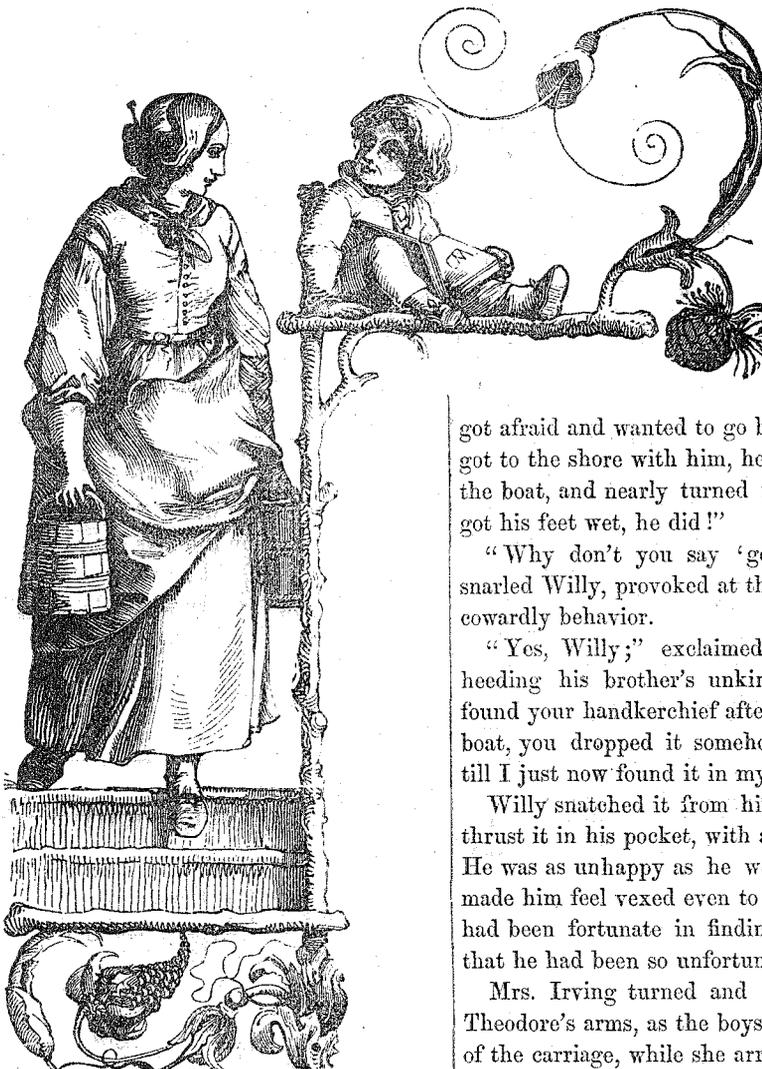
I looked at him for a moment and then replied: "Yes, if it should come here."

Then came the manifestation of such faith from the child, that it caused emotions of amazement in my mind, and made the unbidden tear to start to my eye; when, with all the confidence and faith that a mortal could possess, he answered, "Well, but God won't let us get hurt, for He will send His angels down, and they will carry us up to heaven."

My heart was filled with joy, and I felt thankful to my kind Creator, that the faith of Zion had imbued so very young a child. It would be well for us all, old and young, if we could exercise such unbroken faith in the many promises of our heavenly Father. Such faith would do honor to older heads than that of a child of but five years.

That such confidence and faith unfeigned may grow in our youth, and spread in power throughout the whole church, that the readers of *Zion's Hope* may live to see it made manifest, and enjoy the blessings it will bring, is the prayer of

R. M. ELVIN.



HOW TO BE UNHAPPY.

WHAT kind of a time did you have, Theodore?" said Mr. Irving.

"I had a very nice time, papa," replied little Theodore, joyously. "Shall I tell you all that I saw and heard?" and his blue eyes sparkled with a bright light, springing from a happy, innocent heart.

"Certainly, my boy, we want to hear all about it," replied his father, pleasantly.

"Well, then, in the first place," began Theodore, "but you know I can't tell it nice, as big folks would, but I'll tell it the best I can. Well, we had great long seats to sit on, and one place made of long boards, where the men that made speeches stood—higher than us, it was—and then the men played such sweet music, (they called the men that played it the band), and they sat up there too; and—oh! I can't tell it all; but we all marched from the seats to the table—and then we had just the best dinner I ever eat.—There were such beautiful cakes!—too nice to eat I thought—and oh! every thing nice and good was there for us to eat; and lots of it, too! After dinner we marched to the seats again, and the biggest boys and girls in our school, sang

"The Star Spangled Banner." Willy was one of them, but he didn't sing all the time: I guess he forgot some of it; didn't you, Willy?"

"No; I didn't,"—curtly answered Willy. "I didn't want to sing!"

Theodore continued:—"And the other school sang, 'Happy Greeting,' and then they spoke some pieces, and Dora Orcutt read a composition, and the other girls, too; and the music; and,—and we marched down to the lake, and there were three or four little boats there, and any body that wanted to, took a boat ride on the lake. Willy, he

got afraid and wanted to go back; and before we got to the shore with him, he got on the side of the boat, and nearly turned it over, too; and he got his feet wet, he did!"

"Why don't you say 'got' all the time?" snarled Willy, provoked at the recital of his own cowardly behavior.

"Yes, Willy;" exclaimed Theodore, without heeding his brother's unkind remark, "and I found your handkerchief after you got out of the boat, you dropped it somehow; and I forgot it till I just now found it in my pocket."

Willy snatched it from his little brother, and thrust it in his pocket, with a frown on his brow. He was as unhappy as he well could be; and it made him feel vexed even to think that Theodore had been fortunate in finding the handkerchief that he had been so unfortunate as to lose.

Mrs. Irving turned and placed the baby in Theodore's arms, as the boys sat in the back seat of the carriage, while she arranged her shawl.—This, too, vexed Willy!

"Of course she liked Theodore best!" thought Willy.

The truth was, she did not give Willy the preference, because she feared to vex him, as he seemed to be so peevish and irritable.

Then the little, playful Hattie grasped the leaf of Willy's singing book, as he was turning it through absently to hide his bitter feelings, and the little dimpled fingers closed tightly and tore off half the leaf, before he could prevent her.—The tears started to his eyes and he exclaimed angrily, "You little ugly thing! You ought to be whipped, you had!" And he caught the baby's hand rather roughly, to snatch the torn leaf from her grasp.

With a roguish, baby-like cry, she drooped her little head, and before he knew what she was about, she left the deep prints of her tiny teeth, on the hand that held hers so firmly.

This was too much for the already over-vexed Willy! This last drop, filled the cup of his grief and vexation to overflowing! He sank back in his seat and cried passionately.

His mother witnessed what I have just described, but said nothing, waiting till his grief should abate somewhat, and he become calmer so that she might talk to him a little. At length

she turned to him and said gently, "Willy, my son, do you know why you are so unhappy, to-day?"

He started up, blushing, as the thought of his falsehood flashed through his mind, and for the first time he seemed to feel in an uncertain kind of way, that it all came through telling a falsehood. He thought this was what she referred to, and he answered, confusedly: "I—I don't know;—I—that is,"—and here he broke down completely, unable to say any more.

His mother had guessed his secret. "Willy, look up my dear, and tell me truly, do you know who broke that lamp flue?" Mrs. Irving spoke very kindly, now.

"O, mamma! I am very sorry! indeed, I am! I thought you didn't know it, and,—I don't know what made me deny it—I broke it, but I didn't intend to; I hit it with my hand as I was turning round, and"—he finished the sentence by a fresh flood of tears.

"Indeed, Willy, I did not know that you did the mischief, till you told me; but I guessed as much! You appeared guilty! I think you have been punished sufficiently for this offense, by the unhappiness it has caused you! I hope you will profit by this lesson, my son. There is not the least shadow of an excuse for a denial of your guilt, and because it was a willful, unnecessary falsehood, you felt the more guilty and unhappy. No falsehood is necessary; but this was so completely uncalled for, and inexcusable! I believe you are truly sorry, and I forgive you this time, hoping the offense will not be repeated!"

This was how Willy made himself unhappy! May you all learn to avoid telling falsehoods, and thereby avoid much unhappiness.

PERLA WILD.



LET THERE BE LIGHT!

DEAR Children! Look well at this beautiful cut! and as you study it long and earnestly, mark the thoughts it suggests to your mind. It is but small in size, but in the beauty of its design, it looks like the workmanship of Brother David, although it is the work of another.

It is small, we said, and the sentence very short. A very young child could remember it, but it speaks volumes in its four short words.

In the morning of creation, the Bible tells us, darkness covered this beautiful earth. Its chill mantle wrapped in the hills, valleys and mountains, and rested upon the face of the great deep. "Then God said Let there be light and there was light." The Bible tells us further, "And God saw the light that it was good." Have you ever thought, little friends, how useful, how good and

how beautiful, light is? This earth, now so beautifully clothed with flowers and trees, would be a dreary, cheerless place, if there were no life-giving light. No beautiful flowers would rear their sunny heads, no fruits would grow and ripen their rich clusters. Animal and vegetable life could not exist, except in a deformed state, if indeed they could exist at all.

But what is this we see in the midst of these beautiful rays of light? "THE HOLY SCRIPTURES! THE DIVINE WORD." There is a higher, a purer, a holier light, than even the bright rays of the sun. God is the fountain—the essence of this light. If this earth would be a dreary place deprived of the light of the sun; can any of my little readers tell me what it would be, if deprived of all rays of the light of life?—Three books we have, containing these divine rays in a greater measure than any others. What scholar of our Sunday Schools will name them? Oh! The Holy Scriptures; the Book of Mormon, and the Doctrine and Covenants, I hear a score of voices answering at once. You are right, little ones, and if you will but open your hearts and minds, and let in the rays of light from their pages, and let that light be as a lamp to your feet, it will guide you to a city where there shall be no night, and whose inhabitants need neither candle nor the light of the sun, for the glory of God and the Lamb is the light of it.

EXHORTATION!

Come, let us store the mind,
With knowledge true and good,
Be gentle, loving, kind,
As children always should.

Then when we meet the Lord
Before His spotless throne,
We'll hear this precious word,
"Well and faithful done."

With angels there we'll sing
Heaven's soul-enrapturing lay;
And Christ will be our King,
Throughout eternal day.

P. T.

F. B.'s. enigma is good; but hardly up to the standard for the HOPE.

"ELIZA'S" articles are crowded out the second time for the want of space.

ANSWER to Enigma No. 2 is Jet, Hope, Hot, Hit, Post, Pit, Joseph Smith.

CORRECT answers have been received from Frances Lowe, Frances Brunson, Lillie S. Hudson, Ida L. Reynolds, Jennie Cox, Morton Trout, Almon Byers, Uretta Randall. F. B.'s. answer is correct, but incomplete.

JENNIE'S answer to No. 1 comes too late—the answer had been published when it arrived.

Now little boys and girls beware,
And of these puzzles have a care;
A book of hymns will poor replace
The pearl of truth's unsullied grace.
Don't ask the help of father, mother,
Of cousin, sister, friend, or brother,
For if you should, though prize you win
Deceit will stain your soul with sin.

ENIGMA, No. 4.

I am composed of fourteen letters.

My 1, 2, 8 and 9, was the name of a great General.

My 1, 2, 13, 7, 10 and 6 is the name of one of Jacob's sons.

My 13, 12 and 4 is the work of the devil and his angels.

My 5, 2, 10, 6, 7 and 11 is the name of a place in the valley of Hinnom.

My 4, 9, 12 and 4 was the scene of one of Christ's remarkable miracles.

My 7, 13, 8 and 9,

If you rightly them combine

Will tell what need much care.

My whole is the name of a Prophet of God, and when you have learned it, please in your answer tell me the names of the four books in the Old Testament, four in the New, and two in the Book of Mormon, my letters will spell.

F.

ANSWERS SOLICITED.

ENIGMAS SOLICITED—Enigmas sent must be accompanied with the answer on a separate sheet.

MANY writers weaken their efficiency by too lengthy contributions. Short and pithy articles are desirable, and the chances for their publication much better than those for lengthy articles, unless the latter possess very superior merit.

WRITE legibly, and leave sufficient space between the lines to admit of corrections.

No. 1, ZION'S HOPE, all gone. Very few of No. 2 left. Orders are increasing, and not a single complaint has yet reached us concerning it. But its circulation should be, at least, five-fold greater than at present.

"THE AMERICAN INDIAN" article is laid over to make room for new illustrated articles.

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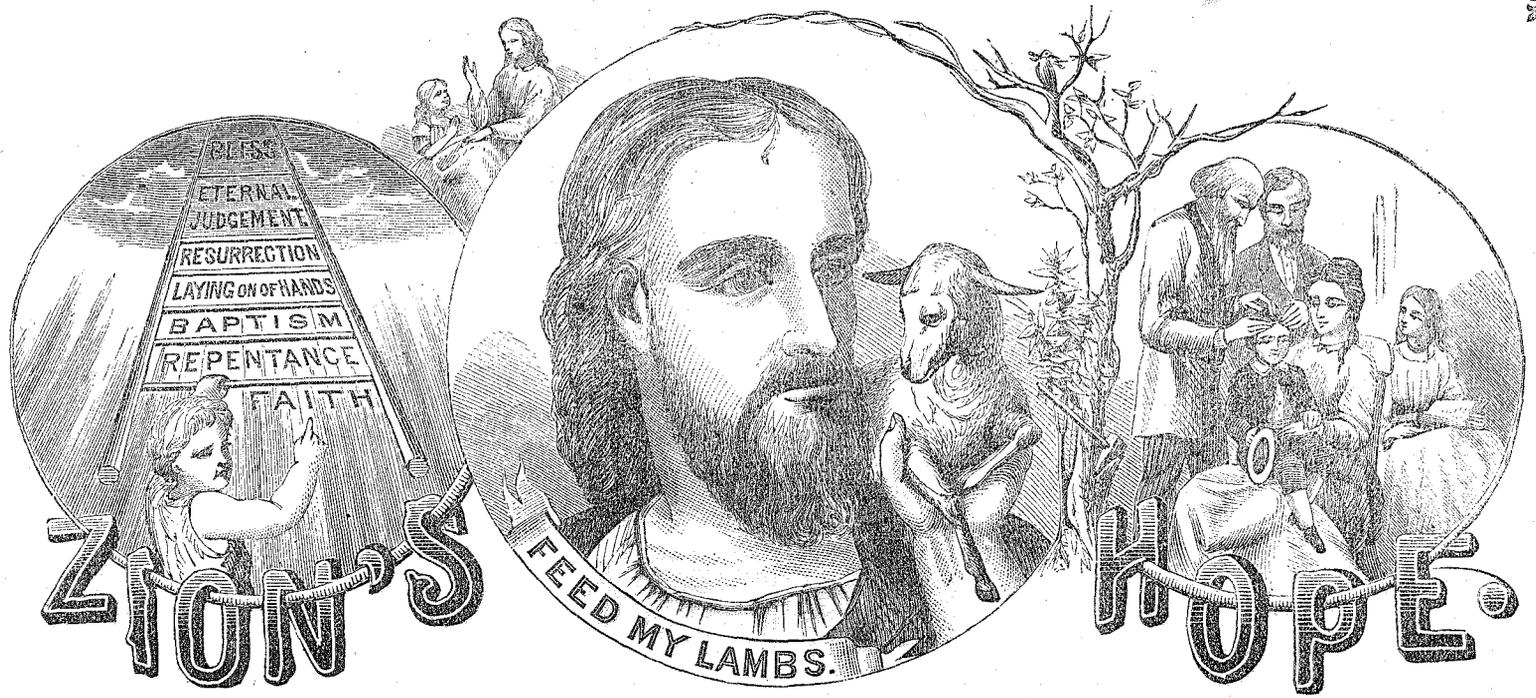
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Superintendents and Teachers of Sunday Schools, Book Agents and the Travelling Ministry, are requested to act as Agents for Zion's Hope.



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

Vol. I.

PLANO, ILL., SEPTEMBER 1, 1869.

No. 5.

THE AGED COUPLE!

THE aged couple who sit with love so confiding, and whose attention is absorbed by the thoughts to which their conversation gives birth, have together trod the great pathway of life, and are nearly ready to pass the veil, and enter into the state of happiness for which lives of pure and devoted love to God and to man have prepared them.

His staff he needs now to lean upon, for his

way of life that you have but just entered upon, and she has nearly reached the end. She is feeble now, and waits the summons to go home beyond the grave.

This aged man, with his benevolent, kind countenance, now unable to bear up beneath his own weight without a staff to lean upon, and so glad to find a seat to rest upon, where he can talk to his loving companion of the pathway of life they have trod, and the happy future that shall be their's through faith in the Redeemer's promise, was once a gay, lively boy, who could run, jump, climb, and perform boyish tricks as ably as some of you can; but his journey is about ended, and he is ready to depart in peace, to meet the loved-ones who have gone before him.

Children, be kind to the aged. Do all you can to make them happy.—They will live but a short time here; but oh! how great will be your joy to meet them in eternity if you shall have done them good; how extreme your grief if you shall have done them evil.

communicate, and forget not." We must not keep that which we have locked up and refuse to distribute or make it known, because then it would neither benefit ourselves, nor those that are in need.

When I was a little boy, I remember reading a fable called "The Dog in the Manger." A dog had found a manger full of hay and took possession of it, presently a cow that was hungry came along and seeing the hay, was about to eat it, when the surly dog began to growl and bark and would have bitten the hungry cow. The poor cow, being afraid, ran away and left the dog sulkily guarding the hay. He also became hungry; but would not leave the manger, lest the cow should return and eat the hay; but remained and perished with hunger. He could not eat the hay himself, and would not permit the hungry cow to do so.

I have seen a great many selfish, surly people in the world who when they had received something good, would hoard it up while many around them were starving for want. Those selfish people would not do good if they could.

There was once a little boy who had a number of playmates. He was always fond of sharing their amusements; and when they had any thing good, he would willingly accept a share, and would even hold out his hand greedily to receive some from them, but when he had any thing they did not have, he would skulk away and hide it from their sight, and eat it "on the sly." One day his mother made him some very rich cake and told him to divide it with his playmates, whose parents were poor and could not afford to make them such nice things. But no! The selfish fellow went away into the brush alone, and greedily eat his cake; and when he went home, he was sick, and was confined to his bed, where he suffered very great pain for a long time—and all because of his selfishness.

It will be far worse for us, if we selfishly keep the good we have received from those around us who are in want, for God has wisely so ordered our individual interests, that one cannot be perfectly happy without sharing that happiness with



THE AGED COUPLE.

steps are feeble and tottering. Yet he does not forget the duty that love to his aged wife has taught him, and he still delights to have her arm linger within his, that he may assist her as in other and earlier times.

Their children have grown to manhood and womanhood, and have now homes of their own, in which the merry voices of little ones, who love to hear Grandpapa and Grandmamma tell their stories of other days, may be often heard.

This feeble woman, now nearly blind with age, was once a little girl like some of you. Her sight was once as bright, her step as lithe, and her voice as clear as yours; but she has trod the path-

THE PATHWAY OF LIFE!

DEAR children; you and I have met to-day in these columns, for the first time in life's great journey. We started from various points of the compass, yet here we meet on the world's broad plane. We are all travelers in the great pathway of life, and can relate our experience and tell the lessons we have learned on the way; and if our experience benefits those who listen, then we will have done good and fulfilled two parts of the command: "Do good,

others. For instance, where is there a boy or girl that has a beautiful set of play things, and a lovely play ground, that would be content to play by himself or herself—none to share his sport or her pleasure—would they not be lonely and unhappy? But if you have pleasant play-fellows that can take part in your sports, and share in your pleasures, then you are happy.

Thus you see God has wisely ordained that our individual happiness shall, in a great measure, depend upon the happiness of all around us, and if we seek their good, we secure our own; for it is in doing and in communicating good that we are blest.

The miser hoards up his gold for his own enjoyment—locks it in his iron chest—bars up his windows, and closes up his doors—counts and re-counts it, to see if it is all there, and guards it greedily night and day, begrudging even a cent to buy food to sustain his body. Sometimes he perishes of very hunger in the midst of plenty, because he is afraid of doing others good, lest, by so doing, he should diminish his sordid pile, forgetting that God has said, "The liberal hand shall be made rich," while he who niggardly hoards up his store of good shall perish.

It is the same with boys and girls; and with men and women who lock up their knowledge of truth. He will not give them more, but will take from them the good they have received.—But if they communicate it to others, He will increase their store, and satisfy them with every good. Then be sure to do good, and communicate the good you know to all around.

But there is another part of our duty that we must look at when we again meet in *Zion's Hope*, namely, "*Forget not*," and we now leave these thoughts with you, bidding you do good, communicate, and forget not. C. D.



KINDNESS.

THE kind-hearted girl looks upon her little bird with eyes of fond tenderness, and almost with affection. She would not hurt it. It looks at her too as though it knew its little mistress was its own kind friend. And she is such to her little pet.

A lady whom I knew had a little Canary that would sing so sweetly, and act so very friendly, that one could not but feel a friendship akin to love for the beautiful little pet. Now in its pretty cage caroling sweet melodies of praise, and anon flitting about from place to place, on the heads of members of the family, with as

much confidence that it would not be hurt as the bright-eyed little girl herself on whose shoulder it loved to perch.

Little ones; be kind to the pretty songsters that our kind Father above has sent to warble their sweet notes to cheer and gladden our hearts, for God cares for them; and Jesus has said, not a sparrow falls to the ground without His notice.



WHAT IS IT?

DO you all give it up?

"Yes, I do;" "I do;" "And I do," issued from each smiling face, except that of little Lotta's, who, holding up her hand, cried, "I've got it! I've got it!"

"Well, out with it," said the first speaker.

"Because it is open most on Sundays," was the triumphant answer of the pet of the party; which so pleased the entire circle, as to give rise to a chorus of clapping of tiny hands, accompanied by silvery peels of sweetest laughter.

"What is it?" "What is it? Do tell! I want to laugh too!" came through the hall door, in a half serious, half jesting tone; and the next moment the welcome presence of aunt Jane rendered our happy party happier still; while her inquisitive eyes, wandering from face to face, looked a repetition of the question,—"What is it? Do tell! I want to laugh too!"

So the *enigma* must needs be proposed again: "In what is the Bible like an Apothecary's shop?" "There, aunt Jane, Lotta has guessed it, we want to hear you try," was laughingly lisped out by every little "Birdie" present.

"Well," said aunt Jane, thoughtfully, after being helped to a chair, "Let me see! The one is stored with remedies for the ailments of the body; and the other with antidotes for the misfortunes of the soul. In the Apothecary's shop, are stored files of prescriptions, by eminent physicians, for coughs, colds, fevers, &c., &c.; the Bible is interspersed with prescriptions by the Chief Physician of souls, and by many of His ablest graduates, applicable to nearly all our daily sorrows. Are we bowed down?—'Come unto me all ye that are heavy laden, and I will give you rest,' is the prescription Jesus gave. Are we in distress? 'Blessed are the poor, for they shall inherit the earth,' inspires with hope the drooping spirit. Have our parents gone to heaven before us? 'A father to the fatherless and a judge of the widows, is God in his holy habitation,' we find for our comfort on the sacred file."

"But, sister Jane," said the first speaker, "we dont always refer to the file of old prescriptions when we are sick, but at once call in a physician, who understands our wants better than we ourselves do, and he selects for us the healing balm. So is it with the Spirit. When we have been tempted to sin; are burdened with grief;

or are beset by snares and difficulties, we loiter not by the way, but go straight to God, being assured that He knows much better what we need than we ourselves do; and children, He never turns us away empty. He never speaks harshly, or uses us unkindly. He has a balm for every wound,—a cordial for every fear."

"Well, now, wont you please tell us which answered right, Lotta, or aunt Jane?" asked two or three at the same time.

"Both, dears, both were right; and now I will ask you another *enigma*, which I want one of you to answer through *Zion's Hope* :

What is the difference between Bro. Ander—the Apothecary, and Elder Ander—the Missionary? Send your answers right along, and dont wait for X.

EARLY IMPRESSIONS.

WHEN is the infant mind capable of receiving impressions of a religious nature?

I hope my readers will overlook all my faults and mistakes in the few ideas I may present on this subject.

It is my opinion that the mind of a child can be impressed with religion at a very early age; I have seen children of five years old, go and pray to God when they have wanted any thing.

I will first speak of one little incident. My little brother, at the age of four years, was playing with a little bell which he happened to lose. After hunting a long time for it, he said he would go and pray to God. He went and knelt down and prayed thus, "O, God, give me back my bell. Amen." I believe this to have been an impression of a religious nature.

Again, I have seen a child at the age of five years, that would not retire to sleep till she had said her prayers. This child would not have prayed if it had not been impressed with a desire to ask God to give, and I consider this impression a religious one.

When a child sees its parents pray, it is impressed to do the same, for it believes they would not pray unless they expected to receive that for which they ask.

I believe that the minds of children are capable of receiving religious impressions from the time they are capable of knowing that they have done wrong. All children do not have the same amount of perception. Some, at the age of three years perceive it is wrong to tell a falsehood; others at the age of four, and others at different ages, until they arrive at the age of accountability.

"Do not tell mother," is an evidence the child knows it has done wrong. If this mother would sit down and teach her child the nature and result of the wrong, and the displeasure God would feel with it, should it be tempted similarly the next day, it might resist and overcome; but should it sin and its sin not be discovered, it would still feel distressed in its own mind.—Would this be the impression of a religious nature? If not, what would it be? Would it only be because it was afraid of being found out, or would it be because it knew it had really done wrong? What if it was a little of both, can we

then say that neither one was tinged with a religious impression?

The religious impression is more likely to be made before the temptation is cherished, before the deed is done, and its effect is then more happy—children can be so taught that—"God will be displeased with me; besides, mother says it is wrong," will be their reply to temptation,—their antidote to wrong. May we, both as teachers and scholars gather stores of wisdom and knowledge both by precept and example, that we may instruct our children so thoroughly in the right and the truth that they may love the good and shun the evil, so that it may be said of the children of the Saints, "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings God hath perfected praise."

M. A. E.

THE NATIVES OF AMERICA!

IN the early ages of the world, the people had become so very wicked, that they refused to obey the commands given by God

as a means of their restoration to His favor and presence, and resolved upon building a brick tower, and climbing up to heaven. The Lord was angry with them for their sin, and He came down and confounded their language, so that they could not understand each other. When the masons would call for bricks, the laborers would take them mortar, and when for mortar, they would take them bricks. The result of this was such confusion that they were compelled to abandon their project.

"The Lord scattered them abroad from thence upon the face of all the earth." A portion of this people were led by Jared and his brother, in a miraculous manner, to the beautiful land whereon we dwell,—our own favored America. These people were the first inhabitants of this land, that we have any record of.

Jared was a good man, and his brother was favored by God with many glorious revelations, showing him how to conduct the affairs of the people who journeyed with them. When they obeyed the voice of God through His prophet, the brother of Jared, they were greatly blest; but when they disobeyed him, and ceased to call upon the name of the Lord, they were detained four years by the sea-side, without the cheering light of His revelations.

The prophet enquired of the Lord again, and He commanded them to build barges to cross the ocean with. He also instructed them in the manner of building. The barges were built, and the land of their future home reached. They became a mighty nation; well skilled, and very rich.

But when Jared and his brother had grown

old, they called the people together, and they, and their sons numbered them, and asked what the people desired of them before they went down into their graves. They answered them that they desired a king. All the sons of the brother of Jared were chosen; but they were very humble, and refused. They then chose the sons of Jared, all of whom, excepting one, refused also. This one was named Orihah, and he, being a good man, worked righteousness all his days. But after his days, there arose division in the land, and after many battles and much shedding of blood, the people were divided into two separate nations, called the kingdom of Shule, and the kingdom of Cohor. Another battle was fought, and Cohor was slain. Nimrod, the son of Cohor, then gave up the kingdom to Shule, who reigned in righteousness.

Thus continued this nation, sometimes united, sometimes divided, until, under two leaders, named Coriantumr and Shiz, they eventually fought until none but the leaders, (save a prophet named Ether), remained. Shiz fainted from loss of blood, and was killed by Coriantumr. Coriantumr then fell to the earth as one smitten dead.



The Lord commanded Ether to go forth, and view the destruction that had been wrought.—He did so, and made the record from which this sketch is gathered.

To these nations, God had sent many prophets, warning the people that unless they repented of their sins, and turned unto Him, they would be overthrown and destroyed. But they did not obey the message God had so kindly sent to warn them.

Their history, written by Ether, and discovered by the people of Limhi, a portion of the Nephites, is a warning to us to obey God; for the favor of God is better than the favor of man.

"Were the Jaredites Indians?" enquires a young reader? No, little one; but the people of Limhi, who found their record, descended from the same parents that those whom we call the Indians did. Neither the Indians nor their forefathers were the first settlers of America; hence we have not written of them first. We will write of them

hereafter. Study what we have written, and be resolved that when you are tempted to sin you will not, for God loveth the obedient, and upright, but the disobedient and wicked will be destroyed.

UNCLE MARK.

THE SABBATH SCHOOL!

Dialogue between an Uncle and Nephew.

Uncle.—Ha, ha! Johnny; where are you off to, and in such a hurry?

Nephew.—To Sabbath School, Uncle John.—But I have plenty of time, for mother sends us early, so as to compose our minds to rest before we sing and pray to our Heavenly Father, for mother says we must learn to be punctual to time and not desecrate the house of God, by going in after the services have commenced.

U.—Ah, Johnny, you have a good and pious mother. But I do not see the propriety of sending you to that school; they are a poor and despised people, and it is foolish to belong to them.

N.—Oh, Uncle John;—you are mistaken,—they are not despised in the same degree that Jesus and His Apostles, and some of the christians of former days were; for, Uncle, we are living in a free country; and our neighbors acknowledge our right to worship God according to the dictates of our conscience; but the law was against the early christians. Mother says the Saints are highly blest, and especially now that the everlasting gospel is preached again; even though it be a gospel which all but saints despise; to them, it brings life and immortality to light.

U.—O, well, never mind, Johnny, talking about that.—When are you coming over to see your cousins?

N.—I cannot say, Uncle. I should have been over yesterday, but I wished to learn some verses to repeat to-day, and I had no other time.

U.—Well, well; come any time. But what kind of verses do you learn?

N.—Just short scriptural texts, such as "Keep thyself unspotted from the world."

U.—Phew, Johnny! That would be rather hard for Uncle John to do.

N.—Then perhaps you will like my other verse better; it is: "My grace is sufficient for you."

U.—Ah Johnny, that may do for Latter Day Saints; but when you are old, like Uncle John, and have lived as he has done, you will find you will not have much grace to sustain you.

N.—Then, Uncle, I will try and do as my third verse teaches me: "Grow in grace daily, and in a further knowledge of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ."

U.—Johnny, my boy, you had better go on to school.

N.—O, Uncle, just step inside, and hear the school sing;—

“Come join with us in songs of praise—
Then bow before the Lord,
Until you feel the quickening power
That doth the thoughts record.”

U.—Why, Johnny, my dear boy, your poor old Uncle could not sit there;—it would be like sitting on coals of fire.

N.—O no, Uncle; its not hot, like Jackson's saloon is. They don't keep up fires to entice men into it until their faces get so red that their bodies tremble. But they sing, and pray, and read God's holy books.

U.—Good morning, Johnny.

Johnny went into the school, and left his uncle outside. But the uncle though he did not accompany his nephew to school, yet felt the effect of the teachings the lad had received there, and thus reasoned with himself:—“That boy, with his innocent talk, little thinks what a fire his words have kindled within me. One that almost consumes my flesh. Oh! that I was a child again! But ah; no! that can never be. But oh! if I had but the voice of an angel's trumpet, and could do so, I would sound it throughout every Sabbath School, until every child should hear the alarm, ‘Beware, and refrain from the use of tobacco.’ Tobacco! O thou vile soul-destroying weed. Why did I ever let you enter into my mouth? See what thou hast brought me to. Thou first made me thirsty, then little by little I drank of strong drink, until I, who was made in the image of God, became worse than the beast of the field. They know when they have enough; but I have been lost to shame, and now, I am lost to God. Lost? yes, lost!—O God! be merciful to my soul!”

Here the sister of the boy who had caused these feelings of bitter remorse to spring up within him, came up and enquired of him:—

Niece.—Uncle, did you see brother?

U.—Yes, my little dear, he is gone to school, and I fear you will be late.

Niece.—O, no Uncle, I have plenty of time; but I lingered behind to learn more verses.

U.—Then you learn verses?

Niece.—Yes sir, I stayed to learn these sweet words:—“Jesus came to seek and to save that which was lost.”

U.—God bless you, my child. You have saved your uncle. Truly it is written, “Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength.”

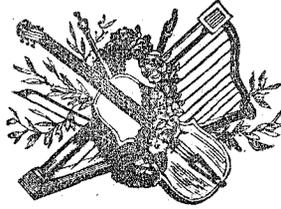
Niece.—But, uncle, hear my other one, “Enter ye in at the straight gate; for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be that go in thereat, because straight is the gate, and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.”

ELIZA.

TRUTH.

Why should you fear the truth to tell?
Does falsehood ever do so well?
Can you be satisfied to know
There's something wrong to hide below?
No; let your fault be what it may,
To own it is the better way.

Original Poetry.



“FEED MY LAMBS.”

Christ looks on his lambs from his bright home above,
And commandeth his Shepherds, “These little ones
love.

Feed them with milk, even that of my word;
The plain, simple truths, that instruction afford.”

Little ones, strive in the days of your youth
To walk in the path of uprightness and truth,
Be kind to each other,—your parents obey,
Be watchful and prayerful, each passing day.”

UNCLE THOMAS.

AN ANAGRAM!

We take pleasure in introducing a new feature into the *Hope* that appears under the above head in this issue.

An Anagram! What is that? What does it mean? We explained to you what an Enigma was, and several of our little nephews and neices have felt very thankful to us for doing so. We will now illustrate and explain to them what an Anagram is.

1st. Phosienoz! Can you read this word? Is it too hard? Well, here is another.

2nd. Snozi Peoh! Can you read this short sentence? Is it not any easier than the first? Well, try another.

3rd. Zion's Hope! Ah! now you have something that you can read—the name of your, of our paper.

Now what do you think of these three sentences, and has it occurred to you that they are all one sentence, and that that sentence is Zion's Hope?

Now look at them again, while you study this sentence;—an Anagram is the transposition, or changing of the places, of the letters of a name. You discover that the same letters are in each of these sentences, but they are transposed or changed.

It is a practice now to form Anagrams of verses, as well as of names, and we publish our first Anagram in this issue.

Work at it, little ones, and your effort will both please and instruct you; for if you try and do not become discouraged, you will surely succeed. We have kept each word in its place in the first anagram; but when you shall have become more advanced, we shall change the position of words as well as of letters, so that you will learn to form rhymes as well as to rectify mistakes.

ANAGRAM No. 1.

“Snoiz Peoh” smut ton ays “flai,”
Severepre nad luylo' viprela.
Gothuh keaw yam eb oruy strif tatpemt,
Tel ont glinwrog nitseedment
Ptmrop het sledri' ghinivin “ctna”
Ro hte sourbtsbn’ “town” ro “staha”
Tel ruoy tomts eb “Lil' ytr”
Dan luoly' roquecun yb dan yb.

LENCU KARM.

ENIGMAS.

No. 5.—I am composed of 11 letters.

My 2, 5, 9 and 8 is a girls name.

My 1, 8, 5 and 3 most all seek, but few obtain.

6, 8, 7 and 2 is a noted college in the United States.

My 10, 3 4 is a thing in very common use.

My 11, 7, 2 and 4 is chiefly used in winter.

My whole is a sweet expression of our Savior to one of His apostles.

No. 6.—I am composed of three words, one initial, eighteen letters.

My 4, 5, 7 and 9 is something that must be stopped.
My 9, 2, 5, 5 and 4 is something that many do too seldom.

My 8, 7, 3 and 5 is a garden tool.

My 5, 5 and 4 is a species of fish.

My 10, 12, 13, 14, 5, 8, 7, 5 and 5 is sometimes exciting, often cruel and quite common in England.

My 13, 16, 2 and 5 is varied and sometimes beautiful; sometimes it cheers and at others makes sad; sometimes it aids religion, and at other times it leads from religion.

My 2, 16, 18 and 14 is what children like, and it is near the time to gather.

My 10, 7, 2 and 9 is a nickname.

My 14, 17, 5, 7 and 4 never do, or it will bring you to ruin.

My 11, 7, 14 and 18 some do from pleasure, others from necessity.

My first two words are the name by which the children know one whom they love.

My last two words and initial, a person of good standing in the church.

WILL HOPEFUL.

No. 7.—I am composed of 10 letters.

My 1, 2, 8 and 5 are what every flower possesses.
My 3, 3, 4 and 2 a kind of food which we do well to partake of sparingly.

My 1, 2, 4, 5 and 6 are a useful invention.

My 2, 3, 5, 6, 8, 10 and 2 are what will make the year 1869 remarkable.

My 2, 8 and 4 a fragrant herb.

My 5, 4, 7 and 9 are the name of a celestial body.

My whole a power well appreciated by the Editor of the *Herald*, and *Zion's Hope*.

NELLIE.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA No. 3.

T. Thoughtful's Enigma with pleasure I solve.

To be *Late*; whether sinner, or *Saint*, is a shame.

A *Diary* well kept, would surely involve

A record of facts, a *Diary* by name.

No prophet was needed to pray for the *Rain*

This summer. I've heard croakers and *Rattlers*,

With clamor and gloom, a poor harvest proclaim.

No *Date* to their fears! Take the hint S. S. pratt-

lers.

Ah, famous indeed! is faithful old *Tatty*,

That with Joseph behind her so gaily trips on.

Nothing more precious e'er rode in a buggy.

Latter Day Saints, have historic renown.

ANSWER to Enigma No. 3 is *Late, Saint, Dairy, Diary, Rain, Rattlers, Date, Tatty, Latter Day Saints.*

CORRECT answers have been received from Frances Lowe, Olive Brown, Frances Brunson, Jennie Cox, Alice M. Boyle, Emma J. Cubley, Katie Butler, Wm. Molyneaux, Mary E. Kyte, Ida L. Reynolds, Zillia Moore, Lillie S. Hudson, Teresa J. Cook.

MORROX has one letter too much in answer to second question. ALMON spells answer to eighth question wrong. VINA leaves one letter out of answer to last question.

EMMA's writing is very neat, Lillie's style is commendable, Teresa's is very full; but not finished as well as it is begun. Katie's shows great care.

SOME of our correspondents should be more careful with their spelling, and all should avoid making blots.

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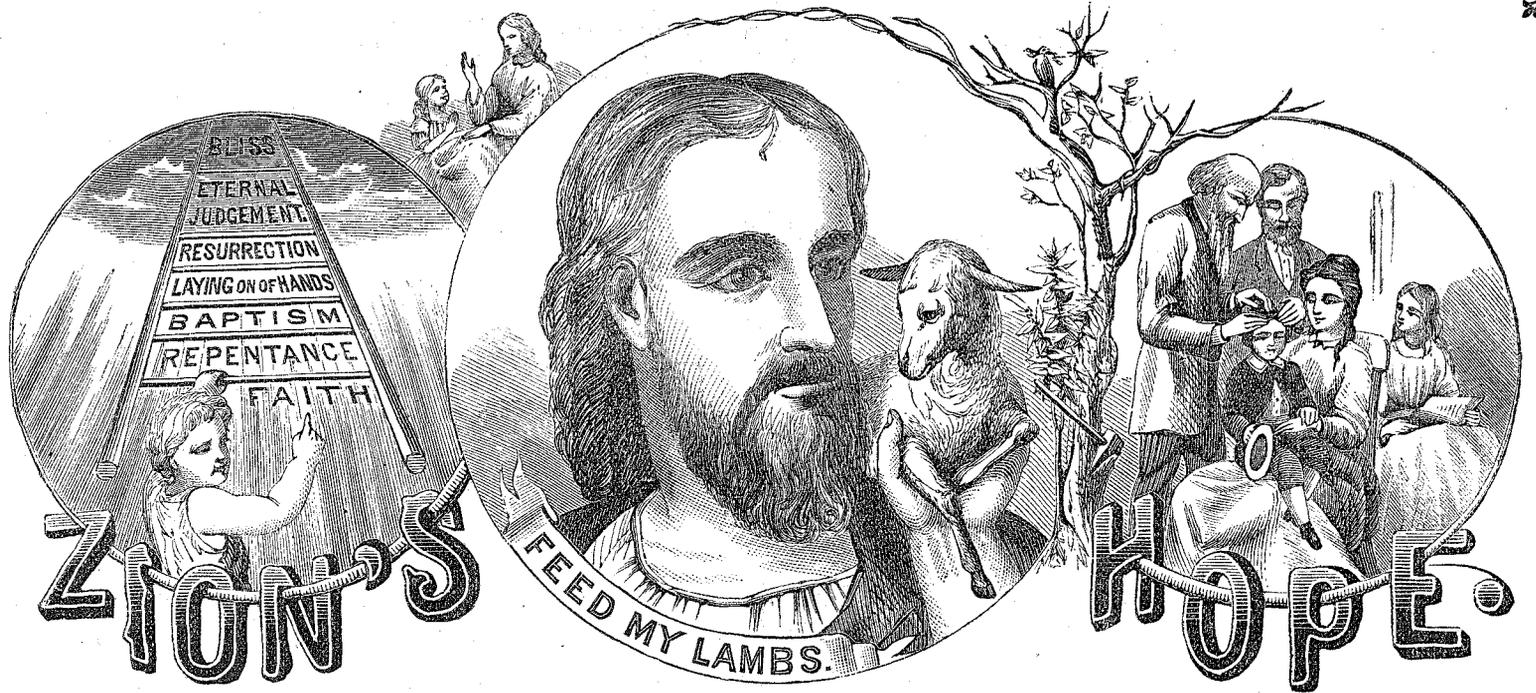
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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

Vol. I.

PLANO, ILL., SEPTEMBER 15, 1869.

No. 6.



THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

DURING the time that our Savior was upon the earth, abiding with and teaching the children of men; many of His most sublime and impressive lessons were taught by parables. Reasoning by comparison, or teaching by parables, was a favorite method with the Son of God, for imparting instruction, and it is to one of these parables we wish to direct your attention.

Upon one occasion, when He was teaching, a certain lawyer stood up to tempt Him. Our little friends must bear in mind that the word "lawyer," was not used then as it is now, but was applied to certain men who professed to have great knowledge and skill in the law of Moses. "Doctors of Divinity," they call them now, and will you be surprised to hear that, like many doctors of medicine, they know very little about what they profess to teach? Paul, you remember, was taught by one of these lawyers, whose name was Gamaliel, and so little did he know about the law and the prophets, that he not only taught Paul to reject Christ, of whom all the prophets had written, but led him to persecute the saints of God even unto death. Be warned from this, our young friends, to search the scriptures for yourselves. But to come back to our parable.

This lawyer, of whom we were speaking, said unto Jesus, "Master, what must I do to inherit eternal life?" Jesus replied by asking him,—"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."

Our Savior was well aware that this lawyer was not an honest man, but had asked the question, "What must I do to inherit eternal life?" in order to tempt Him, and not because he wished to learn of Jesus. But, notwithstanding this, when he answered correctly, Jesus did not reject his answer because he was not an honest man, but said unto him, "Thou hast answered right: this do and thou shalt live." Let us learn from this, that the good have a right to all the truth they can find, and even if it comes from wicked men, it is none the less truth. Jesus was not afraid to endorse the answer of this lawyer, because He knew that he was not sincere; and the saints of God should never be afraid to accept the good they find in the world—in the churches of the world—for to do so would be bigotry, and bigotry is the child of ignorance. The lawyer, willing to justify himself, said unto Jesus:—"Who is my neighbor?" Jesus did not answer him directly, but put forth this parable unto him:

"A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him and departed, leaving him half dead. And by chance there came down a certain priest that way; and when he saw him he passed by on the other side. And likewise a Levite when he was at the place, came and looked at him, and passed by on the other side. But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was; and when he saw him he had compassion on him, and went to him and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast and brought him to the inn, and took care of him. And on the morrow, when he departed, he took out two pence and gave them to the host and said unto him: Take care of him and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again, I will repay thee."

Having finished the parable, Jesus turns and asks him this important question, "Which now of these three thinkest thou was neighbor unto him that fell among the thieves?" And now my little friends, with this question to sound in your

ears and echo in your hearts, we will close for this number, hoping in the next to interest you in the character of the three men, and see who indeed was the neighbor. CORA.

HONOR YOUR PARENTS.

HONOR thy father and thy mother." Have any of you read this, and can you tell me whether it is in Exodus or Job? I hope you can. But did you ever consider what you could do to honor your father and your mother? Some children, I fear, never think of this commandment. You cannot honor your parents if you disobey them, when they tell you to do any thing for them. You dishonor your parents whenever you disobey them. If they ask you to do any thing and you say, "I won't do it," or "Wait a minute," or "I don't want to," or "let some one else do it," you dishonor them. Remember this commandment, children, and be as zealous to obey it, as you are to "look nice," when you are going to visit some of your friends. Try, by obedience to God, to your parents, and to those whose duty it is to instruct you, to live righteous and holy lives, and you will thus prove yourselves valiant soldiers in the army of the Lord. SETH.

A NARRATIVE.

ONCE upon a time there was a very rich man who had much of this world's goods, and a great influence amongst a certain class.

Of his many possessions there was one he prized more than all the rest, and that was a little daughter about twelve years old, his only child. But his fond parental care could not keep the destroyer from blighting his hopes. The little one was taken very sick, and the father knew he must give her up. O, what anguish was in his heart! While he felt that he could humble himself in

any way, if he could only save his child.

In that part of the country in which they lived, there was a good man going around, as the Latter Day Saints do now, laying hands upon the sick to heal them, and exhorting every one to repent and be baptized. The little girl's father thought of this same good man, and in all humility went to him, and begged him to go home with him, for his dear child was at the point of death.

As they were on their way, one of his servants came and told them that she was no more, and there was no need of the good man. But he bid the father to still believe and he should have his child again.

When he arrived at the father's house, notwithstanding such hopes as had been raised by the promise given them, the father and mother still wept for her, knowing that she was dead, and not thoroughly understanding him. But he put all out of the room, took her by the hand, and told her to "Arise!" Her spirit came again at his call, and she was again there to mingle with the friends who loved her once more.

How astonished and delighted those parents were. Do you not think they were grateful to that good man? What a power such a miracle displayed! Was it not divine? Ah, yes! dear children, and that same good man who raised the little girl to life, is your own kind friend and Savior, Jesus Christ, and He watches over and loves you too.

The faith He knew the Father to have, gave him compassion upon them, and He gave them back their loved one. Do you not love such a blessed Redeemer? Oh! think of him, and obey him, for He now sits upon the right hand of our Heavenly Father to intercede for you.

Go to His footstool with a pure motive, and He will hear you and answer your prayers too.—When you have done wrong ask for pardon in His name, and the Father will give you what you ask for, if you ask in faith, believing that you shall receive.

Go to the Father with every temptation and trial you may have. Open your hearts to him, and lean upon His boundless love. He is so loving and true, and will heed even your faintest whisper, and will reward you with a peaceful, happy conscience here, and a place in His kingdom hereafter.

All your true efforts will be acknowledged, be they ever so small, and God, and Christ, and the Holy Spirit, and angels, and the good among men will love and bless you.

NELLIE.

LEARNING TO WRITE!

ONE of our most interesting little girls writes as follows:—"I am ashamed of my bad writing. I never did like to learn to write. I did not know I would have to write to anybody, so I did not care about learning; but now I will try to learn, and see if I cannot improve during this six months."

We are pleased with this determination, and hope that our little friends will try to improve in every thing that will make them useful and good.

COARSE LANGUAGE.

NEVER use coarse language. Some boys try to say "smart" things, and they use vulgar and improper words. This is wrong. Bad men, wicked boys and foolish people, may laugh at your sayings, and try to make you believe that you are witty. They are deceived themselves if they really think vulgarity is wit, and if you believe them, you will be deceived too.



MOSES SLAYING THE EGYPTIAN.

THE shedding of human blood is never thought of by the followers of the meek and lowly Jesus, with any other feelings than those of regret and pain. Even when the law demands life as the price of crime, the good regret the necessity, and long for the day when "the righteous shall inherit the earth, and delight themselves in the abundance of peace"

The engraving at the head of this article, represents an event of early times.

When God chose the children of Israel, He showed to their wise men that the whole nation of Israel would, at a future time, be carried away captive into another land, and be as the slaves of a wicked people, for the space of four hundred years.

Israel rebelled very frequently against the Lord, and thus brought upon themselves the condition God foresaw and predicted—they were taken captive into Egypt.

They increased very rapidly, until the Egyptians grew fearful that the Israelites would become mightier than they were; and Pharaoh, their king, gave orders that every son born to the Israelites should be killed.

The time of their captivity was drawing to a close. A son was born, and his fond mother hid him for the space of three months that he might not be killed. His cries and childish noise then became so great that she feared some one would

hear him, and he be taken from her, and be murdered by the cruel Egyptians. She wondered and mourned over her child. At last she determined rather to trust him to the mercy of God, than to risk his life among men.

She therefore made for him a little ark, of the bulrushes that grew in the water's edge, and daubed it with slime and with pitch, that it might not leak. She then put her boy in the ark, and placed it among the flags that grew on the brink of the river, asking God to protect her boy whom wicked men wished to kill. Her husband's sister, the aunt of the boy, stood a distance off, anxious to see what should become of the child.

Shortly afterwards, the king's daughter passed along on the path by the river, and her maiden servants were with her. Oh! how the aunt's heart must have been wrought upon. Here was the daughter of the hard-hearted, wicked man, who had ordered all the boys born of Israel to be slain. See, they stop opposite the child. The king's daughter sees the ark. She sends her maidens into the water to fetch it out. What is she going to do with the child? Is she going to have him killed, as her father would, if he were here? They bring out the ark. She sees the child. The child looks up and weeps. Her woman's heart is touched. She takes the babe kindly and says, "This is one of the Hebrew's children."

The aunt of the boy saw the kind act and her heart was filled with joy. She went down to the Princess, and said, "Shall I go and call to thee a nurse of the Hebrew women, that she may nurse the child for thee?" And the Princess said, "Go."

And who do you think she obtained for nurse? None other than the mother of the boy. Oh! how that mother's heart must have rejoiced. But the Princess did not know this.

When the boy had grown sufficiently, the mother-nurse took the lad to the Princess, who adopted him as her own son. She called his name Moses, because she drew him out of the water. The word *Moses*, signifies, "taken out of the water."

And this is he whom we see in the picture, holding the spear of an Egyptian in his left hand, while with his right hand he holds a club, with which he slew the Egyptian, who was attempting to kill an Israelite.

Moses is said by some to have been a murderer; but this is a mistake. A murderer is one who kills from a feeling of revenge, malice, or hatred. Moses simply defended his Israelitish brother against a murderer; and in so doing, he killed the assailant. The laws of our country would justify us in defending any one against a murderer, and if we judge the act of Moses by the law we hold to be good, we cannot condemn him. The law of Egypt would have condemned him, because the Israelites were not treated as being free, in Egypt, and the enmity of the Egyptians against them was very great.

We long, however, for the time to come, when there shall be no more shedding of blood, when

the cry of the glorious angel that heralded the birth of Jesus, shall have become the motto of all peoples,—Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, good will to man.”

UNCLE MARK.

THE ALPHABET.

FOR THE DEAF.

WHICH of our little readers can tell what the varied positions of the hands in this engraving mean? Have you ever known any one that is deaf? If you have, you are able to appreciate, to some extent at least, the blessing of hearing.

The number of positions in the engraving before you is twenty-six, the same number as there are letters in the English alphabet. The letters in English are not given in the cut; but each position of the fingers and hands represents a letter in the English language. The first position represents the letter A, the second B, the third C, and so on to the last position, which with a movement such as indicated by the dotted lines above the hand, represents the letter “Z.”

Those who are blest with the sense of hearing have no necessity for using these symbols; but we would recommend that our little ones study them, and become able to converse with those unfortunate ones to whom the gift of hearing is denied,—who “having ears, hear not.”

Gratitude to God, the giver of all good, is demanded for every blessing we enjoy, and when we hear the glad news that cheers our hearts and makes us happy, let us think with tenderness, with compassion, and with love, upon those who cannot hear.

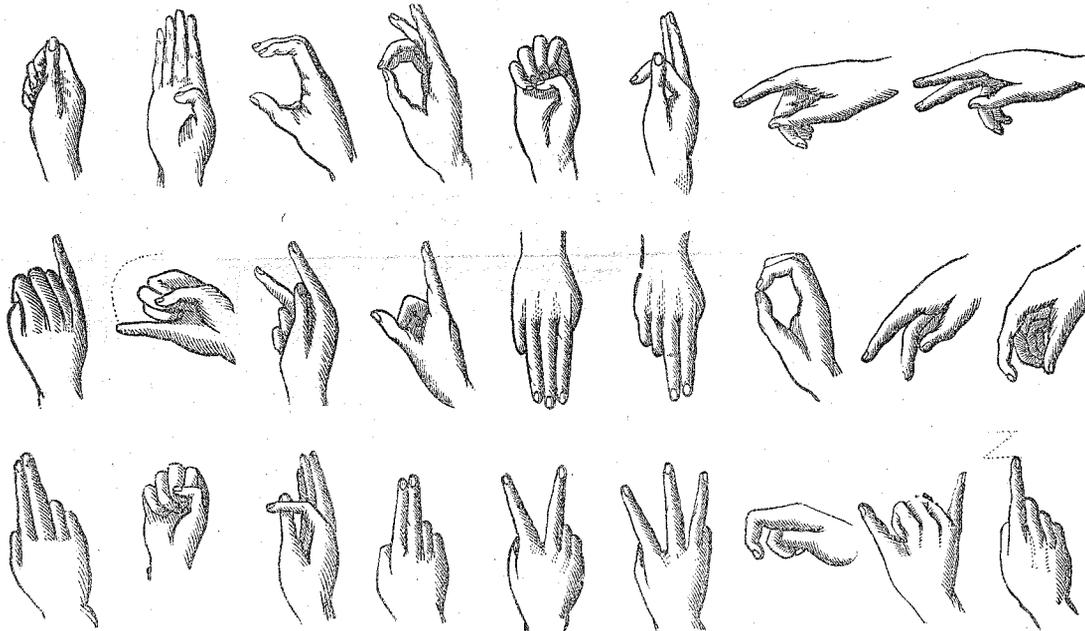
But if we hear and heed not; if we understand and obey not; our punishment will be great, and those who could not hear, will be free in that for which we will stand condemned.

I was once called upon to assist in anointing with oil, and praying for a dear friend, a companion of my youth and a brother in Christ Jesus, who had been sorely afflicted, and in whose affliction, the senses of sight, speech, and hearing, had all been lost. He saw no one. He could speak to no one. He could hear no one. His beloved wife had wept bitterly. She had sent for an Elder, and the messenger requested him to hasten; or he would not see the brother alive. I was present at the time the messenger thus spoke, and accompanied the brother in his haste to the apparently dying man's home.

We were but a few moments in reaching the

house. The weeping wife saw us enter. She was a faithful woman, one who loved God and believed in His power. She saw us, and instantly clasping her hands, she broke forth with “Oh! thank the Lord! He'll live now!”

Being her husband's companion, and beloved in his family, I was very welcome at all times; but never had I before received such a warm greeting as now. I asked her for oil; and accompanied the Elder with whom I had gone there up into the room where the husband lay, to all appearances, breathing his last. The family, and a number of friends gathered around, and we had a season of prayer. We went to the brother, anointed him and prayed over him, as the Apostle James, in his 5th chapter and 14th verse commands; and while we were praying, the brother received the promised blessing. I stooped over and called him by name. A movement of the body showed that the power of hearing was restored, the opening of his eyes and an intelligent look of love beaming from them, as he gazed earnestly upon me, showed that his sight was restored. All was silence;—almost breath-



less. I spoke again and asked him, “Are you better?” And oh! how thrilling the joy was that I felt—that all felt—to learn that his speech also had been restored, when he exclaimed,—“Thank God, I was never better in my life.”

Children, had you been there, you would have thought how blessed it is to hear. And surely you would never have forgotten, could you have witnessed the sight, as raising his arms out of bed, he flung them around my neck, drew me down, and kissed me, exclaiming, while tears of holy joy ran down his cheeks, “God bless you, brother Mark!”

Sobs were heard in every part of the room; (for several friends were there,) and the memory of those burning words of love and gratitude, from him, of the sobs that came from the heart's deep fountains of his friends around, I hope never to forget; and while I remember them, let my little friends remember too, that but for the gift of hearing, this, one of the brightest experiences of my life in the ministry, would have been robbed of the chief portion of its charms.

UNCLE MARK.

FORGET NOT!

KNOWLEDGE is to the mind what food is to the body—and is just as essential.—

You all know the body could not exist without food; it would waste away and crumble to earth. So the mind devoid of knowledge would become enfeebled, inactive, in fact dead to all around.

In order for the body to be benefitted by the food we eat, it must retain the food a sufficient time in that part of it called the stomach to properly digest it; that is, to reduce the various particles of food to their proper condition, and then distribute it into the different parts of the system, where each particle answers the purpose for which it was taken; namely, to strengthen and sustain the body. So the mind must retain its food, or the knowledge we receive, until it has digested it or reduced every particle of it to active operation in our daily conduct. The apostle clearly understood the necessity of this when he said, “Forget not.”

I once heard of a youth who left his father's house and wandered far away into a strange country, where he spent all his means.

He felt anxious to return; but his way homeward lay across a broad desert, where many ways and many strange things were found to attract his attention. While wondering which way he should go, he met with an old friend of his father's, from whom he enquired the way.—The friend gladly

pointed out the road, warned him of the dangers that beset his path, and particularly told him of the many by-paths that led off in so many different directions, but *only one path* led to his father's house.

With a joyful heart the youth started on his journey; but ere he had gone far, many strange things began to attract his attention. He must turn aside to see this, and gaze wonderingly at the other, until, finally, the instructions his guide had given him were forgotten, and he found himself surrounded with many different roads, and it was impossible for him to tell which of them led to his father's house.

In this condition he sat down and tried to recall to his mind the instructions he had received, but it had been crowded out by so many things, strange and frivolous, that he could not recall it.

Night set in. Her black clouds gathered around him. His limbs were weary. The tempest howled and the thunder rolled over his head. Here he was homeless, weary, hungry and alone, destruction stared him in the face, and he felt he would give worlds to remember the homeward

path; but, no, he had *forgotten*, and must endure the consequences, dreadful as they were, until the morning dawned and he could retrace his steps in search of his guide, that he might once more learn which was the way he should go.

We too have wandered from Father's house, and I trust are anxious to return. *One only path leads there*, but a thousand different paths beset our feet, strewed with gaudy pleasures and tinselled toys, yet leading down to wretchedness and woe. The ever-faithful guide has pointed out, and is still pointing out the *one, only, narrow path*, that leads us home to the haven of peace. I hear his dear, loving voice, sounding in my ear, "Forget not." To-day I have met you in the dawning light of *Zion's Hope*, to echo the admonition, *do good!* COMMUNICATE!! and FORGET NOT!!! In some future interview I will point out to you "the pathway of life," and the duties that lie in the way as so many marks by which we receive additional assurance that we are on the right road. In the mean-time, I wish you to cherish the instructions, imprint them on your memories, reduce them to practice; and above all things, "Forget not."

THE JOY A KIND ACT AFFORDS.

A little boy who earned his living by running of errands, had his sympathies aroused one day by the pleading voice of want and woe.

A poor man out of employment—friendless and homeless, was asking for bread to keep his starving children and wife and himself alive. The little errand boy heard his tale of suffering, but felt utterly powerless to help him. He was certain he had nothing at all to give, but earnestly desired to do something for the afflicted outcasts.

This earnest desire broke forth in silent prayer to God that he might have something to give, and that moment, almost involuntarily, he put his hand to his vest pocket, but without any hopes of finding any thing there, when to his great joy he found one half penny.

With a buoyant step and joyous heart he gave his mite into the hand of the starving man; and never was princely gift received with greater joy than that little boy experienced when he gave away his little mite, his *all*.

Children, when that boy became a man, he would never tire of telling the joy a kind act brings. Try it.

FATHER LOVECHILD.

LET your ear-rings be Attention, encircled by the pearls of Refinement. Let the diamonds of your necklace be Truth, and the chain of Christianity. Let your bracelets be Charity, ornamented with the pearls of Gentleness. Let your bosom-pin be Modesty set with Compassion. Let your finger-rings be Affection, set with the diamonds of Industry. Let your girdle be Simplicity, with a tassel of Good-humor. Let your garb be Virtue—your drapery Politeness. Let your shoes be Wisdom, secured with the buckle of Perseverance.

Original Poetry.



THE DAYS OF MERRY CHILDHOOD.

The days of merry childhood, how sweet indeed are they,
As little ones the wildwood roam in happy childish play.
When smiles light up their faces, where frowns will never stay,
Their hearts brim-full of pleasures, that gladden all the day.

As they gambol down the hill-side, or skip the greensward o'er,
And pick the lovely daisies that the earth for them has bore;
Or wear the snow-white lilly, or pluck each yellow peep
Of the modest little cowslips, strewed beneath their busy feet.

'Tis sweet to watch the butterfly that flits from flower to flower,
Tasting of those nectar'd sweets, in nature's lovely bower.
'Tis joy to grasp its tiny wing, painted so rich and rare,
Emblems of childish happiness that promises so fair.

I love to hear the joyous ring of that shrill and merry laugh,
When having caught the gaudy thing, their little hearts will quaff
Their tiny cup of pleasures, as though they ne'er could drain
That cup of all its treasures, or ever feel a pain.

I love to see their childish sports, and hear their merry shout
Of triumph, when they've gained their inns, and some one else is
out,

I love to see the flush of pride upon the childish brow,
Because he's borne away the prize and feels he's victor now.

But one thing more is better far, more pleasing to my eye,
It is to see the youthful heart given to God on high.
To God with all its childish love, with all its ardent zeal,
In all the freshness of its youth—given with a noble will.

A will to serve the Lord alone with all its powers of mind,
With all the powers of body too; for these must be combined.
Then tens of thousands are the joys that strewed upon your path,
Will be your sweet reward in life, and brighter far in death.

Then children give your hearts to Him, who gives you life and joy,
He's waiting to receive them now, do you not hear him cry,
"Give me your hearts, my children dear, and I to you will give
"Unfading pleasures here on earth, and teach you how to live
"A life with endless pleasures fraught, a life of endless joys,
"The life which Christ for you hath bought,—the life that never
dies." FATHER LOVE-CHILD.

WHAT IS AN ACROSTIC?

Children do not like hard words. They do not understand them. Some of them do not know the meaning of the word "Acrostic." We will explain it. It is simply a verse or poem, of which the first letters of each line, when put together, form a name, a word, or a sentence.

Aunt Maryette sends us an acrostic for the *Hope*, which we publish with this explanation. Please notice the first letter of the first line is "Z," the first letter of the second line is "I," of the third line "O," the fourth line "N." Now write these four letters down, and you will have the word "Zion." Continue this plan to the end of the poem, and you will have the name of her Acrostic, "Zion's Hope."

We have seen some very pretty acrostics, and as we wish to bring out the talent of our young friends, we hereby offer a Book of Mormon as a prize to the one who shall write the best acrostic on the New Year, 1870, to be published in the number for the first of January next. Contributions to be in our hands by the 10th of December.

ACROSTIC.

Zionward, children turn each face:
Inquire for truth in every place.
One in waiting doth declare,
"None but the pure my home can share."
Search your hearts, if free from sin,
Happiness for aye, you'll win.
Onward then! To Jesus cling.
Prepare to live,
Ever, with your Heavenly King.

AUNT MARYETTE.

SCRIPTURE RIDDLE.

"Two nations that had sprung from Lot were Israel's bitter loss;
And often does the word of truth their enmity disclose:
One of their kings for eighteen years the Israelites oppressed,
Until a man, left-handed, gave the groaning people rest,
One sought, at Jabesh-Gilead, to thrust their right eyes out;
'Till Israel's newly chosen king the tyrant put to rout;
Another king a prophet hired to curse the chosen race;
But all in vain were altars reared, and vain all change of place.
When unto one from Judah's king a friendly message went,
The messengers were treated ill, and back in shame were sent.
From you I ask the names of all to whom I have referred:
The verse and chapter you may find by searching in the word."—
—*Bar's Days*.

ENIGMAS.

No. 8.—I am composed of 15 letters.

My 1, 4, 8, 13, 9 and 14 is what Sabbath School children should never do.

My 4, 5, 11, 9 and 14 is a fruit we all love.

My 12, 4, 7 and 8 is one of the four quarters of the earth.

My 2, 3, 4 and 8 is what we cannot do well without.

My 2, 6, 15, 7 and 14 is a very useful animal.

My whole is an apostle of God. E. C.

No. 9.—I am composed of six letters.

My 1, 2, 6 and 5 is an adverb used to compare.

My 2, 6 and 5 is dug out of the ground.

My 3, 5, 6 and 1 is to name.

My 4, 2, 1 and 5 is the place over which my whole presides and makes happy.

My 5, 3, 4, 5 and 6 is the upper air.

My 6, 2, 1 and 5 is a city famed in history.

My whole is a household word, dear to all.

PERLA WILD.

ANAGRAM No. 2.

Llelt hlderine dnle na rae.
In het eolv fo odg paraep;
Sveirt ni nagesods ot lexec;
Taht ni lgroy oyu aym wledl.

ERRORS in Anagram No. 1. In fifth line instead of the word "ghinivin," it should be ghinwin.

In seventh line, instead of "tomts," it should be tomtto.

In eighth line, instead of "roquecun," it should be roquecun.

We are very sorry these errors are in; but our little friends will forgive us, as we publish this correction.

ANSWER to Enigma No. 4, is Joab, Joseph, Sin, Tophet, Nain, Babes, John the Baptist.

CORRECT answers have been received from Mary E. Kyte, Katie Butler, and Emma Cubley.

JENNIE, Uretta, Frances L., Frances B., and Ida, each err in combining 7, 13, 8 and 9—they do not combine them "rightly."

WRITE out the answer to each Enigma on a separate half sheet of note paper, and send your answers as early as possible.

CONTRIBUTORS writing for illustrated articles will please write earlier and oftener.

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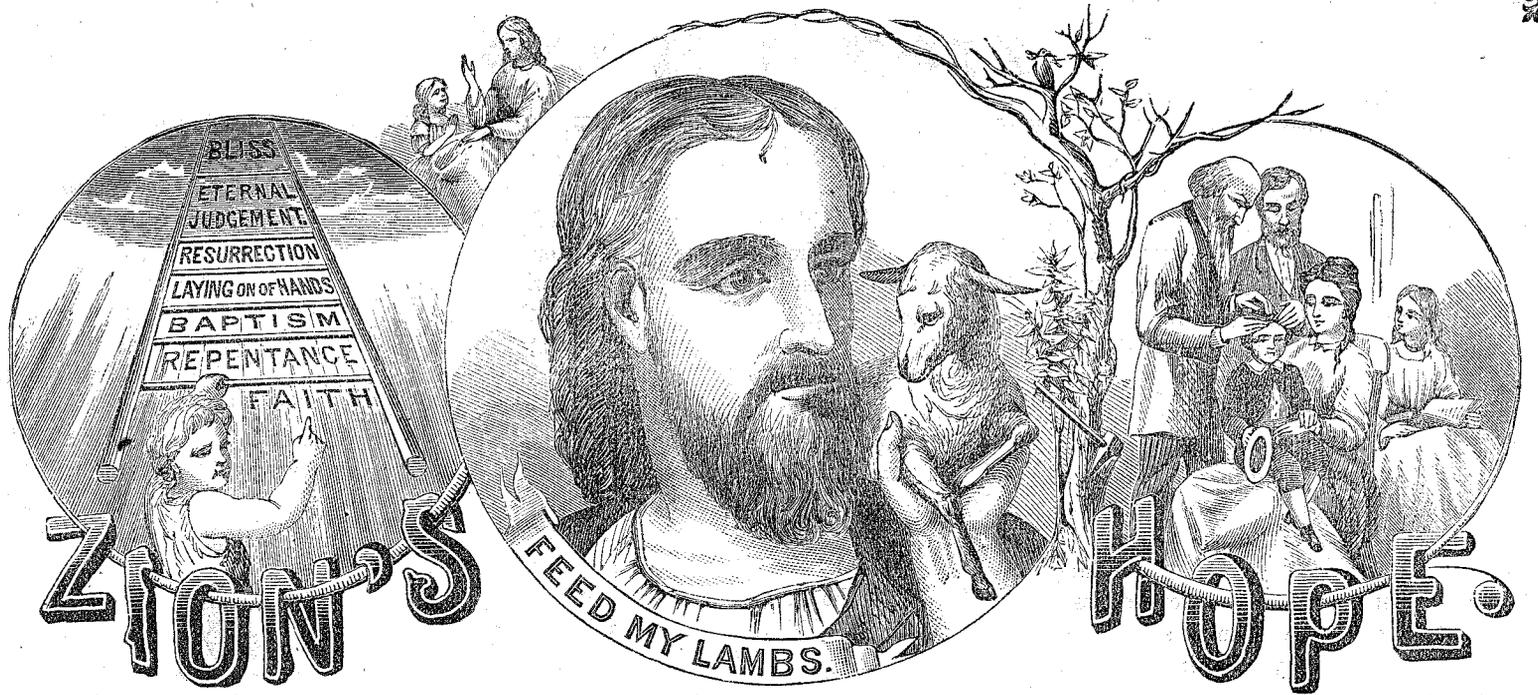
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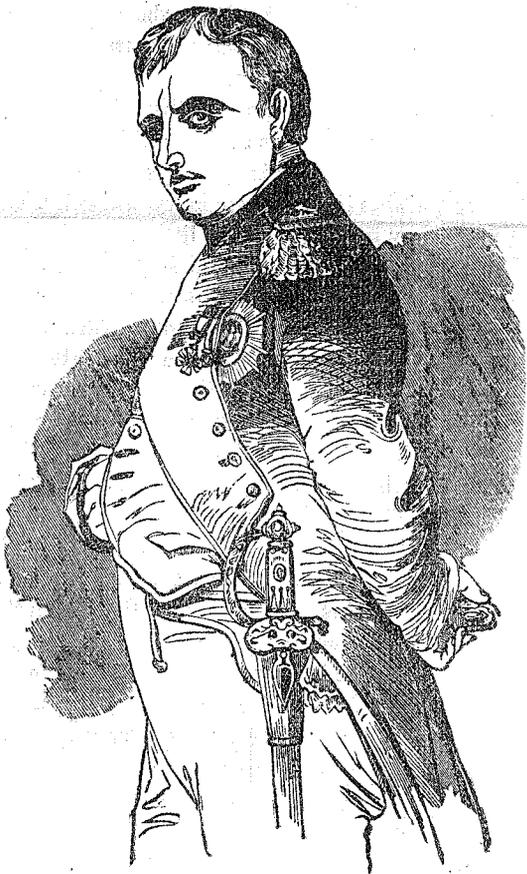


"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

Vol. I.

PLANO, ILL., OCTOBER 1, 1869.

No. 7.



NAPOLEON.

Napoleon

NAPOLEON, HIS RISE.

THE Government of France had been in a changing condition for a number of years. The great warrior, whose portrait is here-with presented to the readers of the *Hope*, had given proofs of his daring physical courage even in boyhood, and there were many evidences of his

love for martial life, for a warrior's fame, before either age or circumstances gave him the opportunity to prove whether his success would be equal to his ambition.

He grew to manhood, and obtained a position in the army of France, and was rising in favor among the soldiery during those times which followed the execution of King Louis the 16th, when, at the siege of Toulon, his skill and courage, which were observed by his superiors in station, marked him as the rising man.

In 1795, some thirty thousand of the National Guards and citizens of Paris arose in arms against the government. One of the Directors, named Barras, succeeded by his influence in placing Napoleon at the head of the regular troops, and the rebellion was promptly put down.

A war against Austria had been determined upon, and Napoleon's success at Paris led the government to raise him to the rank of General, and give to him the command of the Italian Division of the French Army. Napoleon commenced his march, and on the 4th day of April, 1796, he gained his first victory, as a General. This was in a battle with the Austro-Sardinian Army. The successes which attended his military career gave him almost unbounded influence with the people, and especially with the army. On the 11th of Nov. 1799, in little less than four years

from his becoming General, he became the "First Consul" of France, which dignity was confirmed upon him for life in 1803.

He was cunning; and like most men in our day who care more for *name* and *position* than they do for *HONOR*, he made friends with all successful parties whose influence could be secured, to aid him in his designs.

Infidelity, an avowed disbelief in God and dis-

regard of His ordinances, had distinguished the French nation under the wicked Robespierre and his blood-thirsty associates; but under its kings, the Catholic religion was the religion of the nation. Napoleon now made friends with the Catholic priesthood, and on the 2nd of Dec. 1804, he was crowned by the Pope of Rome in the church of Notre Dame, "Emperor of the French."

Yet the height of his ambition was not reached. The conquest of France to his policy, he resolved should be followed by the conquest of Europe to his arms. Had he succeeded, the consequences to the religious liberty of Europe might have been fearful; but God ordered it otherwise.

The wrath of man shall be made to praise Him. The counsels of the wicked fall. The fiat of God, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther," is often executed upon ambitious man. It was upon Napoleon Bonaparte. His perseverance is commendable; his energy and force of character were great; but were employed in the service of death and misery, instead of life and happiness.

UNCLE MARK.

UNCLE JETHRO'S INVITATION.

ZION'S HOPE is a great boon to the children of the Saints. The Editors have succeeded in giving an attractive, instructive little paper, at a small cost. Are you not proud of its neat appearance? Old man that I am, I feel a child's glee and joy, when I see it.

Uncle Jethro has examined a great many Sunday School papers, but he has not seen any of them with such a pretty engraving at their head, as we have on our Sunday School paper. It is so fresh, so beautiful in expression. Every time I see it, new thoughts arise in my mind, and as the Editor tells us in number four, all of number one are gone, I want all the readers of *Zion's Hope* to know that Bro. David H. Smith studied out those beautiful thoughts, and then took his pencil, and gave them such an expressive meaning.

"Uncle Mark," in the first number of our paper, told us all about the engraving, and I hope

the Editor will publish it again soon, for the benefit of the new readers.

I want all that read *Zion's Hope*, to study well the engraving at the head, and when we have had time to understand all that it teaches us, "Uncle Mark" and I will ask President Joseph Smith, the Editor, to lend a portion of the last page to some of his young readers, to tell each other how much they have learned from the engraving of *Zion's Hope*.

How many of our young readers will visit their neighbors and show them the new Sunday School paper? The Editor wants more subscribers, he *must* have them. We want him to continue to illustrate it with such nice pictures as those we have had. I am sure we cannot spare them.—There is not one of my young friends but would feel very sad if the Editor had to send us a plain printed sheet of paper, with no pictures at all.—Who then will resolve to help the Editor to keep our paper at its present excellence?

Uncle Jethro will give a copy of the best bound Holy Scriptures to the boy or girl, that sends the largest club, from this date, to the Editor of *Zion's Hope*, before the 1st day of January, 1870.

Remember, the Editor gives you ten per cent. discount for clubs of ten and upwards. Now go forth, imitate the boy that stands at the foot of the gospel ladder, in Bro. David's picture. Grasp firmly. Have faith in your success; for faith, (which is but another word for confidence), is quite necessary in all things requiring effort, whether it be in business or religion. Adieu.

UNCLE JETHRO.



THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

OUR little Bible readers will remember that before the death of Christ the only true religion upon the earth, was the faith held by the Hebrews or the descendants of Abraham. All nations and people beside them were called Gentiles, and knew not the true God neither worshipped him.

When God chose the Hebrews to be His especial people, he made choice of Aaron, the brother of Moses, to be His priest or minister.—After Aaron, his children had a right to minister in the priest's office; none others had this right. The priest, therefore, who passed by the poor, wounded man, must have been of the family of Aaron.

You remember also, that Jacob had twelve sons, who were the patriarchs or fathers of the twelve tribes. Aaron belonged to the tribe of Levi, and this tribe was chosen to do the work of the sanctuary. That is, they might assist in

keeping the temple, and in preparing the sacrifices; but could not fill the priest's office. The Levite who passed by was therefore a Jew of the tribe of Levi. Here then were two men, one of the family of Aaron, both of the tribe of Levi.—This tribe God had honored above all the other tribes in choosing them as His special ministers, and above every family in this tribe, He had honored the family to which this priest belonged; and yet forgetful of the great mercy and kindness of God towards them, they passed the wounded, bleeding stranger by.

Behold now, a Samaritan—a Gentile whom God had never honored—never shown any especial favor to—who knows not the true God only as he has heard of him from the Jews, is passing by and sees the wounded man, and instead of going on the other side as though he had not seen him, he goes to him, relieves his distress—takes him to a place of safety and provides for all his wants.

Little friends, are you ready to answer who was neighbor to the wounded man? Why, the Samaritan, answer a score of voices at once.—Rightly said, little friends.

And now, let me ask you another question.—Which, think you, of these three men, set the best example? "The Good Samaritan," is again your answer, and again you are right.

But, says Mr. Bigotry,—he was only a Samaritan! He did not know any thing about the law of God, and do you suppose that I am going to pattern after him? The saints do the things they see sectarians do! The follower of Christ who knows all about the law, can learn of that Samaritan. Little friends, let Jesus answer, and may you never forget His words, "GO, AND DO THOU LIKEWISE." The good we see, we have the broad seal and sanction of Christ to imitate, whether it be in saint or in sinner—in Gentile or Jew. Even when the wicked give good counsel, we have the sanction of Christ for listening to their words and obeying them, though He warns us to do as *they say*, not as they do.

But now, dear children, we come to the consideration of the important question,—how came this man to be neighbor to the unfortunate one? If Christ meant to teach that we were to love and claim as our neighbor only those who have showed to us some great kindness—such as the Samaritan showed to the wounded man—then this wounded man must have rendered some favor to the Samaritan at a time previous to this. But we have no reason to believe or infer such a thing from the parable. More than this, it will not harmonize with the teachings of God's word.

The wounded man was a neighbor to the priest and Levite as well as to the Samaritan. He was in need of help; and the claim of common humanity was binding upon every man to render him that help. The priest and Levite passed him by—they were *not* neighbors. The Samaritan cared for him, stranger though he was, therefore *he* was his neighbor,—because he acted a neighbor's part. "Go, and do thou likewise."

All of God's human creatures are our neighbors—our brothers or sisters, and if we fail to aid them in hours when they need help, we fail to act the neighbor's part.

"If ye love only them which love you, what

reward have ye?" Sinners hold it to be an act worthy of contempt, to return kindness with ingratitude. Shall the saints of God do no more than sinners? Learn this grand, this beautiful, this heavenly principle of our holy religion in your youth, and never forget it in the years to come. "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them." "Love thy neighbor as thyself." Remember the wounded stranger—"The Good Samaritan," and forget—no, never forget the words of Jesus,— "Go, and do thou likewise." CORA.



CLARA'S DESIRE FOR LEARNING.

COME here, little ones, and tell me what this picture is! It is a book, you exclaim. Yes, each of you, even to little three-year-old Netty, knows what a book is. Do you love your books? Are you fond of reading them and learning from them?

I will tell you a story about a little girl who was very fond of books—a true story too—not one that I "make up as I go on," as the children say when telling each other little stories. No; it is not a "made story," which we call a fable or romance, but it is *all true*, save the name.

This little girl, whom we will call Clara, was a very little girl; only a little more than two years old. Her parents were very poor. Her mother had been sick a long time, many months. Clara had a sister, a few years older than herself, who was her playmate; but the poor little thing had but little care taken of her. There was no one to look after her except her grandmother, who was very old and feeble, and not able to work much.

The good Lord kindly blessed Clara's mother, at last, and she began to get better. When she was strong enough to sit up a little, she would read in the great, old family Bible. In this book, every chapter began with a very large letter.

No one had ever told little Clara the name of a letter; but one day she asked, "Mamma, tell me B." Her mother did not answer her at first, and the little one kept repeating, "Mamma, tell me B," till her mother said:

"Go away, child; you don't know what B is; and I don't know what you mean!"

The little girl went away, and cried sadly.

Her mother called her back and showed her the letter B. Clara was very much pleased; and begged to read more. Every time her mother took the Bible to read after this, Clara would ask to be taught the letters. In a short time she knew them all.

She was then furnished with a book to learn to read and spell words. She seemed to never get tired of studying and learning, but would sit for hours poring over her book, while other children would have played all the time. She was fond of play, but more fond of a book. After her mother got well, she used to take Clara with her to the stores.

"Clara, what would you like?" was always answered by "A book, mamma!" A very little book

would satisfy her, even a five cent primer; but she asked for a book that she could read, and would be very sad if denied.

PERLA WILD.

THE WORKS OF OUR CREATOR.

DO you not love to walk out and view the country around you, at this most beautiful season of the year.

The broad fields of man's industry lie smiling in the sun, and the ripened grain sheds a mellow glow around. Do you pause to think of the Author of all these beauties? Yes, dear little friends, I know that you remember it has been told you that God made them; but do you consider and revere His glory and His goodness?

How glorious all His handiwork! We cannot compete in any way with it. Never has painter conveyed to canvass such rich glowing tints of green as the herbage displays, nor can he portray the fibres of the leaves, nor imitate their pleasant rustling at every passing breeze.

As we look abroad in our own free land, can we not exclaim with rapture, "It is good for us to be here!" Let us strive to make ourselves worthy of the guidance of that bountiful hand that has given us such blessings to crown our mortal life!

Every thing that we have gazed upon during the late glad harvest time, is full of beauty. The butterfly is in her brightest attire, the forests are decked in their greenest robes, and man's heart is bounding high with hope for the ever coming. The little rivulets are gurgling forth their sweet sounds, and merry songsters warble forth their incense, and mingle with the varied charms of nature.

O, little friends, lift up your hearts with gratitude to such an All-wise Being, as the great God whose work is thus seen in nature. Love him, pray to him, and rely upon him with faith increasing.

Do not spurn any thing He has made cruelly from you, not even the smallest insect that is harmless, for in it some beauty lies. Be kind to your little companions, who like you are made in His image. Never stain your immortal souls with falsehood; for lies are an abomination unto him. And even when alone, keep from sinning, for His eye is all-searching, and sees you.

NELLIE.

NEVER FORGET TO PRAY!

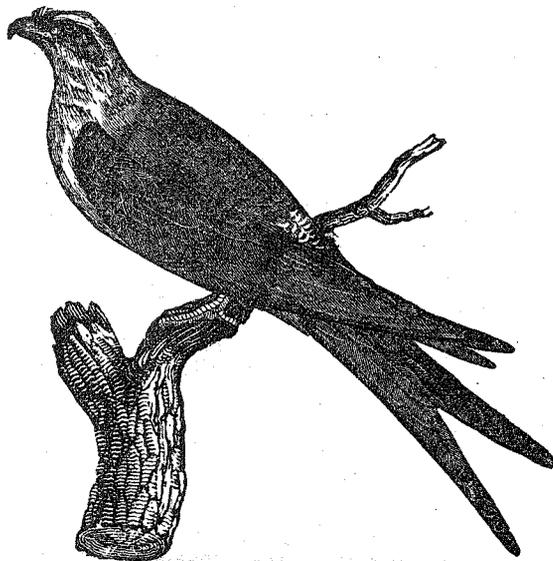
THERE once lived a great king whose name was Solomon; and the Lord appeared to him in a dream, and asked him what was his greatest desire? The king desired an "understanding heart," so that he might be able to distinguish between right and wrong. And because this good and great king only prayed for such things as would be for the good of those he ruled over, and for the glory of God, his prayer was answered. God promised also to give him more gold, and silver, and every thing adapted to make him happy and powerful, than what had

ever belonged to any one man before. And so it was, he became very rich, and had great wisdom, and learning.

But soon king Solomon began to forget God, and neglected to call on his Maker. This very much displeased God, and as a consequence, nearly all that he was blessed with was taken from him.

So it will be with us, dear children, if we forget to pray. When we have finished our daily cares, let us never forget to thank the "King of Kings" for all the blessings we enjoy, and if we are faithful over a few things, He will give us more, as we need them.

P. T.



THE FALCON.

THE boys and girls who read the *Hope*, are perhaps lovers of birds, and have their favorites in the bird kingdom.

Some of them love the lark, with its bright plumage and its plaintive notes. The lark of America is not like the English lark. The English lark is a song bird, that of America is not.

Some love the dove, some the robin, some the modest little wren, and some the canary.

These birds are all very pleasant companions for man. But do any of the readers of the *Hope* love the hawk, the owl, the buzzard or crow?

The bird of our picture is one of the members of the hawk or falcon tribe. He is the swallow-tailed hawk or peregrine falcon.

In the days of chivalry, (ask pa what chivalry means), the gentlemen and ladies were fond of hunting on horseback, attended by trained falcons, that flying in the air, would keep sight of the animal the hunters were chasing; and the hunters by watching the falcons, would ride in the direction they were flying, and would sooner or later, overtake and kill the animal.

In this way they would spend their days, and take pleasure in it.

The falcon was trained to sit upon the wrist or arm of its owner, and was frequently chained there by a small silver chain. When the game (ask pa what that means) was started, the chain would be loosed and the bird would be tossed in the air to follow it, and direct the hunter which way to go.

These falcons were something like the hawk of the picture.

Sometimes they would get stubborn, and would not return to their owners; but would fly away and be lost.

Some of the knights, gentlemen, used to think a well-trained falcon, was one of the most valuable gifts they could give to the lady of their choice.

The ladies sometimes tied fine colored ribbons round the necks of their falcons.

To carry a falcon gracefully was quite an accomplishment, and the ladies used to study how to do it.

One reason why you would not love the hawk, owl, and such birds, is because they are birds of prey. Strong of wing, sharp of beak, and cruel in disposition.

There are boys and girls that are in disposition like the hawk, or the falcon. And there are those like the dove, lark, or canary.

Which do you like the best?

T. THOUGHTFUL.

FLOWERS.

FLOWERS were made by the Creator, to gladden the eye of man. If it were not for the flowers to enliven the scenery, the world would be dreary indeed. But an All-wise Creator, designed that it should be otherwise. When He created the

world, He did not make a dreary waste for His people to dwell in; but clothed it with a beautiful cloak of grass, and flowers; that His creatures might not get wearied by gazing upon a monotonous scene; but that instead, they might behold, on every side, flowers of various hues to gladden the eye, and to enliven the weary soul.

J. S. WEEKS.

SIN OF DISOBEDIENCE.

CHAPTER I.

COME readers of *Zion's Hope*, let us all try and be useful. An effort on our part is required to sustain the *Hope*. To give added beauty and lustre to the columns of our interesting paper, should be the study of the church. The present writing is not possessed of any claim to literary merit; but is written to the young by one who is himself young. The sin of disobedience, is a grievous one, and the writer hopes that his inefficiency may not render the following story, which is but a phantasy of the brain, altogether worthless.

CHAPTER II.

About half way up the hillside, in a forest grand and old, there lived one Mrs. Rabbit, and her only child. Their dwelling was a simple one, — a large hollow tree, — and yet they were happy, for the mother and daughter always agreed. But a day of grief and sadness awaited the little family.

CHAPTER III.

Mrs. Rabbit had some neighbors; the most

important of whom was a Mr. Jones, who lived about a half mile down the valley. He was well situated, had a good farm, a nice little orchard, where various kinds of fruit grew, a large corn field, and an enchanting garden. Among his family there was one boy he called "Bill." Bill had a favorite dog, which he called Jack, and as Bill and Jack are to form some of the characters of our story, we will give a description of each of them.

CHAPTER IV.

Bill was what some folks would call a fast young man. He was not a lazy fellow; but he liked to choose his own labor. His greatest delight was to go into the woods, and with his gun and dog, amuse himself by shooting and killing poor little innocent birds; but more especially had he taken delight in killing Mrs. Rabbits' former children. He had done this so effectively that she had but the one child left. He said he was paying her up for some of the pranks she had played on his father, of which we will hereafter tell you.

Original Poetry.



ZION'S HOPE AT HOME!

'Tis six o'clock. The day's work done,
I lay aside the plane,
I set my shop and tools to rights,
And to the house again;
Where loving hearts in waiting are
To bid me welcome home,
And little eyes are peering out,
To see if "Papa's come."

The happy trio sallies forth
To meet him on the street;
Each one vying with the rest,
Papa the first to greet.
The evening meal is soon dispatched;
The dishes cleared away;
And Papa smilingly enquires,
"What brought the post to-day?"

"It brought some papers;" Mary said,
"But wait, and you shall see,
Here is the *Herald* sent to you,
And *Zion's Hope* to me.
Look; here is some nice poetry,
Composed by Perla Wild,
About a lonely widow, and
Her poor afflicted child.

How kind was little Ella Brown,
Who loved poor Mary so,
And took her berries every day,
She must be good, I know.
Our Heavenly Father, ever bless
Those friends, so kind, and true,
Brother Joseph, Uncle Mark,
And Brother David, too."

Amen; Amen; my heart responds.

May joy and sweet content,
Attend the host of little lambs,
To whom the *Hope* is sent.
May it inspire their youthful minds
To do the Master's will,
To keep His holy law, and thus
All righteousness fulfill.

B. V. SPRINGER.

ALL FOR THE BEST.—Dr. Johnson used to say that a habit of looking at the best side of every event is better than a thousand pounds a year.—Bishop Hall quaintly remarks, "For every bad there might be a worse; and when a man breaks his leg, let him be thankful that it was not his neck." When Fenelon's library was on fire, "God be praised," he exclaimed, "that it is not the dwelling of some poor man!" This is the spirit of submission—one of the most beautiful traits that can possess the human heart. Resolve to see this world on its sunny side, and you have almost half won the battle of life on the outset.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of eighteen letters.

My 8, 18, 4, 15, 10 and 2 is one of the books of the Old Testament.

My 1, 2, 6, 16, 9, 1 and 18 is one of the books of the New Testament.

My 3, 1, 2, 6 and 7 is one of the books in the Book of Mormon.

My 8, 12, 11, 4 and 15 is a mount noted in the history of the children of Israel.

My 16, 14, 7, 6, 10 and 5 once saved the life of Christ.

My 9, 4, 13, 10, 16 and 17 a land dear to the Israelites.

My whole, a people noted in the Book of Mormon.

My letters will also spell the names of the following persons and places mentioned in the Bible.

The first man, one who killed his brother, wife of Abraham, Jacob's daughter, son of Noah, a man who rebuked David for a great sin, a man who endeavored to destroy all the Jews, (Esther 3 chapter), a man healed of the leprosy by washing in Jordan, a body of water where a whole army was drowned, a sister of Lazarus, a goddess of the Ephesians, and a people Christ told His apostles not to go among. What are they? T. J. S.

ENIGMAS.

No. 10.—I am composed of fifteen letters.

My 11, 2, 12 and 4 is the dread of the timid.

My 4, 14, 10 and 6 are described by Moses.

My 8, 6, 15, 7 and 6 if used wisely, avoids sorrow.

My 12, 2, 10 and 4 is a military term.

My 11, 3, 14, 5 and 4 is eagerly sought by the thirsty.

My 8, 15, 13, 4 and 6 beautiful and wise, yet the object of hate.

My whole is the name of a favorite song.

UNCLE JETHRO.

No. 11.—I am composed of eleven letters.

My 7, 4 and 1 is an article of great use.

My 9, 8 and 6 is an article worn by ladies.

My 5, 4 and 6 is an epithet applied to persons of disgraceful habits.

My 5, 2, 6 and 7 is a boys name.

My 3, 4, 5, 10 and 11 is the name of a noted servant of God.

My whole is the name of a distinguished orator.

PRIVATE QUEER.

CONTRIBUTORS writing for illustrated articles will please write earlier and oftener.

ANAGRAM No. 3.

Pahpy het soyb how vole ot drae,
Het Peoh, hichw dink tarhef suby.
Yahpp teh sligr how rometh edeh
Hace yad tath rove meth silfe.
Ti si peoh taht skeam het tareh reef,
Ni cerag taht Scirth sha vigen;
Fi ni hist cerag loyul' pypah eb,
Louy'l careh het slibs fo navhee.

ANSWER TO ANAGRAM NO. 1.

"Zion's Hope" must never fail;
Persevere, and you'll prevail.
Though weak may be your first attempt,
Let not growling discontent,
Prompt the idler's whining "can't,"
Or the stubborn's "won't" or "shan't,"
Let your motto be "I'll try,"
And you'll conquer by and by.

Correct answers have been received from Lillie S. Hudson, Katie Butler, Emma J. Cubley, and Alice M. Boyle.

ANSWER to Enigma No. 5, is Emma, Fame, Yale, Bed, Sled, Feed my Lambs.

Correct answers have been received from Mary E. Kyte, Henry Cornell, Katie Butler, Lillie S. Hudson, Jennie Cox, Frances Lowe, Emma J. Cubley, Alice M. Boyle.

ANSWER to Enigma No. 6, is Leak, Kneel, Rake, Eel, Horserace, Tune, Nuts, Hank, Steal, Fast, Uncle Mark, Mark H. Forscutt.

Correct answers have been received from Lillie S. Hudson, Frances Lowe, Henry Corless, Katie Butler, Jennie Cox, Emma J. Cubley, Alice M. Boyle.

ANSWER to Enigma No. 7, is Stem, Meat, Stamp, Tempest, Tea, Mars, Steam Press.

Correct answers have been received from Frances Lowe, Jennie Cox, Mary E. Kyte, Alice M. Boyle, Emma J. Cubley, Katie Butler, Henry Corless.

We are entirely out of numbers one and two of the HOPE. Please do not feel disappointed because your orders for these numbers are not filled.

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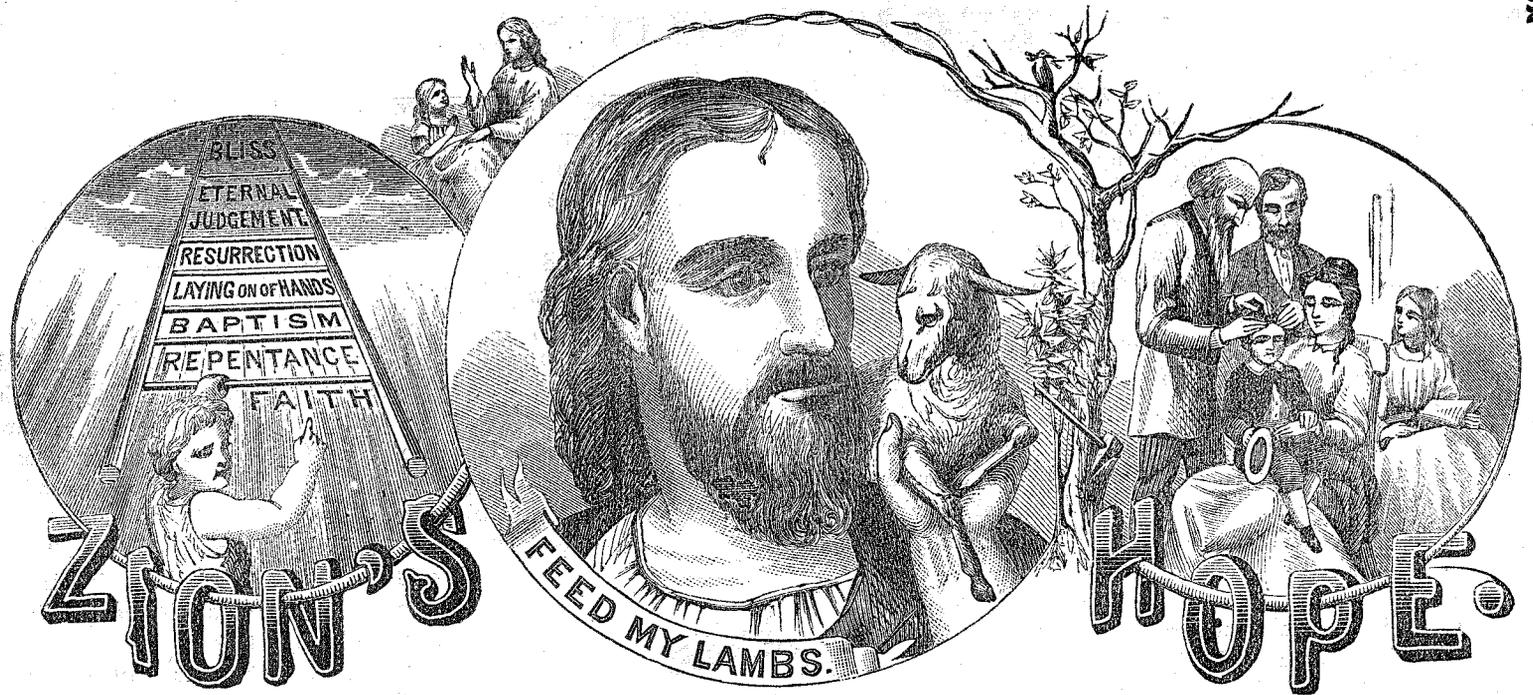
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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

Vol. I.

PLANO, ILL., OCTOBER 15, 1869.

No. 8.

JENNY LIND!

THE subject of this sketch, was at the time of her engagement to come to America and sing, under the management of Mr. P. T. Barnum, the celebrated showman, a citizen of Stockholm, in Sweden. She has, by reason of her superior talent as a singer been called "The Swedish Nightingale."

Perhaps no singer ever attained so just a renown as has Jenny Lind, a lover of song, a kind affectionate woman, fond of success, but desiring rather to deserve it.

The readers of the *Hope* must excuse me, if I can not give them the place where, and the time when Jenny Lind was born; but having no sketch of her life from which to gather these items, I am under the necessity of leaving them out.

The object of presenting her to the children, is to show them the woman, who by singing in operas and concerts in America, and in Havana, Cuba, earned one hundred and seventy-six thousand dollars, in less than two years.

Such is the power of song.

The children must remember that Jenny Lind did not come to be such a wonderful singer all at once, but that she at first learned the notes of music. Little by little she practiced, strengthening her voice and her memory, learning all she could of first one teacher then another, keeping on practicing until she could sing at any time before ever so many people, and do it well.

She loved to sing. Like the bird that will hover in the air and trill its sweetest strongest notes loves to make the air ring with music, so did Jenny Lind love to sing, to cheer the hearts of those who came to hear her, to make them weep when she sang plaintively; to make them

wild with enthusiasm when her voice rang out in warlike song; to portray anger, passion, grief, remorse, pain, pleasure, surprise and joy in song, was to her a delight,—a pleasure.

Such is the power of music.

Do you my young friends remember what is said of Israel's sweet singer, David?

Do you remember how the wrathful and troubled spirit of Saul was calmed to quiet by the

quietly, plaintively, she sings little baby to sleep. How grand the songs and the music with which we worship God.

Little readers, learn to sing. Learn to be musical. There is a power in music, learn to exercise it.

T. THOUGHTFUL.



CLARA'S PROGRESS.

CLARA, at the age of six years, would read a newspaper through every week, and wish it would come oftener. Every word of it would she read, advertisements, too. If she found any very long name, or a hard, crooked word, she would tease some one till they pronounced it for her. Thus by trying she learned to read and spell quite well when a very small child,—without any urging, too; for her mother often told her to put away her book and go and play, as it was not best for her to study so nearly all the time as she did.

At eight, she was sent to school for the first time; she was delicate in health, and very small. She was put in the Second Reader, at first, but soon learned it so nearly by heart, that she was advanced

to the Third; and that soon gave place to the Fourth, which was the highest in school.

A prize of fifty cents was offered to the one that should stand at the head of the first spelling class the greatest number of times. Clara had been advanced to this highest spelling class, and she resolved to gain the prize. There were young men and young women in the class, a large class of good spellers. This little girl was un-

music of the voice and harp of David?

It was strange how that, when the evil spirit came upon the king, David, by singing and playing on his harp, could soothe his mind and drive the evil spirit away. But David knew, and doubtless sang some plaintive quieting strain, that would soon gain the attention of the king, and cause him to forget his troubles.

How sweet the music of mother's voice, as

daunted. She studied in the evenings at home, as well as every moment in school when not reciting; and succeeded in winning the prize.

Just think what one little girl eight years old did, at her first term of school. She triumphed by attending to her books, by trying! Learning was her greatest delight, and she has never outgrown her love of books! She was ever just as diligent in learning; ever as eager to read every new book she saw. And thus year after year she went on reading and learning; studying and thinking. Many, many happy hours has she spent with pleasant and instructive books for her companions; and many good and useful things has she learned by thus indulging her desire for books.

Would you like to know what became of Clara? Yes! I thought you would! Well, she followed the inclinations of her mind, and kept among the books—she went to teaching school. This business just suited her. She loved books and loved children, too; and the children loved her, because she loved them, and tried to be good and kind to them!

After teaching a few years she married a Latter Day Saint, (she was one herself, was brought up in that belief), and she has little, prattling children of her own to teach now. She loves to read as well as ever; reads every *Herald* and *Hope*; and sometimes writes stories for the latter paper, for she loves to please and interest the dear little children.

PERLA WILD.

NAPOLEON. HIS TRIUMPH & FALL.

IN our last article on Napoleon, whose well-executed portrait we again have the pleasure of presenting to our little readers, we traced him, in some of his general movements, from his boyhood to his becoming the Emperor of the French.

We will now notice some of the particulars of those great movements which gave him such favor with some, and made him an object of dread to others.

Prior to his attaining the Emperorship, the French nation had been under what is called the Jacobin rule. Their rule was a reign of terror. It was the rule of a wicked faction of rebels. A reign of terrible slaughter.

In La Vendee, about sixty thousand men, fifteen thousand women, and twenty-two thousand children were slain. The executions in Paris, Nantes, and Lyons, amounted to eighty thousands. Besides these, other and vast numbers perished in different parts of the French Republic.

The people were tired of the terrible scourge, and the way was thereby opened for the wily Napoleon to obtain the power his ambition sought. His success in arms gave him favor.

After he became General, his army fought several battles in rapid succession, and though sometimes defeated, he was generally acknowledged victor.

He proved himself then, and after he became Emperor, the ablest general of that, perhaps of any, age.

But even Napoleon's success could not last for-

ever. He reached the highest point permitted him, and then reverses brought his fall, as successes had occasioned his rise. He was at last conquered.

In 1814, on the 11th day of April, he abdicated the thrones of France and Italy, and was made, by his conquerors, sovereign of Elba, a small island in the Mediterranean Sea, where he was to receive an income from France.

His restless and ambitious mind was not satisfied, however. In ten months from the time of his departure for Elba, he landed in France again, having managed, with his Imperial Guard, numbering about one thousand men, to escape from the island.



NAPOLÉON.

Napoleon

On March 6, 1815, at Grenoble, he met his former soldiers, who had been sent out by the king of France, Louis XVIII, to stop his progress, but they admired him, and turned over to him. He advanced towards them alone, and exclaimed, "Let him who will, kill his Emperor."

They threw down their arms, and rushed to embrace him. At Lyons, on the 12th, he met other troops, who did likewise—at Melun, the same. On March 20, 1815, Napoleon entered Paris in triumph, and was again acknowledged Emperor of France.

But his sun was soon to set.

England, Prussia, Austria and Russia, combined against him; and on June 18, 1815, at the ever memorable battle of Waterloo, Napoleon was completely conquered. He again essayed to plot for power, but was repulsed by the noble Lafay-

ette, who declared, "France has shed enough blood for the ambition of one man."

The name of Lafayette will be always dear to Americans, as one of the faithful Generals who conducted successfully our campaigns in the great war for American freedom.

Napoleon, foiled by Lafayette in his attempt to dissolve the national assembly, started with a design to embark for America. He reached Rochefort; but the place was blockaded by a squadron from the British fleet. He surrendered himself, and was banished to the island of St. Helena, where on the 5th of May, 1821, he died.

Thus ended the life of one whom men call great.

Would you wish to be like him? He is not a fit example for you. His life was spent in destroying others. He caused hundreds of thousands to be slain. Mothers wept. Wives were made widows. Children were made orphans. Homes were made desolate. Millions of money were squandered to gratify his pride, his ambition, his envy.—His fame only lasts below.

There is a fame that is undying. Would you have this? We will give you the example. It is JESUS OF NAZARETH. Jesus labored to bring peace, love, joy, happiness, and eternal life; Napoleon labored to bring war, hatred, sorrow, misery and death.

Look at the contrast, dear children, and strive to be like Him who said, "Blessed are the peace makers, for they shall be called the children of God." UNCLE MARK.

SIN OF DISOBEDIENCE.

CHAPTER V.

BACK, was a large white good looking fellow, with a few black spots on his back. He was of that class known as Newfoundland; he could run very fast, and for this and many other things, he was considered as a pet; his duty was to watch, and to give the alarm if any one should come and try to take any thing away that was not theirs to take; he also liked to hunt, and to kill, this pleased both his master, Bill, and himself, and sometimes farmer Jones, too.

CHAPTER VI.

Mrs. Rabbit, when her child was quite small and feeble, would very often go out visiting, and leave little Miss Rabbit alone in the house for a long while at a time, but before going out, she always was sure to tell the child, not to dare to go out of the house, till she came back.

Let us follow Mrs. Rabbit on one of those visits, and we will see how she caused feelings against herself. She takes along a by path and into the corn field, and from there into the orchard, where she kills the fruit trees by eating off the bark, and into the garden she goes to get a mess of cabbage, and other nice things that are therein found. These are a few of the reasons

why Bill tried to kill her. But these oft repeated stays caused the child to be a *curioso*.

CHAPTER VII.

Days, weeks and months have passed, since we first found this family, changes have taken place, that is, the child is now almost as large as its mother; and of late, when the mother returns home of her rambles, she finds that her child is away from home. The mother makes up her mind to talk to her about it; so, one evening, when Miss Rabbit came home her mother said to her, "My child, you must not go out of this house, for as sure as you do, you will bring your mother's gray hairs down to the grave in grief; Bill Jones will be sure to try and kill you, as he has done your brothers and sisters before. And that big dog of his would as soon kill you as not."

But Miss Rabbit thought she was able to take care of herself, and commenced reasoning thus: "Mother, I can run just as fast as you can, and I can hear if danger should come near." "Yes, yes, my child, you have not the experience that I have gained by heart-breaking sorrow, and deep trouble."

After considerable talk, the child agreed to stop in in the house until the winter season.

THANKFULNESS.

BELOVED children, and lambs of the fold of Christ.—I have been thinking of the precious things you have in your possession, and the many more within your reach.—And desiring to see you benefitted by these gifts of God, I write a few words upon thankfulness.

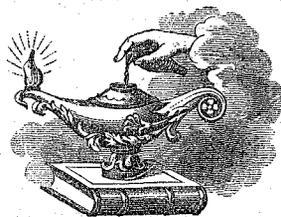
Which of you can find the commandment,— "Thou shalt thank the Lord thy God in all things." If you cannot find it, ask your Sunday School teacher where it may be found. I wish to inform you how you may have the disposition to thank the Lord in all things. First, consider how many good things are given to you. Secondly, remember that every good gift comes down from God, the Father of lights; and he delights to give good gifts to his children, who love and serve him. And lastly, after you receive these things, he requires an acknowledgment from you to him of the good things received, and of his kindness towards you, in that he gave you the things you so much needed. That you may do this acceptably before God, you should love and obey your parents; treat with great kindness your brothers, sisters, and friends; and never suffer yourself to become angry at an opposing circumstance, no matter what it may be. Now, my dear children, has God given you any thing that is good? Reflect and see. Have you plenty of good food to eat, and comfortable garments to wear? Have you kind parents, loving brothers and sisters, and peaceable friends? Who gave them to you?

Remember that all good things came from God; and in nothing can you offend him, or against none of you will his wrath be kindled, save those who confess not his hand in all things, and obey not his commandments.

There is one thing more for which you ought to be more thankful than all the rest. Ah! say

you, what can that be? Loving brothers and sisters, and peaceable friends, I will tell you:—"For God so loved the world, that he gave his Only Begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish; but have everlasting life." My dear children, what an expression of love was this; just think of it. The Son of God came down from heaven, underwent the trials, temptations and privations of this life, bore the scoffs, scorn, and persecutions of wicked man, wandered about upon the earth, bearing this testimony of himself: "I came not to do my own will, but the will of him that sent me." "Foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head."—Why did Jesus, our Savior, suffer all these things? That he might fulfill the work appointed him of his Father,—redeem mankind, that you and I might dwell with our Savior forever in the kingdom of our God. If you truly believe on the name of Jesus Christ, you will love him, and if you love him, you will keep his commandments.

J. R. LAMBERT.



THE LAMP AND THE BOOK.

THE Book contains the word of God; the Lamp is the Spirit which guides us into the knowledge of the Book.

As the lamp must be fed with oil, as you see the hand pouring it out of the bottle, so must we be fed with that spirit which will make us wise.

Little readers, the world had the Book, the Old Testament, before it had the Lamp of Christ, by which the law of the kingdom was made plain.

Without the light of the lamp the Book would be to us darkness and gloom; but with the Lamp, it is light and joy.

The Lamp must be trimmed, with oil in it, and a supply of oil in the bottle or other vessel, to be of use; for, unless we could have a light upon the lamp it would be dark and useless, and unless we had a supply of oil, when that which was first put in the lamp was burned up, our lights would go out and we be left in the dark.

Zion's Hope, keep your Lamps trimmed and burning, your Books open, and study to be approved, that you may always have a plenty of oil in your vessels.

T. T.

AN ESSAY ON SABBATH SCHOOLS.

AS an institution, the Sabbath School stands high among the best, in power, and usefulness.

Not only is it a place of enjoyment, but one of the greatest utility. Yes, more than this; it is one of the chief pillars in the supporting of civilized society; one of the chief engines in the establishment of right, and principle.

To what does the christian world owe so much in the spreading of gospel light, as to this assemblage of the children? Ministers may expound, disciples teach, but the Sabbath School excels them all, in the amount of good accomplished, and in its power for right.

And then, what an influence is thus exercised. It reaches to the hearts of the little scholars, and extends every-where almost, to a certain extent;

"From Greenland's icy mountains,
To India's coral strand;"

finding homes in dry and barren places, and in many a care-worn but joyful mariner securing staunch advocates.

With every individual whose life has touched upon the Sabbath School, there rests in sacred memory, sweet thoughts of sweet experiences.

As its individual influence is great, so is its national. The people are the nation, and if, through the workings of the Sabbath School morality is established, then is the basis of the nation secure; and the governmental union undivided.

This is the work and influence of the Sabbath School; but how much greater are its pleasures. Some know no sweeter joy, and none of us, I am certain, can help confessing that the gathering of the children is a glorious one. At Sunday School we sing joyfully and pray earnestly; we read God's word, and thus increase our knowledge; our teachers give us good to learn, and we are made happy in working for our future welfare. But this is not all, for each one discovers for himself, some peculiar balm in his attendance there. Teachers also are made glad in the fulfillment of their respective duties. In fact there are some, (and I have heard it expressed), who find no pleasanter place than with the little children at school, who are there learning to be valiant soldiers for Christ.

Every thing pertaining to the Sunday School, however, is not perfect. There are many features that in the continual progress, will be rendered improved and better; so that the powers and joys of the Sunday School will be more numerous and more strong; and, in the future day, when those who now teach shall be sleeping, and those who now study, shall be teaching, there will rest with all of us remaining, sweetest reminiscences of our childhood, and the Sabbath School.

S. BURGESS.

GOOD BEHAVIOR.

WHAT a beautiful and elegant subject we have here. How delightful it is to see the little girl or boy, at a very early period, behave good. Yes, even grown people may behave so as to gain a name that will last a long time.

The little girl or boy that prays every night and morning, reads their Bible sincerely, learns their lessons perfectly, and obeys their father and mother; who would say that that child did not behave good. Dear children, think what a benefit it is to keep the commandments of our dear Lord, and to love our neighbor as ourself—then, when we leave this earth, we will have earned the crown that is laid up for those that work righte-

ousness, and a seat in the celestial kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Have faith in God, and love one another, is what Jesus commanded. Children, do not quarrel with your little playmates or speak angrily to them; but be like the meek and lowly Jesus, who died upon the cross for you and me, that we might be saved. That we may be blessed with good behavior, is the wish of one that tries to do right.

LIZZIE.

THE "HOPE."

THE *Hope* is being well liked by all who take it. It would be very pleasing to think that the readers of it were willing to extend its circulation. It is just as easy to print five thousand as two thousand, and of course, the more we print the better we can illustrate it. Just think of that, little folks.

Uncle Jethro, noble soul, has offered a premium, some body has offered another; and now Thomas Thoughtful offers still another. To the boy, or girl, reader of the *Hope*, not over sixteen years old, who sends to the *Herald* office, before June 1, 1870, the best original composition, either prose or poetry, T. Thoughtful will give a pen and holder to cost not less than two dollars and a half in U. S. currency.

Uncle Mark to be the judge. The length, originality of thought, style of expression, and penmanship of each composition to be considered in awarding the prize. No composition to be entitled to consideration, that is not composed and written by the one sending it. So look out little readers, and give us the best you have.

In the next issue we commence the history of Velvetta Moth, illustrated by the Author.

NEVER BE HASTY.

WHATEVER you may have to do, never be hasty. Think about it carefully, and when you decide, do it earnestly; after you have decided, then work for the accomplishment of that which you wish to do, promptly and faithfully, but don't hurry.

Let others get into a stew, if they like; let them dash round without object or aim, but don't you do it. Let them push and run, hurry and fret, but you just keep cool, watch for opportunity to do good and—do it.

Never say "I can't," till you have thought it all over at least twice, and then say, I'll try.

You can't imagine what a lazy scamp I can't is. He is always in a hurry, and is always behind time, in fact is always in haste. Hasty men are usually in trouble of some sort, so are hasty women.

"Hurry is the mark of a weak mind, dispatch of a strong one."

Hasty tempers are always making amends for wrongs, if they are generous minds; if not they are too proud to do right.

So boys and girls be careful, never to be hasty.

T. T.

Original Poetry.



THE KINDLY.

Every kindly act we do
Memory loves to treasure,
Prompters of the good and true,
Light our path with pleasure.

Every kind impulse of soul
Towards a human creature,
Adds a drop to bliss' bowl,
Marks angelic feature.

Every pure and pleasant thought,
Every hallowed feeling,
Mingles nectar with each draught,
Fount of heaven revealing.

'Tis the music of the heart,
Sweet beyond expressing:
Who'd not happiness impart,
Thus repaid with blessing?

PLANO, Ill., Sept 15, 1869.

A RIDDLE.

Here and there we go,
Yet do not quit our place;
In winter's frost and snow,
Or in the summer's chase,
We toil away, or drove, or led,
Or sentry keep around our bed.

We're Jockeys at the Fair;
We play upon the stage
Cleaving the vacant air,
Amid the race's rage.
So hie we through the stormy years,
Disdaining both their smiles and tears.

In summersaults we plunge,
Yet ever stand upright;
Now making luckless lunge,
Now flying like a kite.
Thus "bobbing round," or drowned, or fired,
In double file, bemoiled and tired.

We fight the war of life,
Its battles and alarms,
'Treading through each strife,
Bearing still our arms.
Now what we are, and whence we came,
Our Riddle tell, and what our name?

A. S. H.

PLANO, Ill., Sept. 15, 1869.

ANAGRAM No. 4.

The stni n fue nigh t i rev secc,
SaW ltl pd-cccc, ckh-ci-daeccc d;
Nad B rghit fu ree h cmrr yead cer f;
Pa Hpy, ell tti ed-id-ee cak-he.

Thi w Up the stuf w kni foth neus,
D liw tt ll ie de-cep, hike-c-a-eddee;
No no tA, owt pyseel or fyua nfu,
Zy aL ll is tt-de-ccc-ca kih d.

F ul'si ak cit ewh nt hedyasienod,
Gsuontstuleeped, eedekidabc - - -;
T A ters rewhes telrac perseerc nur,
Yand Ga lyveli eec-dd-a-kchei.

T. T.

AN ACROSTIC.

John in a vision did behold
On Patmos' Isle in days of old,
Sweet angels coming here below
Endeavoring man to heaven show.
Proudly, through the wide space on high,
He sees one with the gospel fly;
Seeking one of lineage true,
Made known to him the way anew.
"Inform mankind," he then did cry,
"The hour of judgments now is nigh,
Heed ye the warning lest they die."
Then away to that brilliant shore
He winged his way—was seen no more.
Every one both far and near,
Must once this angel's message hear,
And then the Lord in might will come,
Reign in peace with his Saints at home.
Take heed ye men of wealth and fame,
Ye men of health, ye blind, ye lame,
Revere and trust his holy name.

T. J. S.

ENIGMAS.

No. 12.—I am composed of nine letters.
My 6, 1, 4 and 5 is a very useful animal.
My 3, 4, 5, 7 and 2 is what all children should be.
My 7, 8 and 9 once saved the human race.
My whole is the name of a writer in *Zion's Hope*.

K. B.

No. 13.—I am composed of sixteen letters.
My 9, 3, 13 and 8 is abundant in most parts of the United States.
My 14, 16, 12, 15 and 5 causes many to weep.
My 7, 15 and 4 is a beautiful color.
My 1, 15, 8, 5, 6, 7 and 4 is a town in Massachusetts.
My 4, 3, 16, 12, 15 and 13 is an Isthmus in America.
My 9, 12, 13 and 4 is what we should do when we are merry.
My 9, 10, 2, 15, 3 and 8 is what the gospel should be.
My 15 and 2 is the name of one of Jacob's grandsons.
My 14, 12 and 13 is intoxicating.
My whole is the name of the writer.

RUSTICUS.

ANSWER TO ANAGRAM NO. 2.

Little children lend an ear,
In the love of God appear;
Strive in goodness to excel,
That in glory you may dwell.

ANSWER to Enigma No. 8, is Tattle, Apple, East, Heat, Horse. The Apostle Peter.

ANSWER to Enigma No. 9, is More, Ore, Term, Home, Ether, Rome, Mother.

ANAGRAM No. 2 has been correctly read by Mary Edna Stiles, Emma J. Cubley, and Henry Corless.

ENIGMAS Nos. 8 and 9 have been answered by Katie Butler, Emma J. Cubley, and Henry Corless.

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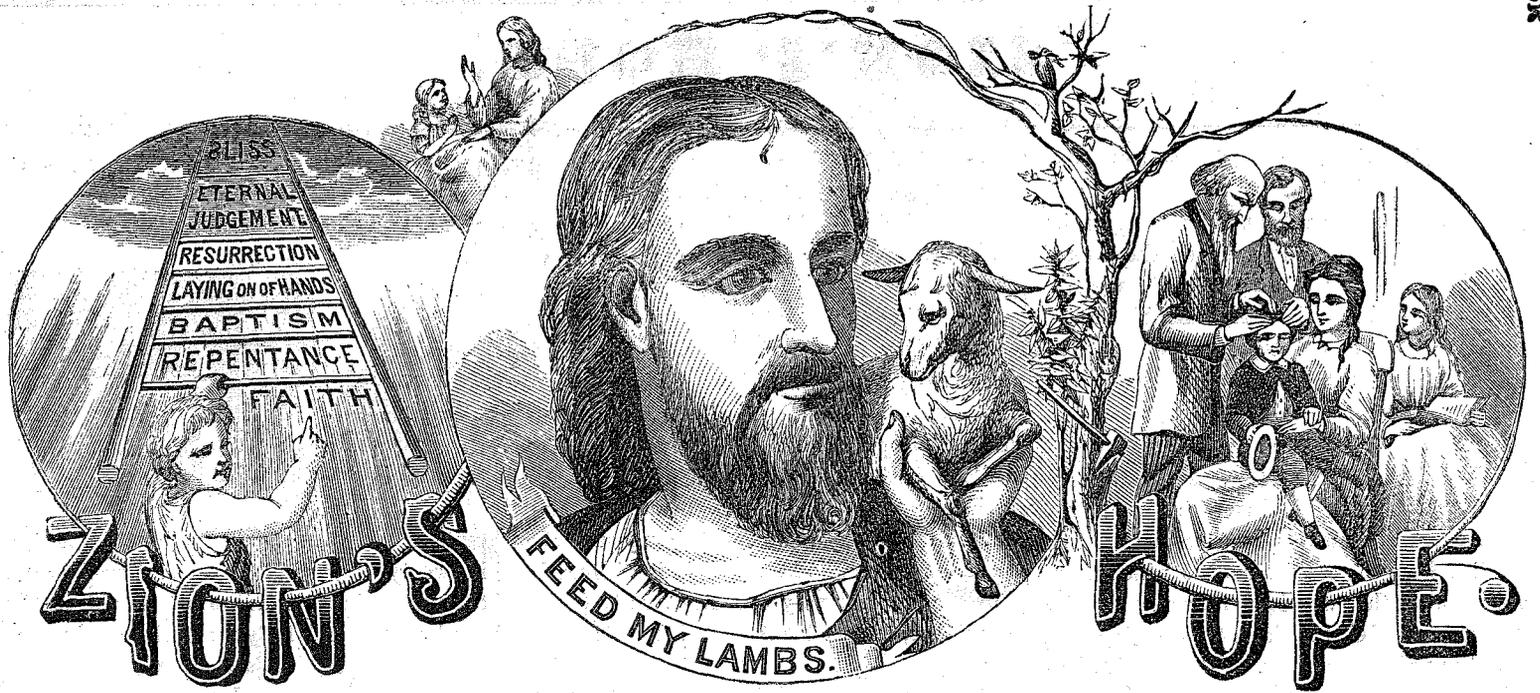
JOSEPH SMITH, - EDITOR.

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

Vol. I.

PLANO, ILL., NOVEMBER 1, 1869.

No. 9.



BROTHER AND SISTER.

THERE is one name given to the great Creator of heaven and earth, which above all other names is sweet to contemplate. It does not speak of him in his majesty as does the name Jehovah, but it steals into our hearts, like a sweet strain of music borne on the stillness of a starry night, and lingering in our thoughts, repeats itself there again and again.

"God is love." So wrote the beloved disciple. How many an aching heart, how many a sin-sick soul has cried, again and again, God is Love, as though all they might ever know of peace, hope, or joy, was embraced in those three words. Dear little children, who read the *Hope*, will you remember this sweet name of our heavenly Father; and while you remember it, remember also, that if ever you dwell with God and his holy angels, you must be like him.

Look at this brother and sister! How pleasant to see is the manifestation of that love, which it needs no words to tell you exists between them. George has been at work upon a drawing, and

now as Nelly comes in from the garden, with a beautiful rose fastened in her hair, looking so innocent and happy, how proudly he bends over her, that she may inspect his work, while Nelly, fond and proud of her brother, gives all her attention to that which interests him. It may be he has been sketching a likeness of Nelly, but it does not matter to Nelly what it is, because if it interests her brother, it interests her.

There is nothing in this world more beautiful to contemplate than the love of a brother and sister. No one ever sees a brother, who is kind, thoughtful for, and polite to his sister, without looking upon him with feelings of interest, and feeling very sure that he has that in him which will lead him to

make a man of himself; nor is the interest any less which is felt for a sister, showing in all her actions that she loves her brother.

How many of the little girls who will read this, have brothers whom they love? Do you know there are many pitfalls and dangers in this sinful world, in which the feet of your brothers may be ensnared? Strive to win them away from these dangers by your love. Charm them by your neatness and modesty. Win them by making yourself agreeable, and you may do this in many ways; but in no way more successfully than by interesting yourself in that which interests them. Cultivate your minds by reading and study, that you may become companions for them. If the evening hours hang heavy upon their hands, charm them with music, and they will soon lose all desire to leave home. Thus you shall save their feet from going in the ways of death.

Perhaps little Mary or Julia, who has brothers they love as fondly as Nelly seems to love hers, may answer,—Ah yes, Cora! we dearly love music; but then we have no melodeon nor piano. True dear girls, and many other loving sisters

like you have none either; but in common with them you have that most wonderful of all instruments—made by the great Creator himself, and which, if you will properly care for and cultivate, will produce sweeter music than any instrument ever made by man.

God wants your voices trained to sing his praise—they are wanted in your homes—the world wants them, that through their harmony the souls of men may be drawn near their Creator, and you want them, that with the redeemed you may at last join in the song of triumph and of praise to God and the Lamb. CORA.

SIN OF DISOBEDIENCE.

CHAPTER VIII.

BEAUTIFUL spring has fled, and summer too has passed, the autumn has fully come. Mrs. Rabbit has taken one of her rambles, and has stopped rather longer than she usually does.

Miss Rabbit became tired, and desired to go out, for it would be a great pleasure to her to skip about among the trees; but remembering the promise to stop in the house till winter, she hesitates whether to go or stay.

After a long thinking spell, Miss Rabbit made up her mind that she could take a little run around before her mother would get back, and mother would be none the wiser. Accordingly, out she went, and off through the wood to the garden. The covenant was broken, and she was gone but a few minutes, ere the mother returned.

CHAPTER IX.

Bill Jones had seen Miss Rabbit come down to the garden, and he went and called his dog Jack, and took up his gun and went out to kill her.

The king of day had set behind the western hills, casting a beautiful mellow light across the landscape.

The approach of night warned Miss Rabbit to seek her home, and no sooner did she move, than

did Jack give his master notice of the fact by giving one sharp bark.

Over the fence at one bound went Miss Rabbit; but her feet had but just touched the ground, when the messenger of death from the gun of Bill Jones ended the life of Miss Rabbit, leaving her mother, in her old age, to grieve over the death of her very disobedient child.

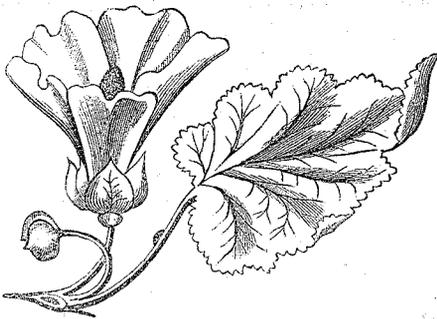
CHAPTER X.

Dear readers of *Zion's Hope*. In this fable we have plainly illustrated that sure and painful punishment will come to the disobedient. Let us not fail to keep the commandments which we receive of our Father who is in heaven. The first commandment of God to the little ones, is "Obey thy father and thy mother." Do you give heed to the voice of fathers and mothers? We trust so, and also to the teachers in your Sabbath Schools.

Let it be our high ambition to live in obedience, for disobedience to God is sin, and will bring to us death.

"So live, that, when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to peaceful dreams."

FELIX.



MRS. MOTH'S HISTORY.

CHAPTER I.

THE first thing I knew was a sense of warmth and a faint glimmer of light, such as might shine through a piece of oiled paper, and then I could move a little, and by and by a little more; then it grew warmer and I lay still and reflected.

I found myself closed in on all sides by a perfectly smooth, rounding surface, through which the light glimmered. Well I enjoyed it immensely, and moved, and turned, and twisted, and tried to stretch, but could not; my place was too narrow.

So I put my face against the side of my cell, and bit a little hole in it, then turning a little, bit again, and so continued doing until I had gone all round one end of it. This took a long time; and when done I was so tired that I did not want to move again for a long time.

In fact I must have been asleep, for all at once I woke up feeling lively and just in tune for a move.

So putting my head against the piece I had

bit round, I pushed, and with a snap it gave way, and out came my head, and in came the cool air, and the bright sunshine, giving me such a chill and dazzle, that I was glad to draw back into my shell, for such I found it to be.

By and by I got used to the light and air, and put out my head and looked all around. O! what a great big place it was all around; and what an insignificant *little* body was I, confined in my little yellow green shell, fastened to the stem of a mallows leaf, that was dancing above my head beside a beautiful crimson blossom; it made me feel as if I might tumble out of my shell, drop off the world and be lost. (So it is with us, dear children, we feel very important until we look around us, and find out how little and humble we are.)

After another nap, I crawled out of the shell, and found myself to be the tiniest white worm, of which six would not measure across your finger nail. I clung to the leaf-stem, for it danced about so in the breeze that I was afraid of being shook off.

Suddenly, down came a brilliant humming bird, and thrust his long bill into the mallows flower. His feathers shone with beautiful colors, but I saw the glitter of his black eye, and popped round the stem out of sight, frightened almost enough to pop out of my skin, as I had done out of the shell.

Well, after the bird had flown away on his humming wings, I crept up the stem onto the leaf, and going out to the edge, took hold with all my feet, (I had eight or ten pairs), and began my breakfast. Reaching out as far as I could, I bit piece after piece until I came close to myself again. Thus I went it, round after round, and such fun it was, until I had cut out quite a place in the leaf. Then I crawled under the leaf among the down, soft and pleasant, and went to sleep, and slept long and soundly.

VELVETTA MOTH.

PERSEVERE!

"Continual dropping will wear away a stone"

IS it not so? Have you not seen it illustrated in nature? Little by little great things are accomplished, but patience must be foremost in it all.

You see a hard-hearted, profane man, and you think he will never turn over a new leaf, but kindness will turn it, undertaken and persevered in continually, with a pleasant word dropped here and there.

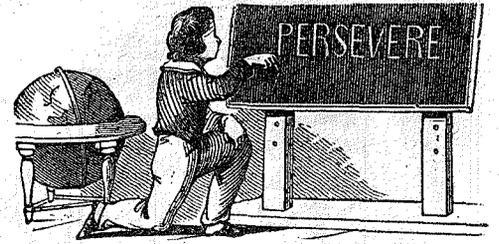
There is no sinner so lost, but what there is some tender spot, and if you cannot see any way to approach him, just lift your heart to Him who dwells above, and ask Him to remember the wayward one, and take him into His care.

Do not be discouraged in trying to do good; it will always accomplish something in the end, if you persevere.

If you see a little companion in trouble, try and help him out. Never laugh at him, but lend a helping hand in all cases, if it is only a finger at a time, God will bless you.

You all have more or less little money given

you, and perhaps you earn a little; if you put one cent away every day, you would at the end of the year have three hundred and sixty-five



cents, making over three dollars and a half; and if twenty of you did the same, it would amount to seventy-three dollars, which would distribute one hundred and forty-six copies yearly of your own little paper, *Zion's Hope*, which is as good a missionary as you could send out. Commence and persevere.

NELLIE.

STEPS UNTO HEAVEN.

DEAR young readers of *Zion's Hope*. I have just received the fourth number of your paper, and am much pleased with it, especially with its engravings.

Look earnestly at the engraved heading and it will teach you how to ascend the ladder that leads to bliss.

Here is a little child with its left hand hold of the first round, while the other hand points to the word "Faith." This teaches that before you can take this first step on the ladder, you must have faith.

Do you ask, what is faith? It is the belief of the heart in God's word, in the truth of his testimonies. Here is one of them: "I love them that love me, and those that seek me *early* shall find me." Do you believe this? That the great God loves every body that loves him—and that even little children who seek him earnestly, *shall* find him. If so, you must want to know more about God,—who he is, what he is, what he has done for you, and what he wants you to do for him. You will begin to search the scriptures, and to ask your parents and teachers about these things.

God is the Great Being who made the heavens and the earth, and all things in them. The glorious sun, and moon, and stars, that shine so brightly in the heavens; the trees, and grass, and flowers that beautify the earth.

He made man also, and placed him in the Garden of Eden. He gave him dominion over all the birds, and beasts, and fishes, and over all the things which He had made on earth, and gave him liberty to eat of all the delicious fruits which grew in Eden, except the fruit of one tree which He commanded him not to touch.

Man broke this command, and thus became a sinner. But God still pitied him, and gave him the promise, "The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head."

This "seed of the woman," was Christ, the Lord, the Son of God, born of the Virgin Mary, sent to fulfill his Father's promise to Adam.—Jesus obeyed God's law in his life, and then laid down that life on the cross, to redeem man from

death, and make him pure and holy again, to fit him to live with God and the holy angels. Oh! how much we ought to love so precious a Savior.

This same loving Savior who went up to heaven, after he arose from the dead, is soon coming again to earth, to destroy Satan and his works of sin, and death, and to make our earth a Paradise again, more beautiful than Eden.

When you have learned all these things, and think how good God must be, and how much he must love man, thus to be willing to give his own dear Son to die for him, to save him from sin and death, and bring him back to holiness and heaven, will you not my dear young readers enquire,—“What can I do to please God, so that he will love me; and raise me up to dwell in this beautiful world which Jesus is going to prepare for all who love him?”

If you are prepared to ask this question, you are just ready to take the first step on this ladder which leads to “Bliss,” and you may hear something about what is implied in that “first step,” when you hear again from AUNT LUCY.

JENNY LIND.

WE trust our readers will have become sufficiently interested in the very nicely executed portrait of Jenny Lind, and the sketch of her wonderful powers of song by Thomas Thoughtful, in our last number, to read with pleasure a short sketch of her life.

As long ago as the year 1821, in the city of Stockholm, a little girl was born, whom her parents called Jenny. The father and mother of Jenny were poor, hard-working people; and Jenny, as she grew in age and power of song, often cheered them at their hard tasks, by her sweet voice singing the little songs she learned from other children, and her trilling notes of melody caught from the birds as they warbled their sweet hymns of praise.

Jenny's parents were not able to have her taught in the science of music, but, through the influence of kind friends, she was admitted into the academy of music when but nine years of age.—She there made such rapid progress, that in a year afterwards, she appeared on the stage of one of the Stockholm theatres, and for two years acted in various juvenile parts.

About this time her voice suddenly failed her, but at the age of sixteen, it returned with increased sweetness and volume of tone.

She then applied herself diligently to its cultivation for a number of years, and from the time of her appearing on the stage again, her success is almost without a parallel.

In the year 1850 she visited the United States, and gave a great number of concerts; while there are very few places of note in Europe, but had

heard the sweet strains of the Swedish Nightingale, as Jenny was called.

In the year 1852, in the city of Boston, Jenny was married to a young musician by the name of Goldschmidt. From that time she sang no more in public, but the memory of her sweet voice will linger in the hearts of thousands who heard it, awakening in them noble purposes, and purer thoughts.

Do my little friends want to take a lesson to-day from this queen of song, as her pictured face looks at us so mildly from the page of *Zion's Hope*? It will be no hard task, nor an unpleasant one either.

Jenny was a poor child, but our heavenly Father, who is no respecter of persons, gave to her a sweet voice. If the little Jenny had not been diligent in cultivating the gift God had bestowed upon her, you and I, my little reader, might never have heard her name, and the world have been none the better for Jenny having lived in it; but by her diligence, she became a blessing to her kind.

During her stay in the United States, she bestowed fifty thousand dollars in public charity,



and like sums in both Sweden and England, when she was there, besides various sums she was constantly bestowing with her own hands upon needy individuals.

Think, little boys and girls, when you read this, to how many dying souls one hundred and fifty thousand dollars might send the gospel!—Think of the vast amount of good which such a sum of money might do, and remember that if God has given to any of you a talent, though it may not be such a talent as Jenny Lind had, still he will hold you responsible for the use of it, and the amount of good which you may be the means of doing, God only can know.

PAUL AND HIS PET LAMB.

ONCE read concerning a boy named Paul, who had a very happy home, and a fond and devoted mother.

One fine day he wandered away from home, with his constant companion, his pet lamb, at his side. Here, he gathered a fragrant blossom, there, a round smooth pebble. He continued his wanderings until he came to the foot of a steep and rugged hill. Forgetting the distance he was from home, and filled with a desire to stand upon the highest peak, he and his little lamb began ascending its rugged sides, and finally reached the highest point of the hill.

How beautiful! how grand! how glorious was the scene before him!

His native city, in the valley below, looked far more enchanting in the distance, than when he traversed its streets. Far away, but in view, was the mighty ocean, looking as quiet and calm as if a wave had never ruffled its bosom. In a word, the little world around him appeared so beautiful, so enticing, that his little breast was filled with intense longings to be a man, to be privileged to

partake of its pleasures and its gaieties—to go forth and battle with life—to carve himself a name upon the highest pinnacle of fame.

Filled with these desires, his heart throbbed violently, and for the time being, he felt his little body was but a cage which fettered his desires. He had even forgotten his pet lamb, which was standing quietly by his side.

Suddenly a thick mist descended upon the hill, obscuring the lovely scene from his view. He became confused, and knew not which way to descend. He was lost! far away from home, and on the top of a high rocky hill. Tears filled his eyes as he thought of his happy fire-side, and his loved mother, who would be anxiously awaiting his return.

As he thought of his condition he began weeping, and he sobbed so piteously that his little lamb turned and looked at him, and then, as if conscious of his little master's situation, gently pulled at the cord around his neck, the

other end of which Paul held in his hand.

The little boy, in his grief, heeded it not at first, but as the lamb continued his tuggings, he looked up, and then for the first time thought of his companion.

The happy thought came to his mind, “my little lamb knows the way down, I will follow its footsteps.”

He arose, the lamb leading the way, and he following it, trustingly, confidently, through the dense mist, down the steep hill-side, over jagged rocks, through heavy growth of underwood, down the winding, thorny path, until he reached his home in safety, and was clasped in the fond em-

brace of his loving mother, who had been anxiously looking for him.

Ah! how he loved his little lamb, and how rejoiced was he that he had trusted, implicitly, its guidance. Had he not followed it step by step, he might have perished among the hills. What a lesson can be learned from the story of Paul and his lamb!

Little children, the Kingdom of Heaven is your home, and Jesus is the Lamb of God, whose Spirit is ever near his little ones, to guide their little footsteps in the path which leads to a heavenly home. Like Paul, you often wander away from your known duty, longing to partake of the forbidden pleasures of this world. You toil on, year after year, wandering farther away, gazing upon some point, which is the highest in your little world. You gain this point; from there, all things around you wear the most alluring forms.

You forget that beautiful home which the Lamb of God has promised to those who follow him. Suddenly, the mists of sorrow and disappointment overtake you. All around looks dark and dreary, and now you feel that you have wandered far, far from home. Oh! turn now to the precious Lamb of God, who is ever willing to lead you by the soothing influence of his Spirit, to guide your erring footsteps into the valley of humility below. It will lead you through the dangerous and thorny pathway of life, down the steep rugged cliffs, across the deep streams and overflowing tides of trials, temptations, and persecutions, thro' the portals of your heavenly home, where your heavenly Father waiteth to clasp you in his fond embrace, and who is now watching your progress with a hundred fold more anxiety than your earthly parents can feel for you.

Great is the love the Lamb of God has for little children. Strive to show him your thankfulness, by being led by him in all things.

EMMA.

PRESENT AND FUTURE.

A FEW years hence, many of you will be laboring in the cause of truth; some as Elders, others as Missionaries, Sabbath School teachers, or superintendents, perhaps.—At the very least, we trust you will be noble, brave-hearted, christian men and women.

Now the seed is being sown in your hearts which will spring up, either in beautiful blossoms and fruit, to make your lives a glory and a blessing, or in dark noisome weeds, to render it a curse,—a blessing or a curse to yourselves, and to the world.

Be very careful therefore what kind of seed is allowed to take root within your hearts. Mind what books you read. All books are not good. Remember that a bad person often spreads the poison of a wicked heart bedecked in beautiful language, to entice you to ruin. Reject all books that give sin an air of pleasantness.

Be careful of your thoughts. Don't allow *evil* thoughts a moment's rest within you. They may come in spite of you, but you can drive them away, by rejecting them. Don't let wrong thoughts nestle in your hearts.

Your thoughts are your constant companions. Choose the best, and they shall entertain you well, and render you a blessing to the world.

LUTIE.

A PROPER STEP.—On one occasion when Nelson was about to give instructions for an engagement with a French fleet stretched out in imposing array before his own, he begged two of his captains to act together. The reply was, that they were not on speaking terms, and therefore could not act together. Nelson summoned them both to the deck of his flag-ship, and looking sternly and searchingly at them, he said, "Sirs, you are mistaken; you are brothers. There are your enemies. Shake hands, and act together as you ought for your country and your king."—They shook hands, and unity was crowned with victory. Because they were united they were triumphant. Surely christians should learn a lesson from this to act together against their common foes.

Original Poetry.



—From Lutie's Scrap Book.

INFLUENCE.

"Drop follows drop, and swells
With rain the sweeping river;
Word follows word, and tells
A truth that lives forever.

Flake follows flake, like sprites,
Whose wings the winds dis sever;
Thought follows thought, and lights
The realm of mind forever.

Beam follows beam, to cheer
The cloud a bolt would shiver;
Throb follows throb, and fear
Gives place to joy forever.

The drop, the flake, the beam,
Teach us a lesson ever;
The word, the thought, the dream,
'Impress the soul forever."

CHARADE.

Without my *first* the world would be
A gloomy vale of misery,
The flowers and trees would not be fair,
No birds would warble in the air.

Without my first my *second* would
Be never seen or understood,
It is the sunny side of earth
The want of which would bring us dearth.

My *third*, between four walls is seen,
A happy place where you have been,
'Tis nothing odd, nor strange, nor new,
But something known to all of you.

My *first*, my *second*, and my *third*,
Combine to form a compound word,
A place where old and young should meet
To offer incense pure and sweet.

ANSWERS.—As many of our little friends in California and other parts do not get the HOPE sufficiently soon to send an answer to the enigmas, anagrams, and puzzles, for publication in the second number after the enigma, &c., is written, we omit publishing any answers this time, and will hereafter give the answers in the third number after the enigma or puzzle is published, so that all may have a fair chance.

Send in your answers, little ones, and let us see how smart you can be.

ANAGRAM No. 5.

Lohsarc nad hetcear, ratpen, nidfre,
A tresc fro ruyo rea,—
Fi ouy ludwo veba rou secua dexnet,
Tle krsow thiw hftia rappae.
Het slit orf pohe dlhsou eb dacnisree,
Fi ew louwd ti niamniat;
Tel lal entai, dan hacc, ta stlea,
Eon wen ribsecrubs niag.

ENIGMAS.

No. 14.—I am composed of twelve letters.
My 9, 8, 11 and 4 is a species of the feathered tribe.
My 1, 2, 3 and 4 is useful in obtaining knowledge.
My 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12 is considered a stigma by some.
My 9, 11, 8 and 7 is what we all want.
My 10, 11, 8 and 12 is a heavenly body.
My 6, 5, 9 and 7 is what we need, attended with power.
My whole is an ancient history.

SALLIE.

No. 15.—I am composed of seven letters.
My 1, 3 and 4 is useful in a warm day.
My 7, 5, 3 and 2 is what some of our soldiers wear.
My 5, 3, 2 and 7 is what is convenient for traveling.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 is a country in Europe.
My whole is the name of my favorite writer in *Zion's Hope*.

No. 16.—I am composed of fifteen letters.
My 1, 12 and 7 are what the most of people have about their house.
My 2, 3 and 4 are what some become.
My 5, 12, 7, 8 and 11 are what we could not very well live without.
My 10, 6, 9 and 13 are what the most of farmers have.
My 15, 8 and 11 is a pronoun.
My 14, 11, 2 and 5 are the name of a bird.
My whole is the name of a branch of the church.

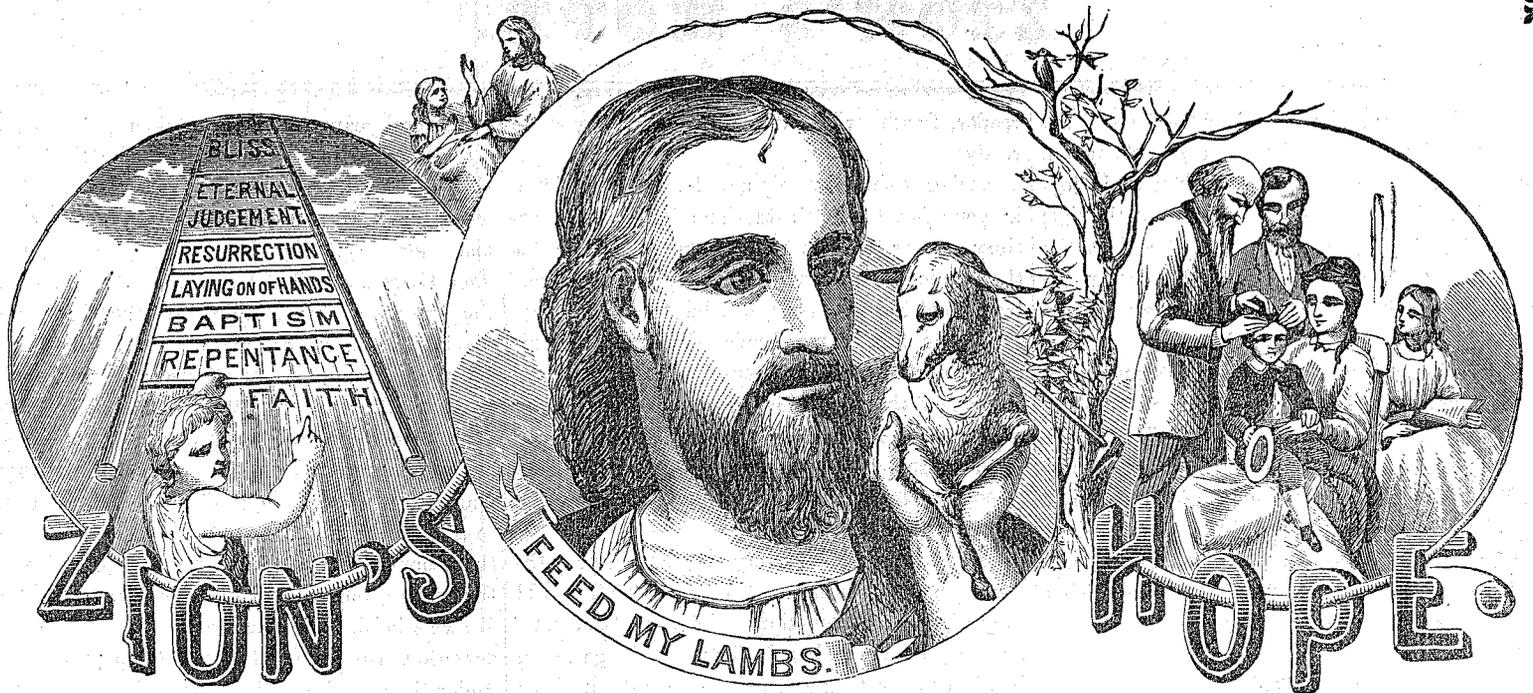
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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

Vol. I.

PLANO, ILL., DECEMBER 1, 1869.

No. 11.



LIFE'S SPRING-TIME.

PERHAPS as the little girls and boys open this number of the *Hope*, and look at this rather strange cut, they will wonder what it means. It may be the same thought floated through our own mind, as we took up the pen to write something which might prove interesting to you, about it. Well, let the wonder pass, since of one fact we are well assured, which is this, that not a single cut is given you in the *Hope*, which is not intended to fix in your young minds some great truth necessary for you to know—to teach you the great and useful lessons of the "life which now is."

The little girl we see, is standing in the midst of flowers. The roots of the tulip support her feet, though her weight bends its graceful stem. She clasps her little hands in perfect satisfaction, and as she looks earnestly into the distance, she sees not only the gorgeous tulip, with its rich, gay colors, but above it her fancy paints the gentle dove, swaying to and fro upon one of its stamens, while nearer, there blooms the fragrant pinks, and the little honey bees gather around seeking their store of sweet food.

Little girls and boys, is not this just such a picture as you have many times drawn on your slates? You each of you know perfectly well, that no little girl could so stand upon the flowers without breaking them; neither would the little dove come so near the child; nor out of the bosom of the tulip grows a stamen suffi-

ciently strong to support its weight.

What then! Why, only this, both your drawing and the picture is intended to teach you a useful lesson. In the spring-time of life, when the little heart is young and strong, the earth clothes itself in a thousand robes of beauty, seen only by the eyes of the young. To them, the fallen leaves over which they walk, are changed as by some fairy's magic into flowers of gorgeous hue, and the hum of the insect becomes to their ears as the melody of sweet singing birds.

"Life's Spring-Time." How busy the fingers of fancy are in each little brain! Busy, and what are they doing? They are garnishing. Yes little ones, these same fingers are wonderful artists, and while you are dancing on your way—now singing a merry song—now culling a nose-gay of early spring flowers, they are garnishing the walls of your young memories, with transcripts of what your fancy beholds.

But "stop a moment please," we hear you say. What is the meaning of transcript, and how can fingers of fancy paint them on our memories?

Have you never, after having looked on some beautiful object, seen the same object for days afterwards, whenever you have closed your eyes? Just think a moment before you answer, and when some such object presents itself to your mental vision, you then have a transcript of the object. It is this faculty of retaining in your minds what you see and hear, which is called

memory, and some wise persons have asserted that we *never forget* any thing we have once known. It is the testimony of persons who have been rescued from death, when life was almost gone, that in the brief space of but a few moments, there passed before their memory all they had ever known or done in their lives. Many things which they had supposed long since entirely forgotten, rose before them as if heard or seen but yesterday.

Beautiful flowers, an innocent dove, and busy little bees, make up the picture of our little dreamer. Should this picture come before her again, even in her dying hour, she would not fear to look upon it—it would bring no pain, for all is pure and innocent.

Is it the same with you, dear children? Are you very careful what kind of pictures you suffer your fancies to paint? Are you careful to avoid all unholy sights and sounds? Oh! never, never suffer your minds to dwell upon that which is impure. God loves that which is pure; and Jesus said, "Blessed are the *pure in heart*, for they shall see God."

It has been said that no great crime was ever yet committed, until the person who did the wickedness became familiar with his guilt, by thinking much about it before he did the wicked thing he intended. Beware then, little boys and girls, how you ever suffer an impure thought to dwell in your young minds; but in the Spring-Time plant the seeds of beauty, and in Summer-Time they shall spring up and unfold into sweet and beautiful flowers.

FRANCES.

LIFE'S REAPER.

LISTEN! 'Tis the sad-toned sound of autumn sweeping among the branches, and bearing the sere and fading leaves upon its chilling bosom to the ground.

How crisp the leaves are, and how they rustle beneath our feet as we tread among them, while still the wind goes sighing and sobbing its ever

mournful song among the leafless boughs. What a brown and sober garb the earth is putting on. The sweet song-birds have all hushed their joyous notes. Do they feel that this is not the time for singing? Are their little hearts sad at the change in their native woods? It may be; for who shall say that any of God's animated works may not suffer as well as enjoy!

The little readers of the *Hope* will remember the beautiful cut in the first number of their paper, "Summer Scattering Flowers." It was glad summer-time then, and every thing around you was bright and beautiful. Did you think then how swiftly those bright, beautiful days would pass, and the sober days of autumn come? Perhaps not; but old time for that did not delay his march one moment; did he?



Look at the beautiful, calm face of the figure in this number. "Life's Reaper." Ah! what is this? A sheaf of wheat fully ripe, neatly bound, and lying at her feet. See the sickle she is holding in her hand—bright and sharp—ready for its work.

When was this sheaf gathered in? Was it cut down in the glad, joyous spring-time; in the rich, mellow summer; or in the sad, wierd autumn days? It may not be in the power of any to answer, for this reaper of life works with a silent tread. Noiseless her feet pass by the threshold, and early she brushes the dew from the grass of the fields. It may be that some of it was gathered amid winter's chilling frosts.

No, no; answers little Bennie, Charley and George. Wheat dont grow in winter, at least the grain dont fill out like this—she didn't gather it in winter.

Not too fast boys—let us first ask what kind of wheat this is?

What kind, why it is just such as grows in our fields—just such as we help pa-pa to harvest every summer!

Yes; the picture is a representation of wheat—real, genuine wheat; but the wheat itself is intended to *represent* something; and it is to this we wish to direct your attention.

It is now glad spring-time for you. The blood of youth courses freely through your veins. Your hearts beat high with life and hope, and every season of the year brings for you its own peculiar joys and sports. Do you ever think that the summer of your lives will pass away, and the sad days of autumn will surely come? The silent

reaper, Death, will call for you. Will you be ready?

Spring is the time to plant the seeds of virtue in your hearts; cultivate them in the summer-time; garner them in the autumn, and then, let the reaper come when he may, you will not tremble at his summons, but be willing to obey.

See the full, plump heads of wheat. We almost know the grain is sound and fair; so, dear readers of the *Hope*, may your every action be noble, pure and good, that when the Lord sends forth his reapers to gather out the wheat from among the tares, you may be found worthy to be gathered with the wheat.

"Time's Reaper" is every day and hour gathering up your actions. Are they wheat? Will they when bound together make a beautiful sheaf like the one we see here? They will be gathered in winter as well as in summer or autumn days; let every one then be fit for the Master's garner.

CORA.

THE MORMON BOY.

WHEN Joseph arrived at the house, his father asked him the cause of his sorrow.

"Oh, father," groaned he, "I don't want to go to school any more. Those great wicked boys tease me all the time. They call me 'the Mormon boy,' and say that I am a coward. Every time they speak of you they say 'old Mormon Brown,' and yesterday they told me that when little sister Ollie got big, she would be a spiritual wife to Brigham Young. And more, they say all the Saints will steal, when this very evening they took all the apples I had bought with that money I earned."

"I know, my son," said Mr. Brown, "how hard it is to bear such things. I have experienced just such myself, but have found the best and safest way is to trust all to God, bear all trials patiently and with humility, and return not evil for evil, or reviling for reviling."

"Yes father," continued Joseph, "I know, but I am not a coward, neither am I a thief."

"Very true," again said Mr. Brown, "neither was Christ a glutton or a wine bibber, yet was he called both. You should try to imitate his example as far as you can. Be patient and humble, and pray for your school mates, and I am assured the time will soon come when you will be rewarded for so doing; and those who persecute you be made ashamed."

Joseph took his father's good advice, and resolved anew to bear all his trials in patience and humility. For about five weeks he succeeded tolerably well, but at the end of that time, new scholars having begun to come in, his trials commenced again, greater than before. All manner of hard names were given him, especially that of coward, when he refused to join their wicked and foolish sports, and often instead of "the Mormon boy," he was called "the coward." He had begun to think seriously again of leaving school, when a terrible accident happened, which completely turned the tide of persecution, and made quite a little hero of him.

Not far from the school house stood an old frame factory building, which had remained idle

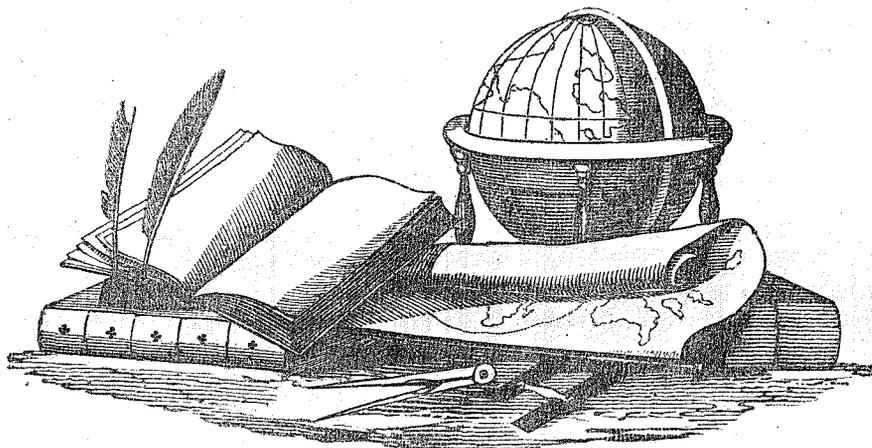
for several years. This was taken possession of by the boys, and a large room on the third floor they used as a play house. The lower rooms were filled with old lumber, shavings, broken machinery, &c. At the time of the accident, Jack Gray, Peter Twist and Alfred Lee were in the play room above, while the other boys were playing on the ground near the door. One little fellow about nine years of age, had got hold of some matches, and was striking them against the wall. He carelessly threw one inside the door among the dry shavings, and before any of them had noticed it, the whole of the lower room was in a blaze. They at once gave the alarm to the three boys above, who had just formed a plan for throwing a bucket of dirty water down on Joseph Brown's head. They had scarcely collected their thoughts, when the fire burst into the room just under them, and completely cut off their retreat. Seeing their perilous situation, they began running wildly around, and to call loudly for help. An old lame man, who was working near by, came at once to the place, but could see no way for the boys to escape. He thought first of getting a quantity of straw and placing it under the window, so they could leap down on it, but before the straw could be obtained, the whole building, with the boys, would be burned up. He devised several other plans, but abandoned them at once, because they could not be carried out. At length he noticed that there was a tall, limbless tree standing about twenty feet from the building, and in front of the window. He thought it possible for a person to climb the tree with a rope around his body, bend the tree top over towards the window, and then throw the rope in to the boys; they could tie it to a beam near by, and descend by it to the ground. The plan appeared a good one, but who would be the one to climb the tree? Who dare try such a perilous experiment? Every heart grew sick, and every face pale at the very thought. The one attempting it might fall and be dashed to pieces, or the building might fall and crush him to death. The old man could not, and none of the others dare venture. At this moment Joseph Brown, who had been at the other side of the building, trying to push a long pole up to the boys, came around where the others were, and heard the old man's plan of climbing the tree. He was an expert climber for one of his age, having had much experience in his plays with the boys. This he knew. So, at once, he concluded to make the attempt. His heart yearned for the boys; besides, he saw it would be a chance to stop the mouths of those who had so cruelly persecuted him, and show them that if he was a Mormon he was not a coward. Seizing a rope that lay under an out shed, he threw the coil over his head, and in an instant was climbing up the tree. Every eye was now fixed upon him, and every heart beat high with hopes for his success. He soon reached the top in safety, then swaying it to and fro, he brought himself near the window, and with a strong effort, threw the rope in on the floor. The boys had presence of mind enough to tie it to the beam, and in less time than it takes to relate it, all three of them were safe on the ground below. Jack Gray was so happy at his escape, that he threw his hat into the air and

shouted at the top of his voice, "Hurrah for the Mormon boy." All the boys that had ever done him an injury came and asked his pardon, and from that day Joseph Brown was a universal favorite. This was not all; they were now willing to listen to his simple story of the gospel renewed, and hearken to his teachings. Three weeks had not passed away, when Jack Gray, Peter Twist, and another boy, were baptized for the remission of their sins.

Children, never be ashamed of or deny the religion of Jesus. If you are persecuted and called hard names, remember the time will come when you will triumph. Ever be faithful, prayerful and humble. Return not evil for evil, revile not again, and be kind to your enemies. Remember "The Mormon Boy." T. J. S.

EDUCATION.

KNOWLEDGE is power. We are commanded to obtain knowledge. Children, would you like to have power to do good?



Obtain knowledge. Would you like to be an ornament to society, and a joy to your friends?—Obtain knowledge.

The best way to acquire knowledge is from teachers. Many very great men, however, have had no teachers; they have depended on books, and their own observation; such are called *self-made* men.

In ancient times, those who were desirous of obtaining knowledge, would attach themselves to wise men, capable of teaching them.

Greece was the country most famous for great teachers. The teachers there were called philosophers—lovers of learning. They taught their disciples by conversing with them—usually, in the open air.

These philosophers differed much in their views, and the followers of each were called a school. Socrates was called one of the greatest of them, and he had a pupil called Plato, who also was very great. Plato taught Zenophon, who also became great.

The ancient system of teaching would not be suitable for the present time. Knowledge has increased so much, that one man cannot teach it all, and scholars have become so numerous, that it is now necessary to have colleges, and a great many teachers.

Many inventions have been made to aid scholars in obtaining an education, inventions not

known in ancient times. The picture represents a globe and blank-books. The ancients had no books, such as ours, and no paper. They used the skins of animals for writing on. This writing material was called parchment, and as it was commonly rolled on a round stick, and unrolled as read, it was also called rolls. The picture contains a representation of a roll.

The ancients did not have globes. They did not know that the world was round, yet they thought themselves very wise; so wise, that when Paul the apostle went to Athens, in Greece, to teach the people, they deemed him ignorant, and said: "What will this babler say?"

The globe is very interesting to study. It represents the seas and countries as they are upon the earth. There is no branch of study better adapted to children than geography.

Geography is a description of the earth. Children are always desirous to know about places they have not seen, and this study is easy for them. I would advise them to study geography and such things diligently while young, so that when they become older, they will have time for

other things. There is another reason I would give them. God, who formed them, has commanded us to study his works, and it is necessary for us to obtain a knowledge of countries and kingdoms.

I have said that the philosophers of old did not know that the earth was round. They did not travel much in those days. They did not know that such a country as America existed. That was discovered only about four hundred years ago. You doubtless all know that America was discovered by Christopher Columbus. He had learned by study that the world was round; and he knew that if he sailed toward America, and did not find land, he would sail around to Europe again without turning back. And then, too, he had read the Bible, and learned from that that there might be such a country. A book has recently been found, in which Columbus had noted the passages in the Bible that teach this fact.

A great many islands have been discovered since Columbus discovered America. Some small ones have been discovered recently; but it is not probable that many more will be found, especially as no search is being made for any.

But there is one country, at least, that is not known. Would you like to know where? It is at the North Pole. That is the only place left now in all the world for adventurous search.—Within a few years past men have gone with

ships far up among the icebergs; and then leaving the ships, have gone in sledges, drawn by dogs, beyond the ice region, to where is an open sea, and a warmer climate.

Next year another ship will sail for that far-off region, and it is expected that a new country will be found, and the map on the globe be rendered more complete. But a few years probably, and there will not be written on any part of it, "Unexplored Region," and the boys that are now growing up will have a smaller field for adventure of this kind than their fathers have had; but they need not care, for matters of greater interest will be reserved for them, of which I may tell them at other times. UNCLE LEUMAS.

SWEARING!

IT'S no use trying to urge me, John Jones, by George, I will not go.

Charlie, Charlie! what do I hear? Who are you swearing at?

Oh! dear mamma, how could you think that I was swearing? No, indeed, I was not. I would not swear for the world. Why, mamma, my Sabbath School teacher says it is wicked to swear, and God will not love the wicked; and you and papa said it was wrong to swear.

Yes my dear, it is wrong, and that is why I wish to teach my son, to always try and do that which is pleasing in the sight of his Heavenly Father.

But, mamma, why did you say that I was swearing?

Because, my son, I heard you swear in your reply to that boy.

Oh! mamma, he wanted me to go with him, and I would not go, because he is a bad boy.

That was perfectly right; for "If sinners entice thee, consent thou not." But you should have answered him mildly, and not have got angry, so as to cause you to swear.

Oh! mamma, I said nothing but "by George," and that's nothing. Why, Mr. Jones, the minister, says "by Jove;" and I often hear the deacon say "by Jingo;" and they don't mean any thing, for they would not swear, and I cannot tell the difference between saying "by Jove," and "by George."

There is not any material difference in the meaning of the words, and one word is as good as another for that use, although usage makes some words appear more harsh and unrefined in the ears of good society than others, therefore they adopt another word, but it is all the same, only a more refined way of swearing.

Oh! mamma, why do you call it swearing?

Because Jesus calls it swearing.

Why, mamma, who told you so? I never heard it before.

Perhaps not, Charlie, therefore bring the Holy Scriptures, and read and be convinced for yourself, for that is the surest way to come at a knowledge of the truth. Turn to the book of Matthew.

Mamma, you are mistaken, it's not there! I have read the book of Matthew through twice, and I never saw it.

I do not doubt that, my son; at least you did not realize the importance of the word you read. But you will learn as you grow up to manhood, that it is not the quantity of reading that is going to impart knowledge and understanding to the reader; but getting a correct understanding of what is read. Open at the 5th chapter, and carefully read over the 38th and 39th verses.

"But I say unto you, swear not at all; neither by heaven, for it is God's home; nor by earth, for it is his footstool; neither by Jerusalem, for it is the city of the great king; neither shalt thou swear by thy head; because thou canst not make one hair white or black; but let your communication be yea, yea; nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than these, cometh of evil."

Now, Charlie; I hope you understand what you have been reading. Our blessed Savior was setting forth some of those precious principles of truth and righteousness, he wished his hearers to govern themselves by. Endeavoring to teach men the necessity of refraining from the use of all vain and superfluous words, as they lead to destruction and death.

Indeed, mamma, I did not know before, that the using of such words was swearing, but I will pray to God to forgive me, and I will never do it again.

That is the surest way, son, to gain forgiveness, not to sin again, for that shows true repentance.

Why, mamma, it was but yesterday, I told John Jones not to swear, or he would never get into the kingdom of God; for our Heavenly Father would not have swearers in his kingdom. And I myself was guilty of doing the same thing, only that he used one word which men call swearing, and I used another word that Jesus calls swearing; so, mamma, I must be accounted in the sight of Jesus, the worst of the two.

The word used makes no difference to the ear of Jehovah; the principle is the same. Had Jesus mentioned every word the Lexicon contained, such is the perverse nature of man, that he would have tried to invent another word to swear by, rather than submit to be governed exclusively by the law of God. The words contained in the 37th verse, forbid the using of words contrary to sound doctrine. Learn to speak wisely.

ELIZA.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ALTA Corless writes us a note requesting a column of the HOPE for the children to correspond with each other in, and sends us the following letter which we publish under the head of "correspondence." Should Alta's wish be generally endorsed, and our subscribers write for us to continue this column, we shall be pleased to do so, for none love better the simple language of childhood than the Editors of ZION'S HOPE. If our little ones desire this column, we must be allowed to take out of their letters what we think will not be good, before we publish them. Let us know your wishes on this subject, little ones.

ALTA'S LETTER.

Dear Readers of the Hope:

I was baptized when I was eight years old.

There are several children in our branch that were baptized the same time that I was. Young as I was, I had to endure some persecution from my little playmates; but all tried to live good and faithful. When we met together, we would have our little prayer meetings; we used to enjoy ourselves very much. I am now eleven years old. We were more faithful, I will acknowledge, than we are now; still we have a great deal to encourage us to live right. I will tell you what was given to us by the Spirit, one evening, in a prayer meeting:

"Ye children of the kingdom,
Your worth is yet untold,
You are as costly jewels,
Like diamonds set in gold.
Be faithful in your places,
Always be meek and mild,
And follow the example of
Christ, the lovely child."

There was one more verse given to the children that we did not retain. There was one verse given to the parents, too. I will write it:

"Unto you who are parents,
And also heirs of heaven,
Into your care and keeping,
These little buds were given.
Be careful how you train them,
Don't let them go astray;
But by precept and example,
Teach them the narrow way."

ANAGRAM No. 7.

Fresfu tellit hilcredn ot moce tuno em dan difrob
meth ton, rof fo chus si het godknim fo neahev.

ENIGMAS.

No. 19.—I am composed of eleven letters.
My 5, 2, 3, we all are compelled to do.
My 11, 2, 8, is a small animal.
My 6, 7, 8, 3, 10, 11, is good for food.
My 1, 4, 8, 10, is a boy's plaything.
My 11, 10, 5, 9, is done by drunkards.
My whole is the name of the one who composed this
enigma.

No. 20.—I am composed of nineteen letters.
My 1, 5, 3, 4, 11, 6, is a measure.
My 8, 2, 6, 7, is used by brick makers.
My 19, 11, 10, 8, 13, is a domestic animal.
My 12, 16, 4, 13, is an article worn by ladies.
My 18, 15, 16, 17, 13, is a kind of bird.
My 9, 3, 11, 12, 13, is an article of very common use.
My whole is the name of a branch of the church.

ANSWER TO ANAGRAM NO. 4.

The funniest thing I ever see
Was little pedee chick-a-de-dee,
Bright and cheerful merry and free,
Happy little chick-a-de-dee.

Up with the first wink of the sun,
Wild little pedee, chick-a-de-dee,
At noon too sleepy for any fun,
Lazy little chick-a-de-dee.

Full's a tick when the day is done
Gluttonous pedee, chick-a-de-dee.
At rest where scarlet creepers run,
Gay and lively chick-a-de-dee.

No answers have been received.

ANSWER to Riddle.—Wheels of a vehicle.
Answered correctly by Katie Butler.

ANSWER to Enigma No. 12 is Mule, Clean, Ark, Uncle Mark.

Answered correctly by Hannah Kay, Emma J. Cubley, Alice Moore, Katie Butler.

ANSWER to Enigma No. 13 is Sand, Grief, Red, Bedford, Darien, Sing, Spread, Er, Gin, Bradford Springer.

Answered correctly by Emma J. Cubley, Katie Butler, Hannah E. Kay.

WHERE are Ida and Lillie? Children; do not grow weary in well-doing.

PREMIUMS.—To each person that will send us the names of 25 new subscribers at 45 cents each, or 15 new subscribers at 50 cents each, we will send a new Hymn Book.

To the one sending us the largest list of new subscribers to commence with January 1, 1870, we will send, in addition to the above, a Book of Mormon, or any of our works of equal value, or of greater value, on receipt of the difference. The money must invariably accompany the order.

Who will get the prize for the best Acrostic on the New Year, to be published in the HOPE of Jan. 1, 1870?

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENTS.—"E. S." Your riddle is too old. We want such only as are not common.

Katie. We do not find any answer from you to Anagram No. 2, on our file.

CONTRIBUTIONS.—Original contributions suit us much better than copied ones; but when a contribution is copied, we hope our correspondents will be thoughtful enough to state that it is a copied article, and if known, state who the author was. To copy the composition of another, and sign the name of the copyist, as though the copyist were the author, is as dishonest as to appropriate any thing else belonging to another person, and claim it as our own.

THERE are many who have recently subscribed to whom we were compelled to omit sending No's. 1, 2, and 8, at our last mailing, who desired the HOPE from No. 1. We cannot send any issued prior to No. 10, after this.

ERRATUM.—In the article on "Indian Ancestry" in the last HOPE, it is stated that Laman was the second son of Lehi; it should read *firstborn* son.

UNCLE MARK.

ZION'S HOPE

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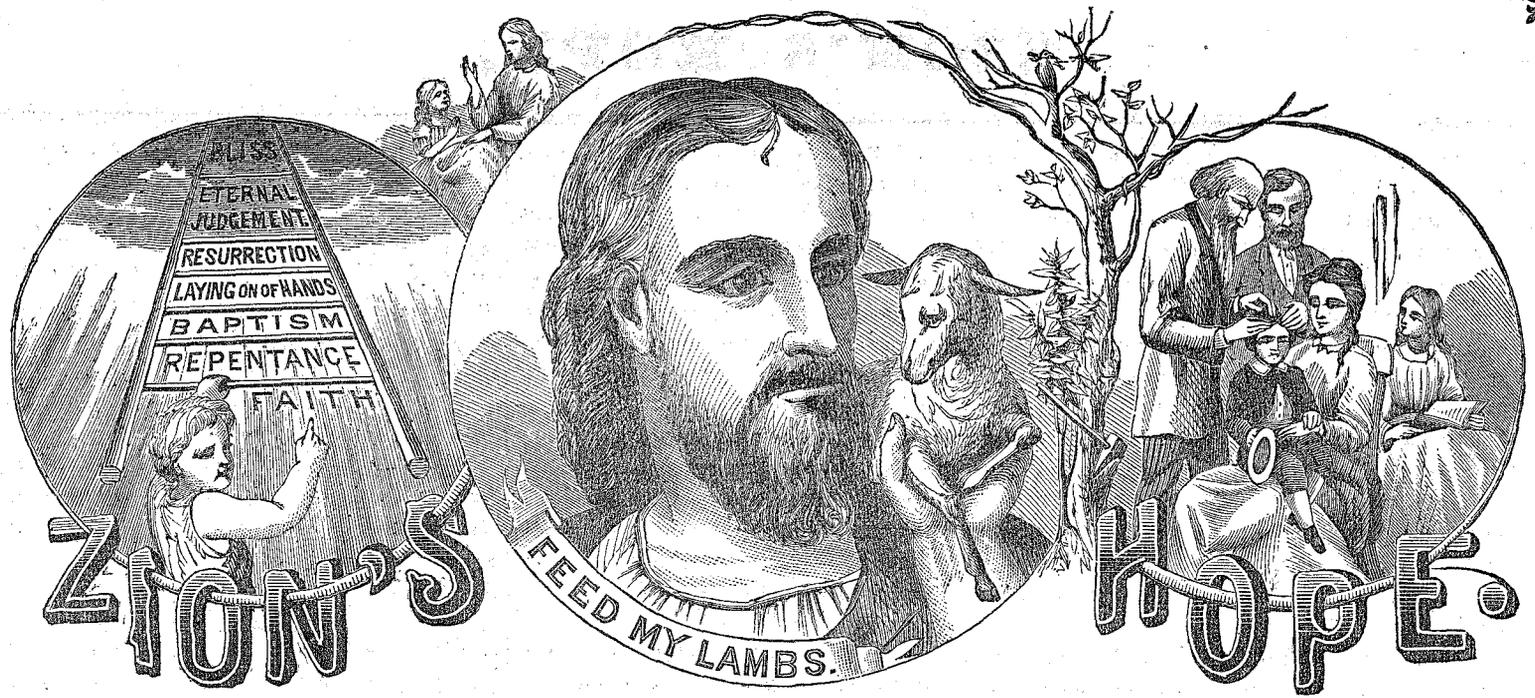
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POSTAGE is required by the new postal law, to be paid at the office of delivery.



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

Vol. I.

PLANO, ILL., DECEMBER 15, 1869.

No. 12.

SANTA CLAUS!

THE thoughts of childhood's long happy hours on Christmas eve and Christmas morn, are well represented in our kind-hearted Santa Claus' salutation, "A Merry Christmas to you all."

The stockings are hung up near the fire-place or the stove on Christmas eve, and every little wonderer is imagining what they will find in them on Christmas morning.

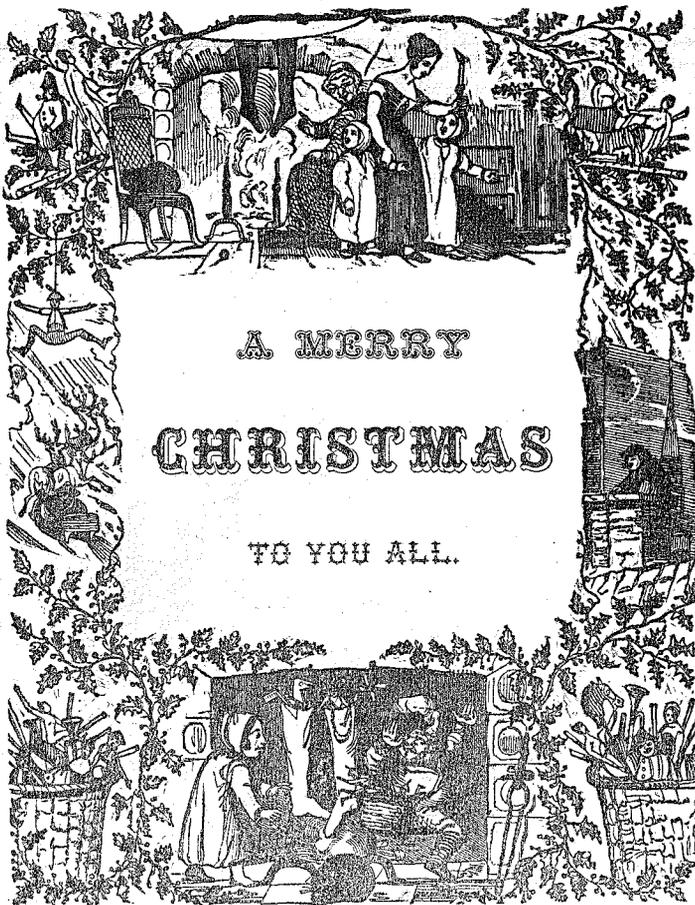
"Early to bed and early to rise," has often sounded strangely, but it sounds pleasantly to-night. Early to bed to-night, and give Santa Claus time to bring the Christmas presents, for this is Christmas eve. To-morrow morning, no sleepiness; but waiting for chanticleer to crow his first cheerful good-morning to apprise us of the dawn of day.—"Early to rise" will be a pleasure.

Christmas morning! Oh, how children love the name. It is associated with a thousand pleasant thoughts.—Why, even now, while writing this, I feel almost a child's warm heart-throbings at the thoughts of merry boyhood's days, and though the stern cares of life call me to more sober pursuits, I yet see pictured on the canvass of memory, that which makes me in spirit a child with the darling ones of Zion's Hope.

We have heard that Santa Claus comes in a sleigh drawn by rein-deer. Our fancies have pictured him as we see him on the left of our engraving driving with the speed of the deer's racy fleetness; and as on the right of our picture, about to descend the chimney and fill the stockings hanging at the top of our picture, just being left by the two little girls in their night dresses, hurrying off to bed to dream of his coming and gifts; and as on the bottom of our picture, taking his flight up the chimney, after having filled the stockings with

such curious things as Santa Claus only has been supposed to deal in; and we have wondered who and what Santa Claus is.

Each child wonders how it is that Santa Claus knows so well just what would be most liked, and how he can travel around so fast and so far as to fill the stockings all over the world in one night.



Some of our little bright-eyed hopes can tell.—

That he is not a real but a fabulous personage; that no such a being as Santa Claus actually exists; that our Christmas gifts find their way into our stockings in some other than the manner suggested in the picture, some tell us, what think Zion's Hope of the matter? Who will write us the best and most truthful explanation of this mysterious visitor, and his strange gifts? M.

LATE TO MEETING.

WHY Uncle Luke, you are as serious about my being late to meeting as though I had committed a real sin; such as going to a ball, breaking the temperance pledge, or getting angry and saying naughty words. Why bless my life, almost every one is late at some time or other! I don't see any sin in it."

"That, my dear, is why I am so serious.—People do not reform until they are first 'pricked in their hearts,'—convicted of sin. Could you but see your fault, I should be at ease, trusting to your own good sense and love to God to accomplish the rest," was the kind response of Uncle Luke.

"I am sure, uncle, I do not feel as guilty as you seem to think me. Will you please to tell me what commandment I have broken, or in what my sin consists?" was Miss Ellen's somewhat petulant rejoinder.

"My child," said Uncle Luke, solemnly, "you must bear with me, and believe that the giving of this reproof is as painful to me as the receiving of it is to you. But you do not like to see your big doll with a dirty face, torn panties, or a crumpled dress, any more than I dislike to see my own pet big doll, indolent, vulgar, and I was near saying, impious!"

Poor little Ellen! she could bear no more; but gave vent to her feelings in sobs and tears. But they were not tears of penance, as you will learn from her rude and passionate rejoinder.

"O, Uncle Luke, however can you talk so?—Indolent! Were I like some girls whom you know, seldom out of bed on Sunday morning, when I am gathering children to take along to school, nor scarcely dressed in time for evening meeting, you might talk. And as to being vulgar, indeed! Did I talk as loudly in company as

old Peggy Gant; or paint, and wear as many flowers, ribbons and flounces as Miss Prim; or when eating, smack my lips and make as much noise as a horse champing, like Bill Dobson; or did I make a noise when supping my milk and water at tea, like a tinker dining on hot soup; or did I, like somebody else I could name, when eating, put the sharp edge of my knife into my mouth, frightening everybody at table, making them fear that I should cut myself;—and even Lotta Hopkins, whom you set up as a pattern for me to go by, I noticed that she kept the company at her birthday-party waiting dinner ten or fifteen minutes, while she was brushing and fixing;—were I like any of those persons, you might say vulgar."

Poor, dear, proud-spirited little Ellen! She sobbed louder than ever, so great was her mortification at being thought vulgar.

"Now, father, please to take a walk in the garden and leave the child with me," said the good wife, who was sitting in the corner, vainly trying to make her knitting-needles keep pace with her niece's tongue; but had, hitherto, been too much astonished to interfere.

"Come here, my child. Come sit on this stool and lay your head on my lap, and let me comfort you; come."

Although Miss Ellen was fifteen years old, yet was she little, considering her age. Her aunt and uncle had but one child of their own, Charles Henry, a boy five years older than Ellen, and both son and parents had so loved and petted her, and sought to gratify all her wants, that she was treated as a child still, and so she was a child, and to be crossed, nearly broke her heart. But she had a heart, as every one knew who knew her at all; and nearly every body loved her.

As only those who are really wicked nurse their anger, little Ellen, who was really kind, could not long keep down her better nature, because it was her real nature.

When her aunt repeated her soothing invitation, Ellen arose, and crossing the room, caught sight of her good old uncle's face in the garden, the grieved expression of which carried remorse to Ellen's heart, and, but for her aunt, Ellen would have gone at once and begged pardon, accusing with as little mercy herself, as she had recently displayed towards her neighbors.

"O, dear aunty," came from the impulsive little woman, as her bowed head rested on aunty's lap, "I am so very wicked, I fear uncle will never like me again. But I will try and never be late to meeting again," sobbed Ellen, as penitent now, as she was unreasonable before.

"My child," began Mrs. Mason, soothingly, "your uncle was to blame for not explaining to you. But you see how deceptive self-righteousness is; how constantly we need to rely on the Almighty for strength; and how the words of scripture are verified: 'He that thinketh he standeth, let him take heed lest he fall.'"

"Let me try to explain what I think to be your uncle's meaning. If you have an engagement to meet a friend at a given time and place, and you are thirty minutes or an hour tardy in filling your engagement, you certainly owe an apology to that friend; and except you could adduce very satisfactory reasons for delay, your friend is just-

fied in concluding that you are very indolent, or else that your respect for them is very small.

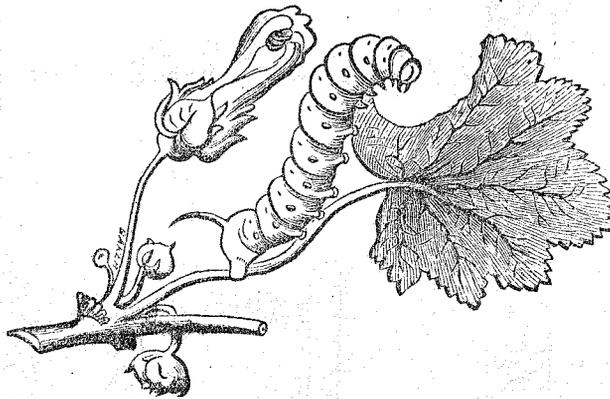
"Just so it is with us and God. When we get baptized and confirmed into the church, we make an agreement with God to do his will. We are commanded not to neglect the assembling of ourselves together; and Jesus has promised, where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them."

"If it is wrong to break an engagement with man, how much more so to break one with God! If being tardy in filling an appointment with a friend, is slighting him, and is wrong, how much more to slight Jesus, our blessed Redeemer, who has promised to meet with his people every time, even to the end of the world.

"As for your being vulgar, I don't know what father could mean, except it was about your coming into meeting with a new cloak on, after every body was seated; which did look a little as though you took some pains to show it. And if my recollection serves me right, on entering the church, you coughed, and then walked rather heavily across the floor, which I don't think you meant at all, dear, but it did look like vulgar display for all that. But there, that will do. Dry your tears and I will call father in, and you shall make it all up, and be friends again."

"O, I can't see uncle to-day," said the now conscience-stricken little penitent, "I have been so very naughty, I don't know what to do, I am so ashamed of myself. I will go to my room and hide all the evening."

"No you won't do any such thing," said Uncle Mason, who, entering the house at that moment, had heard his darling's words of confession and repentance; words which had removed a load from his loving heart, and filled him with so much joy, that he could express himself, only, by picking up his pet in his arms, and covering her with kisses, which was as proper a thing as he could do; at least such is the opinion of X.



MRS. MOTH'S HISTORY.

CHAPTER II.

NOW I did grow. Every day I did nothing but doze in the sunshine, and fill myself with the delicious mallows-leaves and buds. As I waxed in size, I lost my white color also, and became an even yellow-green—the same color almost as the mallows plant that formed my early home—so that it would have been a chance if you had seen me among the fresh green leaves. I had a roundish head, about the shape of a grain

of corn, of which the eyes were the principal part, so large were they.

My mouth was oddly made you will say, for my jaws, instead of being upper and lower, one above the other, as yours are, were left and right, or one on each side. But God had planned them very wisely for all that; and when I took hold of the leaf they cut out a little round piece, neat as a wafer, which being swallowed made way for the next comer.

My long, round body, was divided into ten or twelve parts by seams or creases, as if you would tie a thread around your finger once every little ways. On the first three of these parts, were three pairs of short jointed legs, hard, strong and handy. On all the rest of these rings, were two small, fleshy feet, with which I held to the stem; the second pair were much the larger and stronger.

The last ring of my body held on its upper side a sharp spur, horn, or tail, of which I was always very proud, and never being able to find out its use, I concluded that it was designed purely and simply as an ornamental finish to my form.

On every one of the rings of my body, was a small, oval, black spot, on each side. Many foolish folks thought these were eyes, but they were not. They were lungs; yes, actually lungs, breathing places through which I drew in and forced out the warm balmy air.

Such a being was I at this time, and thought myself very fine, though you would have perhaps held up your hands, crying out in horror at the great green worm. You yourself are not as pretty as you think you are; but if humble and good, you may one day be a great, splendid angel, lovely to look upon, even as I grew to be a large beautiful moth.—This will teach us not to slight or despise humble people, for we know not how high their future lot will be.

My life at this time was not without incident. Sometimes I had a skirmish with the ants; but I always threw myself down from the mallows-plant, and thus got rid of them.

One day I met one of my own kind, a brother of mine, no doubt, for the moth that deposited the tiny shell from which I came, must have placed this one on the plant. As we were on the leaves together, down came a great wasp. I threw myself off quickly to the ground, and looking up I saw the wasp fly away with my unfortunate brother; he was killed and eaten, no doubt.

By and by, I became so large and fat that I lost my appetite, so that I could eat no more. Besides I was so clumsy that I could not hold to the leaves, and fell down awkwardly to the ground.

I had no ambition to climb up again, but concluded to burrow in the earth, and make me a house. In a short time I bored into the soft, brown soil, and hollowed out a nice little chamber, smoothing it all around nicely, giving myself plenty of room to turn in, and then I closed up the entrance. Here I passed many days in peace and quiet; no ants, no wasps, to disturb my peace. The earth was cool and pleasant, and my meditations tranquil. Like a good person sleeping in the grave, waiting the resurrection; their spirit

with God, their form in the tomb. What happened after this I will relate in my next.

VELVETTA MOTH.

ELLA'S TRIALS.

"MOTHER," said little Ella, running in from school, and throwing her books, "I shall not try to be good any more!"

"What is the matter, my daughter?" said her mother, gently.

"Well, you see, our teacher gives us credit marks for our good behavior, and we are obliged to give in our own report. I told her I whispered. Frances Wademan whispered too, but she did not tell the teacher so. And now at the end of the week, Frances will have a perfect report, and I will not,"—and little Ella looked as if she felt like crying.

Her mother called her to her side, and said, "Ella, I am sorry to hear you whispered, but am glad to hear you had honor enough to confess it, though others did not. There is a record of our acts kept in heaven. Jesus is our watchful teacher there.—Though you may escape your earthly teacher's eye, yet all our acts are known to our heavenly teacher. Just think of this, my daughter, who will have the best record in heaven at the end of this week?"

"I did not think of that," said Ella, brightening up.—"And now, mamma, if Frances does whisper, and does not report it, after this, I'll just think who has the best record in heaven."

EMMA.

INDUSTRY!

NEVER be idle. Find some thing to do, no matter what it is, if honorable. All have a work to accomplish. Nothing that God hath made is designed to be idle. The brilliant stars which shine above us all have their course of duty to perform through the silent night. The very birds and insects must build their nests. All the works of God go ceaselessly on, without a single disarrangement through the great harmonious whole.

Wilt thou, O man, learn from these exhibitions thy duty and thy destiny! Art thou least of all insects, that thou shouldst stand with folded arms and listless inaction! Rise! Gird on thine armor; go forth to battle, and valiantly take thy place in the ranks which march to the fulfillment of great and mighty purposes. Look not to the right or left. Press on as long as there is life in the veins, as long as there is a star of hope in the blue heavens above. Never weary in well doing; and even when night's shadows gather and exclude the last beaming ray, despair not, for the clouds will break away, and the clear bright sun will shine again.

Dear children, did you ever reflect how long

the day was, and how much could be done between the rising and setting of the sun? Did you ever think at night, how much of the day had been lost through idleness? Think of this and let not an hour glide down the stream of time without some thing having been accomplished.—Life is but of short duration, and not a moment is to be lost.

What a happy, happy home every one must have where father, mother, brothers and sisters, all work together in love and union, heart with heart, hand in hand.

It is true that one brick upon another, makes a house; but where do the masons get the brick? They make them out of the ground, and burn them. Just as a house to dwell in is made of small brick carefully prepared, so also must one kind word, and one kind act upon another, build our house of love.

LIZZIE ELVIN.

MOTHER AND HOME.

SOME weeks ago, I was at a house where there is a school for children. From the window, I saw a man on horseback ride up to the door, spring from his horse, and ring the door-bell. His face was very pale and solemn.

A moment after, I saw one of the teachers come out, leading two little girls. He put them on the horse with the man, and then they all rode off very fast. I saw that the little girls did not smile or speak, as they were put on the horse.

Then the teacher came in, and told me that the mother of those children had fallen down insensible, and that they had not been able to revive her at all. So they had sent a messenger for the little girls.

Their home was two or three miles away in the country; and, when they reached there, they found their mother still in death—no eyes to look love upon them—no lips to greet them with a kiss—no loving voice to bless them, only a motionless form and a marble face.

They had left her as well as usual that morning, moving about her house, active and faithful as ever.

But suddenly, in a moment, she was stricken down with disease of the heart.

When she tied on their little hoods that morning, and gave them a good-bye kiss, they no more thought it was the last, than you did when you went to school to-day.

But these two little girls did not suffer alone. Ten little

ones were made motherless by that blow. The eldest of all was one of these little girls, and the youngest a helpless babe.

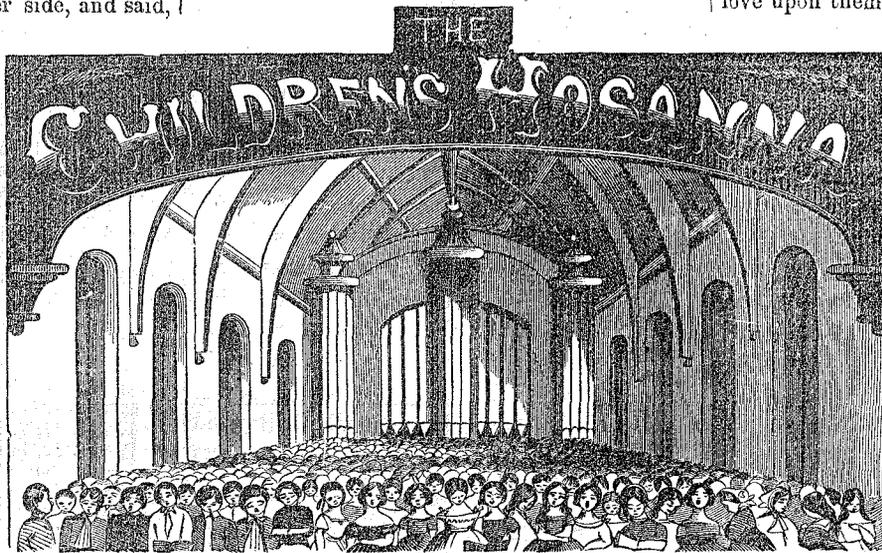
Two days after, I saw the long procession go by, bearing her to the grave. Just behind the hearse, followed an omnibus or stage containing the father and all the children except the infant. It was a pitiful sight.

None but God can comfort such sorrowers. In his blessed word he says to all that mourn, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you."

As they went by, a friend told me what a faithful, loving mother she had been, and how happy she had made her home; so that it was often called the brightest home in all that neighborhood. But it was all to be broken up now.—The baby and a delicate little girl, were to go to their grandmother. The little two-year-old prattler was to live with an aunt. Others were to be taken by other relatives; leaving at home only those who could help themselves and one another, and comfort their poor stricken father. And so the once happy band was scattered; and instead of the full harmony of glad home-life, there was left to those who remained only the sad lament, "What is home without a mother?"

I have not written thus, dear little ones, to give you needless pain, or cast a gloom over your young hearts. No, no! Rejoice in all that God has given you. Sport in the sunshine; frolic by

T. T.



CHILDREN'S HOSANNA.

Let Grandpa tell of times long past
When Israel bowed to idols;
Those times are gone, they did not last,
But serve us now as symbols;
Then children, shout Hosanna!

The Lord has bidden good to come
To those who wandered weary,
The years have fled, they're coming home,
No longer sad, but cheery;
Then children, shout Hosanna!

Let Grandma trim her cap with grace,
By hidden stores of goodness;
We'll comfort her, with songs of praise
To God, with holy boldness.
Oh! children, shout Hosanna!

Bid father sound the gospel free,
To heathen land and civil;
We'll pray for him, and thankful be,
For grace to fight all evil.
Pray, children, shout Hosanna!

While mother bows with busy care,
We'll help to bear her burden,
With hearts of grace, our griefs we'll bear,
And this our happy guerdon;
Shout, children, shout Hosanna!

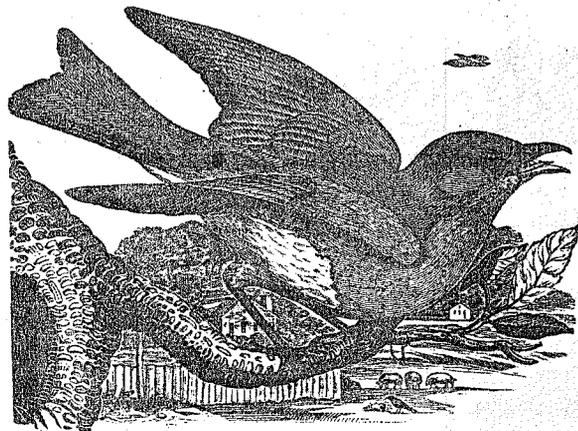
Our Lord doth love us children, all,
Our love to him is given,
To serve him here his voice doth call,
He'll lead us home to heaven;
When there, we'll shout Hosanna!

the fireside; and let your merry laugh ring out. But do not forget to love and cherish those who make your life happy, and especially the mother who toils for you.

Run with willing feet to do her bidding; brighten her pale and weary face by your loving smiles; remember her wishes, and follow her counsels. Above all, love the Savior who died for you, and then you will have a refuge in every sorrow; and a blessing in every joy. M. E.

THE BLUEBIRDS.

ONE day little Freddie came running into the house in great glee, shouting, "O! mother, there is such a pretty bird with blue feathers, flying, with little bits of dirt in its mouth, putting them in the top of the post of the portico. What is it doing?"



THE BLUE BIRD.

"Watch closely, my little son, and see if they are not leaves and straw, which it is carrying there to build a nest of."

So they all watched; father, mother, and Freddie.

Presently, another little bird came and helped the first one, and soon the nest was finished. In a few days Freddie's father lifted him up so that he could look into the nest, and there were four little eggs for Bluebird to sit upon.

The bird seemed very tame, and Freddie took good care that no one should frighten it away.— Before long they heard the little wee birds, and saw them peeping and peeping, as if they were hungry. Interest had increased in the nest, for it contained something now to watch.

The mother-bird was very tender of her little ones. She would bring worms in her bill and feed them.

As the little birds grew older, they would fly around the nest a little, just to try their strength. One of them, more bold than the rest, but not able to fly far, perched himself on the top of the portico, and naughty old puss, who is always watching for such prey, came upon it slyly, caught it in her cruel paws, and ran away with it out of sight. All that afterwards could be found of that little birdie, was a few pretty feathers to tell its sad fate.

It's three little mates were soon able to fly away in search of food, and our Heavenly Father who gives them such pretty feathers to keep them warm, and such swift wings to fly, does not let

them go unfed, but has a watchful care over them, and in gratitude they praise him with their daily songs.

How graceful and pretty they are; and their feathers, did you ever notice how nicely they all turn one way so that when it rains they do not get wet, only what they can easily shake off?

The old birds felt at home in that nest.— They knew that kind eyes were watching them, and would not let their home be molested, so again they came to the same old nest. More little eggs were laid, and now four little birds are again peeping. How pleasing to see such faith.

They would not have come again if Freddie had been a naughty boy and frightened them away, and tore their nest down, as bad boys sometimes cruelly and sinfully do.

I trust all my little readers love the little birds who have so much faith, and such beautiful instinct, to spread their little wings and soar so far above us. I hope you will always be tender of them, and remember that your Heavenly Father doth not ever let a sparrow fall to the ground without his notice. NELLIE G.—

"WHEN my mother says *no*, there's no *yes* in it." Here is a sermon in a nutshell. Multitudes of parents say "no," but after a good deal of teasing and debate it finally becomes yes. Love and kindness are essential elements in the successful management of children, but firmness, decision, inflexibility and uniformity of treatment are no less important.

Original Poetry.



CHRISTMAS ANTHEM.

Glad we hail the Christmas morn,
Christ the Prince of Peace is born;
Gladly let our songs ascend,
Christ is born, the children's friend.

CHORUS.—Hosanna sing with infant voices,
Hark! the heavenly host rejoices!
Harmonious sing the glad refrain,
"Peace on earth, good will to man."

Glad we raise our voices high,
Christ the Lord is born to die;
Gladly our hosannas rise,
Christ is born, the Sacrifice.

CHORUS.—Hosanna, &c.

Gladly let our anthems swell,
Christ has conquered death and hell;
Glad we see reversed our doom,
Christ has burst the icy tomb.

CHORUS.—Hosanna, &c.

Glad we swell the ranks and sing,
Christ is born, the righteous king;
Glad we join the choral band,
Christ will reign o'er every land.

CHORUS.—Hosanna, &c.

UNCLE MARK.

AN ACROSTIC.

Just at the meridian of time we read
Evening's star in splendor did rise,
Some Shepherds, who were watching flocks
Under the starry spangled skies,
Saw a new star on high arise.
Children, that star spoke of one you should love,
Heedless of all who scoff at you here,
Remember the precepts He taught from above,
In each the plain truth doth appear.
Surely He now loves the truthful as well.
Then children, remember the truth to tell.

LIZZA.

ANAGRAM No. 8.

We Set sam lb of Jus'e shylo colf k,
He T hop efo sod' G mink dog r hee,
O T the ewe e rev on fly d lo ko,
Adnfor het ewe ob win ray per.
E B ten, leg, dog o, liv ong ad nindk;
Rivet Sot in wafer pect me an;
I niChtrs a if read yu'ol lever dinf,
N I niZo a pea fluce h oem.

ULCEN TO MASH.

ENIGMAS.

No. 21.—I am composed of eight letters.

My 1, 4, 5, 7, is the name of a tree.

My 7, 6, 5, 2, is a useful animal.

My 8, 5, 7, 4, is the name of one of the writers in the Book of Mormon.

My 5, 8, 3, 2, is what Sunday School children should never be.

My 3, 6, 5, 2, is the name of a river in California.

My 8, 5, 6, 7, is the name of a mineral salt.

My 5, 6, 3, 2, is the name of an instrument of music.

My 5, 4, 7, 2, is what many soldiers are.

My whole is the name of a thriving city in California.

[By a little boy nine years old.]

No. 22.—I am composed of twelve letters.

My 9, 5, 3, 4, is the name of a bird.

My 1, 9, 8, 11, 7, is an article used by housekeepers.

My 7, 3, 5, 12, is something which is more beautiful at night, than when seen by daylight.

My 1, 8, 5, 4, is an article used in the school room.

My 1, 5, 9, 10, 2, 12, is the name of a place spoken of in the Book of Mormon, where people went for baptism.

My 6, 2, 9, and 11, 6, are words found in the list of prepositions.

My whole is something which is very dear to the Saints.

CHARLIE CHURCH.

ANSWER TO CHARADE.

My 1st is Sun, 2nd Day, 3rd School. My 1st, 2nd, and 3rd, Sunday School.

Answered correctly by Katie Butler, and Hannah E. Kay.

ANSWER TO ANAGRAM NO. 5.

Scholar and teacher, parent, friend,

A secret for your ear,—

If you would have our cause extend,

Let works with faith appear.

The list for *Hope* should be increased,

If we would it maintain,

Let all unite, and each, at least,

One NEW SUBSCRIBER gain.

Answered correctly by Zillia Moore, Hannah E. Kay, Katie Butler, Helen Waldo, Emma J. Cubley, Maria Keetch, Agnes Hodges, Alice M. Boyle.

ANSWER to Enigma No. 14, is Rook, Book, Mormon, Room, Moon, Form, Book of Mormon.

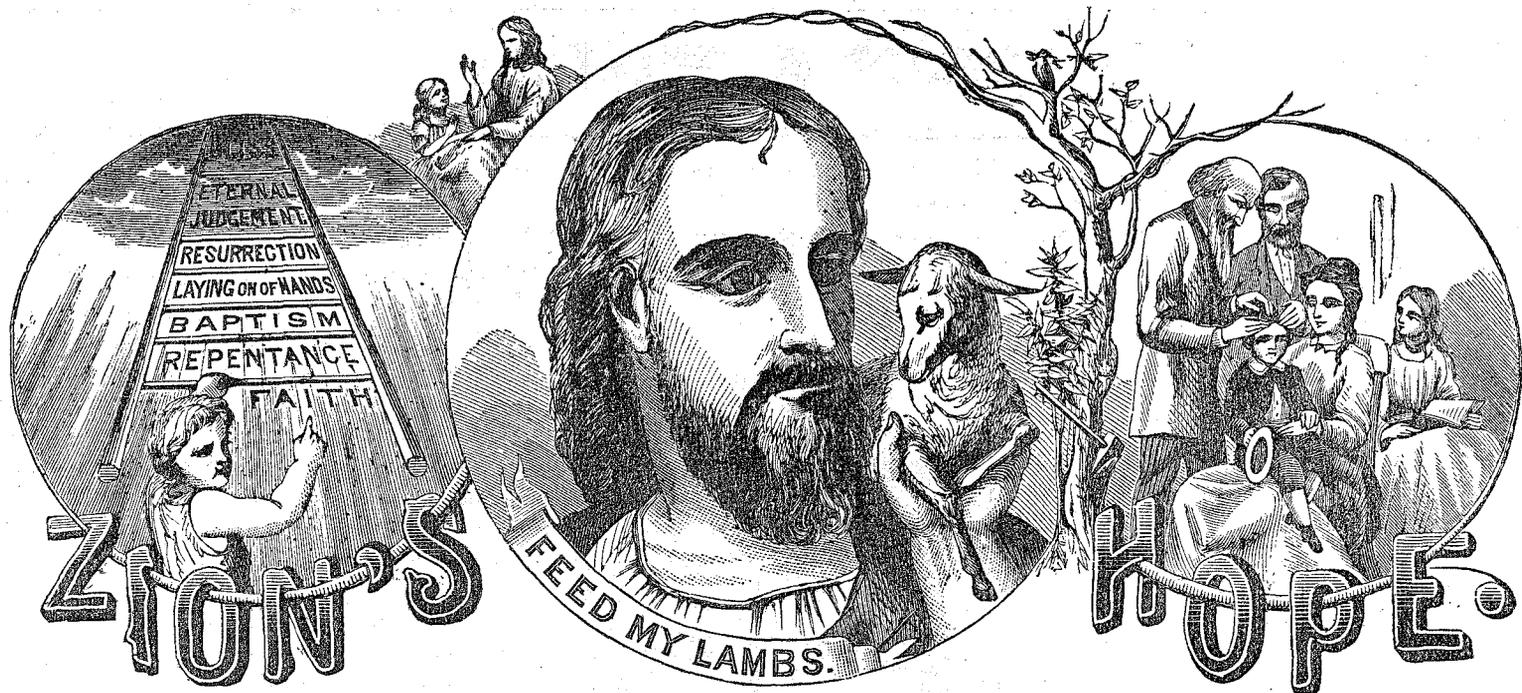
Answered correctly by Hannah E. Kay, Katie Butler, Hyrum O. Smith, Storr Corless, Zillia Moore, Alta Corless, Emma J. Cubley, Alice M. Boyle.

ANSWER to Enigma No. 15 is Fan, Scar, Cars, France, Frances.

Answered correctly by Hyrum O. Smith, Zillia Moore, Alta Corless, Storr Corless, Hannah E. Kay, Katie Butler, Alice Moore, Emma J. Cubley, Alice M. Boyle.

ANSWER to Enigma No. 16, is Cat, Old, Water Barn, Her, Crow, Coldwater Branch.

Answered correctly by Storr Corless, Alta Corless, Zillia Moore, Hannah E. Kay, Katie Butler, Emma J. Cubley, Alice M. Boyle.



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

Vol. I.

PLANO, ILL., JANUARY 1, 1870.

No. 13.

JANUARY.

WINTER, rough, cold and drear, is upon all the northern countries, where most of the little readers of the *Hope* live.

Ugh! How cold the wind! How wild and fierce the tall trees throw their limbs about! See how the cattle, gathered in the open fields, shiver and cringe, as they creep slowly over the frozen grass, to seek the shelter of the friendly shed, or the ice-clad stack.

The birds, blessed birds, have long since flown away in dread of the snow and the ice, and are now cheering the people of the far off south. Not all the birds have gone. The little snow-bird, the tomtit, are left; but these are not singing birds. The cold has hushed every note of the wild birds of the woods. The frogs, the katydid, the whip-poor-will, that in the summer time made the evenings glorious, are still.

No longer the brook sparkles on its rippling way; its banks are decked with the fanciful work of the Frost-King; its bosom darkened and chilled by the covering, fretted and chased, which the same monarch has thrown over its form.

Town and city, field and forest, pond, river and lake, are all covered in with an icy sheen.

Little readers of the *Hope*, do you know why the good and great God, suffers the winter to come and seal all things with its icy breath?

It is that the earth may have rest. If there were no winter, there would be no summer. If no snow and ice, no warmth and life. If no fields covered with frozen grass, none drowsy with wealth of summer's flowers.—If no season of rest for the fruitful earth, no harvest—no vintage would fill the heart of man with gratitude to God.

In the south, where the Frost-King does not come, there is a season of rest for the earth, called the rainy season. It is the winter of the south.

When the little "Hopes" have lain in their beds all night, they leave them rumpled and flat, and unless mother or sister, or Jane, should beat up the feathers and rearrange the straw, and the

mercy sends the storm and the cloud, the cold, the snow and the ice, to reinvigorate, renew and rearrange that source of support to his earthly creatures, their mother, earth.

Soon the earth will waken from her wintry nap. She will arise in strength, and put all her beauteous garments on. She will send out the hand-maidens of the Lord, her Creator; they will strew the gay garlands of flowers along by the wakening brook, down by the meadow path, over the hillsides and in the valleys. They will scatter the fields with the seeds and the grain—send back to us the birds and the bees—take the covering off the brooks and the rivers—mend the pipes of the frogs, the katydid, the cricket, and all the insects that make the summer beauteous with song.

The earth will have rested, and will be ready to work.

Little "Hopes," be content; enjoy the winter that you may sing when the summer comes.

The picture is called January. It simply represents such a scene as January usually brings in the temperate zone.

January is the name of the first month of the year, according to our counting of time. It is a Latin word, and is derived from Janus, an old Italian deity, said to have had two faces looking away from each other. He was called the god of the sun and of the year. A temple built to him at Rome was never closed, except in a time of universal peace.

When any of the little readers of the *Hope* say one thing to mother, and tell cousin Jane another thing, they are Janus-faced; that is, they have two faces.

It is a term of great reproach to call any one Janus-faced.

As this number and this month begin the year,



covering, they would remain in such condition. After the long summer, when the rank weeds, the grain, the flowers, the trees, and all that has gathered life and strength out of the earth, have perfected their seed and their fruit, the earth is left weary, worn and disordered. God in his

will the readers of the *Hope* promise Uncle Mark and T. T. that they will improve this year better than they did the last. Be nobler, wiser, better; for the evil days are here.

PRAYER!

EVERY day after the toil and labor consequent upon our present life, the body needs and receives its rest in slumber.—Every day when all that disturbs and annoys is hushed, the soul demands and should receive its refreshment—and that refreshment is prayer.—No matter whether the mind be joyful and thankful with success, or depressed by failure; whether it be fresh and buoyant, or worn and fatigued; the sincere outpouring of the soul unto God, renders it fresh and new, ready again to battle against error.

But to be thus effectual, prayer must be genuine. The repetition of words, the abundant flow of language, the excited demeanor, are in no case essential; but are often simply hypocritical. It is not the Pharisee praying on the street corner, but he that devoutly kneels in secret, that is heard and answered by our Lord.

And in all cases the praying, the sincere man, is the good and honest one. He that lives, half to Christ, and half to mammon, cannot truly pray. But he that sees God in every thing, on every day as on Sunday, is the man who prays with a heart when he does pray, who gives his undivided soul to his Creator. What a beautiful trait, then, of the christian's life, to have a soul hungry after righteousness, and to receive it from God through prayer; when despairing and hopeless, to be cheered and upheld by the Holy Spirit in answer to prayer; when persecuted for His name's sake, to be comforted by praying for our enemies. Christ gave us the example. In his life we have many instances of his devotion; and he taught his disciples to pray also. But O! how poorly men imitate Him.—When we compare the Lord's prayer with the thousands of studied petitions now offered, what a difference is apparent. Yet after all, short prayers may be insincere, and long ones genuine. It is the heart, and heart only, that God looks at.

May our hearts become cleansed from sin, and filled with love and gratitude, so that we may be accepted in our prayers for right and progress.

S.

COASTING!

EARLY this morning, while the particles of frozen snow were glittering, and the sunlight's cheering rays were shedding added lustre to their more than pearly whiteness; started Harry from his pleasant home to coast along and down the hill-side.

It was but yesterday that his kind and thoughtful father bought for him a handsome little sleigh, and so interested has Harry been in his father's gift, that he even dreamed about it, and this morning was awake betimes, waiting the break of day, that he might try his skill at coasting—

coasting is the name given to this kind of childish amusement.

There is a very useful lesson to be learned from this picture. Few are the pleasures of this life in which no sorrow is found. Children and adults are alike its subjects.



Harry does not like to drag his sleigh with him up the hill; he would like to slide gayly down hill all the time, and if he could have it just as he would like, it, he thinks he would so arrange the roads that he could start from one side of his father's house on the sleigh, and take a semi-circle ride down hill to the other.

Ah! is not Harry's boyish fancy a foolish one. It does not enter his mind that there can be nothing high unless there be something low, no hill without a valley or a plain. And so with many of us. We like the ease and comfort of a down-hill ride; but dislike the toil of an up-hill journey. When we meet with pleasure and comfort, we feel happy; but when with toil and an absence of comfort, unhappy.

Heaven is above. Would we gain the favor of its Great King, we must travel upwards, however difficult the road may seem to be. Jesus has gone before and marked the way, and left us His command, "FOLLOW ME." In this world He had much sorrow. He toiled without a murmur when helping his supposed father at his trade as a carpenter. He obeyed every command of his Heavenly Father, too. He was faithful in life, faithful in death, and his resurrection was glorious. He ascended to heaven, where as the Prince of Peace, angels worship him and archangel and seraphim adore him. If we would be with him, we must try and be like him; we must follow him.

Hell is beneath. Would we shun it; we must not seek the pleasures of sin, for though they may seem enticing to us, they take us downward; away from purity, away from goodness, away from truth, away from Christ, and if continued to be indulged in, will rob us of the inheritance that shall be given to the good, hereafter, on the bright new earth, when the beautiful and glorious New Jerusalem from above shall be here, when God shall dwell with men, and wipe every tear from their eyes.

UNCLE MARK.

"THERE is a lesson in each flower,
A story in each stream and bower;
In every herb on which you tread,
Are written words, which, rightly read,
Will lead you from earth's fragrant sod,
To hope, and happiness, and God."

COPY WANTED!

THE little boys and girls who read the *HOPE*, do not know how much care and labor, is used upon each number of that little paper. But good, kind brother John Scott, who is foreman in the *HERALD* office, and who delights to make the *HOPE* look bright and clean; and brother Theodore Patrick, who stands at his case, and picks up the type, one by one, and puts them into words and sentences, until the whole paper is set up, know.

Uncle Mark, also, knows. For only to-day he was told, what the two words at the head of this piece tell, that there was "copy wanted."

Now when copy is wanted, somebody must go to work and think about what is best to put in the paper, and it makes Uncle Mark's head ache terribly when there is not much good copy on hand, from which the best pieces can be taken to make the *HOPE* interesting. And it is real tough work to think, too.

Little Johnny had a real hard time with his lesson only the other day, because he was too tired to think, it was such hard work.

When a good piece is chosen, it must be read word by word to see if it is all spelled aright; then to see if the sentences are all correct, and the stops properly put in, and the whole in good shape, so that the readers can make sense of it.

After this is all done, Bro. Scott takes it up stairs and Bro. Patrick sets it up; and then Bro. Scott makes it up into pages, just as you see it in the paper. It is then let down into the basement and put upon the press, the steam is turned on and the children's "Hopes" keep dropping down on the table, at the rate of ten to twenty a minute, till they are all done. The type is then taken out and washed and put back in the cases ready for more copy.

Sometimes Uncle Mark sighs, when "copy is wanted." You see Bro. Joseph is called the Editor; but Uncle Mark is chief inspector of the *HOPE*, and has charge of the copy.

BOYS OF WORTH.

DO you know how to tell how much a boy is worth? If not, I will tell you.

When you see a boy with dirty face, and hair uncombed, going to school in the morning, running, crowding, pushing and pulling the children on the way to the same school, you may set it down, that that boy is not worth much.

If you see a boy out on the streets at night, with rude, cross, swearing, vulgar boys; crowding round the doors of groceries, peeping in under circus and show-tents, and stealing their way into concerts and other places where boys have no business to be without their parents, you may know he is not worth much.

If you see a boy who goes to the meeting-house on Sunday, and after he gets there, he talks, laughs, gets up, goes out and comes in, whistles, drums on the seat with his hands, and on the floor with his feet, depend upon it, he isn't worth a cent.

None of these boys that I have just been tell-

ing you about, think they are worth much. If they did they would behave better.

The boy who is worth something, is a manly fellow.

He never strikes another boy, except in self-defence, and not then if he can avoid it.

He is always in time, at school, at home, at Sunday service, at his play, at his work,—always in time.

He spells promptly and in a clear voice,—tells no tales on his fellow school-mates—tells no lies—is not a coward, but will neither fight nor run—divides fairly what he gives away—says “yes sir” and “no sir.”

You never see this boy in or hanging round groceries or saloons. If you see him at places of public amusement, you always notice how well he behaves.

When he goes to meeting he sits still, neither talks, laughs, whistles, nor drums, while in the house, and goes quietly home when service is over.

His face is clean, his hair is properly cared for, and his eye is as bright as a star.

When asked if he can do any thing, he never says, “I can’t,” but “I will try sir.” And he does try, and usually does what is required.

This is the boy of worth; the world cannot buy him.

THE OLD YEAR.

HARK! children, what knell is that? See, little ones, it is the hour of midnight; listen to that mournful sound as it comes stealing on our ears amid darkness and gloom. It is the knell of death.

Death! says little Annie, raising her beautiful eyes full of wonderment to my face, who is dead?

The year, darling child. The old, old year. Full of wrinkles and cares, stained with dark crimes, borne down with grief, amid darkness and gloom, he is going away from the earth.

Oh! how sad mamma. Can the year really feel all this pain? Is the dear old year sorry to go? I love it, mamma, and why must it die this dark, stormy night? I am sure I shall never love the new year half so well, because I shall all the time think that when he came, the old year died.—How sad it is to die, mamma!

No Annie; it is not sad to die, if we die as the year dies.

How can that be, mamma? See how cold and gloomy it is, and oh! to think that out in the silence and darkness, he is dying—dying alone. Why mamma, no one would wish to die alone, would they?

No, darling, I presume not; and yet, Annie, it is not darkness nor solitude which makes death terrible. *It is life!*

Life, mamma! I do not understand you.—Life is bright and beautiful. I love to live; but oh! death is so gloomy—it seems to be so cold

and still to be laid away in the dark grave. Oh! I fear death and want to live.

Yes, Annie, we all desire to live. It is the love of life which makes the saints of God willing to bear all the trials and cares of this world, for they know that when death sets their spirits free, they will enter upon a life where death cannot come; and they will be happy forever.

But you said mamma, that it was life which made death terrible. I don't know yet what you mean.

Well darling, let us look at the life of the old year. Three hundred and sixty-five days he staid with us. Did the glorious sun fail to rise and set on any one of those days, as God appointed he should? Did not the sweet refreshing rains come down upon the earth, and the gentle

mean that death is only terrible when our lives have been evil and wicked.

You are right, Annie. We say that the Old Year is stained with crimes and full of care. We do not mean that Time or the Old Year has committed these crimes. No, no. Men and women have done this, and Time has but kept the record faithfully. Each day, each hour, each moment of our lives, has been recorded in his book, and now, for three hundred and sixty-five days, the record is sealed—gone before us to eternity. It will never come back to us, *but we shall go to meet it!*

Now I understand, mamma, why the Old Year is not afraid to go. He is weary of beholding so much sin and misery—he is tired, and as he is old, he is glad to give his place to the New Year.

He has done his work well, and his record will be a good one. I wonder what kind of a record he has of me?—I have never thought of this before, and I fear he has many evil deeds recorded against me.

I am glad to have you give your thoughts to such solemn things. I trust he has not many very evil things upon his record against you; but we are all liable to do wrong, to sin against God. It is well we should often reflect upon our past lives, and when we see where and how we have done wrong, strive to do differently in the future, and no time seems more fitting for such a purpose than the close of the year.—The past is gone forever. Had we all the wealth this world contains, we could not purchase to ourselves one moment of either past or future. The present is all we have, and if we improve it, it is all we need. Farewell to the Old Year.

THE NEW YEAR.

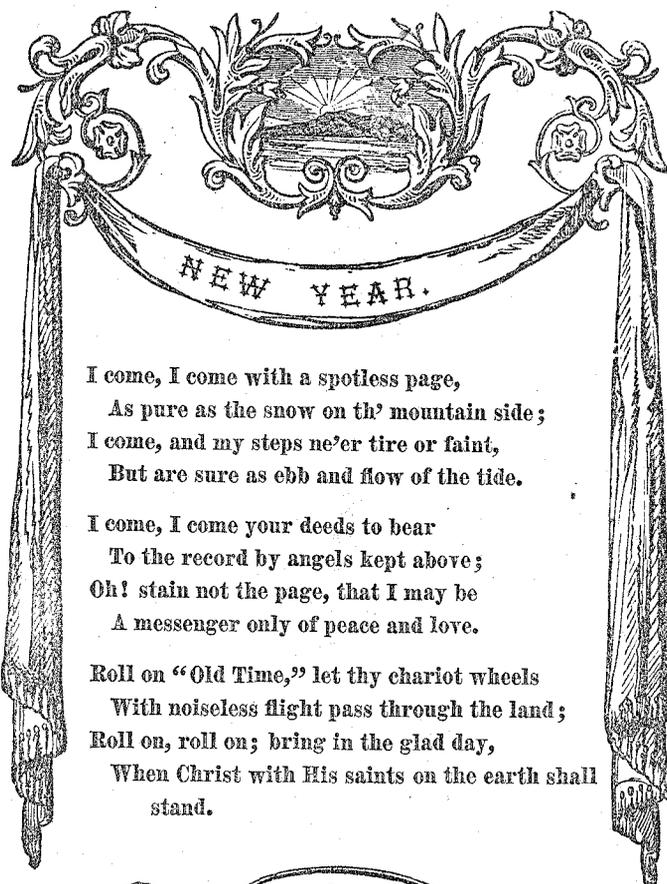
Hark! A merry chime breaks upon the air. The New Year has come.—See how brightly the stars shine, and all nature seems to shout a welcome to the New Year.

Children, the New Year dawns upon you, and he brings to you a pure unsullied page. Resolve to-day that nothing shall be written upon that page, which you would blush to have the

angels read—nothing which you will fear to meet in the judgment day.

Does it appear to you that a year is a very long time, and do you feel that you have not strength enough to promise for so many months? If such thoughts enter your mind, then remember that the year is made up of months—the months of days—the days of hours—hours of minutes—minutes of seconds. You will have but one second of time at once, and if you have strength for the minutes and hours—they will make up the days, months and years, so you need have no care for them.

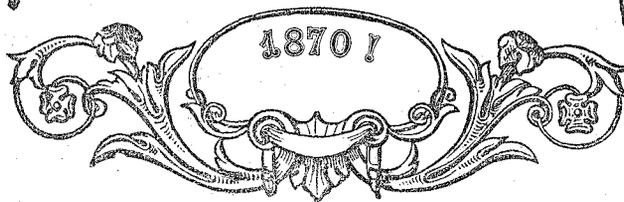
Never! never say! I will be a better girl or boy to-morrow than I have been to-day. To-morrow is not yours. To-morrow you may be pale and cold in death. When you feel that you



I come, I come with a spotless page,
As pure as the snow on th' mountain side;
I come, and my steps ne'er tire or faint,
But are sure as ebb and flow of the tide.

I come, I come your deeds to bear
To the record by angels kept above;
Oh! stain not the page, that I may be
A messenger only of peace and love.

Roll on "Old Time," let thy chariot wheels
With noiseless flight pass through the land;
Roll on, roll on; bring in the glad day,
When Christ with His saints on the earth shall stand.



dews of night refresh the fields? Did not men plant in the spring-time, and gather rich stores when the time of harvest came? Did not the old year walk with unwearied feet, and crown the earth with blessings?

Oh! yes, mamma; and he brought me so many happy days, how can I help being sad to see him go away?

I do not wish to blame you for feeling sad, for the new year is untried, and it may bring to you much of pain, sorrow and disappointment, and you may look back upon the Old Year with fond regret; but his mission to earth is ended. He has gathered his mantle about him, and bid farewell to earth. His life has been well spent, and to him death brings no terror.

Oh! I understand you now, mamma. You

have done wrong—when you are sorry for your wrong—then say, *this moment* I will repent, and in this hour I will do better. Do you know that a resolution like this bravely held to would have saved in the kingdom of God many who have gone down to the pit! Write to-day your record—write it with a firm hand, with a humble heart. Look to God for grace to help you in the present, and when the New Year shall be wrinkled and old, you will not tremble to hear his departing steps, for you will feel that the hours of his stay have been well improved, and the record he bears with him you will not dread to meet in the day of judgment.

FRANCES.

THE CHURCH BELL.

ALL who live in a city, are familiar with the sound of the church bell, which has been adopted among civilized people as the signal to come together for the worship of God. Perhaps the absence of bells at our meeting-houses accounts to some extent for some of us coming into meeting and Sunday School so late; but after we reach school, if there be a little bell on the table, we should give good attention to its sound; the children of "Zion's Hope" Sunday Schools should be examples of order.

Although we do not generally have bells on our meeting-houses at the present day, I should not like the bells to become dumb. When business has been stopped and every thing is quiet, and we are allowed the privilege of thinking on our own and our neighbor's religious condition, and we desire to tell the truth as we understand it, we like the sound of the bell to call the worshippers together. If there be any of our Sunday Schools that govern their time by the ringing of a neighboring church bell, be thankful for the privilege.

"Remember thy Creator,
Ere life resigns its trust,
Ere sinks dissolving nature,
And dust returns to dust;
Before to God, who gave it,
The spirit shall appear;
He cries, who died to save it,
Thy great Creator fear."

FELIX.

THE HEART'S-EASE.

HAVE any of you heard the fable of the King's Garden, in which, all at once, the trees and flowers began to wither away; the oak, because it could not yield any fair flowers; the rose-bush, because it could bear no fruit; the vine, because it had to cling to the wall, and could cast no cool shadow.

"I am of no use in the world," said the oak.—"I might as well die," said the rose-bush. "What good can I do?" murmured the vine. Then the king saw a little heart's-ease, which, all this while, held up its little, cheerful face, while all the rest were sad. And the king said, "What makes you so bright and blooming, when all the rest are fading?" "I thought," said the little heart's-ease, "you wanted me here, because it was here you planted me; and so I thought I would try and be the best little heart's-ease that could be."

Little reader, are you like the oak, and the rose-bush, and the vine, doing nothing because you cannot do as much as others are doing? Or will you be like the heart's-ease, and do your best in the little corner of the vineyard in which God's hand has put you?

R. E.

The Children's Column.

DEAR EDITORS OF THE HOPE:

I write to thank you for your kindness in letting us have a column for little children to correspond with each other in. I was baptized when I was eight years old. I see by reading Alta's letter, that she and I are about the same age. I was eleven last November. I must confess that I have not been so faithful as I ought to have been; but since I have read the *Hope*, I see that there is something to live good for. I do not expect I will be able to write much, for I never composed but a few letters in my life; but I shall be glad to hear from my little friends. I intend to strive for a prize next year.

ORACY A. LAKE.

Original Poetry.



THE CHURCH BELL.

Sweetly o'er the verdant meadow,
Chimes the distant village-bell;
Slowly swinging,
Calmly ringing,
Singing richest melody.

To the true, and to the false one,
Calls the distant village-bell;
Gospel sounding,
Echo's bounding,
Bring again the joyful news.

Christ is ready to receive you,
Rings our dearly loved church-bell.
Good hopes brightening,
Burdens lightening,
Jesus leads the narrow way.

S.

IN number 6 page 24 of *Zion's Hope*, we offered as an inducement to draw out the talents of our young readers, a Book of Mormon as a prize to the one that should write the best Acrostic on the New Year. Not one has responded; but some friend from Montrose, Iowa, who does not give their name, sends us the following:

THE WORDS OF OUR SAVIOR.

Now dear children come to me,
Eternal life is given free;
Will you choose the better way,
You can have your choice to-day;
Eternity is near at hand,
Alas! how soon runs out life's sand,
Reverence God, ye little band.

C. N.

ENIGMAS.

No. 23.—I am composed of twenty letters.
My 10, 6, 17, 3, is the name of a distinguished general in the great rebellion.
My 1, 11, 5, 17, 4, 20, is that which sustains all animate nature.
My 9, 14, 17, 2, 16, 7, is the name of a household article.
My 10, 6, 17, 13, 5, is the receptacle of the dead.
My 15, 12, 8, 18, 19, 14, is a word the definition of which is to leap, to spring.
My whole is the name of the branch of the church of which I am a member. CAL.

No. 24.—I am composed of nine letters.
My 1, 2, 5, 3, is a kind of fruit.
My 1, 7, 8, 4, is a kind of medicine.
My 4, 2, 5, 9, is a kind of ore.
My 6, 5, 4, 8, is part of a house.
My whole is the name of a writer in *Zion's Hope*.
HYRUM O. SMITH.

ANAGRAM No. 9.

Won tteill soyb dna slrig webrea,
Dna fo seeth zsllepuz vhea a rcae;
A kboo fo ysnhm llwi ropo elcarpe
Eth lreap fo rthut's lsldiennu crage.
Ton'd ska eth pleh of refta, mthreo,
Fo snicon, trsise, deifrn, rorthbero,
Froif uoy luohsd, hohtgu zerpi uyo nwi,
Tdeeci liwl nstia ruyo luos thawi nsi.

ANSWER TO ANAGRAM NO. 6.

Little readers, do what's right,
With a joyous now and ever,
Learn the strength of wisdom's might,
And begin to use the light
You are blessed with, 'ere the night
Of darkness close forever.

P. TEMPEST.

Answered correctly by Sarah J. Ballantyne, Maria Keetch, John W. Ballantyne, Helen Waldo, Alice M. Boyle, Agnes Hodges, Katie Butler, Willie H. Dutton, Amos W. Hunt, Wm. J. Anderson, E. F. Shupe, Oracy A. Lake, Hannah E. Kay.

ANSWER to Enigma No. 17 is Hope, Lot, Picture, Hiss, True, Pure, Holy Scriptures.
Answered correctly by R. Wight, Hannah E. Kay, Katie Butler, Alice M. Boyle.

ANSWER to Enigma No. 18 is Tin, Hog, Tow, Not, Gash, Washington.
Answered correctly by Alice M. Boyle, Katie Butler, Hannah E. Kay, R. Wight, M. Connelly.

We miss the neat hand-writing of our little friends Lillie, Eveline and Teresa, the kind expressions of our faithful little Mary, and the correct and orderly answers of Emma J., Ida, Jennie, and Mary Edna.—Uncle Mark feels bad when these dear little nieces of his forget to write. What has become of all the boys? We hope our talented Perla Wild and our warm-hearted Lutie will not forget the HOPE. It needs just such jewels as you have in your caskets.

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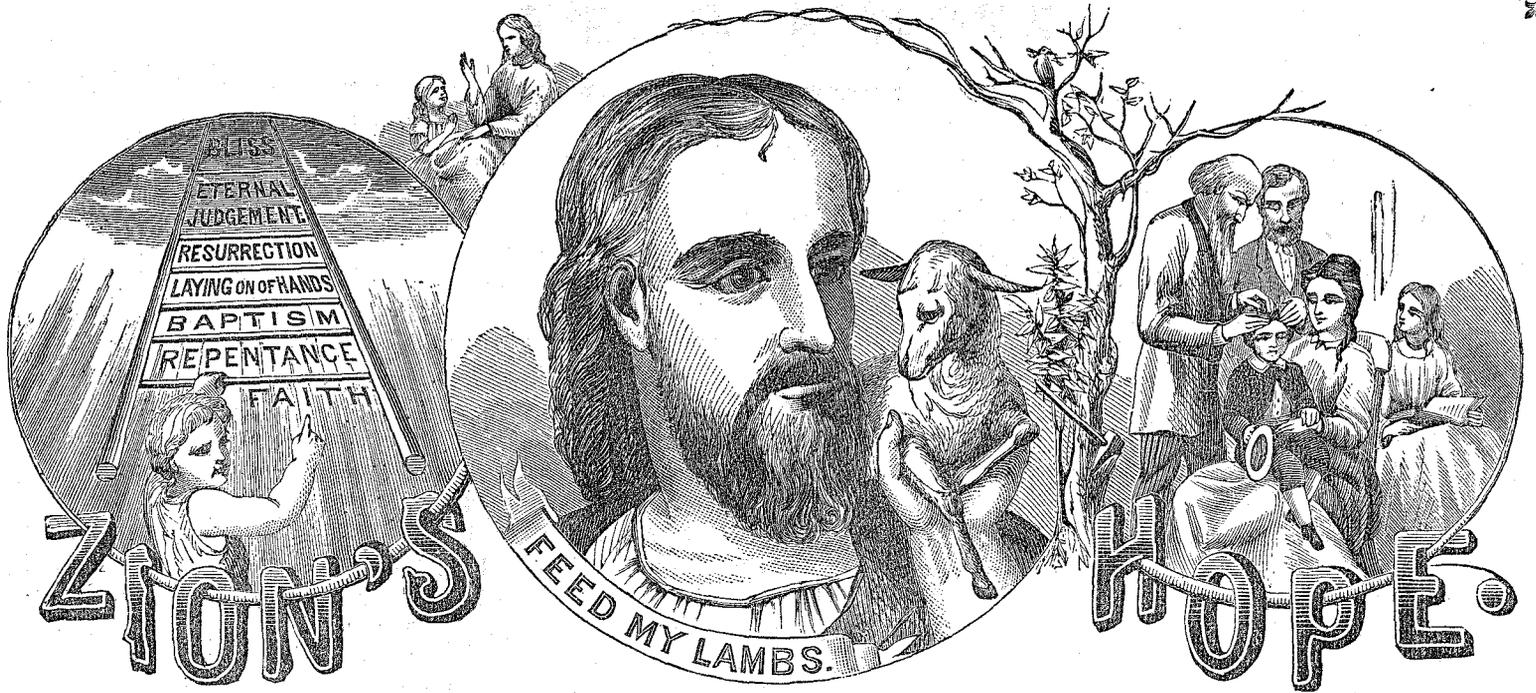
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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

Vol. I.

PLANO, ILL., JANUARY 15, 1870.

No. 14.

MRS. MOTH'S HISTORY.

CHAPTER III.

AFTER I had got beneath the surface of the ground, near by the mallows root, I pushed away the earth every way, and hollowed out a little chamber round and smooth, and just large enough for me to turn round in nicely. I closed up the entrance tightly, and here I dozed away the time, having wonderful dreams. One of these dreams was that I was a great silken moth, all rich in velvet plumage, and could fly swiftly all among a garden of roses and beautiful flowers. No one called to see me, and when I woke up, I turned over and went to sleep again, or continued awake, thinking of my past life, or hoping for the future.

I never wanted any thing to eat, for I was full, fat and lazy; nor to drink, for the ground was damp, cool and soft.

One time I lay dreaming, when I thought a wasp, shining in black and yellow, flew down and caught me on the neck, and tore a strip down my back. I woke up tumbling about, and found that the skin was split open down my back, and was peeling off my eyes and face.

There was no wasp, but my time had come to change. I rolled, rubbed, and pulled, till I worked the skin off my head and shoulders, and getting it turned back, I easily rolled it between me and the wall of my house, and thus stripped it off quickly, pushing it down to the foot of my bed like cast off clothes.

What a change! I was no longer a long green worm as I was before, nor a moth as I expected to be; but something unlike either. I had what might be called a head, and the upper part of my body was veined like a nut-shell, while the lower part was ringed like it was before, but tapered rapidly to a point. I was of a dark brown color.

All my pretty little little feet had gone with my skin, and instead of a mouth, I had a tube which extended half way down my body, and was fastened again, making a kind of loop like the hook of an ear-ring.

Such a being was I. Deprived of sight, no feet, no wings, no hands. I could not see, run, creep, nor fly. I could only wiggle and tumble about in my little house, very much disappointed because I was not a moth; but I learned to be patient, and to make the best of every thing.—Will you not also, dear children?

Uncle Mark would have called me a *chrysalis*

ground. But this I will tell you of in the next and last chapter.

VELVETTA MOTH.

THE COW TREE.

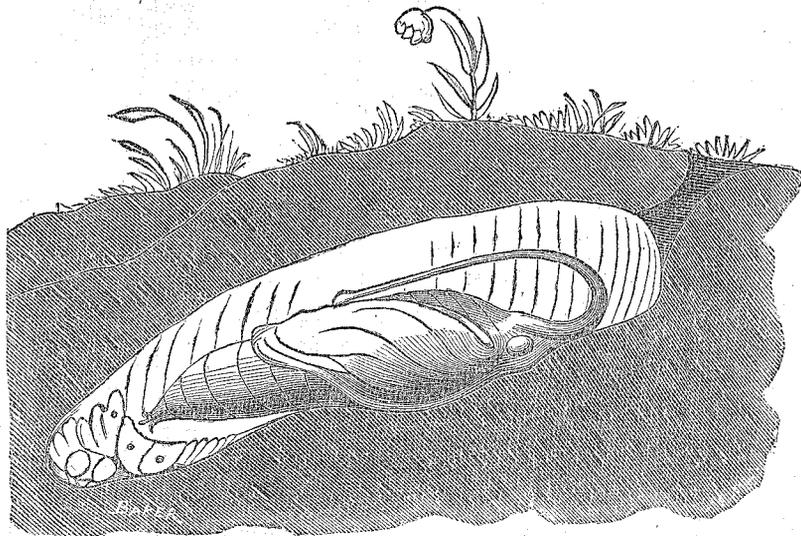
THE celebration which was held on the 14th day of September last in many of the cities of the United States, and in Europe, in honor of the one hundredth birth-day of Baron Von Humboldt, has induced me to review to some extent his travels and researches, particularly in South America.

He was born in Berlin, Prussia, 1769, and has been one of the greatest travelers of modern times. He has written many volumes containing descriptions of what he saw and learned in his travels, which extended to almost all parts of the world. His works are very interesting to all lovers of the great works of our Creator, and are recommended by the splendid pictures of scenery which they describe, as well as the great amount of useful knowledge which they contain.

Among the many curious and useful plants and trees which he describes, is a tree called Palo-de-vaca, or Cow tree. It is found most plentifully near Lake Maracaybo, in Venezuela, South America.

"Among the many curious phenomena," says Humboldt, "which presented themselves to me in the course of my travels, I confess there were few by which my imagination was so powerfully affected, as by the Cow tree. It has long pointed leaves, and bears a fruit containing one, and some times two nuts. When an incision is made in the trunks, there issues abundantly a milky fluid, which is used by the inhabitants as an article of food."

He says in his beautiful description of it, that



at this stage of my life. There are very many kinds of flying insects, and nearly every one is first a caterpillar or worm, then a chrysalis, then they get their wings. Some when in this stage hang themselves up on slender grasses, in little gold and green cases; some in cells of wax, as the bees; some in cells of mud, as my enemies, the wasps; and some in silken cocoons, as the silk-worm, which is so valuable. But poor, coarse me had to get under ground and make my little home of earth.

There were three little hooks at the taper point of my body which were of use to me when my good time came, as with them I dug out of the

"It is at sunrise that the milk flows most freely, at that time the natives are seen coming from all parts, provided with large bowls to receive the milk; some empty them on the spot, while others carry them to their children."

How wonderfully and wisely has our Heavenly Father created all things for the good of his children. How tenderly has he provided for all our temporal wants, strewing the earth with fruits and flowers, and every thing for our use and comfort. Why should we not love such a great and good Creator, who is ready to bestow upon us the blessings of His Spirit, which, together with all the blessings we receive at his hands as pertaining to this life, will make us happy indeed in this world, and in the world to come; if we only love and serve him.

UNCLE D—

OUR RIDE TO THE WATERS OF BAPTISM.

BRO. BLAIR would leave us soon. Some of the little ones who were old enough, desired to be baptized by him; so we started early on the morning of September 12th, a distance of fifteen miles, to the appointed place.

All three of the young candidates looked bright and joyous, and as I gazed on their dear innocent faces, going forth to obey the Savior's command,—"Repent and be baptized for the remission of your sins," I thought of their future, and how often those bright countenances would be clouded with sorrow and disappointment.

The road at times was smooth, then rocky, then hilly; here a bridge, there a ditch; here a tree whose large branches shaded our passing heads, and there the plains, where the hot rays of the sun beamed down upon us.

"Children, tell me in what way the road to heaven is like the road we are traveling?" Ida looked down the road for a moment, and then said, "Because it is straight and smooth." Just then we rattled over some stones, when Charlie said, "Because it is long and rough." Milton, the youngest of the group, could think of no other reason than those given; so I answered, "Both are partly right."

By going down into the waters of baptism today, you are just entering into that road which leads to heaven. Like the road before you, at times, all will be smooth and pleasant. As you journey, you will find rocks of difficulty. They may shake you, and cause you even to fall; but do not be discouraged, rise and continue your journey, though weary may be your limbs.—Climb the hill which is before you, and avoid the ditches near the road, as we are doing now, for they are filled with mud and water, which would soil your clothes. So will your soul be spotted, if you leave the true path, and fall into the ditches of temptation—into the snares of the Evil One to catch you by the wayside.

Ah! here we come to the wide-spreading branches of a fine old oak tree. How refreshing is the cool shade to our unprotected heads! So children you will find it along the road you are just about entering. When the scorching rays of adversity beam down upon you, if you will

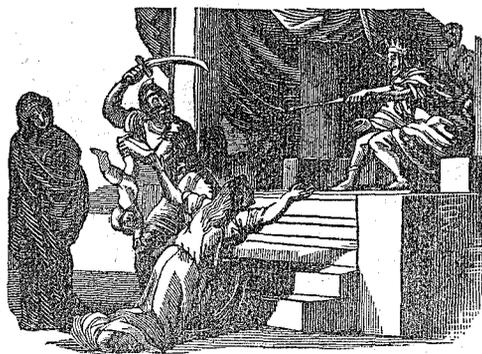
faithfully continue your journey, God will encourage and strengthen you, by taking you under the protecting foliage of his love and mercy, and refresh you with seasons of his Holy Spirit.

We travel the long bridge across a deep and mirey slough. To what shall we compare it?—That, my dear children, can be likened to the *principles* of the gospel. Could we have reached the place desired, if it were not for this bridge? "No." Neither can we enter into celestial glory if we do not obey *all* the principles of the gospel.

But we are at our journey's end. The young candidates resolved to profit by that day's journey, and to remember the lessons learned.

We have given you a true but brief history of our ride, a perusal of which, I trust, may benefit some of the little readers of *Zion's Hope*.

EMMA.



SOLOMON'S DECISION.

A GREAT many people in this world talk about justice, and make very loud claims that justice shall be done them; but it not unfrequently happens that those who are most clamorous for justice for themselves, are least willing to grant or to perform it to others.

In the early days of the reign of King Solomon, there came to him two women, each claiming that a certain child whom they brought to the king, was their own. Each of these women had been lately made the mother of a babe; but one of them had carelessly lain in the early part of the night so as to smother her child. She resolved on claiming the living child, and accordingly arose about midnight, and exchanged her dead son for the other woman's living one.

When the other woman awoke she found what she supposed to be her child dead by her side.—She mourned for him as dead; but when the daylight came, she discovered that the dead child was not hers; but the child of the other woman. She made complaint; but the other woman would not heed her—she claimed also that the living child was hers.

They found it impossible to reconcile their statements, and therefore referred the matter to the king, each expecting the king's decision to be in her favor.

But the king was wise, he knew that the best method to test the truth of their separate statements, would be to test their affection for the living child. He therefore called for a sword, and they brought him one.

He then said to one of his servants, "Divide the living child in two, and give half to the one, and half to the other."

The child was there in the innocency of babyhood, unconscious of the fate hanging over it.—Oh! what a moment of agony for the real mother's heart. She looked at her boy—could she part with him to such a false-hearted woman as this wicked claimant for justice was? Could she see her child murdered? Oh! what a moment of trial that must have been. Look at our cut. See the sword raised. Oh! her mother's heart beats high—her voice falters—her piteous cry is "O my lord, *give her* the living child, and in no wise slay it." Love was stronger than apparent justice.

But the other heartless, bad woman, cried,— "Let it be neither mine nor thine, but divide it." Oh! thou wicked woman, thy clamor for justice betrays thy heartlessness, thy deceit.

The king saw through their claim, and commanded the child to be given to the one whose heart so yearned for her boy that she would rather he should be given to even this wicked rival, than her child be slain.

Darling Hopes; be rather willing to sacrifice to mercy, than to be clamorous for justice.— "With what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged." But "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

UNCLE MARK.

EVERY THING USEFUL!

GOD has made every thing for some use; the grass, the trees, the flowers, and the birds. The world would be dreary indeed; but that an all-wise Creator designed that it should be otherwise, and created all these things. God made the flowers for his creatures to gaze upon, and that they might not be wearied by gazing on a dreary and monotonous scene, but that they might behold on every side, flowers of various hues, to gladden the eye, and to enlighten the weary soul, God made the flowers, the pretty flowers, to bloom among the grass.

God created the trees to make the world beautiful. If there were no trees, what would we do for wood to burn, and for pleasant shades to sit under and rest ourselves or read our book? If there were no trees, what would we do for timber to improve our land, or erect our buildings?

God made the birds to sing in the air. There are many kinds of birds here; the wren, the robin, the black-bird, the cat-bird, and a great many other kinds that I do not know the names of.

It is now the winter; but though I enjoy it well, I love the summer still better.

"I love the cheerful summer-time
With all its birds, and bowers;
Its shining garments, green and smooth;
Its cool refreshing showers.

"I love to hear the little birds,
That sing among the trees,
I love the gentle flowing stream,
I love the evening breeze."

HYRUM O. SMITH.

"LONG acquaintance, as it maketh those things which are evil to seem less evil, so it makes good things, which were at first unpleasant, delightful."

ALWAYS BE PREPARED.

THE king of winter had long since congealed the waters of the shallow streams, and given an icy coating to the larger ones.— The earth had long been clothed with its beautiful mantle of snowy white. The birds had left for their sunny southern homes, where they spent the winter's seasons. The blazing fires drew cheerful faces around them to spend the long wintry evenings in that best of all circles, the circle of home, where loving eyes seldom tire of gazing on eyes that beam answers of love, nor eager ears of listening to the many instructive lessons that fond parents delight to impart to their loved and happy ones. The stern blasts of an unusually keen northern winter were such that none but those whom duty, necessity, or an intense love of pleasure allured, would venture to face and endure their bitter severity. The exciting pleasures of the sleigh were indulged in by those whose blood was young, vigorous and warm; but the amount of wrapping and muffling that such did proved that they even did not underrate the foe they had to encounter. The cold was trying and some times dangerous; but there was other danger in the excitement—hungry wolves were prowling around.

The wolf is a blood thirsty animal, but a cowardly one. In very rare instances indeed, has he ever been known to make an attack, unless there was an almost certainty of his obtaining an easy conquest. But hunger has very keen fangs, and when they fasten on the wolf, they impart to him a kind of bravery to which he is otherwise a stranger. Even then, however, he generally gathers a number of his kind about him before he makes an attack; but when made, the excitement sometimes renders him a resolute and a dangerous foe.

A party of four had started for a neighboring farm. They had with them a fork, for the purpose of loading some hay they intended borrowing to supply their stock, as they had not been wise enough to gather in a sufficient supply for the long winter that had set in.

It was customary also to take their fire-arms with them when going even a short journey, for the purposes of securing game, and as a precautionary means of defense. This time but one of the party had his gun with him.

A span of fine horses, fleet and sure of foot, were attached to the home-made, but commodious sleigh, and all was moving along pleasantly and merrily, when a peculiar, an almost unearthly sound reached their ears, and sent the blood hurriedly back to its deep fountains. The horses jumped and reared—the men listened. Again the doleful sound was heard, and this time nearer. The gun was carefully examined by its owner, and regrets were exchanged between the others at their carelessness in starting out unprepared for danger. The horses grew nervous, as though their instinct apprised them of certain danger.— It required a skilful hand to keep them in check;

but a thorough teamster held the reins.

On and still on they went, the unearthly sounding howl increasing and nearing them. Ascending a hill, from the summit of which a fine view of the surrounding country could be had, a sight met the gaze of the brave men that set their pulses to beating with a force which told how keenly alive they were to the danger menacing them. A larger party might have trembled, even if prepared for combat, it would be surprising if their's did not, for within a quarter of a mile of them they saw a pack of over a hundred wolves in close and hasty pursuit. The horses too caught sight of the pack, and as they heard their renewed and horrifying yells, when the breeze wafted back their scent to the pursuers, they trembled with very fear.

The race begun in earnest. Two miles nearly had yet to be travelled, before the farm would be reached, and there was no hope of help nearer.— It became indeed a race for life. Every nerve and muscle of the poor affrighted steeds seemed strained to their utmost tension, but they did nobly. Still their fleetness was not a match for some of the howling pack, though the greater



portion of them were being out-distanced.

The race continued. "Only about a mile to go, and we are safe. They can't gain sufficiently on us to make up what they are behind in that distance," exclaimed the one sitting in the hinder end of the sleigh watching the pursuers. They began to hope. The road here made a circuitous turn, winding round a long hill. The speed was unabated, and fear began to wane, when lo! right upon them came the foremost of the pack, having taken a straight line through a ravine, and came up with the sleigh.

With one bound, one of the pack leaped right in among them and a hand to hand encounter ensued. The wolf was beaten, and with one well aimed blow from a knife hastily drawn, dispatched and hurled from the sleigh. A second was caught on the fork by another of the stout fellows, and while falling received a kick from one of the horses which ended his career. A third fastened himself upon the neck of the poor beast whose kick had finished his comrade; but the fork released the faithful animal, and sent the wolf to follow his fallen comrades. A fourth and fifth had their account settled by the contents of the gun. There was neither time nor chance to

reload; but the gun did faithful service, for by it and the fork the rest were kept at bay.

Intoxicated with the scent of blood, the wolves kept up the chase; but the two noble animals, one of whom was rendered desperate with pain, and both with fear, left the combatants but little chance.

The noise was heard at the farm, where a number of brave fellows used to such encounters were staying, and eager for the chase out they came, prepared and in earnest, and soon the bang, bang, bang of their trusty rifles told a tale of death among the assailants that made the hindmost ones halt, and the foremost who were not killed glad to beat a hasty and inglorious retreat.

But little serious injury was sustained by either animals or men; yet a lesson was learned that they would always remember. Can you tell what that lesson is? Had they kept it they would have had hay, and need not have exposed themselves. They would have felt more confidence when exposed, if duty had rendered that exposure necessary. Will Zion's Hope learn it? It is but short; but it will qualify you to do more good than you can do if it is unlearned, and it

will be of good service to you in the hour of trial and danger.— The lesson is found in the three simple words that form the heading of this narration, "Always be Prepared." UNCLE MARK.

THE REINDEER.

THERE are different species of deer found in various parts of the world. The Moose, the Elk, and the Reindeer, are some of them.

The Moose is found in a cold climate and quite far north. It is an ungraceful and clumsy animal, but its flesh is eaten and relished

by the inhabitants of the fur countries, and for that it is valued.

The Elk is an imposing and beautiful creature; but its warlike disposition makes it difficult to tame. I presume some of our little readers have seen them in their native glory bounding over our western plains. In a few instances they have been tamed and trained, and put in the harness; but it is not likely that they will ever take the place of the faithful reindeer.

The reindeer is much like our common deer.— It is used in Lapland, and in other northern countries, as a means of transportation over the immense fields of snow. No other animal can traverse them so rapidly as the reindeer. Its hoofs are very large, and spread widely. They serve to bear it up.

The snow-shoes which the Canadians wear in crossing the snow are the invention of man; but our Heavenly Father has provided this faithful creature with some of His invention.

The reindeer eats very little and often fares very hard, as the herbage is very scarce in the regions it inhabits, and in winter it has to seek for its food under the snow.

The males have beautiful horns which branch

out gracefully; these give them an air of grandeur. You who have seen pictures of them,—do they not look like trees planted on the head of a living animal?

The reindeer is easily trained, and the Laplander will skim over the snow very rapidly drawn by his faithful reindeer and riding in his trusty sled. Those who use the reindeer treat them very kindly, and take great pride in them.

O, the wisdom which has adapted every creature to its own allotted sphere! and how ungrateful is man who cannot appreciate the goodness that has given him the world, its beauties, and the dominion thereof.

NELLIE.

The Children's Column.

WHAT A LITTLE ONE CAN DO.

DEAR EDITORS OF THE HOPE:

Last Monday I took the *Hope* to school with me to get up a club, and my school teacher was the first to give his name. He never was to a saints meeting. I send you the money for five, and only one of them is a saint. I have the promise of more when they get the money.

LATER.—I send the names of five more for the *Hope*, and have the promise of more soon.

ORACY A. LAKE.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Jan. 2, 1870.

Dear Bro. Joseph and Uncle Mark:

After reading about Santa Claus in our last *Zion's Hope*, mamma told me to try and write to tell you what I think is the true meaning of Santa Claus. I think it is love and friendship. The love of our fathers and mothers, and the friendship of our friends. I am only a little girl. We send our love to Bro. Joseph and Uncle Mark, and we wish you a Happy New Year.

LILIAN HOWELL.

NEBRASKA CITY, December, 1869.

Pres. Joseph Smith:

I have read little Alta's letter; ask her to give me a little more of the same kind. I am waiting patiently to hear or to read the productions of the rest of my little sisters.

Bro. R. C. Elvin and officers deserve credit for the good and able manner in which they have conducted our Sabbath School; he for directing, and they for carrying out his able and orderly plans.

With desires for your welfare, I remain your brother in the gospel,

ABRAHAM HALLIDAY.

CASEY, Iowa, Dec. 14, 1869.

Bro. Joseph:

The children of the Sabbath School in this place, heartily endorse what Alta Corless says with regard to appropriating a column in the *Hope*, in which the little folks can correspond with each other. We also consent for you to take from our letters whatever you wish.

JOHN S. WEEKS.

Original Poetry.



EXCELSIOR!

BY PERLA WILD.

Up the steep and rugged way,
Never falt'ring day by day,
Lo! the youthful traveller toils,
Seeking neither wealth nor spoils.

Weary oft of heart and limb,
Never does his courage dim;
Still he waves his banner fair,—
Mark the motto shining there!

Ah, "Excelsior!" noble thought!
With what grand aspirings fraught!
Aye, "More lofty!" cries the youth;
What more lofty pray than Truth?

Lo! he scales the giddy height,
With an eye both firm and bright,
Pointing upward, happy youth!
To the home of Love and Truth.

Heaven's grandest power sublime,
Through each age and in each clime,
Truth shines radiant and bright,
Heaven's purest, noblest light!

Children, let us follow Truth!
Like this noble dauntless youth!
Speak the truth and ne'er deceive,
All God's holy truth believe!

ANAGRAM No. 10.

Ey hilerdne foeth gimdkno,
Rouy throvois tye ludnto,
Uoy rea sa tyselo wesjle,
Kiel sdadimon ste nildog.
Eb htfliauf niryou clepas,
Salayw ebknee dan lmid,
Dnalfwoe etheplaxmefo
Thiesr, hetvlyeo idchl.

ENIGMAS.

No. 25.—I am composed of twelve letters.
My 2, 7, 1, 11, is the name of a quadruped.
My 9, 8, 12, 2, 1, is mentioned in the parable of the ten virgins.
My 12, 8, 4, 1, is the name of a planet.
My 4, 7, 12, causes much sorrow.
My 8, 9, 12, 8, is one of the prophets.
My 12, 8, 7, 9, are used to do what my 1, 2, 9, 10, 6, 4, 8, 3, 9, 11, spells.
My 8, 2, 4, 5, 9, is the time saints gather.
My whole a strong delusion.
Now please tell me the names of the rivers my letters will spell, also what country they are situated in.
AUNT MARYETTE.

No. 26.—I am composed of eleven letters.
My 6, 3, 4, 5, is the plural of a little animal.
My 7, 1, 10, is a boy's plaything.
My 8, 3, 2, is sometimes used as medicine.
My 6, 3, 2, 10, is a fraction of a cent.
My 9, 11, 2, 10; expresses what is done by the American Indians.
My whole is the name of the one who composed this enigma.

AN OLD RIDDLE.

Y Y U R
Y Y U B,
I C U R
Y Y FOR ME.

ANSWER TO ANAGRAM NO. 7.

Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.

Answered correctly by Agnes Hodge, Sarah J. Ballantyne, Martha Molyneux, Mary E. Kyte, Hyrum O. Smith, R. Wight, E. F. Shupe, Alice M. Boyle, Katie Butler, Alice Moore, Hannah E. Kay.

ANSWER to Enigma No. 19 is Eat, Rat, Butter, Kite, Reel, Katie Butler.

Answered correctly by Alice M. Boyle, Hannah E. Kay, H. O. Smith, Roliando Wight, Mary E. Kyte.

ANSWER to Enigma No. 20 is Gallon, Sand, Horse, Crane, Glove, Galland's Grove Branch.

Answered correctly by Katie Butler, Alice M. Boyle, H. E. Kay, Roliando Wight.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Dec. 19, 1869.

To Mrs. Ure:

At a teacher's meeting held in Zion's Hope S. S. Dec. 19, 1869, a committee appointed to draft resolutions of condolence to the bereaved parent of our beloved school companion John Ure, Resolved, That we mourn his loss, but feel that our loss will be his eternal gain. We miss his loving face and cheerful voice. We feel assured that the love and attachment he ever manifested for the Sunday School, bespoke for him a love for God and heaven, and we further believe that He who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me," has in this instance called our little friend to his arms. We therefore commend the bereaved parent and family to him who alone is able to save all who come unto him aright, in an acceptable manner.

"A mourning class, a vacant seat,
Tell us that one we lov'd to meet,
Will join our youthful throng no more,
Till all these changing scenes are o'er.

No more that voice we loved to hear
Will fill his teacher's listening ear,
No more its tones will join to swell
The songs that of a Savior tell.

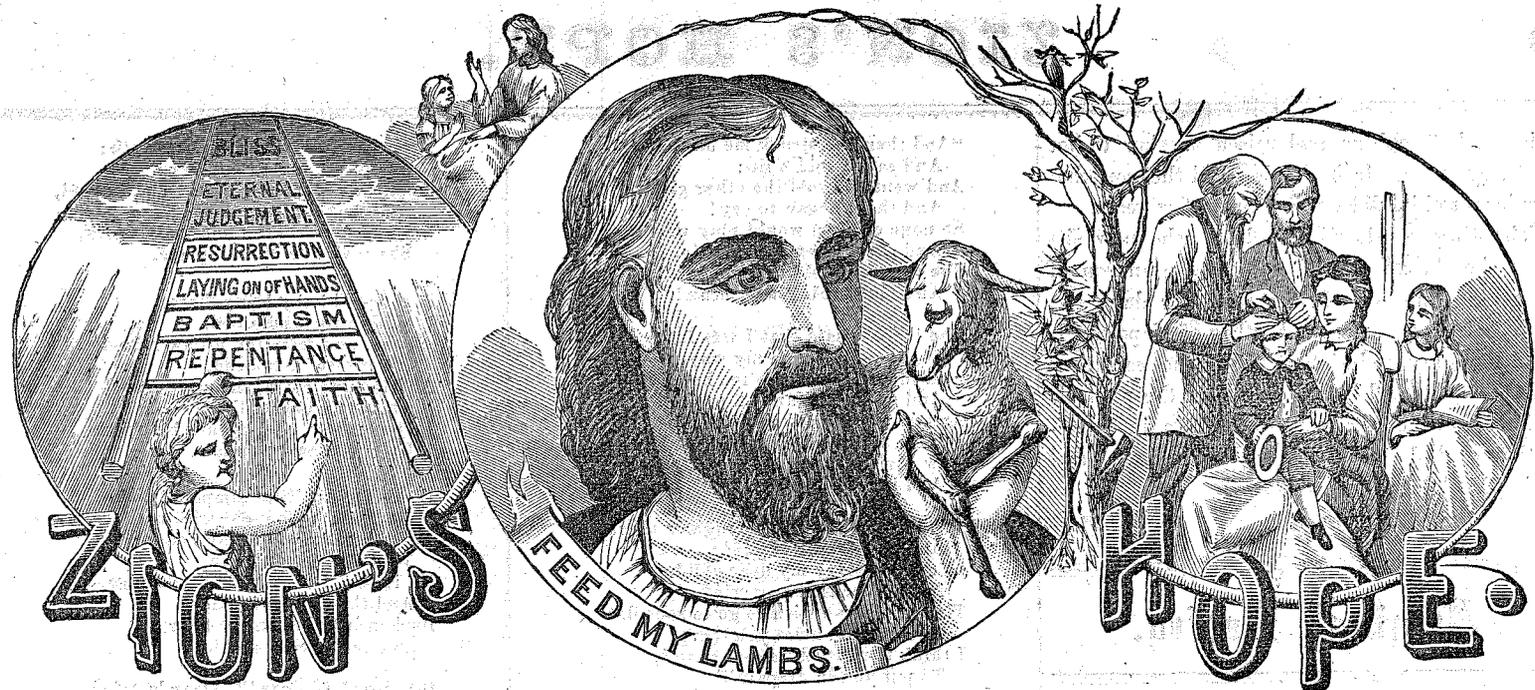
That welcome face, that sparkling eye,
And sprightly form, now buried lie,
Deep in the cold and silent gloom,
The rayless night that fills the tomb.

God tells us by this mournful death,
How vain and fleeting is our breath;
And bids our souls prepare to meet
The trial of a judgment seat."

Respectfully submitted.

GEO. BELLAMY, SUPERINTENDENT.

GEO. THORPE,
WM. RITCHEY, } Committee.
WM. ASHTON. }



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

Vol. I.

PLANO, ILL., FEBRUARY 1, 1870.

No. 15.

FEBRUARY!

WINTER still holds high carnival. The snow, fresh, clean and bright, when it first fell, has in places become brown and discolored. The long lines of road through the village, down by the mill, over the bridge and up the hill, have become bare in spots; and altogether, the winter, once so hale and hearty in his glitter and glare, now seems to be putting on a more sober look, as if he contemplated giving up his boisterous ways by and by.

That strength is left for fierce winds and piercing cold, the picture given of this month will remind us.

See the provident woodman returning home from the forest with his arms full of wood.

He knows how warm and cosy he must make the cottage sitting-room, that those young "hopes" of his, now sliding on the frozen surface of the creek, beneath the footbridge over which he is crossing, may not feel the nipping cold, while they listen to the fairy stories told by aunt Maryette, and uncle Jethro.

No leaf is left to garnish the old tree standing upon the bank,—no cheerful chirrup is heard from the moss-covered rocks, against which the waters rippled so merrily last summer.

The favorite amusements in the country where apples abound, these long winter evenings are apple parings, corn huskings, and social gatherings, where riddles are told and guessed at, and hunt the slipper, chase the squirrel, and cross questions and crooked answers are played after the apples are pared, the corn husked and the nuts cracked.

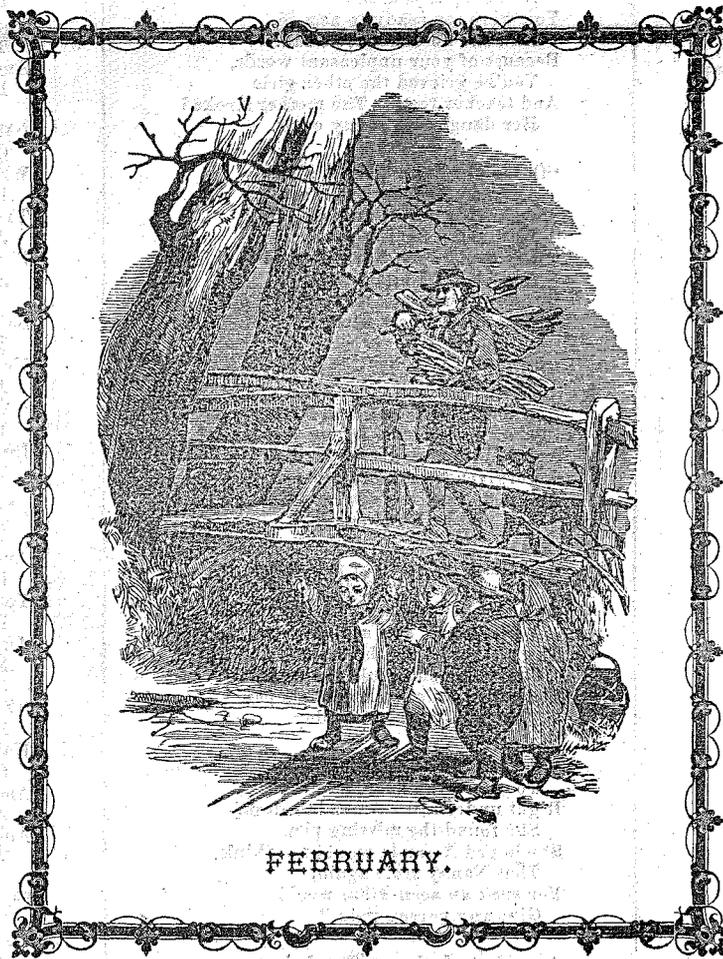
T. T.'s heart grows merry as he remembers what jolly times he has seen in the "old house at home," when he was a boy.

But he is in the February of his life, when the bright hues of early youth begin to look sober and brown,—this will never do, the happy faces of the readers of ZION'S HOPE must not be clouded by such intruding thoughts.

February is the second month of the year, and was introduced into the Roman calendar by Numa.

time which occurs by our method of counting is made up by adding every four years, one day.—There are only twenty-eight days in this month this year. In 1868 there were twenty-nine, and in 1872 there will be twenty-nine. The year in which February has twenty-nine days is called leap year.

The little Hopes who wish to be able to tell when leap year comes, will easily find it out by dividing the number of the year by four; whenever the year will divide by four and leave no remainder, that year is leap year.



FEBRUARY.

EMPERESS JOSEPHINE.

YOU have read how ambitious the Emperor Napoleon was, and how all-powerful his prowess was in battle; but he never won the love of the nation as truly as did his first wife, the Empress Josephine.

She was called "The guardian angel of France," and was beloved by all that knew her. She extended alms and benevolence on all sides, and mercy and protection were sure to be obtained through her mediation with Napoleon.

She had been married while young to the Viscount Beauharnais, and came near perishing as he did on the scaffold, at the time of the revolution in France.

At the time she married General Bonaparte, she had two children, Eugene and Hortense, in whom she instilled her own religious principles.

She had more influence with Napoleon than any other one person, and he had great regard for her to the day of her death. But notwithstanding his great love for her, his ambition was greater; he was so desirous of bestowing his empire upon one of his own name, that he divorced

It is called the month of expiation, because on the fifteenth of this month the great feast of expiation and purification was held. It is derived from the word *februum*, originally, in the Sabine language a purgative.

This month is the one in which the loss of

this good Josephine, and raised another to her place, by name Maria Louisa, and the son that was born to him did not live but a few years.

The Emperor Louis Napoleon, who now sits upon the throne of France, is the grandson of Josephine, the son of Hortense, her daughter, and Louis Bonaparte, the brother of Napoleon I.

The mighty ambition of man who can thus trample upon good hearts to secure the pinnacle of fame, is it not always visited with a just retribution, and do not goodness, and mercy, and loving kindness triumph at last?

NELLIE.

Original Poetry.



THE THOUGHTLESS GIRL.

She put her basket on a chair,
Her shaker on the floor,
And then Amanda sat her down
Within the open door.
A settled gloom was on her face,
A cloud was in her eye;
She hid her face in both her hands
And then began to cry.

The mother watched her wayward child
In silence for awhile,
In hopes the cloud would pass away
Succeeded by a smile.
Amanda wanted to be good,
Indeed she often tried;
But she possessed a childish fault,
Her better traits to hide!

She was a careless, thoughtless child,
In word and action too;
She scarcely ever seemed to think
Of what she ought to do!
And by her careless thoughtless ways,
She oftentimes was led
Instead of doing what was right,
To do the wrong instead!

The mother laid her work aside,
And thus addressed her child:—
"Amanda, tell me why you weep?"
Her tone was sweet and mild.
"O! ma, I never, never want
To go to school again;
For every body hates me there,
And some one stole my pen!"

"I wrote with it before recess,
And when we all went out,
I laid it on my desk I know,
It's stole without a doubt!
I never thought of it again
Until this afternoon,
The teacher told us all to write
Our compositions soon.

"Because we had a long, hard task
In fractions to go through;
With that and all the rest you know
We had enough to do!
Now Nanny Taylor sits with me
And SHE'S THE THIEF, I know;
She teases to trade pens with me,
I always tell her no!"

"And not a boy or girl had seen
My pen-case lying there,
And it was nowhere to be found,
And I was in despair!
I told Miss Nanny at recess,
I thought she'd stole my pen;
And told her that I wanted her
To give it back again!"

"And then she struck me on the arm,
And said I told a lie;
And went and told the other girls
And then, began to cry!
So none of them would play with me,
And then, when we went in,
She went and told the teacher, too,
And that I think was mean!"

The teacher said that I was far
Too thoughtless in my ways;
And judged my mates too hastily,
And spoke in Nanny's praise!
And so you see discredit marks
Were written by my name,
Now don't you think I'm badly used,
And isn't it a shame?"

The mother heard her daughter through,
And calmly she replied:
"I'm very sorry my dear child,
No wonder that you cried,
That you've no wish to go to school,
That no one loves you there,
I think that you have done enough,
To put you in despair!"

"Me, mother! why, what have I done?
It surely was not me!
I could not help what Nanny did,
I'm not to blame you see!"
"No, child! I do not see it thus!
For you are most to blame!
I'm sorry for this sad affair,
And your disgrace and shame!"

"If you had put your pen away,
As you've been told to do,
You would have spared yourself much pain,
And blame, and trouble, too!
And you were far too hasty, child,
Just as your teacher said,
Accusing Nanny as you did,
'Twas very wrong, indeed!"

"You have no cause to think she stole,
And even if you had,
You were too ready to accuse,
And she no doubt feels sad.
Because of your unpleasant words,
You've grieved the other girls
And teacher too." The mother stroked
Her daughter's sunny curls.

"O, mother dear, I see it all!"
And now her tears fell fast.
She saw her error, and she felt
Most sorry for the past!
"Why could I not have stopped to think?
And oh! if I had known!
But now, oh dear! what shall I do!
How shall I now atone?"

"I'll tell you, child, what you must do!
To-morrow you must go
And tell Miss Young and Nanny too
That you've been wrong you know!
And tell them you are sorry, dear,
Forgiveness ask of them;
And if you try to do what's right,
You will be loved again!"

Amanda heard a light foot-fall;
She raised her tearful eyes,
And met her teacher's kindly face,
With shame, and sad surprise.
The mother asked the teacher in,
But "No; she could not stay,
She called to leave Amanda's pen
That had been lost to-day.

"She tarried after school was out
To sweep the floor, and then
Right underneath Amanda's desk,
She found the missing pen.
She hoped Amanda would not think
That Nanny stole again,
For such an accusation would
Give any person pain."

Amanda took the proffered pen,
And 'mid her timid fears,
She told Miss Young her deep remorse,
With sobs and bitter tears.
The teacher, ready to forgive,
Now kissed her burning cheek,
And words of sweet encouragement,
Her heart rejoiced to speak.

And as she turned to go, she said,
"I'll call as I go by,

And tell Miss Nanny all the truth;
So don't feel bad and cry!"
Amanda's mind was soothed and eased,
And, having bathed her face,
To help perform the household work,
She took her wonted place.

A year-old baby lying there,
Within its eradle bed,
Awoke, and from the pillow raised
It's pretty little head.
And looking round, he soon espied
Amanda's basket there
To tempt him, just within his reach,
Upon the nearest chair.

He thrust his little dimpled hand
As quick as thought within,
And found a pretty china cup
That had had jelly in.
He raised it o'er the basket's edge,
And then he let it fall;
Broken it lay upon the floor
In many pieces small.

"O, dear! O, dear!" Amanda cried,
"My pretty cup is spoiled!
You good-for-nothing Henry, you,
You're such a naughty child!"
Her mother in th' adjoining room,
Was grieved to hear these words,
And sad misgivings in her mind,
Her daughter's conduct stirred.

Into the kitchen soon she went,
And there the baby sat
On poor Amanda's shaker, it
Had pressed and broken flat!
Amanda did not see the babe,
Her apron hid her face,
For she was weeping as she had
About her sad disgrace.

Her mother's step aroused her now,
She cried in sad dismay:
"Oh! oh! you naughty baby you!
Oh! all goes wrong to-day!
For every thing just seems to try
To vex and pester me;
And when I try to do what's right,
I'm troubled more I see!"

"My pretty cup, and shaker too;
O what will Uncle say,
When he shall ask about the gift
He gave on my birth-day?"
The mother smoothed the shaker out
As best it could be done,
Picked up the broken cup, and then
She took the little one;

Sat down, and let Amanda weep
To ease her harassed mind,
Until her pearly tears grew less,
And she seemed more resigned.
"Amanda, where did Henry find
Your basket with your cup?
He surely cannot reach the nail
Where you should hang it up!"

"You put your shaker on the floor,
Your basket on a chair!
And this is why that all goes wrong;—
BECAUSE YOU HAVE NO CARE!
You put your pen upon the desk,
Instead of in its place,
And this one thoughtless act has caused
Much trouble and disgrace!"

"Your thoughtlessness when you came home,
In laying down your things,
Has brought you loss and grief full sore,
Pray think of what it brings!"
Amanda had an active mind,
And plainly saw the truth;
And she determined to reform
While in her early youth!

She learned to practice carefulness,
In word and action too,
By striving hard and praying much,
A careful girl she grew.
And may each little reader learn
This lesson when a child,
To "careful be in word and deed;"
Thus prays your PEARLA WILD.

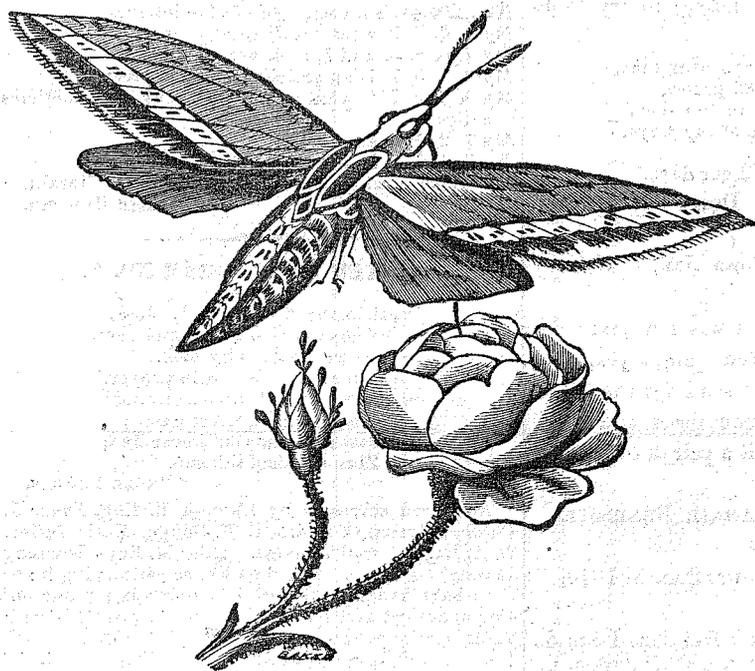
The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof;
The world, and they that dwell therein.
Shew me thy ways, O Lord; teach me thy paths.

MRS. MOTH'S HISTORY.

CHAPTER IV.

MY good time was not long coming, for it was in the summer months. Now if it had been during the fall months, I might have been frozen in my little home, and should have had to wait until spring.

After a long state of sleep and torpor, I awoke one day restless and feverish. My thick brown shell felt dry and tight, and I was perfectly impatient to be moving. I knew my time was short, so I began at the side of my room and bored up slowly to the surface of the ground again, rolling out perfectly exhausted on the ground. I knew that the glad bright world was all about me, but could see nothing of it; so dry and thick was my brown shell.



VELVETA MOTH.

After a little rest it became unendurable, and I bowed up my back and the shell broke open all along the line of it. Then came hard work.—Drawing myself slowly and tediously up, I drew out two down-covered, graceful legs, long and handy. Taking hold with my feet of the edge of the shell, I drew out my head.

How beautiful every thing was to my sight.—It was so long, I can't tell how long before, since I had seen the light. At first I was all damp, and my plumage clung to me, unsightly and ruffled. But it soon dried and assumed a soft velvety appearance, rich and beautiful as a brocade dress. I drew out my long slender proboscis, like a brown thread, and rolling it up in a small roll hid it in my downy throat. Then two more slender legs, then two more. Then my wings all folded and limp at first; but soon unfolding and drying to their full width, clothed in drab and silver colors. Balancing myself, I drew out the rest of my form, and was safely through my last change.

It was toward evening, and I walked along on the grass blades, fluttering my wings to dry my plumage. My eyes were large and softly brown, with two plume-like feelers, or antenna, waving above my head. My form all rich in delicate down, like a silken-clad Quakeress. Drab and

silver, with wavy lines and marks of brown were on my back and wings, while the sides of my form were variegated with clear buff, black and silver, in beautiful markings like a leopard's fur.

Very soon I learned to fly on my softly humming wings, roaming through the fields of glowing sunset air, pausing to sip the delicious honey from the lovely cups of the many-hued flowers, drawing it through my slender tube, bill or proboscis.

What a free innocent life is mine. I glide through the moonlight, among the silent, night-blooming flowers, in the still gardens of peace.—All the hot day, I sleep in the shade of the leaf, and come forth in the quiet eve to drink the dew.

Many the beautiful friends I see, as the humming birds and butterflies. Wasps trouble me little now, for I glide away like a flash. Many the beautiful sights I might tell you of; of the

midnight, of the rosy dawn and of the twilight stars; but I must away on melodious wings.

Yet before I go, I must tell you that your life is shown forth in mine.—You shall toil and wait, suffer and watch through this earthly career, sleep in the grave and come forth to a glorious angel-life, full of exquisite peace, joy, intelligence, purity and bliss, and praise God through eternity.

“TURN OVER A NEW LEAF.”

I HAVE been thinking of late a great deal about our dear young Hopefuls, and have made up my mind that I would begin with the New Year, and devote some of the “fragments of time” I may have to spare, in writing for *Zion's Hope*.

I wish to draw your attention at this time to some conversation I heard between a mother and her daughter.

“Amy, Amy, my child, do not sit down in such an unbecoming posture. Have I not always taught you better manners than that?”

“Yes mamma, but I forgot.”

“Forgot! you should never forget good manners.”

“Well mother, there was nobody in the room but aunt, and you, and little sister, and I really did not think.”

“Do you not think as much of us as of anybody? Besides, you should not acquire a habit of doing things at home, or before ‘home folks,’ that you would be ashamed of anywhere; if you do, you will be overtaken or caught doing them, when away, or just when you would like to appear the best, to your own mortification and shame.—

And not only do you have to bear this, but blame is attached also to your mother, who has always

taught you to observe good manners. Always be polite at home, Amy, and then it will be easy for you away from home, and you can appear without affectation, for your manners will be natural and easy. ‘Nobody in the room but aunt, and you, and little sister.’ Little sister requires you to be polite at home. See her imitate your actions every day. You must set good examples before her; she is just beginning to form habits and manners. You should never say or do any thing before her that you would not like to see her do when she is older.”

By this time Amy's face began to redden with shame; but being a very sensible child, she very readily received her mother's reprimand as just, and resolved in her own mind to obey her mother's counsel, as you will see by reading her resolution.

“Dear mother, I am ashamed and sorry for my past conduct. I want you to forgive me all the past, for now I am going to ‘turn over a new leaf,’ and see if I cannot overcome some of my bad habits. Mother, I know you are very kind to me, and have always taught me to be civil and polite in all places, and to all people. I know it displeases and grieves you to see me so indifferent to your teachings and chidings; indeed, mother, I will surely ‘turn over a new leaf.’”

Amy was old enough to realize what she said, for she was about twelve years of age; and I hope she will have firmness enough to carry out her resolution.

My dear little readers, I hope none of you will ridicule little Amy's resolution; but will adopt it yourselves; for it is a good one. Yes, let us all “turn over a new leaf,” with the New Year. Let us keep a faithful diary of our doings, and see at the close of the year, if our “leaf” will be filled with sayings and doings that will bear to be criticised by Our Great Teacher.

AUNT MARYETTE.

A CHEERFUL FACE.

NOW pleasing to look upon a cheerful face. Let your beaming looks and bright faces betoken your happy hearts.

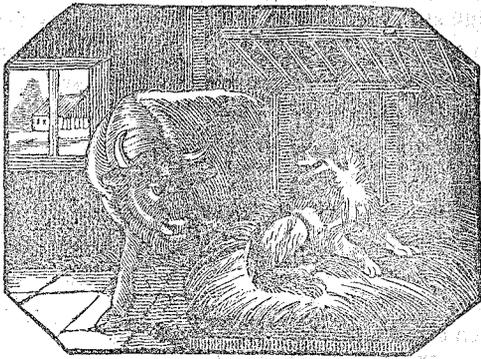
Let angry feeling, should it rise, flit quickly by, and be sure it does not leave its unholy impress upon your young, fresh countenances, to darken the sunshine of your little mates. Have a pleasant word and cheerful look for all.

Just try this for a few days and see how many friends you will make, and how much your companions will love you.

It will gain victories for you, and storm many a surly citadel, whereas a cross word and a sour look, would bristle up many a hitherto hidden weapon, to fight against and overcome you in the end. Remember that a cross word and a sour face are two steps backward down your “gospel ladder,” while a pleasant look, with an earnest endeavor, will give you such a good grasp upon it, that its ascent will be made easier.

CORA.

TRUTH can be spoken without art or affectation, but a lie stands in need of both.



THE DOG IN THE STALL.

HERE are a great many people in whom we see exhibited the same spirit as that represented by the artist, in the above illustration of one of Æsop's celebrated fables.

The dog has no real use for the hay, except to lie upon. He can neither eat it nor employ it to any advantage. But he has selected it for his bed. The poor hungry cow comes in, and desires to eat; but the growling, snarling, surly dog shows his sharp teeth, and forbids her. Had she speech, and could the dog understand that speech, she might reason with him; but it would be of no avail. He feels that he is master of the cow, and will show his power. He will not move, unless some one stronger than he is, or the master of the house, shall compel him to move. He cares nothing for the wants of the poor beast that is hungry and suffering.

Are there any of our little Hopes that sympathise with the cow?

"Why yes," you answer. "We think the cow is very much to be pitied, and the dog equally to be blamed."

Just so, little ones. But what would you think, if I were to tell you that, if you are not careful, some of you will take this miserable dog's example for your pattern, and be like him.

The world has great numbers that are like him. Men who have property in abundance, who when a rich man or one whom they know is more apt to bestow than to ask favor comes, are all smiles and politeness; but who, if a poor or needy person comes to ask help, and sometimes before they have a chance to speak, lest they should solicit aid; meet them with a look and a tone of speech as cutting, as churlish, as that with which the dog greeted the cow.

If God has blest you with means or learning; if as you grow into manhood and womanhood, you shall be blessed with good gifts, be as willing to help others as if you were destitute you would be to receive help. If you have no good thing to bestow upon others, still answer them kindly.—Remember that Jesus calls you to be His little lambs, and not to be snappish, cross, churlish, or unkind.

UNCLE MARK.

LOVE GOD NOW.—The sweetest word in our language is *love*, the greatest word in our language is *God*, the word expressing the shortest time is *now*. The three make the sweetest duty man can perform—LOVE GOD NOW.—*Toledo Blade*.

The Children's Column.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, Iowa,
January 18, 1870.

Dear Uncle Mark:

I was baptized about a month ago, one real cold night. I think every thing of the child's paper. I thank you very much for those little stories. I am trying to be a better girl this year than I was last year.

JENNIE MAY BEEBE.

Dear Editors of the Hope:

As it is Sabbath evening and there is no meeting near enough that I can go to, I thought I would write a few lines to you.

I have been baptized into the church, yet I must confess that I have not been so faithful as I ought to have been; but I intend to try to do better in the future.

"Heavenly Father we draw near thee,
With a voice of joy and praise,
In our childhood taught to fear thee,
Taught the knowledge of thy ways.
We would praise thee,
Serve and love thee all our days."

DORA R. SHUPE.

VINCENNES, Iowa, Jan. 1, 1870.

Bro. Joseph:

I was baptized when I was ten years old. I have not been in the church quite a year, and I am now eleven. I want to send for the *Hope*. I have money enough to send for it, and I will tell you how I got it. I knit a pair of socks, and a brother bought them.

FANNIE BENEDICT.

VINCENNES, Iowa, Jan. 3, 1870.

Dear Editors of the Hope:

I am a little boy, but I feel that I can do something in the way of helping Uncle Mark by assisting to fill up "The Children's Column;" and whether I obtain a prize or not, this year, I am going to try to be a *good* boy, and gain the prize that Jesus offers to all *good* children. And now my little brothers and sisters in Zion's Hope, a few words to you. Ma and Pa, Uncle Joseph and Uncle Mark, and all the good people, are doing all they can to make *good* boys and girls of us. Can we not do something for ourselves?—Can't we listen to Ma and Pa's advice better this year than last? We are growing older every year, and as we grow older, let us grow better.—My teacher tells me, "the better boy I am, the happier I will be," and I believe it. And now, will all my little brothers and sisters among the *saints*, make this *vow* with me? That they will *try* to be better boys and girls this year than they were last? And let us pray to God every day to aid us by his Holy Spirit, to "pay our *vows*."

FREDDIE GRIFFITH.

We thank Edith for the verse; but have not room for more copy this time.

"Kind words are among the brightest flowers of earth; they convert the humblest home into a paradise; therefore use them, especially around the fire-side circle."

ANAGRAM No. 11.

Reevn rdsepia, hothug file's ylowbil ncoea,
Yma sost uyo tlafo ni tsi smotr-drldine rsebat.
Uththgo eth mnelstee won- era ni tdwseli mmocntnoo,
Teh nus lllhas preece thghuor mhite, dna ricmson eth tsew,
Nthe ayaw hwit ustidtsr, dna sit buinesu sbnnhia,
Ghuhot ryou wpaahy no thear adrkaptasec yma rwae.
Ekil eth lyavel fo thdea, ryeve gander halsi sihnav,
Rofa vaeenh siel 'dnoy ti—neht nvere aispedr.

ENIGMAS.

No. 27.—I am composed of thirteen letters.
My 13, 5, 9, is a part of our body.
My 10, 11, 7, 9, is an animal.
My 8, 6, 13, is a cause of great destruction.
My 3, 2, 7, 9, is a part of a tree.
My 4, 11, 1, is what we are governed by.
My 7, 2, 10, 4, is a part of a dollar.
My 8, 6, 3, 4, is a part of a house.
My 9, 11, 3, 10, is what boys love to play.
My 7, 6, 5, 4, is what people like to get.
My whole is the name of an Elder in the church of Latter Day Saints.

No. 28.—I am composed of nine letters.
My 1, 3, 7, is what we all should love.
My 4, 5, 8, 9, and 7, 2, 5, are animals.
My 9, 8, 5, 7, is an article used by weavers.
My 6, 2, 9, 7, is what men of high rank are sometimes called.
My 7, 2, 1, is an animal.
My 7, 3, 6, 4, is a mineral.
My whole is what is much called for in the Herald.

WILLIE HOWARD.

ANSWER TO ANAGRAM NO. 8.

Sweet lambs of Jesus' holy flock,
The hope of God's kingdom here,
To thee we ever fondly look,
And for thee we bow in prayer.
Be gentle, good, loving and kind;
Strive to win a perfect name;
In Christ a friend you'll ever find,
In Zion a peaceful home.

UNCLE THOMAS.

Answered correctly by Hannah E. Kay, Emma J. Cubley, Hyrum O. Smith, E. F. Shupe, Katie Butler, O. A. Lake, Alfred Tempest. Alice M. Boyle is wrong in only one letter. She thus writes concerning it: "I have had a great deal of trouble in making out this anagram, and I do not know now that I have it right, as the pronouns 'thee' in the third and fourth lines, do not agree with their antecedent, 'lambs.'"

ANSWER to Enigma No. 21 is Palm, Mule, Alma, Late, Tule, Alum, Lute, Lame, Petaluma.

Answered correctly by Alice M. Boyle, Oracy A. Lake, Mary E. Kyte, May Carrington, H. O. Smith, Katie Butler, Hannah E. Kay, Annie Jones, Lester G. Odell.

ANSWER to Enigma No. 22 is Rook, Broom, Moon, Book, Mormon, (the first number of this word was a typographical error, it was 1 but should have been 7. We credit our correspondents who have given us B, the letter for I, with correctness), For, Of, Book of Mormon.

Answered correctly by Emma J. Cubley, Lester G. Odell, Oracy A. Lake, Katie Butler, Mary E. Kyte, Annie Jones, Hyrum O. Smith, May Carrington, Alice Moore, Alice M. Boyle.

This list closes the answers for the first six months of ZION'S HOPE. In our next issue we will publish the prizes awarded.

ZION'S HOPE

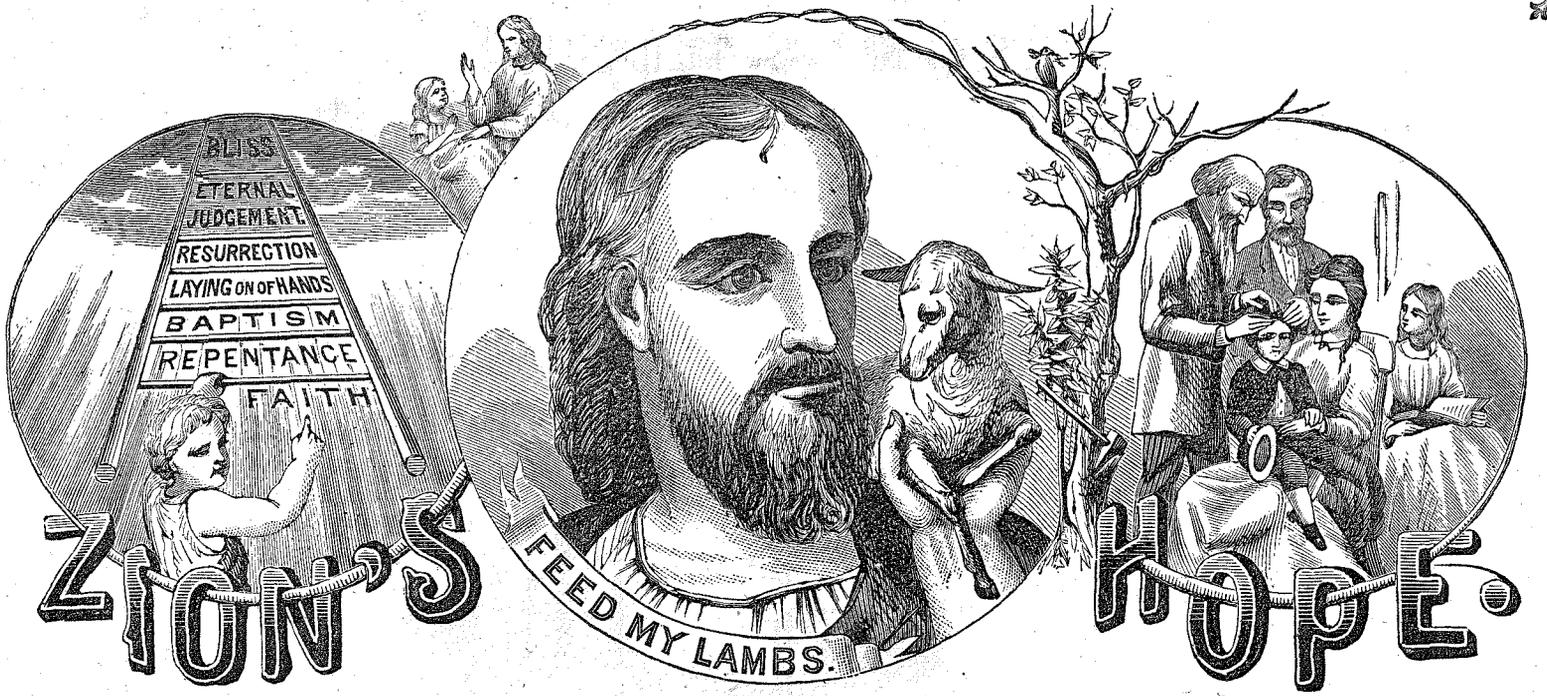
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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

Vol. I.

PLANO, ILL., FEBRUARY 15, 1870.

No. 16.

GEORGE AND THE WOODMAN.

THE idler is frequently very unhappy. He does not enjoy the sweets of life, because he does not labor to procure them. They come to him through the toil of others.

The laboring man, be his occupation what it may, if it be an humble one, is worth more to society than a hundred idlers.

In the ardor of youthful fancy, before the duties of life are realized, the young people often wish for riches, and for idle leisure. They look upon the busy man and his pursuits with a feeling that if expressed would be,—

"Well, I wouldn't like to toil as you do. I hope when I grow up, I shall not be compelled to work." If of poor parents, they often look upon the children of the rich with a feeling of envy; if of rich parents, they often look upon the children of the poor with a feeling of scorn. All this is wrong. But thanks be to God, not all are so. There is much that is good among both the rich and the poor.

Our picture represents two classes, a poor, hard-working woodman, and a son of wealthy parents.

The woodman has performed faithfully his hard day's toil, and with his trusty dog, who scarcely ever leaves his master's side except when bidden, is returning to the humble home, where dwell fond wife and children, for whose comfort he carries the faggot upon his back.

George while returning home from school, has

met the honest woodman, and is gratifying him with his fluent and easy conversation. George has learned from his good parents the very sensible lesson, that neither riches nor station form the standard of manhood, but worth alone. He knows the woodman's honest worth, and takes pleasure in imparting to him the pleasure he

gathers from his superior privileges. The woodman loves him for his kindness.

How much more is George to be prized than are those foolish boys who, priding themselves on their parents' wealth, or social position, treat coldly or unkindly those in poorer circumstances. Would you be happy here and hereafter? Do good to all men. If you are in good circumstances, do not treat distantly, coldly, or unkindly those who are poor; if you are poor, do not hastily judge those who are wealthy, nor envy

them their riches. Riches in themselves are no honor, poverty no disgrace; but those who fear the Lord, whether rich or poor, whether men like them or dislike them, shall enjoy the riches of eternity.

UNCLE MARK.

"GOD BLESS YOU."

LITTLE friends the holidays are past.— Christmas, merry, merry, Christmas has gone for another year. One month of the new year has gone, and now that your young hearts no longer throb with joyous anticipation,

or bound with a thrill of pleasure at the thought of what Santa Claus would bring you, just sit down quietly for a few moments and listen to Cora, while she tells you of her Christmas gift.

That will be real nice, says Jennie; for as you are a big, grown woman, of course it was something worth talking about.

Indeed it was, but now won't you try and guess what it was?

Oh! a new hat says Jennie, or perhaps a nice gold ring.

Guess again little friends, it was neither a hat nor a ring.

It may have been a nice new book then, said Lutie, you are fond of books.

Yes Lutie; but it was not a book. Will you make another trial?

Please tell us Cora, won't you? said little May, in her own winning manner.

Yes, I will tell you, if you will promise to listen attentively, and tell me, when I shall be through, what lessons you have learned.

We will, we will, chimed in a chorus of voices at once.

The time was, little friends, when I was young like you, and when Christmas was a happy time with me. It is still a happy one, for God is very loving and kind; but many bright hopes have faded out of my life, and it is in times of festivities like these that we feel them most keenly.

On the Sunday after Christmas, as I walked alone to the house of God to take charge of my Sunday School class, I was feeling lonely and low-spirited.

Christmas was past, and I had no memento of its stay. It was not the absence of a gift about which I thought, but I wanted to know that some one loved me well enough to give me one.

Oh! I know what you mean Cora, said brown eyed Willie, for when mother with her good morning kiss, gave me a little pocket-bible, and said it was all she could afford me this Christmas, I was just as happy as a king, for I knew mother thought there was nothing too good for me,—she loved me so well.

You are a deep little thinker, Willie, and your

judgment is correct. As I went into the church and was standing by the stove warming me, one of the little girls slipped a book-mark in my hand, saying, "Will you please accept this?"

A book-mark! oh! that was a very small Christmas Gift, Cora; we all thought you got some thing very nice!

And so I did, little friends, I read what was very neatly worked upon it, "GOD BLESS YOU," and I felt as if angel voices were whispering the benediction. Every shadow fled away from my heart, and after kissing the bright-eyed giver, I went to my class, and enjoyed teaching them as only the happy can enjoy labors of love. I shall put my Christmas Gift in my bible, and every time I read the word of God, I shall think of the little girl who gave it to me. Now little ones, what lesson have you learned from my story?

Oh! that little children may make the hearts of their teachers and parents glad, by very small gifts, said Lutie, and I will think of this next Christmas. I am sure I love my teacher, but I never thought of making her a Christmas gift.—Did the little girl make the book-mark herself Cora?

I presume she did, and I have known parents and teachers to prize gifts of this kind, the work of little fingers, more than costly jewels. Can you tell me why this is?

Willie cast his brown eyes down for a moment, and then raising them to my face said, "Ain't it because they know the giver loves them?"

You are right, brown eyed Willie! It is love which makes the gift so dear; and now little friends, when Christmas comes again and there is one you love and wish to give them a gift, just remember how much pleasure Cora received from her's, and don't be afraid to offer your little presents, be they ever so simple.

"It matters not how small the gift
So love the donor be."

CORA.

OUR DUTIES TO ANIMALS.

ANIMALS, like ourselves, are sometimes very sensitive. They are susceptible to pleasure or pain as we are, though probably in an inferior degree. They differ from us, principally, in being destitute of spiritual and moral faculties. They do not know right from wrong. They are not, however, on a level with us, and cannot therefore claim the rights which it is to our interest to make reciprocal between men. We are at liberty to diminish or to increase their means of happiness, if our necessities so demand.

God has given them to us for food, and has placed their lives in our power; but we have no right to use this power for any other purpose, or in any other manner, than as He has permitted. We may take their lives for food, if we need it. A man may slay an ox, if he needs it to eat; but he has no right to kill one for sport. A man on the prairie may shoot a deer, or a buffalo, if he wants the flesh for food, or the skin for clothing; but he has no right to do it for the purpose of improving his skill as a marksman. We may kill a bird for food; but not for amusement. How

many of the readers of the *Hope* would, for the sake only of deriving a momentary pleasure, deprive the beautiful birds, or any of the creatures the wise God has given for our use, of the blessings of existence? We trust none; but if any of you have heretofore killed for sport, do so no more.

UNCLE JOHN.



LUCY AND HER DOLL.

LITTLE girls, here is a picture designed expressly for you, and a sweet one it is.—

See how tenderly and carefully the little girl is holding her doll. It does not seem to be a doll to her, but a real baby, and she loves and cares for it as tenderly as though it could feel joy and pain, as though it would know if she neglected it, and weep if she grieved it.

Dear little girls, how many of you have dolls that you love so well? When you are so loving and kind to them, providing for all their imaginary wants, what would you think, how would you feel, were they to return your care with disobedient acts and unkind words?

They never do this, you say.

Don't they?

Why, no; dolls cannot speak, and they never look cross and disagreeable, like some little girls do.

You are right my little friends, and though you can speak I hope you never speak crossly, are never disobedient to your parents, but always gentle, kind and loving, not only to your parents, but to all your little play-mates. Do you always strive to remember the golden rule, "Do unto others as you'd like them to do to you"? If you do, then I am sure you never give pain to any one, for you don't like to feel pain yourself, nor have your play-mates slight nor wound you. If love is in your heart, your actions will be right and you will never want for friends; but few will ever love an unkind child. F—.

STEPS TO HEAVEN.

GOD is not only great, but good, and his goodness extends to all mankind. I closed my first article on this subject by expressing the hope that you would be ready to ask what you could do to please this great and good God.

If you are ready to ask this question, look up at your picture ladder, and just above the first round, you will see the word *Repentance*. Do you ask what that means? The Apostle Paul

calls it, "Godly sorrow;" and this word is placed just above the first round, to teach you that the first step to heaven, is to be sorry for your sins. Sin is the transgression of God's law, hence true repentance is called "godly sorrow."

Did none of you ever grieve your loving mother by doing some thing that was disobedient to her commands? If so, did you not feel very sorry

when you thought of all that mother's kindness and love to you? O yes. And when you saw that dear mother's face look sad, and her eyes tearful, because of your ingratitude and disobedience, you ran to her, and throwing your arms around her neck, you said, "Dear mother, forgive me, and I will *try never* to do so again." Now that is just the way that you should feel toward God. He is your Heavenly Father, and every time you have disobeyed your earthly father, or mother, you have broken His law, which says to each child, "Honor thy father and thy mother," and you

have grieved His great heart of love. He tells us in His word that He is grieved with sinners every day. When God was about to destroy the world with a flood because the wickedness of man was so great, He said their wickedness grieved His heart.

Dear children, grieve the God of Heaven no longer with your sins. Go to Him and confess your sins, and ask Him to forgive them for Jesus' sake, and to give you grace so that you may love Him and keep His commandments.

God loves little children. He once called a little boy whose name was Samuel, to be His Priest. Samuel was but eight years old; but when he heard God's voice calling unto him, he was not afraid, but answered,—"Speak Lord, for thy servant heareth."

God may not tell you by a voice when you pray to Him what He wants you to do to please Him; but if you will listen to the voice of His word, He will tell you what to do, and will lead you step by step up this heavenly ladder, which leads to endless bliss. AUNT LUCY.

ENJOYMENTS OF THE SEASONS.

WHEN I see the trees and bushes without any green leaves upon them, and the prairies without any green grass—when all seems desolate, and not one green thing is to be seen—when I see these things, it makes me long for summer to come. Some wish that God would make it summer all the time. I used to make that wish very often when I was a small child; but I do not now. If we had summer all the time, we would become so accustomed to the beautiful things of summer, that we would not care any thing for them. The bleak cold winter presents a contrast from which we can better enjoy the fruit of our labor during the summer.—God has a season for all good things. He has a season for planting our vegetables, a season for us to cultivate them in, a season for us to gather them out of the field. Then comes winter, which is the season for us to enjoy the fruit of our labor. God does every thing for the best. Let us try to do His holy will.

MY PONY!

OH! how I love my country life. A darling younger sister, a kind and loving mother, an affectionate father, a lovely country around me. Winter is here; but I am happy.—The snow gives me a chance for the pleasant sleigh-ride; the ice for a skate under dear papa's care, the sunshine for a pleasant walk, with the air just keen enough to give me a relish for quick movement.

Oh! I am so happy, so charmed with my rural home. I like it much better than crowded New York with all its gayety and its fashion.—Here I am surrounded with the purity of heaven's own sweet breezes, and rejoice all the day long. May God make me pure as are my surroundings. Miss Mary Mar has written to me, and I have replied to her on the subject of my new home. I will give you a copy of our correspondence and you will see how much a country life is appreciated by

SUSAN SMILE.

BROADWAY, NEW YORK,
January 18, 1870.

Miss Susan Smile:—My Dear Friend:

As I promised to keep you acquainted with transpiring events in this large and pleasant city, I write you. We enjoy ourselves splendidly, and it is *surprisingly* strange to me that a girl as smart as you are should live in that monotonous wilderness of Nebraska.

Why bless your dear soul, we go to places of amusement every night. We have the choice of the theatre, the lecture-room, and last but not least, the very enticing ball-room, with its charms and its music; and, oh!—there are many other places too, where we can wile away the time most pleasantly. All the fashions, my dear, are out of date here before you receive them. Please write and let me know if you can, if you do receive any real enjoyment out there. We are all well at the present time. Write soon, and give me all the news.

From your dear friend,

MARY MAR.

SWEET-HOME FARM, Nebraska,
February 4, 1870.

Miss Mary Mar:—Estimable Friend:

Your's was duly received, and I embrace the present privilege of answering it.

Let me first say that I have no desire to enjoy the fascinating allurements of a dusty, sickly city, and no longer a relish for the pleasures of fashion,

the theatre, or the ball-room. The true enjoyment of life is to be here, and gather the sweet wild flowers; to have the freedom of the open air, upon my favorite little white pony, to lope over hill and dale, in the full enjoyment of freedom.

We can appreciate the *beauties* of the landscape, the open fields, the shady forest, the charming little rippling stream that moves so gracefully along.

We have had a glorious Sunday School Anniversary to-day, celebrating our Maker's praise, and every heart made to rejoice. Evergreens and festoons of artificial flowers adorned our room, and we had a time of rejoicing such as you cannot enjoy in the crowded city.

The lecture-room I miss; but I have the pleasure of hearing lectures from the Elders of Israel. I can also attend the meetings of the saints, and enjoy the Spirit of God, which is better than all the pleasures of which you write; if even they were multi-

plied a thousand times, I would not exchange one fellowship meeting of the saints for the whole of them. Then we have our precious Sunday School, and oh! it is so sweet to me. And again we have our dear little friend of the children, *Zion's Hope*, the most precious little Sunday School paper you ever saw.

Dear, country home! How many ties do bind
Our hearts to every thing around we see,
The glittering pomp of city-life behind
We never, never would exchange for thee.

Tell us of pleasures in the city found,
In Circus, Op'ra, Theatre, or Ball,
The happiness, the love, the peace profound,
Of country life, by far exceeds them all.

From the busy scenes of strife,
From the bustle and the crowd,
From the din of city life,
From the wealthy and the proud,
Come, Oh! come,
To our home upon the hill,
Where the breezes love to roam,
Wild and free our hearts they thrill
With the joys of happy home.

Your's as ever,

SUSAN SMILE.

WINTER!

WINTER is here. He has bound the earth with his icy fetters, and covered it with snow. The children have a great deal of sport with their sleds and skates; for coasting and skating are fine sport for the boys and girls,

but they must not spend too much of their time in play, without thought of duty. They must obey their parents, their teachers, and the Lord, if they would be little saints. Honor your father and your mother that your days may be long in the land.

R. D. E.

THE GENERAL AND THE INDIAN,
OR THE "MORMON SHAKE."

ON or about the 16th day of the lovely month of June, in the year 1858, I was one of a company of emigrants leaving Salt Lake City for the eastern states. I will not weary the patience of the little readers of *Zion's Hope* by detailing to them the inducements that led us to that famous city, or the cause of our leaving it, suffice it to say that we went willingly, and after a three year's residence there, we left as willingly as we went.

The "Iron Horse" had not then made his appearance in that region of country, and our mode of travel was with covered wagons, drawn by oxen. A two day's journey brought us to the Weber River, where, in consequence of the high tide of the stream, our further progress was impeded.—On consultation we decided to encamp on the river's bank until the Government troops that were coming from the east should arrive, for they, we had reason to believe, would bridge the stream. After three or four day's waiting, our anticipations were realized. The advance guard of the army came up to the river, and commenced building a substantial bridge.

One of the first to cross the bridge was the commanding General of the army, a tall, well-built man, with considerable of the proud military air about him, and as I saw him call his body-servant who was standing about twenty steps from him, and hand him a small cup which hung from his belt, intimating by a motion of his hand that he would be served with a drink, a presentiment stole over me, that some day, with him, pride would have a fall.

The General had not been long over the bridge when another important person came upon the river's bank, from the west. He was on horseback, and accompanied by a portion of his band. This person was an Indian, and from previous acquaintance, I readily recognised him as the well known "Little Tom," one of the petty Indian Chiefs of the Utes, who by his frank, genial manner, had endeared himself to many of the citizens of Utah. Many, like myself, when in the outskirts of the settlements on seeing an approaching band of Indians, always, if we discovered the presence of Tom amongst them, deemed it a guarantee of safety to them.

Little Tom readily singled out the General as being in command, and with native boldness endeavored to cultivate his acquaintance,—and here little readers of the *Hope*, I wish I could give you a picture of the two men, the General and the Indian. Though years have passed, I have still a vivid recollection of that scene on the river's bank. The Indian as he alighted from his horse, approached the General with a frank and smiling countenance, and extended his hand, saying in broken English, "How do?" But, al-

for the General's civility, he look'd coldly on the Indian, and simply extended to him one finger.

The Indian's native pride was hurt at this, and refusing to take the cool one-fingered shake of the General, he stood erect before him and said:—"Give me Mormon shake. See," said he, grasping his own hands with a vice-like grip, "this Mormon shake."

He then bestrode his horse and rode away. A feeling of darkness came over me, that a poor Indian should have to teach a General the first rudiments of civility.

We follow this proud General a little further in the journey of life, and what do we see? His pride compels him to resign his commission in favor of another, and in the rebellion he fought against his country. Pride had its fall. He was killed in the fore-part of the Rebellion, at the Battle of Shiloh.

And now my little readers of the *Hope*, which of these men would you rather have, the General with his fine soldier clothes and cold proud heart, or the Indian with his genial frankness, and warm "Mormon shake"?

JOHN CHISNALL.

The Children's Column.

PRAIRIE DU CHIEN, Wis.,
January 4, 1870.

Dear Editors of the *Hope*:

I thought I would like to write a few lines to you. I was eight years old when I was baptized, I am now eleven. I see by reading the letters of those little girls, that I am the same age. Since I have read the *Hope*, I have learned a great many things I had not heard of before.—Oh! how thankful we ought to be for the gifts and blessings our Heavenly Father has restored to us in the latter days. I hope we will be good children, if not we will not be gathered home to Zion.

HARRIET HELEN ACKERLEY.

LEXINGTON, Ohio, Jan. 25, 1870.

Dear Uncle Mark:

I love the *Hope* very much, and I hope you will succeed in keeping it up. I have tried to get subscribers, but I can't; for the people here are opposed to our mode of religion.

Bros. T. J. Smith and G. W. Martin were here last winter, and they would not allow them any place to preach in.

CARRIE A. CADAMY.

Dear Readers of the *Hope*:

I was baptized three years ago, the nineteenth of last July, by Elder James Blakeslee. I was twelve years old then. I am sorry that I have not loved my religion better than I have; but in the future I shall try to live so that if I do not meet you all here, I may meet you where parting will be no more.

MARY BOGUE.

Dear Editors of *Zion's Hope*:

I like very much to see the little folks' names in the Children's Column. I was baptized when I was fourteen years old. We do not have the privilege of enjoying any of the meetings that they have in other branches, but we have our good little prayer meetings. I have read the New Testament and Book of Covenants through, and a considerable portion of the Book of Mormon. It would be a blessed thing if we could live just as the word of God teaches we ought to live. We ought to read the Holy Word every day of our lives—it would be a great help to us. We can learn some thing new from it every time—let us

try it, it will do us no harm. We had better spend a few moments thus than to be off playing with rude boys, and especially as some do on the Holy day.—We do not keep it holy by going off to play. God says, "Remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy." I see the consequences of breaking the Sabbath, it will make men as well as boys naughty and wicked. My parents would not allow me to go off to play on the Sabbath. I am thankful for their rules now.—Little folks we should obey our parents, for this is pleasing in the sight of the Lord.

Yours, O. RUSSELL.

Sunday School Items.

Committee R. M. Elvin, Sam'l. Burgess and John Ritchie have sent us news of the death of Sr. Decker, of Nebraska City. She was personally known to us, and we sympathise with her children in the loss of a fond mother, and with the Nebraska City Sunday School in the loss of an earnest laborer for the Sunday School cause. May we all so live that when our time shall come, we may have a testimony as bright as that she left behind her.

We received a very interesting letter describing the Keokuk Christmas Eve Sunday School Festival. The school is prosperous and reflects credit on Br. Spicer, its Superintendent, and his co-workers in the Sunday School cause.

We learn with pleasure, by letter from Br. Haws, that a Sunday School is about to be established in the new branch at Austin, Nevada. Money and order have been received for Question Books and Hopes to commence with.

PRIZES AWARDED.

For obtaining the largest list of new subscribers, and sending the money with the order, Uncle Jethro's present of Turkey Roxburg Holy Scriptures, with clasp, price with postage \$4.28, and Office Present of Book of Mormon, price with postage \$1.40, to Oracy A. Lake, Vincennes, Lee Co., Iowa.

For answering the greatest number of Enigmas, Puzzles, &c., from July 1st, to Dec. 15th, 1869.

1st Prize, by Uncle Mark. Best bound new edition Hymn Book, to Katie Butler, DeSoto, Washington Co., Nebraska.

2nd Prize, by Uncle Jethro. Common bound new edition Hymn Book, to Emma J. Cubley, DeSoto, Washington Co., Nebraska.

3rd Prize, by Uncle Mark. Gilt Lettered Voice of Warning, to Hannah E. Kay, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

4th Prize, by Uncle Jethro. Green Lettered Voice of Warning, to Alice M. Boyle, Gartsides, St. Clair Co., Ill.

5th Prize, by Uncle Joseph. Plain Voice of Warning to Mary E. Kyte, St. Louis, Mo.

The following is a list of the number of correct answers given:—Katie Butler 29. Emma J. Cubley 22. Hannah E. Kay 18. Alice M. Boyle 17. Mary E. Kyte 12. H. O. Smith 8.

Six each.—Frances Lowe, Lillie S. Hudson, Henry Corless. Five each.—Jennie Cox, Zillia Moore, Rolando Wight. Four each.—Alice Moore, Alta Corless, Oracy A. Lake. Three each.—Ida Z. Reynolds, Frances Brunson, Starr Corless, E. F. Shupe. Two each.—W. Molyneaux, Teresa J. Cook, Maria Keetch, Helen Waldo, Agnes Hodges, Willie H. Dutton, Sarah J. Ballantyne, May Carrington, Annie Jones, L. G. Odell. One each.—Eveline Allen, F. Borland, Emma J. Smith, Morton Trout, Almon Byers, Uretta Randall, Olive Brown, M. E. Stiles, E. M. Gaylord, J. L. Tempest, John W. Ballantyne, Amos W. Hunt, Wm. J. Anderson, Agnes Hodge, Martha Molyneaux, A. Tempest, M. Connelly.

AN OLD RIDDLE.

Stand u took to takings
I heard and throw my

ANAGRAM No. 12.

THE ANSWER AN ACROSTIC,

Ninou cpeae dan veol,
Rvnee sceae ebvoa.
Trsihc ruo Dhperse, Gkin,
Tle su ot mhi gnis.
Hcea stmu mhi yelr no,
Gihmy gink fo Nzoi,
Lal yrlgo ot mhi negvi,
Tseouhgri cpeinr fo nvhaee,
Ngik fo eth hhecesru nevse.

R. D. EVANS.

ENIGMAS.

No. 29.—I am composed of thirteen letters.
My 10, 4, 5, 8 is used by gardeners.
My 3, 4, 9 is what we are compelled to do.
My 4, 1, 13 is a well known tree.
My 2, 3, 4, 10 is a kind of fruit.
My 2, 3, 6, 8, 10 is one of the apostles of Christ.
My 7, 4, 10, 3 is a small animal.
My 6, 10, 11, 12, 13 is what we should never be ashamed of.
My whole is what we should always do.
G. A. F.—bs.

No. 30.—I am composed of thirteen letters.
My 7, 1, 11, 8, 13 is what we could not very well live without.
My 13, 1, 11 is a small animal.
My 10, 11, 5, 7 is a certain way to cook meat.
My 6, 4, 12 is what we should not do.
My 3, 13, 5, 10, 10 is an article worn by ladies.
My 2, 5, 6, 4, 1 is a girls name.
My 9, 4, 9, 6, 5, is a good book.
My 10, 11, 5, 1, 6 is what we are commanded not to do.
My whole is the name of the author of this enigma.

ANSWER TO ANAGRAM NO. 9.

Now little boys and girls beware,
And of these puzzles have a care;
A book of hymns will poor replace
The pearl of truth's unsullied grace.
Don't ask the help of father, mother,
Of cousin, sister, friend, or brother,
For if you should, though prize you win,
Deceit will stain your soul with sin.

Answered correctly by Willie Howard, Alice M. Boyle, E. F. Shupe, Lester G. Odell, Mary E. Kyte, J. L. Tempest, H. O. Smith, Julia M. Powers, Julia Powers, R. Wight, Julia Dobson, Mary Dobson, Sarah J. Ackerley, Harriet Masters, Maggie Kay, Annie Jones, Agnes Hodges, Dilla Hall, Alice Moore, Oracy A. Lake, Wm. E. Sherer, S. N. Brown, Mary Helen Ballantyne, S. J. Ballantyne, Maria D. Dykes, S. J. Sherer, Daniel D. Sherer. Somebody at LaCledde, Mo., without any name.

ANSWER to Enigma No. 23, Grant, Breath, Tea-urn, Grave, Bounce, Butter-nut-grove Branch.

Answered correctly by Della Hall, Maggie Kay, R. Wight, H. O. Smith, Lester L. Odell, Alice M. Boyle.

ANSWER to Enigma No. 24, Pear, Pill, Lead, Wall, Perla Wild.

Answered correctly by Della Hall, Mary E. Kyte, Elizabeth Vassar, Alice Moore, Julia M. Powers, Julia Powers, Freddie Griffith, Maggie Kay, A. H. Rudd, R. Wight, Lester L. Odell, Oracy A. Lake, Abel H. Rudd. No name of LaCledde, Mo.

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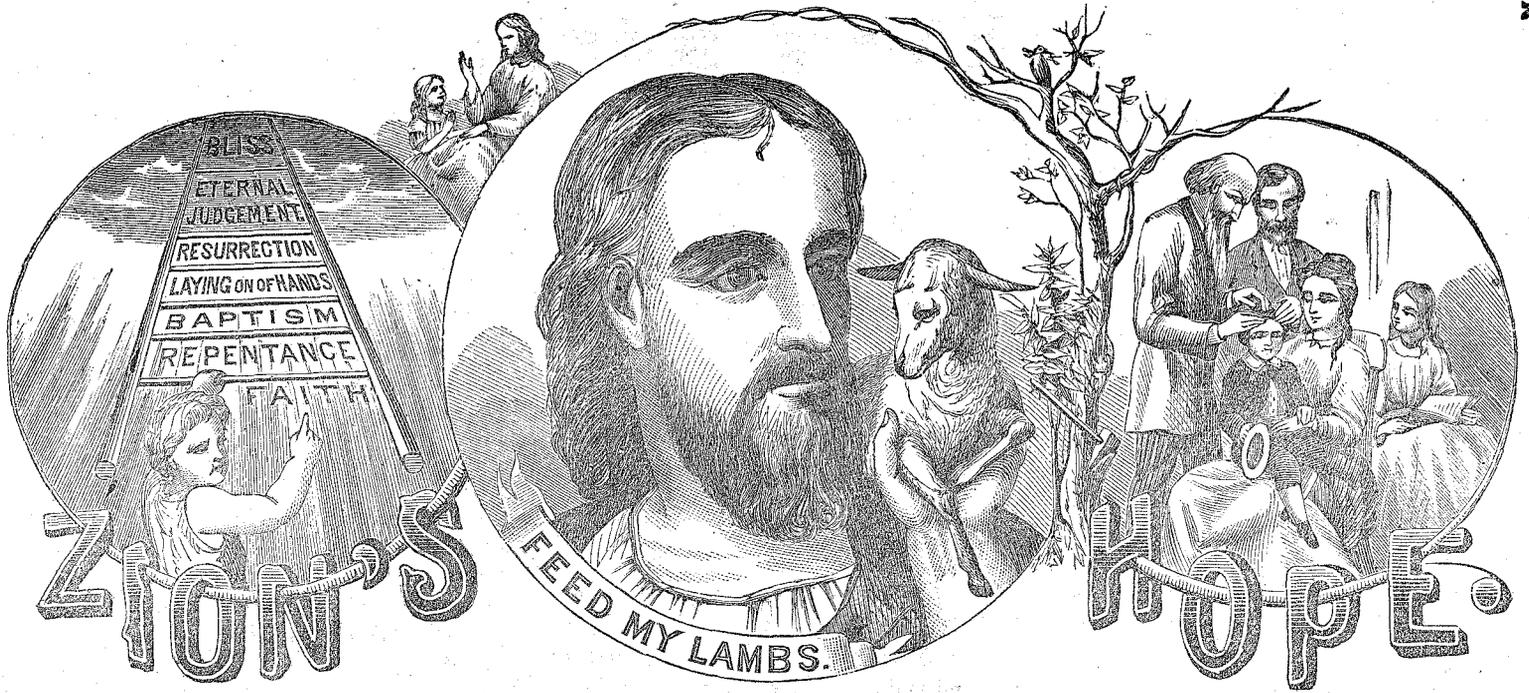
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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

Vol. I.

PLANO, ILL., MARCH 1, 1870.

No. 17.

MARCH.

WHETHER the name of the third month of the year is provocative of the rough, stormy, blustering manners of that month, we are not prepared to inform the little readers of the *Hope*.

The name March is derived from Martius, belonging to the god of war. Truly, the aspect of this blusterer is something like that we would expect a god of war to present.

It seems as if the winter was not satisfied to lay down the sceptre he has held so royally for a few months, and is trying to bluster the spring-time out of the way.

Under these rough March winds, the soft spring breezes are holding their breath. Now and then, when there is a lull in the wild music of these winds, the grasses and the buds put forth their efforts to make the earth attractive, by changing its sombre brown and gray to beautiful green.

In this month planting and sowing is done in many parts of our fruitful land; fences are repaired; the farming implements begin to lose their rusty unused look, the air grows invigorating, the brooks begin to bustle and bubble as if upon them depended the best labor of the land, the skies often look black and threatening, and frequently there sweep over the land fierce storms, from which the husbandman and his cattle are very willing to seek shelter.

This month is often more dreaded than any other of the year. If the winter has been hard, and food for the stock has become scarce, many an anxious speculation is indulged in whether the grass will soon come to supply the place of the dry and impoverishing fodder, which is wasted and gone.

This month is very trying to unsheltered, ill-

fed cattle. They no longer seek for the remains of last year's verdure, they know by frequent effort that they have eaten the last. How patiently they wait, hovering under the bare poles once covered with straw for their shelter; how beseechingly they low for something to eat! Poor things! Hurry on, old Roarer with the

and northern lands, comes smiling through her tears. She will have healing in her wings; so Blow! Blusterer, Blow!

BIRTHDAY PRESENTS.

O I'm so glad! I'm so glad! Ain't you, brother Tom? Uncle has sent us each a new five dollar bill! Who ever had such a nice Birthday Gift as this? I wish every little boy and girl had a good Uncle Robert, to give them a nice birthday present, don't you, Tom?"

But Tom was too intent on examining the bright crisp greenback he held in his hand to heed his sister's joyful exclamations. Anna went on:

"And Uncle Robert said as to-day is my birthday, and as to-morrow will be your's, we were to buy us each a nice present, just what we pleased! Isn't he a dear good uncle? O! I'm so glad. I shall buy such a lot of fine things with *my* five dollars; a new pair of gaiters, and—but what will you buy, Tom?"

Tom answered Anna's last question, for it was just what he was thinking of.

"I shall buy,—let me see— a nice silk handkerchief—no, not that, a *very fine* linen one, the costliest I can get; a new fancy hat, at Ward's store, and the rest I shall spend for sweetmeats and *good things* at the confectioners!"

Anna looked at him in surprise.

"Why, Tom! You know you have four good, nice handkerchiefs, and two good winter caps, a common one and a new one; and how *can* you think of spending your money so foolishly?"

"Well," replied Tom, "I guess uncle told us to buy just what we pleased, and these are *just what*



MARCH.

puffed cheeks! Hurry on! Wake up the sleeping echoes of the wood! Unbind the bands that have bound the meadow, field and dell! Send the sheep out on the hills, the cattle to the valleys, the plow-boy to the field! Blow! Blow! April, tearful that she must banish you to distant

I please! My handkerchiefs are only common ones; a costly one is grander, and caps are not so *stylish* as hats! I'm going to have one like Dr. Ingall's little boy, if I can get it!"

"O, Tommy! don't be so vain! Just because some rich man's son wears costly clothes, it does not follow that a widow's son must try to dress as finely! It isn't right to be proud of fine clothes neither, mamma has taught us so; and don't you know Uncle Mark in the *Hope* gave us a lesson on such foolishness?"

"I don't care," cried Tom, stubbornly, "I guess the *Hope* and *Herald* folks dress just as finely as they *can!* I shall do as I please with my money, Uncle said so!" and Tom walked sullenly away.

Anna followed him, and laying her hand on his arm, looked pleadingly into his face with her pretty brown eyes, and said,

"O, brother Tom! do be good now and spend a *little, only a little* of your money to buy something for poor little Amy Lewis or her sick mother! You know how much they need things now since Mr. Lewis died. They are so poor; and Amy can't go to school because she has no books, and"

"Well, I don't care!" said Tom, impatiently.

Now children, this "I don't care," is a very naughty expression, and Tom knew it, too, for he had often been told, and he was twelve years old, while his sister who was trying to persuade him to do right, was only ten. But Tom *didn't care.*

"You can just go away, Miss Anna, for *I shall do as I please with my money!* I guess my mother is a widow too! It would be very silly indeed for me to give my money away, what good would it do me, then? So you needn't try to be teasing my money away, when you have got just as much as I have!" and he shook her off roughly.

"But, Tom, *our* mother is not poor and sick as Mrs. Lewis is—we have enough to make us comfortable always—and you *know I don't want to get your money!*" and little Anna's lip quivered, while the pearly tears sprang into her eyes, and rushed down her round, rosy cheeks. She turned away and went slowly into the house, and to her little bedroom to sit down and consider what she would purchase with her money on the morrow.

The next morning came, bright, crisp and cold. The sun shone gloriously over a snow-covered earth. The trees, whose every twig and branch crusted in crystal ice, glittered in the sunshine with dazzling brightness; the houses, with their roofs capped in snow, gleamed in the cheerful morning light. All was bright and gay and happy this lovely morning. Tom and Anna hurried along beside the street thronged with sleighs flying in all directions; presently Tom paused at Ward's. "I'm going in here," he said.

Anna looked sad and passed on. She had a basket on her arm to receive the various parcels she intended buying, for she had planned her purchases the night before. We will not follow her to the various places she visited.

Tom bought a flimsy, unsuitable hat, a very fine handkerchief, and then went to the confectioner's. He ate candy, cakes, nuts &c., till he could eat no more, and then spent his remaining money in such sweet, unhealthy things as suited his fancy. Having done this, he hastened home and concealed his purchases in his bedroom, for to

tell the truth, he was ashamed to tell his mother what he had done. She had told the children when they started out, to spend their money for some thing useful, and he felt sure that she would not be pleased with him.

"Good morning, Mrs. Lewis and Amy!—How are you to-day? You are sitting up, I see."—And Anna set her basket down and took the chair which Amy brought her.

"O, I am a good deal better, thank you little Anna!" said Mrs. Lewis. "If I only had some thing to strengthen me a little, I think I would get along, and be up at work soon! Poor Amy is obliged to stay out of school;—but then she couldn't go any way, for she hasn't any dress, nor books!" And Mrs. Lewis sighed mournfully.

Anna blushed, timidly drawing her basket near her, and saying, "I heard mamma say the other day that some wine would do you good. Uncle gave me some money for a birthday present, and I have brought you a few things!" and she laid out two nice white loaves of baker's bread, a plump, round chicken, a roll of delicious-looking, yellow butter, and a bottle of wine. "This is for you, Mrs. Lewis, and these other things for your dinner. You can cook the chicken nicely, can't you, Amy?"

Mrs. Lewis' eyes filled with tears and she was too thankful to speak, and little Amy joyfully replied that she "could cook when ma told her how, and Anna was so good and kind to think of them."

But these were not all. Anna, blushing still at her own goodness, took out a bright new Speller and Second Reader, and gave them to Amy, who fairly danced for joy; and then a roll of pretty dark calico, for Amy a dress. "Now you can go to school with us, when your ma gets well enough to spare you," said Anna, her eye all the while beaming with a happy light, for Anna was truly happy in the knowledge of doing good to others.

Without waiting to hear their many thanks, Anna hurried away. She had only bought a new copy book and pen holder for herself, which she really needed.

Next morning Tom was ill, having eaten too much sweet stuff; and remained so ill that he was obliged to lie in bed several days, suffering a good deal too. His mother sent back the hat, exchanging it for cloth to make Tom pants and vest;—and poor Tom heartily regretted his folly, and learned therefrom a useful lesson, and one that he never forgot.

When Uncle Robert learned how the children had spent their money, he sent Anna a nice crimson merino dress; a zephyr hood, a perfect little butterfly of red, black and white, a little beauty, soft, fleecy and warm; and a pair of good substantial leather gaiters. And don't you think she was delighted, and called him the dearest, the best uncle in the world? But he sent poor Tom a promise that he'd get no more *money* presents from Uncle Robert!

Duty brings its own reward.

PERLA WILD.

"If you would add luster to your accomplishments, study a modest behavior. To excel in things valuable is great, but to be above conceit on account of one's accomplishments is greater."

EXPERIENCES.

CHAPTER I.

MY faith is founded on the rock, Revelation. In the spring of eighteen hundred and sixty-seven, I was sick about eight days, during which time I was blessed with a vision of a glorious nature. I was in my bed-chamber in bed, when the family attended to family worship. We belonged to the New Light Church at that time; but were investigating the gospel as promulgated by the Latter Day Saints. All at once my sight seemed strengthened so that I was enabled to see the family kneel, and to see my father raise his hands in the attitude of prayer. Immediately after my father commenced praying, the south wall of the house seemed to divide, part toward the east, and part toward the west, and I beheld a beautiful plain, without grass or herbage of any kind. Near the centre of the plain, I beheld a heap of something that I cannot describe, as I knew not what it was.

JOHN SETH WEEKS.



AN EXCELLENT PLAN.

THE Nebraska City Sunday School adopted the following resolution some time since, and it works well:

RESOLVED, That we each write an essay or composition every two weeks, the Superintendent giving two subjects, and we having the privilege of choosing either of them to write upon, the best written one on each subject, according to the decision of a committee of three to be chosen by the school, to be sent to the Editors of *Zion's Hope*.

This plan, if adopted generally, would make each school in the church a constant contributor to the columns of the child's paper, and develop talents that are needed to enable us to grapple successfully with organized opposition, and plant the standard of truth firmly in the midst of the nations.

We tender our acknowledgment to Bro. R. M. Elvin for the information above given.

A youthful candidate for T. Thoughtful's prize to the best original article, sends us the following:

BIRDS!

IHAVE read about a great many birds, and have seen a few. The first one I will name, is

THE CAT BIRD.

It's eggs are of a blue color, but the bird is of a slate color, and looks some like the Mocking

Bird. The Catbird can imitate regular tunes, played on the flute or fife, or bird-organ, and sometimes imitates the cries of a chicken, so as to deceive the mother-hen.

THE KING BIRD.

Mr. Nuttall writes about him in his book.—“Eagles, hawks, crows, jays, (and in fact every bird which excites his suspicion by intentional or accidental approach), are attacked with skill and courage; he dives upon the heads and backs of the larger intruders, who become so annoyed and tormented as willingly to make precipitate retreat. He pursues foes sometimes a mile, and at length, assured of conquest, he returns to his prominent watch grounds again quivering his wings in gratulation, and rapidly uttering his triumphant notes. He is therefore the friend of the farmer as the scourge of the pilferers and plunderers of his crop and barn yard.” I remember once to have seen two birds that built their nests under the roof of a school-house. I used to go around there and they would fly at me, and try to peck my hands; but now the birds have flown away to the south and are cheering the people there, but soon they will come back. In the spring-time they will make the woods ring with their merry songs, build their nests and hop about upon the trees, carrying twigs in their bills to build their nests, deposit their eggs, and hatch their young.

I love to sit in the cool shade and listen to the sweet songs of the birds; and oh, how pleasant it is to sit there, and read about the birds; about their different ways of building their nests, about the mocking-birds, and a hundred other kinds of birds.

THE BIRDS.

Beautiful birds! beautiful birds!
How I love to linger long,
I'd sit beneath the pleasant shade
And listen to their song.

But now the little birds have gone,
The sunny south to cheer,
But ah! they will return again
When summer's days appear.

The pretty birds, the pretty birds
I love to hear them sing,
I love to see them hop about,
And rise upon the wing.

HYRUM O. SMITH.

FAREWELL!

HIS word has a solemn sound. Often has it stirred the depths of the heart's fountain and made it beat time to a quicker measure than that of its ordinary pulsations. Its history is a painful one to many in whom the picture before us will call up remembrances of other times. The sad thoughts of parting, the pangs of regret, have been experienced by many of the readers of the HOPE.

The writer remembers well the time when he stood on a pier of one old Britain's proud cities, and waved his adieu, his hat in his hand as the gentleman in the picture has his, and watched the departure of fond, tried and true friends.

He remembers too that some of them he has never seen since that time. Some have gone to the place where the freed spirits dwell; some are located in one part of our broad land, some in

another; some are laboring for Christ, some for themselves; some are united in the great effort now being made for Zion's redemption, some to bolster up false systems; some are the friends of Zion's Hopes, and are striving, and intend by the grace of God to continue to strive, to teach, instruct, and bless them.

Children, you are blest with the presence of kind parents; you enjoy the company of friends



whose hearts beat in sympathy with yours. Will you always have those friends to be with you? Ah! no.

Will you, youthful ones, always enjoy each other's society? Some of you, in a few years, will be ready to take your departure for foreign lands, to plant the standard of truth, as preachers of righteousness. Others will be like those in the picture, watching your departure from your native land, or on other lands looking with earnest gaze upon you, as you embark for happy homes, after having finished your labors among them.

The Lord bless you, dear little ones, and give you so much of His Spirit, that you may grow so perfectly in grace and wisdom, under your kind parents and teachers, and so endear yourselves to them by goodness, that when you leave dear home and school, you may feel the pressure of loving hands, and know that fond hearts breathe the prayer of "God bless you," as you exchange your sad Farewell.

UNCLE MARK.

CHARITY!

MOTHER, said Charlie, just coming in from church, "what is charity?" "I heard Bro. W. say to-day," "though he gave all he had to the poor, and had not charity, he was nothing."

"When I gave my old coat to Jimie Lee, who had none for winter, I thought I was doing a charitable act, and when you sent some flour to that poor old lady who lives on the hill, who was almost starving, I thought that was just what charity was."

"Well Charlie, the word of God tells us that

charity is the pure love of God. Now what is it to love God? To love God is to keep His commandments; therefore if we keep the words of God, we are possessed of charity."

To better illustrate my meaning, we will compare charity to a strong rope made of many strands.

One of these strands is to give to the poor, not for outward show, but because it is one of the commandments of God to assist the needy."

"That is why you told me not to tell the boys I had given my coat to Jimie?"

"Yes, my son, I wish you to learn that it is better for you to try to win the smiles of Jesus, than the praise of your playmates."

"Go on mother, what is another strand in the rope of charity?"

"Suppose you hear an evil report of a friend, or even of an enemy, it would be charity for you not to repeat it."

Yes, I see," said Charlie, looking very attentive, "that is another strand."

"Again when your sister Alice was preparing her dinner for school, and when she laid in the basket a double portion of cake, did not Charlie at once jump at an evil conclusion, and say, 'Mother, Alice is putting up two pieces of cake for herself, and but one for me?' Did you not afterwards see that same cake handed quietly to little Jimie, at noon?"

"Yes, mother, said Charlie, with some confusion, "I know that you would say, if I had had charity, I would have thought no evil; even though I did not know what sister meant to do with the cake."

"Exactly, my son, charity thinketh no evil."

"Suppose all the boys in the village should hate you for belonging to the much-despised church of the Latter Day Saints; that they should call you all manner of names; tell base falsehoods about you, laugh at you, and finally, wholly shun your company, if you had charity, you would endure it all, suffer it all, without getting angry at them, or speaking harshly in return. And when you said your little prayers, you would pray for them, you would 'bless and curse not.'"

"These are some of the strands in this strong rope. There are many others. Every commandment of God is a strand of this rope, charity, and they, all combined, make it of such strength, that it will never fail us in time or in eternity.

Will you, young readers of Zion's Hope, search the word of God for other strands of this rope, and bind yourselves to it; if you do, it will surely lead you to where Jesus dwells, into the beautiful place he has gone to prepare for those "who follow after charity."

EMMA.

WHO WAS SHE?

THE SISTER OR THE AUNT?

OUR young readers of the Hope may wonder to whom the above question refers. Accompanying the representation of Moses slaying the Egyptian, they will not be

surprised to learn that the questions refer to a relative of Moses concerning whom there seems to be a difference of opinion. In No. 6. of Zion's Hope we presented this cut the first time, and our article called forth from our kind Sister Emma the following note;

PETALUMA, California,

Bro. Joseph:

"In No. 6. Uncle Mark tells us it was the Aunt of Moses who watched over him, as he lay hid among the flags. We have always been under the impression it was his little Sister and not his aunt. Please have Uncle Mark explain this in the columns of the Hope."

EMMA ADAMSON.

We have heard from many concerning the Sister of Moses, and admit that the rendering of the history might be considered to support this view; but think that the context indicates some other relationship than that of a sister.



In the New Translation Ex. 2ch. 1v. we read: "And there went a man of the house of Levi, and took to wife a daughter of Levi."

In the 2nd and 3rd verses we read of the birth of a SON, who was laid "in the flags by the river's brink. And his sister stood afar off, to wit what would be done to him."

The opinion generally obtaining in relation to the pronoun "his" here used, is that it refers to the sister of Moses; but whether it applies to him or a sister of his father, is to the writer a matter of doubt. Josephus writes of this woman as Miriam, sister of Moses; but the inspired record speaks of the marriage of the parents of Moses, Amram and Jochebed, in the 1st verse, and of the birth of Moses in the 2nd verse, as though the latter event followed first in its order. The words "his sister" in the 7th verse seem to refer to the sister of Moses; but when Thermuthis, Pharaoh's daughter, bid this sister go and fetch her a Hebrew woman to nurse the child, we read, "And the maid went and called the child's mother." We admit that as Moses is the subject of the conversation, it would be conformable to ancient and to some extent, to modern usages, to speak or write a passage like the foregoing in reference to him alone; but it would be quite allowable to suppose that the mother of Moses was not the mother of Miriam, when we read of her that she "went and called the child's mother."

We do not present the foregoing as evidence that the woman was not Miriam; but as our reason for thinking she was not.

UNCLE MARK.

The Children's Column.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA,
January 29, 1870.

Dear Readers of the Hope:

I think that Bros Joseph and Mark are very kind in letting us have a column in the Hope, to correspond with each other in, and I think that we ought to return their kindness by writing to them as often as we are able. I was baptized with six or eight others when I was ten years old; since then I have tried to do what is right, but sometimes I have forgotten, and have done what I ought not to do. I hope that I will not be so forgetful in the future.

WILLIAM STUART.

VINCENNES, IOWA,
Feb. 9, 1870.

Dear Uncle Jethro:

I received your prize last week. It came unexpectedly to me, for I did not know that there was such a prize offered, as I have not seen all the papers. Mother asked me if I could not thank you in a little verse. Here is the best I can do:

My Dear Uncle Jethro,
I here send my thanks to you.
O, that precious prize!
I could scarce believe my eyes,
I was so much surprised.
Now I will take and read it—
And I will try and heed it.
Your's for Christ's sake,
Oracy A. Lake.

FAYETTE, IOWA,
Jan. 24, 1870.

Dear Editors:

I will write you a few lines to let you know how much we like, how very much pleased we are with the Zion's Hope. I never took any paper that I was so much interested in before, and I wish that it would come every week.

Please accept our thanks for your kindness to us little folks.

NEVADA HOWARD.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA,
February 6, 1870.

Dear Editors of the Hope:

I was baptized about five miles from Salt Lake City, when I was nine years old. I think a great deal of the Hope, especially the Children's Column.—I am trying to be better this year than I was last.

WM. FOWLES.

CASEY, Adair Co., IOWA,
February 7, 1870.

Dear Editors of Zion's Hope:

It makes me glad to see so many pieces in the Children's Column, written by my little brothers and sisters. As I was reading this column, I began to enquire whether I had been doing my duty the last year or not, and when I looked back upon my past life, I could see that I had not. I have done very wickedly; but I intend to do better in the future.

I will give you a short history how I became a saint. When I was ten years of age, Bros. Lange and Longbottom came into this part of the country, preaching, and Pa commenced investigating. After they left, Pa went to Council Bluffs, and when he came back, Br. Wright came with him, and he baptized those of the rest of us who were old enough. I have not been faithful; but I intend to try to live faithful hereafter. Hoping that my little brothers and sisters will live better than I have done, I remain, your brother in Christ.

THOMAS WEEKS.

ANAGRAM No. 13.

Dinechr boey ryuo trapsen nihet Dolr rof sithsi grtih. Noorhtyh efrahtnad rohnte ihwhcis hettrifs ctonemdmann twihropeims.

ENIGMAS.

No. 31.—I am composed of 16 letters.
My 5, 11, 8, 10, 3, is a useful animal.
My 2, 4, 14, 3, is a color, and the prefix to the name

of a bird.

My 16, 3, 3, 7, is an animal.
My 2, 1, 15, is the name of a class that Zion's Hope's should, not belong to.
My 6, 12, 12, is a girl's name.
My 13, 3, 16, is a color.
My 15, 9, 12, 3, is what we like to do once each day.
My whole is the name of the one who composed this enigma.

No. 32.—I am composed of sixteen letters.
My 8, 2, 3, 5, 6, is an animal living in water.
My 1, 2, 10, 14, 15, 16, is a fruit.
My 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, is a white, new, berry.
My 4, 10, 9, is a little bird.
My 7, 3, 5, is a nickname.
My whole is the name of that friend from Montrose that sent the Acrostic in No. 13 of Zion's Hope.

ANSWER TO ANAGRAM NO. 10.

"Ye children of the kingdom,
Your worth is yet untold,
You are as costly jewels,
Like diamonds set in gold.
Be faithful in your places,
Always be meek and mild,
And follow the example of
Christ, the lovely child."

Answered by S. J. Ackerley, Alice Moore, William Stuart, A. M. Boyle, M. E. Kyte, H. O. Smith, R. O. Wight, Sarah Hanson, A. H. Rudd, Harriet Masters, Maria Dykes, M. Kay, L. L. Odell, J. M. Powers, W. E. Sherer, S. N. Brown, A. Z. Rudd, Hyrum Rudd, No name of Laclede, Mo., C. E. Knowlton, D. R. Shupe, D. D. Sherer, Annie Jones, E. F. Shupe, A. Hodges.

ANSWER TO OLD RIDDLE.

Too wise you are
Too wise you be,
I see you are
Too wise for me.

Answered by Wm. Stuart, A. M. Boyle, H. O. Smith, R. O. Wight, L. L. Odell, J. M. Powers, W. E. Sherer, S. N. Brown, T. Weeks, M. A. Kay, no name of Laclede, Mo., D. R. Shupe, D. D. Sherer, J. S. Weeks.

ANSWER to Enigma No. 25, Puss, Lamps, Mars, Rum, Alma, Maul, Split-rails, April, Spiritualism.

Answered by H. H. Ackerley, A. M. Boyle, H. O. Smith, R. O. Wight, Nevada Howard, Willie Howard, Maggie Kay, L. L. Odell, J. M. Powers, S. N. Brown, No name of Laclede, Mo., D. Titus, D. Shupe.

AUNT MARYETTE requested the names of rivers the letters of Enigma 25 would spell, and the following answers have been given.

By Alice M. Boyle;—"Isar, in Bavaria; Suir, in Ireland; Ural, in Asia; Rum, in Minnesota; Tula, in Mexico; Tar, in North Carolina. By using some of the letters twice, we have the following, Miami, in Ohio; Purus, in Brazil; Para, in Brazil; Aar, in Switzerland; Aluta, in Turkey."

By Roliondo Wight and Hyrum O. Smith;—"Ural, in Europe; Aras, in Persia; Purus, in South America; Miami, in Ohio; Salt, in Kentucky; Mississippi, in the United States."

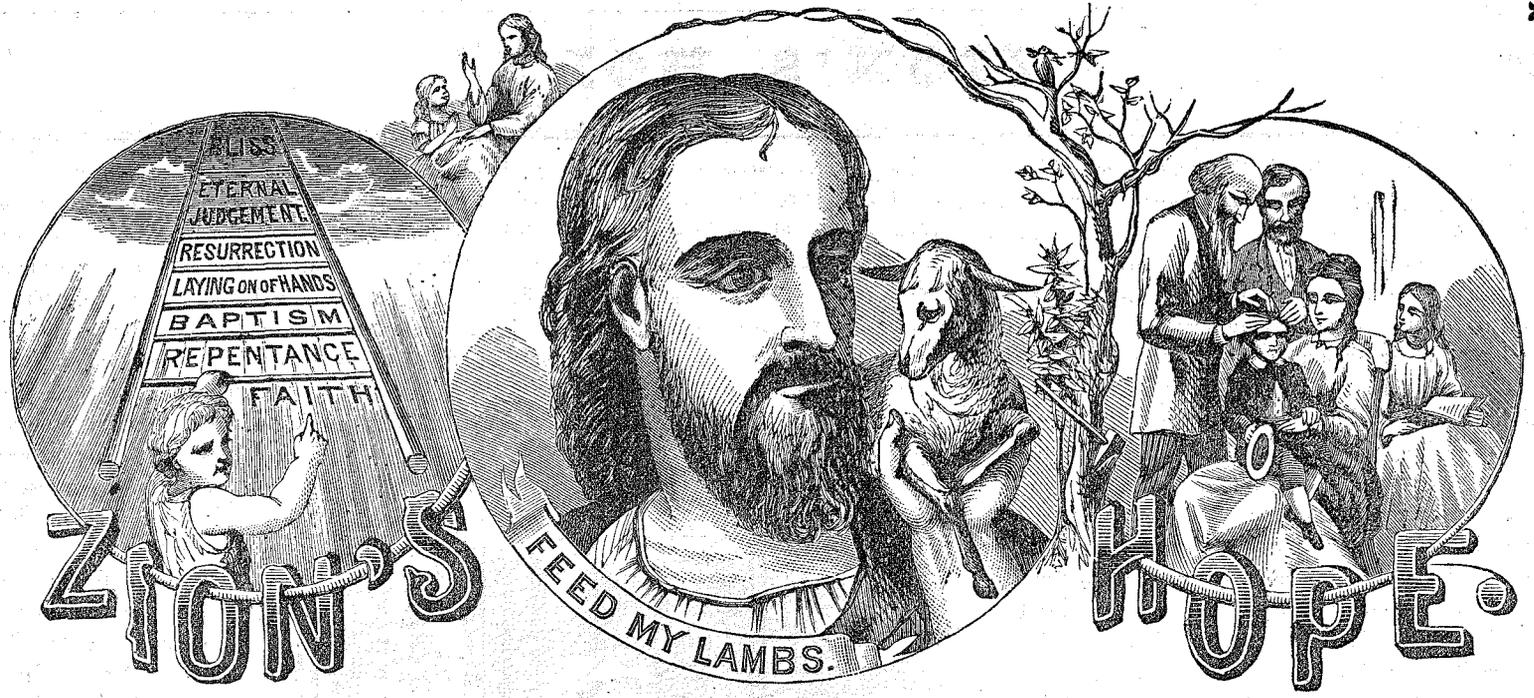
By Nevada and Willie Howard;—"Salt, in the northern part of Kentucky; Tar, in the eastern part of North Carolina; Mississippi, in the Western and Southern States."

ANSWER to Enigma No. 26, Mice, Ball, Oil, Mill, Yell, Alice M. Boyle.

Answered by Geo. Moore, A. M. Tempest, Mary E. Kyte, Wm. Stuart, A. M. Boyle, H. O. Smith, R. O. Wight, Nevada Howard, Willie Howard, L. L. Odell, J. M. Powers, S. N. Brown, No name of Laclede, Mo., D. R. Shupe, D. Titus, E. F. Shupe.

We have now some twenty unpublished enigmas on hand—those who have sent them must not charge us with inattention, if they do not see them in print so soon as they wish.

THE Foreman of the Herald office offers as a prize to the young readers of Zion's Hope, a New Hymn Book for the best written article on "The necessity of children, whose parents are Latter Day Saints, being baptized at the age of eight years." Competitor's contributions must reach here by June 10th, that the prize article may be published in No. 1, Vol. 2 of Hope. The Book will contain a picture of the giver, and a neatly printed address to the winner.—Bro. Joseph and Uncle Mark will decide who is the winner of the prize.



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

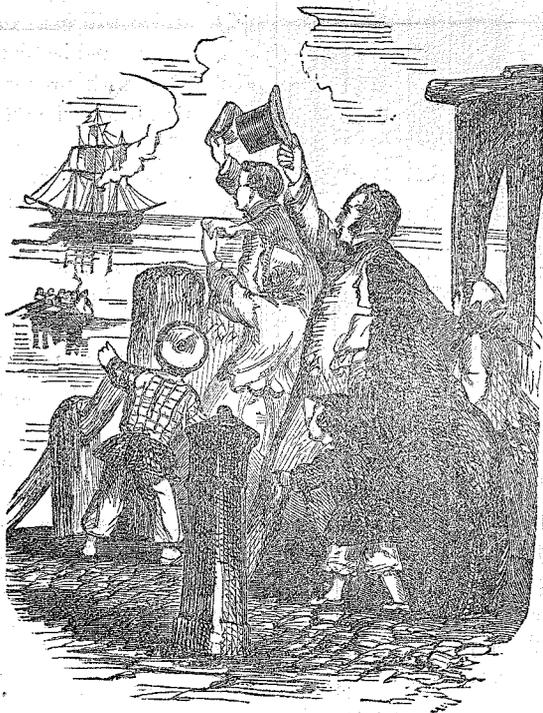
Vol. I.

PLANO, ILL., MARCH 15, 1870.

No. 18.

ALL HANDS, AHOY!

THINKING it might be interesting to the many readers of the *Hope* to learn of the goodness of God to those that go down to the sea in ships, I thought that I would relate at least one special interposition of Providence in behalf of ten others and myself on one of the



many voyages that I made in my long years of seafaring life.

Some thirty years ago, I left one of the northern harbors of England in a British merchant vessel, on a voyage to Quebec for a cargo of timber. All went well for a season. The Captain proved to be quite a gentleman, and the seamen all proved competent to perform their duty, so that we had no difficulty in navigating the ship, or handling her in a storm. It was very fortunate for us that it was so, for we experienced many heavy gales on that outward voyage; so many that our ship began to feel the effects of the heavy seas, and to leak.

The damage received from the violence of the many storms that we encountered was such that it became necessary to put back, (after getting nearly half way across the Atlantic), to the west of Ireland for repairs.

After repairs were made, we again put out to sea, and after a long and stormy passage, we reached the entrance of the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Beating up the gulf for several days against a strong head-wind, we at length got a pilot on board. The Captain, as is customary, gave up the command of the vessel to him, shortly after which a dense fog set in, such as are very common in those latitudes, but seldom if ever experienced in the western states. At this time we were nearly up to what is called Green Island. Night set in, and with it the storm increased.

Being much fatigued from constant labor, taking in sail and doing other necessary work, it was thought best for some to try and get a little rest, while the others kept watch on deck. I was one of those who went below to rest.—How long I was there I know not; but I awoke with the words ringing in my ears, "All hands, ahoy!" with the additional request, "Jump up quick."

We knew what it meant, so without stopping to dress ourselves, went on deck in our underclothing, myself without either cap or boots, and there a sight presented itself to us which I shall ever remember. The fog was more dense, if possible, than before—the storm was increasing, and the sea, which was unusually rough from the effects of a strong current running against the wind, was rolling heavily over the ship. In addition to all this, we were surrounded with breakers.—Death stared us in the face; but every man took his station.

We made an effort to put the ship about, and I believe we would have succeeded, had not fear overcome the chief mate at a very critical moment. He let go the fore braces;—the result of which

was that the head sails swung around and prevented the ship from coming about the way we wanted her, and in less time than it takes me to write it, the ship rushed madly on the rocks, and with such a shock that we fell heavily to the deck.

Gathering ourselves up as best we could, and seeing there was no chance to save the ship, we determined to make a desperate effort to save ourselves. Some being overawed by the awful scene before them, remained inactive till admonished by the calls of the gallant few that were straining every nerve to get the boats afloat; they then made several spasmodic efforts to assist. They were good seamen, and realized the danger of the position; but their physical powers seemed to be completely prostrated. However, by the mercy of God, we succeeded in getting our boats afloat without injuring them.

Our next movement had to be made as quickly as possible; for every moment we were in danger of losing our boats, so "All hands to the boats," was the word, and, strange to say, those that were the most inactive before, were first into the boats. We succeeded in getting away from the ship without losing a man, or injuring our boats; but were away only just in time to see the masts fall overboard with a heavy crash. A few moments delay and we would have been lost.

After spending considerable time on the bosom of the merciless ocean, and using all the skill that experience had given us to save ourselves and the frail barks that carried us, we finally effected a landing amid the heavy breakers, and though wet and fatigued, none of our number was missing.—We felt truly grateful to God for our miraculous deliverance, and it was made manifest in the many expressions of praise to God, and congratulations to each other, whispered that night on that inhospitable beach, amid the howling of the storm.

After a short breathing-spell, we began to look around in the dark and fog for some place of shelter, and we soon discovered that we were but a short distance from the light-house on Green Island; though in the denseness of the fog we could not see the light, neither could the light-house keeper see us. He treated us very kindly,

however, when we found him, and showed his genuine sympathy for us in the hour of our necessities.

Next morning, we went down to the beach, only to see the fragments of that noble vessel that had carried us through many heavy storms; for nothing but fragments were left, the elements having made fearful havoc of her during the night. With feelings similar I suppose to the Arab looking on the lifeless body of his noble steed, I turned and left the beach with a sigh.

Dear young readers of the *Hope*; you may not be called on to pass through scenes like the one described above, but you have the frail bark of life to navigate over life's rough sea,—your destination, Zion. When you arrive, will it be with you as it was with us on that memorable evening, *all there, not one missing?* That it may be so, is the desire of one who loves the cause of Zion, and all children who are striving for its welfare.

JOHN S. PATTERSON.

LITTLE FREDDIE'S FAITH.

SOME years ago, there came from the far-off land of Germany, a lady who had left her kind friends to seek a home in this land of many promises.

After a season, she married a man from her native home. They had one child, a bright boy on whom they bestowed their affections.

Do you realize, dear children, how much your kind parents think of you, with what fond solicitude they watch your every step, looking forward to the time when old age shall come on and the years wear heavily upon them, and they have you to look to for kind sympathy, for the helping hand to aid them, as with tottering steps they shall feel their way towards their final slumber? Yes, then you will provide for them the easy-chair wherein they can sit and read the word of God, and treasure in their hearts his precious promises.

"But what about Freddie's faith?" asks a dozen sweet voices.

I will tell you. About the time the work of the Reorganization commenced in B——, his mother, by invitation of some kind saints who had told her of this way, came to our meetings and believed the work was of the Lord, obeyed the gospel and received the Holy Spirit, which gave comfort and joy such as she had never before felt.

Little Freddie attended meetings with his mother, and became very much interested in them. He would listen attentively to what was said, and treasure it up in his heart.

His mother after a while, was attacked with the Neuralgia in her head and face. For nearly two weeks did she suffer until one night it seemed to her, that her reason must give way, so great was her suffering. Her friends wept around her, and Freddie became greatly distressed in mind, and cried much. All at once, he stopped; then, in a few moments, asked his mother "Do you not feel better?" She answered, "Yes, my child, I do; I feel the pain leaving me." Freddie responded, "I knew it would, for I asked God to cure you, and I knew *he* would do it."

Over one year has passed away, and from that night she has not felt its return, but for a moment, when she would say in her heart, "What God heals, he heals forever," and it would be gone. Such is the faith God is restoring to his dear children, so that even the lambs of the flock feel its power, and enjoy its blessings. May we so live that all the blessings of the gospel may be enjoyed in their fulness, is the prayer of a lover of children.

ELIAS.



ZION'S HOPE!

THE mother whose fond hopes centre in her youthful son, and who anticipates for him a future of usefulness in the cause of Zion, is pleased to recognize in him a sacred charge, and to think of him as one of the youthful army being trained for the Master's use, the army whose name is Zion's Hope.

Did you ever wonder while looking at the beautiful heading of your little Sunday School paper what those words could mean, "Zion's Hope?"

Zion, here means the people of God; those who have come forth with determination of purpose to serve him, who have yielded obedience to the requirements of his gospel. United under the order of the church they constitute what is called Zion.

Hope, is "desire united with expectation."—The hope of Zion is in many things. But to one in particular we would call your attention, and that is her children. I once heard it expressed by an old saint that he "sometimes thought, that Israel in these days would be like Israel in his

wanderings through the wilderness, that although few of the people who started out might possess the promised land, his hope was that the children of that people, through their righteousness, might be accounted worthy in every respect to perform the work which the fathers should have done."

The hope of each and every good parent is that their sons and daughters may follow their example in every good work, and grow up to be men and women worthy of the name. Has the parent failed in accomplishing any intended purpose?—

His hope is that his children will not.

The character which makes the man may be compared to a building. The foundation is laid in childhood, and is that on which we have to build, whether it be good or bad!

This is why your parents and teachers are so anxious to teach you correct principles in early youth, for they know that the principles to which you give heed, are the foundation for your future character, and that every evil habit is a weak place in the foundation which will have to be removed, and its place supplied with proper material, before the structure of your character is complete. Imagine the difficulty there would be in removing part of the foundation of a building, and you will have some idea of the difficulty there would be in breaking off an evil habit, and assum-

ing its opposite.

Those who are yet young, should give heed to the instructions they receive from parents and at the Sabbath School; and if they are shown a weak place in the foundation of their character, they should stop at once, and remove it. Do not let it pass; do not build upon it; for it may give way some day, and who knows the harm that may be done.

Lay good solid principles for a foundation.—Build upon them words and works of love to all, kindness and forbearance. Fulfil every duty as it presents itself, and you will have a structure that neither time nor eternity can injure.

Zion's Hope is in her children; that they will build up the waste places with characters like the above; it would then be but a short time till Zion would be redeemed. Will Zion be disappointed in her hope? I think I hear you all say, No.—Well dear children let it be *no*. Let not the hopes of our fathers and mothers in us, be disappointed; let us each make this resolution for ourselves, and perform it, and Zion will increase day by day, and will realize the full extent of her hope in you.

JOHN RITCHIE.

HOW IS IT DONE?

A GREAT many enquiries of this character are made by the children when they see a book or paper, such, for instance, as *Zion's Hope* or the *Herald*.

We give an illustration of the press on which these papers are printed. The flat surface at the top of the press is called the feed-board, and is the place where the blank papers are laid ready for printing. The round piece of machinery that you see beyond the wheels, looking through them in the cut, is called the cylinder.

Attached to the cylinder are some iron or steel fingers, which, when the press is in motion, take firmly hold of each sheet of paper that is brought down to the edge of the feed-board. The type is placed in proper forms on the flat surface of the press, running in a line with the words seen on the press, "A. B. Taylor & Co., Chicago." As the cylinder revolves, it brings the sheet of blank paper down on the back part of the press, takes it underneath, where the impression is made upon it by the type, and the blank is changed to a printed sheet.

It is then taken up on the front of the press, caught by the sheet-flyer, and laid smoothly and regularly on the low table in front of the press,—to the extreme left in the picture. This sheet-flyer is self-acting, that is, it moves without any help from any other source than the machinery which moves the press. By looking to the left of the picture, you will see it looking like a number of sticks, placed at equal distances from each other and leaning on the press. At the extreme right of the picture is the ink-fountain. One roller, placed on the fountain, receives ink, and as the bed of the press is brought under the roller, the ink is taken off on to the bed, and distributed evenly by the two rollers in front of the fountain, and one or more, (according to the kind of work to be done), close to the cylinder. When the ink is not evenly distributed, one part of the printed matter will be very light, and another part too dark, sometimes blurred.—On the opposite side of the press to that seen in the picture, is a raised platform, two steps high, on which a youth stands, and brings the papers from the front end of the feed-board to the place where it meets the cylinder, and lays them evenly, one at a time, so that the fingers will grip them as the cylinder revolves. If this youth were not to lay them evenly, the reading would not appear straight on the paper when printed.

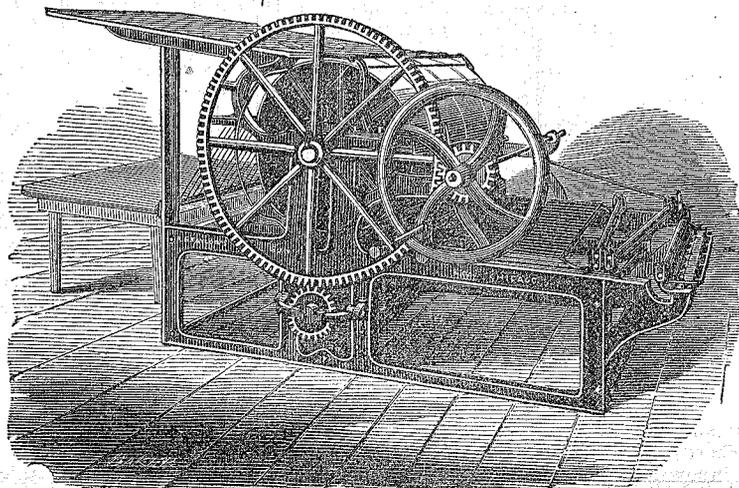
There are steam fixtures attached to the press, and when the little steam-pony starts, these fixtures start the press in motion, and off come the *Heralds* or *Hopes*, or whatever is being printed, at the rate of about fifteen or sixteen a minute.

Every thing is required to be properly prepared. A very slight defect in arrangement, or carelessness in management; a very trifling infe-

riority in quality of paper or ink, will occasion an imprint that those unacquainted with the business are apt to charge to a wrong cause.

In number 13 of the *Hope*, Bro. Joseph told us how the types were picked up, one letter, one small piece at a time, until the whole was set.—After the *Hopes* are all printed, the type is washed clean, and distributed back into the boxes made to contain it, called cases; one letter, one piece at a time, as it was taken up, each letter, each piece to its own apartment, for each letter, stop, figure, &c., has its own place, and if letters get in the wrong place and get mixed, the printers call it *pi*, and printer's *pi* is not good.

The amount of care, of work, of study, necessary to write, prepare, arrange, set up, take copy, read proof, revise, correct, impose, print, press,



fold, mail, answer letters of complainers, and attend to the many duties belonging to the editing, publishing and issuing of a paper, none can understand save those who are practically acquainted with the business.

And what think you, subscribers of *Zion's Hope*, is the reward for this? Let me tell you through the *Hope*, that it is your happiness and welfare which the editors and writers seek.

The *Hope* does not pay more than \$100 a year; after materials, composition, and press labor are paid for, or two dollars a week for editing, corresponding, mailing and performing all the labor belonging to these duties. It is not reward in money the editors seek, yet their paper *should* support itself.

"Uncle Mark," enquires a little bright one,— "can I help the *Hope*?" Yes, darling, you can. Pray for those who have the charge of it. Obtain subscribers among your neighbors and school-fellows for it.

Let every one of you try and get at least one new subscriber, and you will help the cause. The larger the list of subscribers the *Hope* has, the more good it will do, and the greater will be the profits to the church. Now children, try and help Zion's cause by obtaining subscribers for *Zion's Hope*.

UNCLE MARK.

STEPS TO HEAVEN.

YOU see above the second round, in the picture-ladder of *Zion's Hope*, the word Baptism.

I suppose you have all seen persons baptized,

but did you understand the meaning of it?

Those whom you saw baptized, professed by their baptism that they were sorry for all their sins, that they had forsaken them, and that they believed in the Lord Jesus Christ, who shed his blood on the cross, for the remission of their sins. They also showed by that act that they believed that Jesus Christ was buried in the tomb, that he rose again from the dead, and that like as Christ was raised from the dead, so they also purposed coming up from that watery grave, to walk in newness of life—to be true saints of God, and followers of Jesus Christ their Savior.

That man of God, who baptized them; sealed the remission of their sins by baptism upon them, not presumptuously, but upon the *authority* and promise of Christ.

Now, dear readers, you see that *baptism* means a great deal, and is a very solemn and important step to take on this heavenward-pointing ladder. I would persuade none of you to take it, till you are old enough to understand its meaning,—until you are *sure* you are sorry for your sins, and believe in the Lord Jesus with *all your heart*.

The little babe in its mother's arms needs no baptism, because it has *no sins* to be forgiven, and is too young to *believe* or *obey* the Savior.

Children who are old enough to know *good* from *evil*, and can read, and understand; or are able to learn from their parents and teachers, the simple truths which Jesus taught, that will make them wise unto salvation, should at once set themselves earnestly to obey God in the gospel of His Son.

Young friends, begin then at once to seek the Lord. Good king Josiah, of whom you may read in 2 Chronicles 34e., "Began to seek the Lord God of David his father, *while he was yet young*." This was what made him such a good and holy king. Will you not follow his example? It will make you good and useful, as well as happy here; and in the heavenly world, you will reign as kings and priests unto God forever.

As soon as Paul (whose name was called Saul) believed that Jesus was the Son of God, it was said of him, "Behold he prayeth!" Then children, begin like Paul, to believe, and repent, and pray; and then like him, "Arise and be baptized."

AUNT LUCY.

LITTLE THINGS.

THE mustard seed is the least of all seeds, but it becomes a great tree.

We have all to creep before we walk, is an old adage, but a true one. Just so also, we have to be led step by step into the Kingdom of God. Our minds have to be taken care of, to be cultured as carefully as a farmer would cultivate his land. Our fathers and mothers are as the farmers, and we as the land. So also in the Sunday School. If the Sunday School teachers, and parents accomplish any good, they will have their reward. The silk worms are small, but if it were not for them, we would not have any silk. But of more importance than the little silk worm, is a word.

Very small words are often said which do a great deal of good; or harm. We should do

good, for those who do good feel better than those who do not. We ought to speak kindly to every one, for Christ said we were to love our enemies, and to do good to those that hated us, and persecuted us. As

"Little drops of water, and little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean, and the pleasant land;"
so also little deeds of kindness build up the weak one, and make the feeble strong.

Let us all remember to speak kindly to our brothers and sisters and to all, and ever remember that good old rule, to "Do to others as ye would that they should do to you."

FESTUS.

Original Poetry.



THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

TUNE.—The Days of Old Lang Syne,
The Sabbath School I love it well,
It's happy hours enjoy;
Among it's pleasant scenes to dwell,
No worldly thoughts annoy.
'Tis there I learned from sin to turn,
And error's ways to shun;
Folly to spurn, truth to discern,
And in her pathway run.
'Tis there I read of joys to come,
When saints, all freed from care,
Shall from afar be gathered home,
And heavenly glories share.
With joyful feet, I haste to greet—
The saints who love the Lord;
'Tis joy to meet their smiles so sweet,
Their hearts with mine accord.

Let others roam in field and wood,
And idle time away;
I'd rather join the pure and good,
Who meet to sing and pray.
With them I'm taught, that Jesus bought
My soul from death and shame;
And that I ought esteem as nought,
The world's vain pomp and fame.

Why should I not obey his word,
And keep his precepts pure?
For this to me doth joy afford,
And heavenly peace secure.
To school I'll go, for there I know,
I learn the truth to prize,
Soon may it flow, to all below
The far outspreading skies.

CHARITY!

Little children, strive to be
Forever in possession,
Of this great gift, sweet charity,
It maketh no derision.
It suffereth long, is always kind,
And never thinketh evil,
Envieth not, puffs not the mind,
Behaveth always civil.

It vaunteth not itself above
A sister, or a brother,
Ah, no! it is that perfect love
That cares for no another.
It seeketh not its own on earth,
It seeketh not vain glory;
None ever told its boundless worth,
For none can tell the story.

Sweet charity, perfection's bond,
That binds our hearts together,

Most precious boon, with Christ 'tis found,
And will abide forever.
Have faith, hope on, O! tender youth.
Bear all things here with meekness,
Rejoice thou ever in the truth,
For God will help your weakness.

AUNT MARYETTE.

The Children's Column.

VINCENNES, IOWA, Feb. 7, 1870.

Dear Uncle Mark:

I thank you for your kindness. I feel encouraged to work all I can for *Zion's Hope*. I shall still try to get more subscribers. I think so much of my *Hope*, I wish I could get one every week; it seems so long to wait two weeks. All my subscribers like it ever so much. My love to Uncle Joseph.

Yours in Christ,

ORACY.

I am doing all I can for the *Hope*. This makes five numbers I have sent for, and four of them are for outsiders, and I have the promise of one more. It is hard getting subscribers in the church, for the members are all supplied; but I mean to get all I can.

Your's truly,

LEVI CHENEY.

[The following is from the son of our worthy French brother, J. Avondet De Foury.]

OMAHA, Neb., February 8, 1870.

Dear Editors of the *Hope*:

Since a long time I desired to be baptized. I am ten years of age. Till this time it has been very cold. I rejoice, because I hope I like to be by my Father. I shall be a member of the Church of Jesus Christ.

My Respects,

J. LOUIS AVONDET DE FOURY.

February 20, 1870.

Uncle Mark:

It makes me rejoice to receive my paper, the *Hope*, and hear from my little brothers and sisters in the church. I was baptized in my tenth year. I am now in my twelfth year. I know I have made slow progress in the cause; but then we live by ourselves, or at least quite a ways from any other members of the church except what are in our own family. There are five boys of us and three girls, five of us have been baptized. I want to do right, so that I can be saved. Little brothers and sisters, I would exhort you to do right, so that we may meet in Zion, and reign with our Savior a thousand years.

ALVIN Z. RUDD.

LITTLE SIOUX, Harrison Co., Iowa.

Dear Editors of *Zion's Hope*:

I was baptized when I was twelve years old. I am sorry that I have not lived my religion better than I have; but I shall try to do better than I have done. I am very much pleased with the child's paper. I am glad to see the names of so many of the little readers of *Zion's Hope*. I am going to try to win a prize this year. I hope that if we do not meet in this world, that we may in the world to come.

Your's,

SARAH JANE BALLANTYNE.

St. Louis, Mo., March 1, 1870.

Dear Uncle Mark:

I think we have just as nice a Sunday School paper as any other schools have. I have tried several times to write a piece for *Zion's Hope*, but have not yet succeeded. I should like to see you very much.

Your affectionate niece,

EVELINE ALLEN.

GLIDDEN, Carrol Co., Iowa.

Uncle Mark:

I will tell you why I write to you. I read your pieces in the *Hope*, and I feel acquainted with you. I am not a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints; but I shall be some time. I never heard the gospel preached until about two years ago. The Elders do not preach here very often. There are only five members here, one man and four women. I think that more will come into the fold when the Elders come again. Please excuse the mistakes of a little girl.

Your's Respectfully,

MYRTILLA KENDALL.

ANSWER to Enigma No. 27, Rib, Lamb, War, Limb, Law, Mill, Wall, Ball, Mail, William W. Blair.

Answered by Julia M. Powers, Maggie Kay, Wm. Stuart, S. A. Stafford, S. J. Ackerley, N. Howard, W. Howard, Mary D. Powers, H. O. Smith, no name of Laclede, Mo., Frank Ryan, S. N. Brown, Otis Russell.

ANSWER to Enigma No. 28, God, Deer, Doe, Reed, Lord, Dog, Gold, Good Elder.

Answered by Julia M. Powers, Eveline Allen, Maggie Kay, Wm. Stuart, Sarah A. Stafford, H. H. Ackerley, Mary D. Powers, H. O. Smith, Alice Moore, S. N. Brown, E. F. Shupe, Dora Shupe, J. L. A. De Foury, Otis Russell.

ANAGRAM No. 14.

Rahk! sit hte rebeez fo litwghit laclgni
Tareh's yraew relheidn ot sopere;
Lieh, dnrou het houce fo ratune laffing,
Neyltg eth gnih's fost ruetains solec.
Noos er'o a rowld ni peles nilcearni,
Bnumsselre sairs ughroth rendoy rakd,
Llahs knlo eilk seye fo rehchub nihsgni,
Morf tuo eth lievs ahtit dih het kra.

REDFAL TESPEMT.

ANSWER TO ANAGRAM NO. 11.

Never despair, though life's billowy ocean,
May toss you aloft on its storm-ridden breast,
Though the elements now are in wildest commotion,
The sun shall creep through them and crimson the west.
Then away with distrust and its incubus banish,
Though your pathway on earth a dark aspect may wear,
Like the valley of death, every danger shall vanish,
For a heaven lies 'yond it,—then never despair.

Answered by Julia M. Powers, H. O. Smith, S. J. Ballantyne, S. N. Brown, E. F. Shupe, Maggie Kay.

ENIGMAS.

No. 33.—I am composed of nineteen letters.
My 13, 3, 5, 18, 2, is that which if we do not possess
we cannot please God.

My 16, 17, 6, 18, 9, 12, is oftentimes that which
brings the greatest sorrow, or the highest pleasure.
My 10, 14, 8, 5, 18, 7, is that which none but small
minds possess.

My 16, 9, 11, is the name of a distinguished General
in the great rebellion.

My 6, 3, 16, 17, 8, 18, is something which God has
given each of us, of which we shall be required to
give an account.

My 4, 3, 1, 19, 14, 9, 16, is the name of a mother of
some of the tribes of Israel.

My 16, 11, 10, 15, is the name of one of the sons of
Israel.

My 16, 15, 17, is a great sin in the sight of the Lord.

My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, is a christian virtue.

My whole is a declaration of the apostle Paul.

No. 34.—I am composed of nine letters.

My 3, 2, 5, 9, is a very pretty flower.

My 2, 3, 9, is an article of great value.

My 6, 2, 3, 5, 9, is an animal of great use.

My 8, 7, 3, 9, is what the saints should be.

My 1, 3, 2, 2, 8, 5, is what the weeping willow does.

My 4, 3, 9, is a verb.

My whole is the name of the composer of this enigma.

OUR EXCHANGES.—The *Young Reaper*, the very beautiful Sunday School paper of the Baptist society, for 1870, did not make its appearance till we were preparing for press for this number. We are thankful to receive this friend of youth, and wish its editors much success in their efforts for good. The very beautiful and touching story of "A brave and noble boy," published in No. 2 of *Zion's Hope*, as rendered in poetry by our talented sister Frances, is illustrated by Van Ingen-Snyder in No. 5, Vol. 14 of the *Young Reaper*, in a manner so touching and delicate that we must confess to the starting of a tear as we looked upon the cut.

We cannot supply any back numbers of the *Hope* of any earlier date than February 1st.

ZION'S HOPE

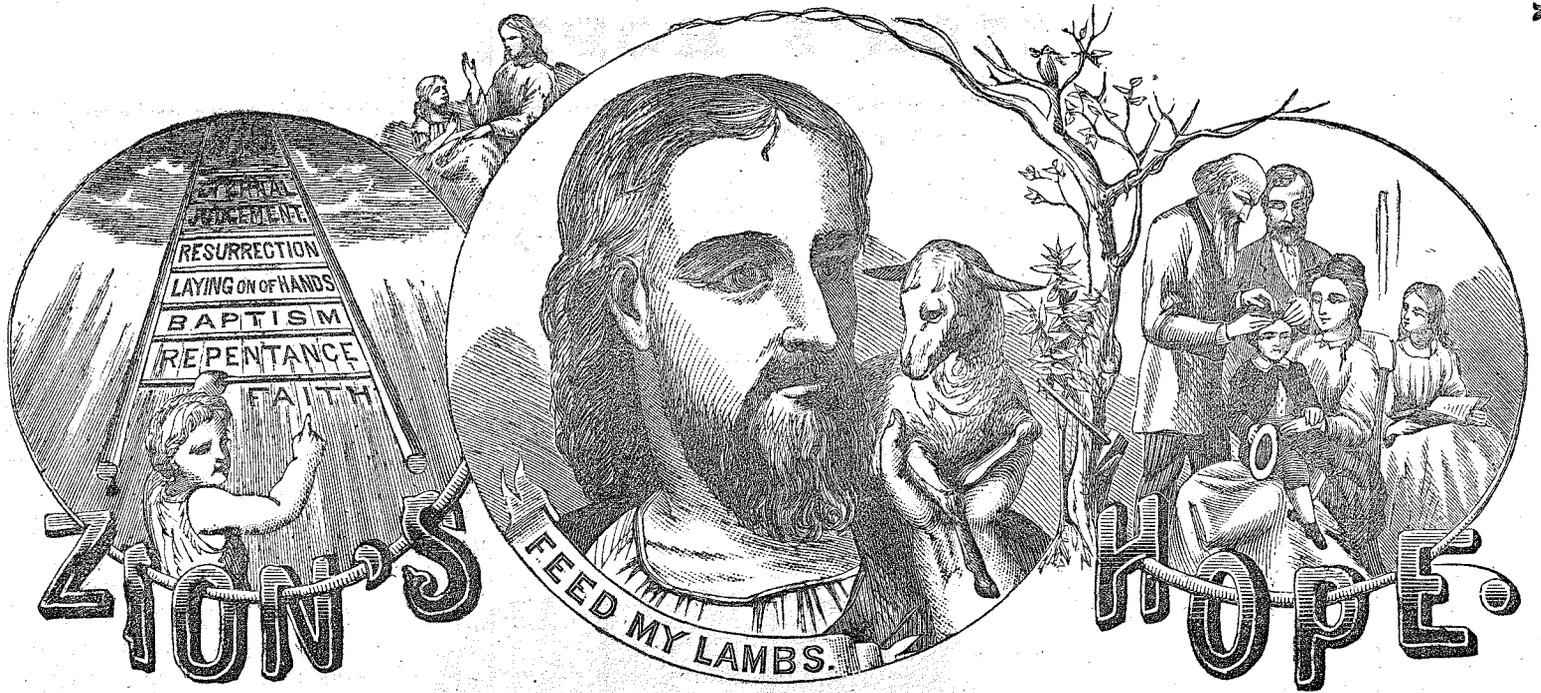
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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

Vol. I.

PLANO, ILL., APRIL 1, 1870.

No. 19.

APRIL!

SUNNY, cloudy, showery April. Hail pleasant month! The fourth month of the year, the month in which the earth opens for new fruit.

The word April is derived from the Latin *Aprilis*, a contraction of the word *Aperilis*, from *Aperire*, to open.

How well the character of this month agrees with the name given to it by those Latin philosophers, all the little readers of the *Hope* know.

Throughout the temperate Zone, this month, with her frequent showers, her warm breezy days, finishes up the work commenced by her predecessor. Rapidly following in the footsteps of the blustering March, she labors hard and effectually to remove the stains and traces left by winter, which her blowing co-laborer has overlooked or purposely neglected.

In the southern part of the temperate zone, many early fruits and vegetables begin to appear in the market; but in the northern part, much care is required to hurry the planting and the sowing left undone during the month of March.

The grasses now begin to brighten the hillsides, the tinkling bells begin to sound among the trees, and in the sunniest nooks of the pastures and the meadows.

The calls of the birds to their mates resound through the air. The pretty blue-bird, so warmly welcomed by the lads and lasses, makes its appearance. The merry sights and sounds of the spring-time-life are known over the land. Bright faces are seen out of doors, and eager feet are hurrying over the hills, while sharp eyes hunt out the peeping flowers, and glad voices shout a welcome to the spring.

Little hearts, be glad for the spring-time of the

year. Be more glad; yes, ten thousand times more glad for the spring-time of your lives;—ten thousand times ten thousand times for the spring-time of the ages,—the Resurrection from the dead.

T. F.

The boy's eyes flashed. In a moment he was over the boundary line, skating skilfully over the forbidden ice; while his schoolmates looked on, some with astonishment, some with fear, and a few with shouts of applause. Clear to the other side he went, though the ice cracked and bent; then, with a graceful turn he was coming toward them again, swifter and swifter, with a look of pride on his glowing face, and the praises of the other boys already sounded in his ears:

"Good for you, Win!"

"Hurrah for——"

Who? Where was he? Where the proud form and smiling face, and the dark hair uncovered in the moment of exultation? Gone! Hidden at once from their sight, under the ice, and the waters rose up over the spot, as if their time of triumph had come then.

"Oh! What shall we do?"

"Run, quick! Get a rope!"

"Stand back, every one of you!" and the voice generally so kind, frightened them now with its sternness; and they looked in silence on the teacher's white face, as he drew off his gown, and crept with it to the boundary line which he had marked for the boys that morning. Over that, too, so carefully, yet so quickly; and the ice cracked! cracked! And the boys could none of them tell how it was done, only that soon the dark, dripping hair of their schoolmate appeared above the broken ice; then his body slowly, slowly dragged to-

wards them, his hand clutching tightly the teacher's dressing gown.

The teacher did not speak, and they dared not. In the teacher's own strong arms, Winthrop was carried to the house, and rubbed; and, no, he was not dead; for in a few moments he opened his eyes, and looking at the group of anxious,



APRIL.

"I DARE YOU."

POOH! I could do it easily, and be back here again before you could count fifty."

"May be so; but you don't dare to try it."

"Don't dare!" Now Tom, you know better."

"Well, I dare you!"

boyish faces gathered round he said: "All right." How it brightened every heart there! The boys could speak now.

"Oh, Wint, I haven't counted fifty yet!" burst out Tom, excitedly, and trying to laugh; but if he had not been a boy, he could certainly have cried instead.

"Now, let me hear all about it," said their teacher, calmly, as the color began to come back into Winthrop's cheeks.

"It is all my fault," said Tom, humbly.

"How came you to disobey my rule, Winthrop, and go beyond the boundary?"

"Why, I hardly thought about the rule, sir: I wanted to let them see I wasn't afraid of the ice! They dared me to do it; and when any one dares me to do a thing——"

Winthrop stopped suddenly, as the recollection came over him of the cold gurgling waters, and of those few, terrible moments of suspense.

"Then you always dare to do it; is that what you mean?"

"Yes, sir;" but the voice was not so full of confidence as it had been half an hour before.

"And the end of your daring, this time, might have been—death!"

A shudder crept over the boy's heart.

"Oh, sir, please don't! I dared him!" said poor Tom.

"And so you think a boy is a coward who is dared to do a thing, and doesn't do it?"

"It looks so," answered Winthrop.

"Ah, my boy, you must get rid of that idea; it is wrong! He who refuses to do a sinful or a dangerous thing, even when people say, 'I dare you,' is a true hero; and he who runs all risks to do something, just because he is dared, is by far the most cowardly and foolish. Don't look so down-hearted, Winthrop; I want you to be truly heroic, and I know you can do things very bravely sometimes. For instance, if I should say you may not go skating another day during this season, you would bear the punishment without complaint, I think."

"Yes, sir," answered the boy, with a touch of the old pride in his voice.

"Mayn't I bear the punishment? It is my fault," exclaimed Tom.

"I haven't given any punishment yet, Tom; I have only given this lesson about true bravery for you all to learn. And now, be off, every one of you, and let Winthrop rest, while I go to examine my dressing-gown; and if it is entirely ruined, I'll pass a subscription round among you to get a new one." And the kind man smiled as he left them; but his heart was full; and he went to thank God for the safety of his pupil, and to pray that he might become truly brave and noble.

Boys, never be dared into doing what is wrong. Do not take one step aside from the straight path, no matter how many voices say, "I dare you."—Be brave enough to say, "I dare not," to every temptation. And always

Dare to be right! Dare to be true!

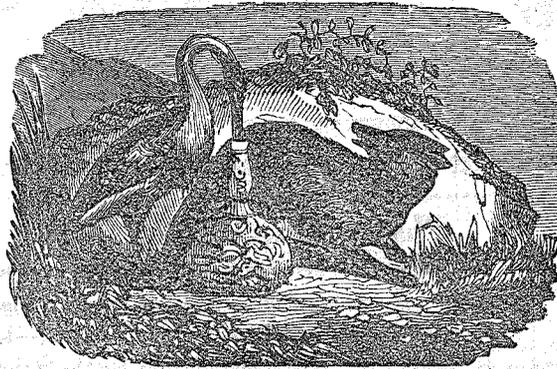
All the world's scorning can never harm you;
Stand by your conscience, your honor, your faith;
Stand like a hero, and battle till death. X.

VIRTUE is the richest ornament with which you can be adorned; encourage virtue, therefore, and shun vice while young, so shall ye be happy in maturer age.

THE FOX AND THE HERON.

THOSE who are familiar with Æsop's fables will readily understand the picture of the Heron and the Fox. The gist of the fable is this.

A fox and a heron were on friendly terms, and as the fox, ever cunning, wished to appear generous, he invited the heron to dine with him. The invitation was accepted, and the animal and bird met. When dinner appeared, it consisted of soup, and but one dish. The fox could lap the soup up rapidly with his tongue; while the heron could obtain but very little.



The heron next invited the fox to dine with him. The two met, and dinner was provided in a glass jar sufficiently large for the heron to reach with his long neck down into. Mr. Heron ate heartily; but Mr. Fox had to be content with simply watching the food and seeing it rapidly disappear.

This is but a fable; yet it teaches a moral that is true and forcible.

Jesus taught the great truth contained in this fable, in the following language: "With what measure you mete, it shall be measured to you again."

The fox learned that his practical joke could be played back upon him, when the superior tactics of the heron placed him in sight of what he desired, so that while he longed for it, he was forced to witness it being taken by another.

Children, if you should ever be tempted to take advantage of each other, or of any one, think of the fable of the fox and the heron, and remember that the measure you give will be returned to you.

UNCLE MARK.

MARTHA AND MARY.

"MARK!" said little Martha, as she sat at the window one day with her companion, "Isn't that thunder I hear?"

Mary listened with an anxious ear very attentively, and in a moment replied, "Yes, and the clouds look dark and dreary. It is but a short time ago that the sun was beaming brightly on yonder grove, where we gathered those beautiful violets and primroses, together with those modest cowslips, which look so charming in this bouquet. Wonderful are the works of nature!"

Before Mary had scarcely utter'd those words, another loud peal of thunder was heard still growing nearer, accompanied by a severe flash of lightning, followed by a storm of hailstones.

"Oh!" exclaimed Martha, "what shall we do?"

You know I am so afraid of thunder and lightning, and we are all alone. I wish father and mother were here; I should feel all right if they were."

"I am glad," replied Mary, "you have such confidence in your parents; at the same time they cannot save you from the dangers of such terrific storms, they can only impart comfort to your troubled heart. I am not afraid, for I know *our Heavenly Father*, who has control over the whole universe, can protect you and me, if we ask him aright."

Martha, in a low tone that indicated guilt, and blushing, said, "I never pray, do you?"

"Yes," cheerfully answered Mary, "every night and morning. If I did not I think, perhaps, I would become fearful, too; but remembering those beautiful words, 'Ask and ye shall receive; knock and it shall be opened; he that seeketh me *early* shall find me;' no fear can enter my bosom. Don't you remember reading the other Sunday, how Shadrach, Meshech and Abednego were preserved in the burning fiery furnace, and Daniel in the Lion's den? Surely our trials are not so

great as theirs."

Martha's eyes began to sparkle, though her heart was somewhat pained to think she had been so negligent of her duty to one who alone could rescue from destruction. She resolved that night to bow her knees and seek forgiveness, with a full intent to do better. The consequence was she grew in grace and increased in faith, till, at length, with Mary could "ask and receive."

I hope dear little readers you will not forget Martha and Mary, and the faith she obtained.

Never let your hasty passions, or your indolent habits, withdraw from you the inclination to commune with your Father in Heaven, and rest assured if cast into the fiery furnace he will protect you.

C. ACKERLEY.

LITTLE GLEANERS.

A GLEANER is one who follows after the harvesters, and collects what small amount of grain there may be left ungathered.—

It was a common practice in days of old, and the Jews were forbidden to glean their fields or fruit trees themselves; but were to leave them for the poor.

There is a beautiful story in the Bible about Ruth the Gleaner, who left her own country and united her life with the Israelites, and who for her kindness and sacrifice was remembered of the Lord, and obtained a good living for herself and her mother by her industry. She was one of the ancestors of Jesus Christ, and her adoption amongst the Jewish nation is typical of the admission of the Gentiles into the church. Her life also shows the providence of God over them that fear him.

Little ones, you must not think because you cannot sit in the pulpit, that you cannot preach.

You can follow after the harvesters, and glean here a little and there a little; you can win the love of all your little friends and schoolmates by

your kindness and pleasant words. Preach a little by your example. Watch yourselves carefully, that you do not acquire any bad habits, through which your companions might say that you do not practice what you preach.

If you hear a naughty boy take God's name in vain, do not scorn him, but pity him; tell him what will be the fate of those who do such things, and tell him that you are striving to take your loving Savior for your teacher, and that you want him to strive too. Look upward and strive on.

NELLIE.

FLOWERS AND FRUIT.

MOM, Miss Jennie, what a nice time you are having, to be sure, with your kind mother, those lovely flowers and that delicious fruit.

I more than half expect, that mamma is teaching you some very pretty and useful little lesson, by the way she holds up that cluster of grapes and looks so wise and pleasant; and that upraised finger, ah! that tells a whole host of stories of itself. Very wise Jennie looks, also, holding up her flowers and making some sage remark, no doubt, or asking some sharp question about the lesson on hand.

Her mother is telling that the bunch of grapes once lay folded up, along with many leaves and tendrils, in the tiny space of a little green bud, about the size of Jennie's finger nail; that this bud was on the joint of a grape vine, in the vineyard; and that when the warm south wind blew over the vineyard, the bud began to swell, and to reveal the beautiful crimson down on its inner edges. After a time, the delicate green blossom of the grape appeared, then the little green grapes, growing larger through the long summer hours, and finally became purple, full, and, as the days drew near the Autumn, sweetly ripe.

Then she makes an application, like this; that our lives resemble the flowers and the fruit. That we must abide in the vine, and improve all the shining hours until the end of the harvest, when

we shall have improved all our opportunities, and developed all our powers,—the golden talents given to us,—that our Master may be well pleased when He gathers us home.

UNCLE DAVE.

THE HEART.

FEELING deeply interested in the welfare of *Zion's Hope*, and having an earnest desire to aid our precious little ones in their growth and learning in spiritual things, as well as in things pertaining to this short and fleeting life, I shall esteem it a great privilege if our good Uncle Mark will allow me to address a few thoughts to the lambs of Zion's fold, as they occur to me from time to time.

Well, to begin with, I must tell you that I have

steady and how constantly it beats! It is so like clock-work, only that it is more perfect in its workings, for it was made by the great God.—The heart has within it four apartments, or rooms, we will call them. Now look at those dark blue veins running all over your body, just under the skin. These veins collect all the impure blood from every part of your body, and carry it to the right upper room of your heart. It is then forced into the lower room by a kind of valve. (Father will tell you what a valve is). It then goes out into your lungs; and there it is purified by the air you breathe. This changes it to a bright red color, and is become ready for use. It is then carried to the heart again; but this time to the left upper room, and from there it is sent by this valve through the lower room into every part of the body, more going to the brain than to any other organ of the body, of the same size. The

blood flows all through the body, and back to the heart and lungs, once in every two minutes and twenty-eight seconds of time.

You will see, dear children, how necessary it is to breathe pure air, in order that we may have pure blood. If the blood be impure, and so much of it go to the head or brain, as Physiology teaches, how can our thoughts be so active, so pure, or so bright as they should be, when we attend meeting? The Holy Spirit, of which you have all heard, and which I trust some of you have felt, will



been to hear a course of lectures on Physiology. Methinks I hear some little bright-eyed boy or girl say, Mamma, what does this long word mean? How can I pronounce it? I have no doubt but that she would tell her little one; but, wait, and I will explain the meaning, saving dear mamma the time; for perhaps baby is crying, or supper is to get.

It may be or it may not be that you study Geography. What is Geography? You answer, "It is a description of the earth's surface." Just so; and Physiology is a description of the human body. Now do you understand me? Let me ask you, little one, to listen while I describe to you the little busy heart beating within your bosom.

When you are full of health and energy, how

not dwell in unclean or unholy temples.

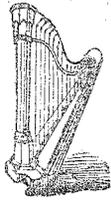
If you want to become good and powerful men and women, seek for knowledge,—for knowledge is power.

If Uncle Mark is pleased to admit me to the columns of *Zion's Hope*, I will try again, and tell you something about your lungs, your eyes, ears, and other parts of the body. We should learn all we can of that which is good, and surely, something of our bodies as well as our spirits.

How good, how pure, how beautiful should we make our lives, by adorning them with kindness, honesty and truth, and so live that we may never disgrace these bodies which are so fearfully and so wonderfully made.

JUNE.

Original Poetry.



THE ORPHAN'S LAMENT.

Lonely and sorrowful, far from my home,
Sick, among strangers, uncared for, unknown;—
Even the birds, that used sweetly to sing,
Have swiftly and silently taken the wing.
No one but mother could cheer me to-day;
No one for me could so fervently pray;
No one to cheer me,—no kind friend is near,—
Mother would comfort me if she were here.

If she were here, I soon would forget
My pain and my sorrow—no more would I fret—
One kiss from her lips, one look from her eyes,
Would make me contented and silence my cries.
Gently her hand on my forehead she'd press,
Trying to free me from pain and distress;
Kindly would say to me, "Be of good cheer,"
Mother would comfort me if she were here.

Cheerful and faithful, mother would stay
Ever beside me, by night and by day,
If I should murmur or wish to complain,
Her calm, gentle manner would soothe me again.
Sweetly a mother's love shines like a star,
Brightly in darkness, when daylight is far;
In clouds or in sunshine, in pleasure or pain,
A mother's affection is ever the same.

ANON.

AN ACROSTIC.

Christ is coming soon,
Here on earth to stand
In his royal majesty,
Lord of all the land.
Dead saints shall then arise,
Raised to immortal life;
E'en to meet each other,
No more to part in grief.

Oh, what a glorious day!
Being free from stain,
Earth will like Eden bloom.
Yea; fruit and flowers will grow.

Years will so swiftly pass
One day they'll seem to be.
Union and love ne'er cease,
Righteousness make us free.

Prepare then, children all,
And by example show
Real love for Jesus' cause,
Even while here below.
Never give up the cross,
Til you the crown do gain,—
Soon Christ will come to reign.

LIZZIE.

The Children's Column.

SANDUSKY, Wis., Feb. 27, 1870.

Bro. Joseph:

I have not seen anything in the *Hope* from this section of the country, and it looks as if we took no interest in that good little paper. It would not be any use for us to try to get any subscribers, as there is not anybody that believes in this church here, but our family. The people here are very bitter against the saints.

Your true friend, JOSEPH L. GIRTON.

LEROY, Ill., March 11, 1870.

Dear Editors of the *Hope*:

I was baptized when I was eight years old. I am now thirteen. I well remember the day that I was baptized; it was the 26th day of December.—Uncle cut a hole in the ice, and Bro. George Lindsey baptized me. I have not lived as faithfully as I ought

to have done, but I will try to live more faithfully hereafter.

I am glad to see so many letters in the "Children's Column" from my brothers and sisters. Now my little friends, let us try to live more faithfully than we have done, that we may be gathered to Zion with the pure in heart, and be prepared to reign with Christ on the earth.

I remain your brother in Christ,
FREMONT RANDALL.

JOY STATION, Mercer Co., Ill., March 7, 1870.

Brother Joseph:

I have been reading the letters of my little brothers and sisters in the *Hope*, and think they are very good. I was baptized last fall by Elder John F. Adams, and confirmed by him. I received very good promises, and am trying to live to enjoy them. I am nine years old, and brother Frank seven. Will it be wrong for us to help each other to answer the puzzles and anagrams?

MARY BOYLE.

[If you unite your skill in finding answers, you should sign your answers, "Mary and Frank Boyle," but it is better that you each try till you can find out the answers without the other's help.]—UNCLE MARK.

LEXINGTON, March 7, 1870.

Dear Uncle Mark:

I see by my name not appearing in the list, that I have failed in the answer to Anagram No. 10. But I thought I would try again, and I think I have it right, this time. Yes, I am sure I have, after I had made it out I took it to mother, and she told me where to find it in the Holy Scriptures.

I would love to be baptized; but there is no opportunity. Oh! how I wish we lived near a branch, so that we could attend church and Sunday school.

CARRIE A. CADAMY.

CASEY, Adair Co., Iowa, March 9, 1870.

Dear Editors of *Zion's Hope*:

I am rejoiced more than ever with our little Sunday School paper. It pleases me the most to read about the Sunday Schools. Our teacher has offered us an excellent prize for the two scholars that recite the most verses every month. We learn verses to recite every Sunday; but every month we have a grand recitation, and every year a yearly recitation. The prize that our teacher offered us, was a ticket each to the two that recite the most verses; the tickets each have one of the Ten Commandments on them, the commandments are printed in gold letters, and at our yearly recitation; the one that has recited the most verses will get a present made to them of a Book of Mormon, and the one that has recited the next most verses will get a Book of Covenants. I am going to strive to get the best prize; but I don't know whether I can or not, as one is striving against me who has nothing to do but to study; and I have to work. I would like to see more pieces in the *Hope* from my little brothers and sisters.

I remain, Your's as ever,

THOMAS WEEKS.

ANAGRAM No. 15.

Salli anocti; lisal timoon,
Sinthi suby drowl fo sour;
Keli het stencour hofe eanco
Samni vedom yb sunnee wersop.
Darwon! downar! warnod vere!
Munha gorseps ronne anc syat;
Howhe sakem het dam deareno
Allsh leik achff eb pewst awya.

PERLA WILD.

ENIGMAS.

No. 35.—I am composed of fourteen letters.
My 3, 10, 12, 6, 10, 11, is the evening star.
My 1, 10, 8, is a deep color.
My 5, 2, 6, 11, 7, 4, 13, is a part in music.
My 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, is what the rain does.
My 7, 8, 10, is the fabled goddess of mischief.
My 3, 13, 6, 10, is a very welcome visitor.
My whole is the name of a loved and honored District President.

PERLA WILD.

No. 36.—I am composed of eight letters.
My 4, 3, 8, is a portion of light.
My 4, 3, 7, is a little pest.
My 2, 6, 4, 3, is a girl's name.
My 5, 1, 3, 4, 8, is a journal.
My whole is the name of a dear faithful little sister in the church.

PERLA WILD.

OFFER.—"Uncle Thomas" will present to the boy or girl, who, in six weeks after publication, reads correctly this puzzle; a copy of the best bound Hymn Book (new edition). Come children, try your ingenuity.

ORIGINAL PUZZLE.

Think. Speaking.	Look. Leaping.
Whining. Laugh.	Sinning. Repent.
	Affliction.
	Weep.
But.	Restriction.
Keep.	Live. Good Rules.
	& U.
	The way
	heavens
	heavens
	blissful day.

ANSWER TO ANAGRAM NO. 12.

Union peace and love,
Never cease above.
Christ our Shepherd, King,
Let us to him sing.
Each must him rely on,
Mighty King of Zion.
All glory to him given,
Righteous prince of heaven,
King of the churches seven.
Acrostic, Uncle Mark.

Answered by thirty-three correspondents.

ANSWER to Enigma No. 29, Rake, Eat, Ash, Pear, Peter, Hare, Truth, Speak the Truth.

Answered by twenty-seven correspondents.

ANSWER to Enigma No. 30, Water, Rat, Stew, Lie, Dress, Bible, Steal, Addie L. Webster.

Answered by twenty-two correspondents.

ANSWER TO OLD RIDDLE.—I understand you overheard and undertook to overthrow my undertakings. Answered by seven correspondents.

CHANGE IN PROGRAMME.

Owing to the great number of answers now being received, and the great amount of space necessary to publish the names of those who answer, in every paper, we shall hereafter publish the answers just as we do now, in the third number of the *HOPE* after we publish the puzzle, and state after the answer, just as our readers will see it on this page, the number of answers received. And that all may know that the prizes are correctly awarded, in the third number after each six month's publication of the *HOPE*, we shall give the names of all who have sent answers, and the number of answers sent by each, just as we did for the last six months. This change will give to our little correspondents more room. We should have had to publish eighty-nine names this time, but for this change!

NOTICE!—If you write a letter for Children's Column, do not write your answers to enigmas, &c., on the same sheet. Let your letter and your answer be on separate sheets or half sheets, or they may be missed. The reason for this request is this: the answers are filed away till the end of six months, but the letters are sent up to the compositor's room to be set up in type.

We hope to hear from Sister "JUNE" again, and give her not only a welcome to our corps of contributors; but "a standing invitation."

ZION'S HOPE

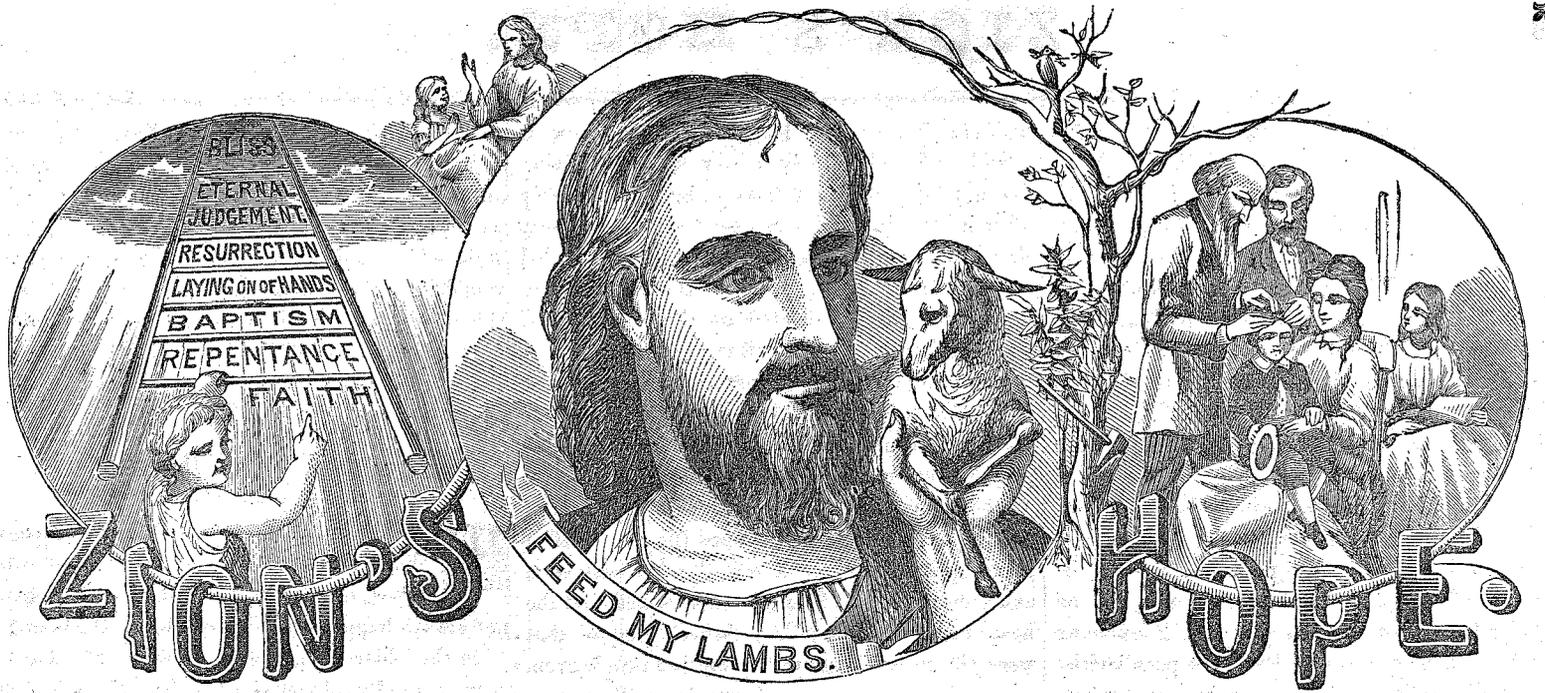
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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

Vol. I.

PLANO, ILL., APRIL 15, 1870.

No. 20.

THE FIVE RACES.

ALTHOUGH it is admitted among Bible believers generally that mankind sprung from two first parents, Adam and Eve, it is customary among the learned to divide the human family into distinct races; some classing them under five heads, some under six.

Those who class them under five distinct heads, with two or three very respectable exceptions, divide them into the races represented in our cut.

The centre cut represents the Caucasian race, the one to the right of and next to the Caucasian, represents the American Indian race, the one to the left of and next to the Caucasian, the Mongolian race, the one to the right of the American, the Ethiopian race, the one to the left of the Mongolian the Esquimaux.



skin, liable to brownness on exposure to heat or light; long hair of various shades from light to dark and often inclined to be wavy; an oval face, and among the males well supplied with beard; a nose narrow and inclined to prominence; the upper part of the head large; the ears well formed, of about the same length as the nose, and the top of them on a line with the upper edge of the eye-brow; the lips firmly set but slightly projecting; the chin small, round and firm. The name Caucasian is given to the nations having these

the face, owing to the prominence of the cheek-bones and a projecting chin, almost triangular, or three cornered; the skull is not so high as that of the Caucasian race; but long. The opinions as to the origin of this race are very varied; some attributing it to the emigration from the northern tribes of Europe and Asia; others to the ten lost tribes of Israel. There is still another origin to which this race is referable, but one the scientific world has not yet considered, viz., the house of Israel, through the family of Lehi of the tribe of

Manasseh. Our readers of the HOPE will remember some articles on this subject, published in the former part of this volume.

The Mongolian race is distinguished by a yellowish skin; thin, straight and black hair; a face, the surface of which is inclined to flatness; high cheek-bones almost equal to

Some writers class the Esquimaux with the Mongolian, and designate the Malayan as a distinct race.

To explain the characteristics of these classes, and to give a description of their several divisions and sub-divisions would involve the necessity of writing a very many names difficult to the Young Hopes, and hardly suited to a Sunday School Paper. Our description will therefore be very brief.

The Caucasian race is distinguished by a white

peculiarities because it is thought that they had their origin in a tribe, or perhaps a number of tribes that dwelt in the Caucasian mountains, a chain of mountains which form the boundary line between Asia and Europe. The white inhabitants of America and the whole of the nations of Europe except a part of Russia, Lapland and Finland, are referred to the Caucasian as their origin.

The American Indian race is distinguished by a reddish brown, or copper-colored skin; straight and long hair; beard very scarce; a large nose;

those of the American Indian; the nose short, wide, and rather flat; the eyelids have an oblique curve to accommodate the eyes, which are small, but owing to large eye-lids appear really smaller than they are; the lips are large and somewhat protruding; the skull rises towards the crown in pyramidal shape; the forehead is generally low. This race includes the nations in northern and eastern Asia, and the north of Europe, and the Greenlanders of North America.

The Ethiopian race is distinguished by a very dark skin, commonly though improperly called a

black skin; hair black, short, curled, or woolly; forehead, low and retreating; lips, thick; cheekbones, high, but not so high as those of the American Indian and Mongolian; face, angular, but less so than that of the Caucasian; eyes, of medium size and dark; beard, rather scarce and woolly. This race includes a large portion of the inhabitants of Africa and the natives of Oceania. The latter however have some peculiarities in which they differ from the Negroes of Africa;—they have longer hair; their beard is less woolly; and their bodies are shorter.

The Esquimaux race is distinguished by a dark brown skin with a coppery tinge; an abundant supply of hair; a bright, quick eye; a short irregular body; lips inclined to thickness and an angular face. In some respects the Esquimaux and Greenlanders seem to have the peculiarities of the Mongolian race, and are by some writers classed as a portion of that race, belonging to the Finnish family.

We need scarcely to tell the advanced scholars of our Sunday Schools that the European nations have peculiarities that combine the best features of the Caucasian with some of the peculiarities of the Mongolian. This type, the European, embracing also the white inhabitants of America, is higher in the scale of intelligence than any other, and is the leading power of the world. Its origin is more immediately traceable to the Scandinavians and the Celts. The Scandinavian race is distinguished for its ardor, refinement and purity, and is characterized by light hair and blue eyes. The Celtic race is distinguished for its coolness, strength and valor, and is characterized by black eyes and black hair. The admixture of these races has produced the European character.

The number of these various races is supposed to be, as now distributed over the globe, in round numbers, twelve hundred and eighty-eight millions. Of these vast numbers, Europe has two hundred and seventy-two millions, Asia seven hundred and fifty-five millions, Africa, one hundred and ninety millions, America eighty-nine millions, Australia, two millions. One city in the world has over three millions of inhabitants, one two millions, and eight have one million and upwards. Of these ten cities, one is in England, one in France, four in China, one in Japan, one in India, (Asia), one in Turkey, (Europe), one in America.

Can our young readers now ask why it is they are required to study? The answer will be found in the fact herein revealed, that God who has created this vast world, and peopled it, has designed that we should study his work, and be thereby induced to love and serve him for his work and mercy's sake, with an intelligent servitude, instead of serving him merely through fear of punishment. May God bless your efforts, dear Hopes, that you may become a wise and powerful host for God and his cause, is the prayer of

UNCLE MARK.

EXPERIENCES.

CHAPTER II.

AFTER viewing the glorious scene a few minutes, I heard my father say, "O Lord, lead me into all truth." I watched and

waited a few minutes longer, wondering how it would end. Presently I saw an angel flying through the midst of heaven, but immediately after it came in sight it vanished, so that I cannot describe it further than that it was surrounded with a glorious light. Indeed the light was so magnificent, that it lighted up the whole plain. The angel passed by just after my father asked to be led into all truth, and just as it disappeared, it said, "He is being led into all truth." Then as my father continued to pray, I noticed that his prayers went to the top of the heap in the centre of the plain, and after resting awhile, a part of his prayers would ascend toward the sky. After going quite a distance, I saw the heavens open and receive them. Then I was informed that the heap was composed of my father's prayers that were not good enough to be admitted into heaven.

JOHN SETH WEEKS.



SELFISHNESS.

SCARCELY a worse trait than selfishness can mark our lives. Its influences led Satan to rebel against God, Eve to partake of the forbidden fruit, Cain to murder his brother, David to fall from the favor of God, Judas to betray Christ and Peter to deny him.—It has wrought ruin to one-third of the hosts of heaven, whom the Lord cast out for rebellion; it has influenced every movement by which the great evils of humanity were produced; it causes more trouble in churches, more disorder and inattention in schools, more difficulties in families, more quarrels between children than any other principle of evil.

Darling Hopes, as you value peace and happiness for yourselves and for others, avoid selfishness.

The unselfish spirit is the gospel spirit; the selfish spirit, the spirit of the evil one. The unselfish heart is the heart that yearns for other's good, and fills with tenderness at thoughts of other's woes; the selfish heart cares not how others fare so that itself be gratified. The selfish mind conceives evil thoughts about others, and attributes to their acts designs itself would foster; the unselfish heart conceives good thoughts of the good, and seeks the reformation of the bad. The selfish person condemns rashly what does not agree with his own views or prospects; the unselfish person prefers others before himself. The selfish seek to have their world of stores, within themselves; the unselfish seek to dispense their stores for the common good.

In the cut before you, you have represented a

cutting rebuke on selfishness. The dog, the hay, and the cow, are very suggestive of many people and their foolish, selfish policy. Not only would we have Zion's Hopes anxious to bless others with what they possess but do not need, but we would have them to be like Jesus, willing to sacrifice even themselves for the good of humanity.

H. HOPEFUL.

GOOD FRIDAY!

THE day on which "Good Friday" happens this year is the date of the issue of this paper, the 15th of April, though it does not always happen on the same day of the month.

In the older countries of Europe, this day is very generally observed as a day of fasting, of prayer, of public worship, or of feasting, according to the peculiar faith and habits of those observing it.

It is observed in honor of Christ, supposed by some to be the anniversary of the day on which the Savior gave his life for us on the cross of Calvary. The day we do not regard as being the anniversary of the Savior's death; but yet we have respect to the faith and sympathy which lead to the observance of a day in honor to the Lord of Life and Glory, and in commemoration of that precious offering by which he "who knew no sin was made sin for us,"

and who in "his own body bare our sins upon the tree." Angels sing the song of redemption, and we would tune our hearts and voices in accord too; but our loudest tones are by far too feeble, our richest tones too poor to express the love; the joy, the sadness we feel when contemplating the stern character of the law, and the love which inspired a Jesus to make it honorable by the sacrifice of himself.

The day honored with this name, was called by the Saxons *Long Friday*. Fasts were observed in the early church, sometimes held for forty hours or longer, and it is probable that the Saxon name was derived from this circumstance. The name "Good Friday" is a more expressive name to the saint, and is probably attributable to the opinion generally held among nations where the Bible is read, that this was the day on which the great and good work of Christ was finished, and man's sins atoned for by the precious blood of the Lamb of God.

In some of the European nations, a bun, with a cross upon it, is eaten on Good Friday, and many of the parents of our little readers will remember, when they read this, the familiar old English song-cry they were accustomed to hear in earlier days, of

"Hot cross buns! Hot cross buns!
One a penny, two a penny;
Hot cross buns!"

An English penny is of about the value of two of our cents, and the buns were of two sizes, one sold for a penny, the other for a half-penny; hence the cry "One a penny, two a penny."

The name "bun" is thought to have originated from the word "boun," which was the name for sacramental cakes or bread, the cross

THE CRUCIFIXION ON CALVARY.

By Uncle Mark.

My gracious Lord,

And sacrificed himself
To bow himself to heaven's
And meet the issues

His cry,—

Forsaken me while to
Oh! why in this my
When, for lost man I

Oh! hour
Between

Should I,
Lord, sav
Thus spake
Didst claim whe
Thyself
Who heard
From m
If Christ tho
Nor hang as
Are those who
Their deeds wer
If Chri
But
Thyself
Will to
Will crown thee
Oh! can
And yet i
My soul,
But rise, an
Assert thy
For him wh
Forgive the
And in their

wh
e
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th
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to
thy
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o
m
o am a
me when th
the one.—T
free, the Christ
and us." Oh!
is taunt, and
eking lip
wert,
nquered
th
deeds of
thou art, th
thy powe
foes. We then, a
sceptre bow,
ing of S
t be that
meekness,
ive plac
in the light
claims! Take
died a
en who
anger tak

I N R I

ghteousness appeared

for man, nor feared
stern decree,
for humanity.

"My God,

My God,

Oh! why hast thou

thy will I bow—
bitter, trying hour,
yield to death's cold power?"

Jesus
one on

crucified
either side!

wh
y,

If thou be

slain,

criminal,
kingdom
e other,—“If,
thou art, sav
meek and suffering
lso that which
around;—“Thou
hou wouldst for
us, while
deceived; who now ha
olly in
u't not increase t
descend, nor
willing
and thee
lem; own thy
thus my Mast
indness,
to thoughts o
of Christ
now thy sta
died a
ake thy son
his life

th
e
Christ
s
a
ve
t
h
y
s
e
l
f
a
nd
us
complain?
ou shalt gain;”—
what thou
now
Lamb,
rose
the cross,
ake at once,
ll around
found
hy name.
eir shame,
ield again
men,
obey—
way.”
r bore;
ove? No more,
doubt or fear,
ppear!
and live
implored, “Forgive!
their prey,
away!”

upon the bun indicating its sacrificial use.

In more primitive times, when the Catholics ruled England, it was required of all people to attend a house of worship on Good Friday, to approach a cross by creeping on the knees, and to kiss it. None, not even kings and queens, were exempt from this requirement, as it was thought

that humility was thereby shown before and in remembrance of it—the creeping to it evidencing humility; the kissing it, a remembrance of it.

We present our readers, on this page of the HOPE, with a curiously and ingeniously wrought device, said to have been originated by a lady of other days. The words are writ-

ten expressly for ZION'S HOPE, and for the anniversary of Christ's martyrdom; but the design is taken from a card loaned us by Mr. Dille, father of Elder Dille.

The dying exclamations of the two thieves crucified with our blessed Lord are found in the two smaller crosses, and that of Jesus in the larger cross.

In the first space at the head of the cross, our readers will notice the letters, in capitals, "I. N. R. I." Some of those who read the HOPE will not know the meaning of these letters unless it be explained; those who do understand will excuse our explaining this and other matters for the benefit of those less favored than themselves.—These letters are the initials of the following words: Iesus Nazarenus, Rex Judæorum, signifying in English, "Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews," the words placed by the order of Pilate on the cross of Jesus. Following the words in each arm of the cross and reading down the centre of the cross, are the words as seen in *italic* letters, which formed the death-cry of the Lord Jesus, "My God, my God! why hast thou forsaken me?" The pleading cry of the repentant thief who was crucified on the cross to the right of Jesus, is seen in *italic* letters on his cross, "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom;" the cruel and insulting taunt of the unrepentant thief who was crucified on the cross to the left of Jesus, is also seen in his cross in *italic* letters, "If thou be the Christ, save thyself and us."

If our readers will now follow the lines through from left to right, they will find that the words in the crosses form a portion of the letters of a poem.

We know of no better subject for the day celebrated, whether in point of time correctly or incorrectly, as the anniversary of the death of him who died that we might live, than that presented in this form, and hope that under the divine blessing of him whom we should all serve, this representation may be made the means of strengthening our love for Christ, and making us, young and old, scholars and teachers, children and parents, more willing to suffer, more resolute to dare and to do in the spirit of pure love for him "who loved us, and gave himself for us that he might bring us to God."

UNCLE MARK.

THE ICELANDERS.

ICELAND is situated between Norway and Greenland, (a little nearer the latter), and the northern part extends to the Arctic circle. It is a very cold, rocky, mountainous country, and its inhabitants do not enjoy so many of the comforts of life as are enjoyed by those of milder climes. But I will give you a sketch of their manner of life, and then judge, little readers, if they are not happier than the inhabitants of many more highly favored regions.

The Icelanders are social, polite, intelligent and hospitable; that is, kind to their neighbors, and to strangers. Though they have not the advantage of free schools for all as we have, yet the deficiency is well compensated for by diligence, and there are few boys or girls ten years of age, who can not read and write well. Their printed books are few and high priced; but they copy such as they can get the loan of, by which means most of them write a hand equal in beauty to that of the ablest writing masters of other countries.

The children are, usually, taught to read by the mother or by some other lady, after which

writing, arithmetic, and often some of the higher branches are taught by the father. In the evening, when out door work is done, the entire family; the parents, children, guests, and servants, all who are old enough, assemble in the best room, and engage in some light, noiseless employment, save one, and that one reads aloud, that all may hear and all be instructed. Then after singing and prayer, they retire to rest.

In the morning, they return thanks to God the author and preserver of all things.

The Icelanders are, according to the light they have, a religious people, and who shall say that the light which lighteneth every man that cometh into the world, has not shed its purifying rays into their hearts, causing them to set an example worthy of our imitation? I hope the little readers of the *Hope* will be diligent, and will try to excel the youth of Iceland as much as your advantages for intellectual and moral culture are superior to theirs, and if your parents have not yet adopted a uniform system tending to the diffusion of knowledge and purity in the family, I hope they will; and that Zion's Hopes may become wise and good men and women, and useful members of society, is the prayer of

MORMONIA.

THE WINGED ANGEL!

SOME enquiries have been made respecting the angel with wings published in the HOPE of March 1st.

We do not wish our little readers to understand by this representation that we suppose the angels to actually wear wings; but we regard the picture as being a *picture*, or representation of an *idea*, that idea, the power possessed by the angels to travel swiftly through space, without being restricted in their transit to such modes of travel only as mortals have. The wings are therefore emblematical; not real.

The Children's Column.

CASEY, Adair Co., Iowa, March 9, 1870.

Dear Uncles Joseph and Mark:

I thought I would try to write a few lines to the *Hope*. I was baptized about three years ago. I know I have not lived as faithfully as I should, but I intend to do better in the future. I love to read the articles in the *Hope* that are written by my little brothers and sisters. I love the *Hope*. I never read any other paper that I love so well as I do the *Hope*. I thank you very much for "The Children's Column." Your's in the gospel, MARY EDA WEEKS.

GALIEN, Mich., March 8, 1870.

Dear Editors:

I see so many of the little girls have written letters that I thought I would write one.

I am thirteen years old, but have not been baptized. I like the *Zion's Hope* very much, especially "The Children's Column." ELIZABETH THURSTON.

GALIEN, Mich., March 8, 1870.

Dear Bro. Joseph and Uncle Mark:

I am truly glad to see so many names in the Children's Column. As I was reading this column, I began to enquire whether I had done my duty the last year, or not. I have been a faithful reader of the *Hope*, and now am going to send the answer of some of those useful enigmas and anagrams. Perhaps you would like to know why I call them useful. They have been my company many lonely evenings, but why should I call it lonely with such a companion as the *Hope* to cheer me?

I will close with God bless Brother Joseph, Uncle Mark, and the *Hope*.

Your's in Christ,

IDA WHEATON.

ANAGRAM No. 16.

Eyeb erwsolfio fo vemene sai loas mafo Richt.
ALBERT CLARK.

Scripture Riddle in Anagram form.

[Anagram and Riddle Both to be Answered.]

Rehte aws a ann fo Masd'a care,
How adh a raitnce lwedgin lacep,
A.suohe lepmelytoe voerdece er'o,
Rheve on amn wlited einen orn' eforeb.
Ti asw ont iutlb yb muahn tar,
On odwo, noets, krike ro mile, in nay rpat,
No cork, on vace, on hvie, ron edn,
Ubt usoriyclu saw gwrobut thinwi;
Won fi ouy nkow ihts nma fo aemf,
Pyar ltel rheve eh vlide nad twha swa sih amne.
DIEDA.

ENIGMAS.

No. 37.—I am composed of one initial and eleven letters, twelve in all.

My 1, 4, 5, 2, is the name of a prophet of God.

My 7, 8, 2, 3, 12, is a hard metal.

My 6, 9, 10, is sometimes worn by old men.

My 3, 9, 5, is what we should not do.

My 11, 2, 12, is used in large cities.

My 6, 2, 10, 4, 5, is a useful vehicle.

My whole is the name of an Apostle in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.

JOHN C. LELAND.

No. 38.—I am composed of seventeen letters.

My 10, 3, 16, 6 was a prophet of God.

My 14, 7, 12, 9, 3, 15, is what saints ought not to do.

My 8, 16, 5, 13, 7, is a city in China.

My 17, 11, 3, 10, is a sea fowl.

My 13, 15, 7, 17 is a fish.

My 13, 9, 3, 7, 14, is an animal.

My 16, 8, 4, 12, 7, is a river in Turkey.

My 2, 11, 15, is used by farmers.

My 5, 9, 15, 7, 17, is what we ought not to do.

My 6, 11, 13, 15, 7, is a boy's name.

My 2, 16, 8, 14, is what soldiers often have to do.

My 10, 7, 11, is a cape in the Mediterranean sea.

My 9, 15, 7, is what old ladies like.

My 5, 16, 8, 3, 11, 10, 13, are the origin of much misery.

My 16, 10, 14, is an insect.

My 5, 16, 8, 1, is used in all families.

My 15, 7, 12, is what we all do.

My whole is a commandment of God.

THERE are but four more issues of ZION'S HOPE in the present volume; now is the time to commence a vigorous campaign for the next volume, to commence July 1st. Give us a list of subscribers that shall justify our continuing and improving still further the HOPE.

ANSWER TO ANAGRAM NO. 13.

Children, obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right. Honor thy father and mother, which is the first commandment with promise.

Answered by thirty-nine correspondents.

ANSWER to Enigma No. 31, Horse, Blue, Deer, Bad, Ann, Red, Dine, Abel Harrison Rudd.

Answered by twenty-three correspondents.

ANSWER to Enigma No. 32, Whale, Cherry, Newberry, Wren, Sal, Charles W. Newberry.

Answered by nineteen correspondents.

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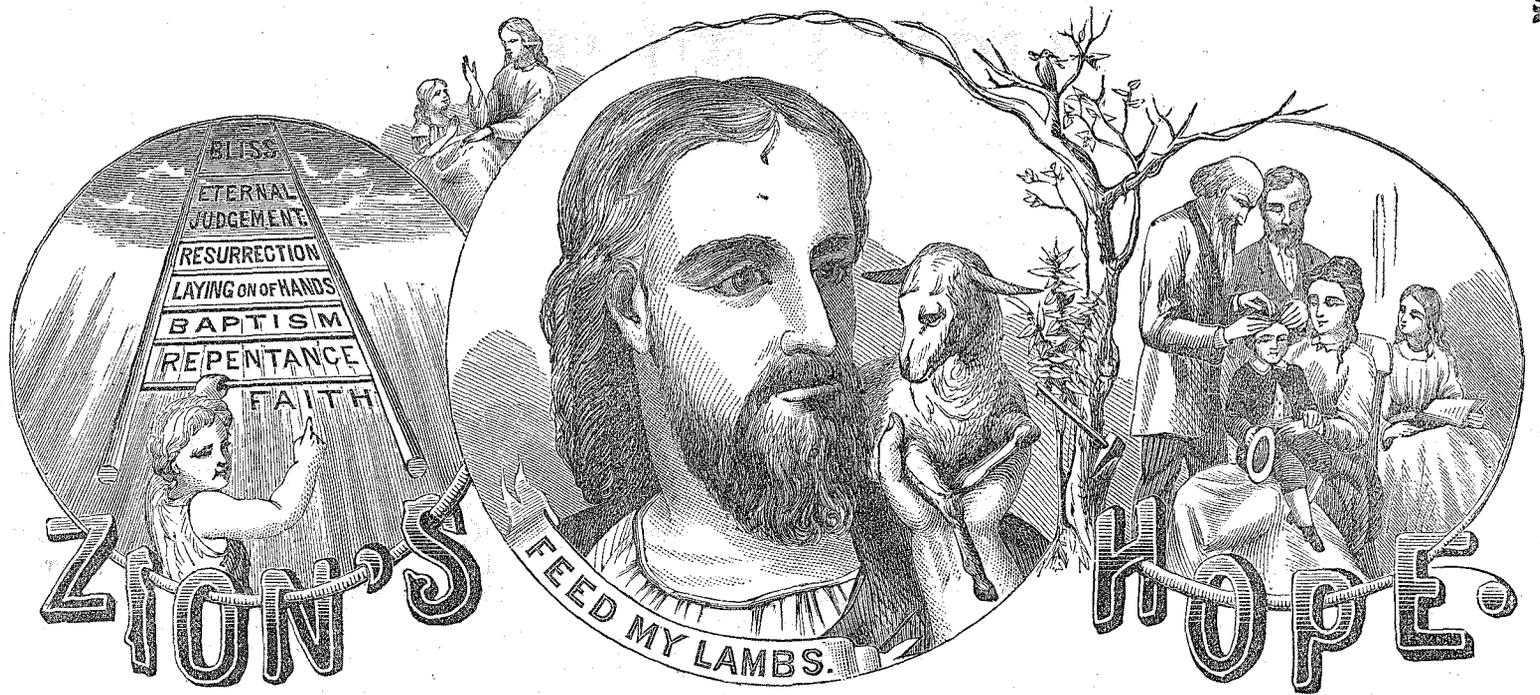
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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

Vol. I.

PLANO, ILL., MAY 1, 1870.

No. 21.

MAY.

HARDLY know how to begin to talk about this the fifth month of the year.

To say that it is a pleasant month, is only to say what all the little "Hopes" know already. But, it is pleasant in a very different sense to what April or June is, for it partakes of the nature of both.— Sometimes, in the north temperate Zones, the May-day proper is too cold for the out-door parties which are so joyfully participated in by the young, and so pleasingly witnessed by the aged. In the south temperate zone the day is usually fair and fine, and many a gay gathering is had upon the grassy knolls and in the green woods.

The name of the month, May, is derived from the name of the goddess *Maia*, and the month is named in honor of this goddess, who is reputed to be the daughter of *Atlas* and the mother of *Mercury* by *Jupiter*; the name in *Greek* signifying "mother."

The little readers of the *HOPE* must not be confused by these names from the early days, for there are very many kind memories clustering round the name as it comes to us.— For instance, to May is to gather flowers on May morning. May is also a young woman; and also is used to indicate the early part of life, as the "May-day of his life."

In the country, the May month is one of constant labor and joy. The gardens are now putting on their green thriving appearance, the tender leaves begin to put forth, and the forest begins to show a fresh clean look; the last vestiges of winter are lost; the spring time has done its work.

The birds, welcome visitors, are here, and oh! how blithely they sing.

The flowers, just one month ago, so scarce and

so gladly welcome, are now getting plenteous, and to put on more gorgeous coloring—hail to the merry, merry May-time!

What a May-day in the city—hurry, hurry! move, move! What can the matter be? Why, half the city almost are on the move. Where are they all going? Oh! they are only changing

fret—get into the country, all of you city dwellers who can conveniently do so.

What joys, what pleasures, these hearty healthy country dwellers enjoy! They rise early; the first rays of the morning sun lights up the dew drops which have climbed to the tops of every tiny grass blade; and how like diamonds they sparkle; the eyes that look upon them are hardly less bright. Hail to the May flowers, and the May time.

WELCOME, LITTLE HOPE.

FEEL glad when your appointed times roll around.— Although you are not printed expressly for my benefit; yet I love your appearance, and you are ever made welcome by me.

I am much pleased to see Uncle Joseph and Uncle Mark take such an active part to make you appear so lively, so neat, and so interesting.— Money would fall far short of compensating them for the arduous labor, —God alone can repay them for their unyielding perseverance.

But dear little *Hope*, with all your joys and brightness, you sometimes bring me sorrow, yet it may be borrowed sorrow.

I sometimes see the name of a precious little soul, signed to the answer of an enigma, or a letter, when it seems to me I can trace the thoughts of older heads. Is it so? Or am I mistaken? I hope I am. For little *Hope*, I would feel sorry to know you would be engaged in distributing untruths to us. Oh! may this never be; but may you press forward, and continue to shine with God's truth divine.

WM. ANDERSON.

"NO PLANT of intellectual renown can long flourish in the soil of moral depravity."



MAY.

their place of residence. Sad misfortune of the city.

While we of the country live quietly along in peace, and the joys of the woodland, the meadow and the plain; the dweller in the city is hurrying hither and thither; some to escape last year's rent, and some to find new and better places to spend the coming year in. Dust and dirt, worry

SPRING!

AS the bright spring-time opens with its beauties and its pleasantness, there come, to the minds of those who delight in rambles around nature's large garden, the thoughts of freedom, and of pleasure that such rambles afford them. The trees are blossoming out as the bright May-day comes in, and the hawthorn bush is putting forth its buds ready for the "bright May-blossoming."

It is a bright afternoon. The sun comes cheerily in at the southern windows, suggesting the pleasant thoughts that our cut represents.—Willie and his sisters, with Towser, are out on their May-day excursion. They feel happy, after their winter's confinement, to be again out in the bright sunshine; and every flower that Willie gathers, Clara and Sylva carefully place in the basket. Dear little fellow, he will not let them scratch their delicate fingers. Even Towser looks approvingly on as the girls kindly assist each other in arranging their pretty bouquet. The cover is drawn from the conservatory to let the warm sunlight and the fresh air in; the gardener is watering gently his favorite shrubs. All that is around tells more plainly than language can, of comfort and of beauty. May the hope of parents and teachers, and of the editors of ZION'S



HOPE be realized, in seeing or hearing of our young friends who read the HOPE being bright and joyous as the May, laying the thoughts of bitterness aside, if any they have had, and trying to be pleasant and cheerful as smiling nature around them.

UNCLE MARK.

EVIL WHISPERINGS ILLUSTRATED.

“Bill, come here, I want to tell you something!”

“Tell me here,” cried Bill.

“I can't; it's a secret!”

Bill waited no longer, but was soon at Harry's side, eager to learn the great secret.

“What is it, Harry?”

“Come round here so that nobody will hear it. Now Bill, you promise never to tell, will you?—'cause if mother hears I told it, she will punish me, sure.”

“Yes, I'll never tell! What is it?”

“True as you live and breathe, you won't tell?”

“No, I won't tell, true as I live and breathe.”

“Well—now see here, Bill, if you do tell, I won't tell you any thing again so long as I live!”

“Pshaw! Harry, you know I won't tell!”

“Well; Susie Porter and Jerry Scott were coming out of the recitation room to-day just as I was going in, and I heard him say, 'It was I that gave you that kiss!'”

“What do you suppose he meant?”

“Why, that he slipped up and kissed her, to be sure,” said Bill.

“That must be it,” said Harry, “and Susie didn't know who did it.”

“Yes, that's it,” said Bill.

“Now Bill, don't you tell that I told you.”

Bill was too far away to hear Harry's request the last time, for he had scampered off as fast as two feet would take him, over to where Sim Pennybaker was sawing wood, and with a motion of his hand had beckoned Sim to the other side of the wood-shed, to escape Harry's notice, and to divulge the great secret he had so repeatedly promised, “never to tell.”

“Sim, I'll tell you something, if you will promise that you won't tell anybody.”

“I will promise!—What is it?”

“I am afraid you'll let Harry know I told you, and I promised not to tell, but I thought it too good to keep from you.”

“O, you need not fear, I will not tell it to anybody; go on!”

“Let me see first if anybody is eavesdropping. No, the coast is clear. Why, Harry says he heard Jerry Scott kiss Susie Porter. He says they were in the recitation

room all alone,—what do you think of that, Sim?”

“I think we will have some fun!”

“Wont we though,” says Bill. “Don't let it leak out who told you, if you do, I wont speak to you again, as sure as the world stands.”

Bill was off again at full speed to find Johnny Wise; it would do no harm to tell *him*, for he was so careful about tattling. It so happened that Johnny came round where Sim was, just after he had met Bill and heard his story. Sim hailed him; for he thought it a good time to ease his mind of its burden in keeping a secret. He commenced with—“Did you hear the report that is all around?”

“Why, what report?”

“Wont you tell if I tell you?”

“I never promise secrecy till I know a thing should not be told.”

“O! I don't care if you do tell it, if you don't tell who told you,—that is all.”

“I will make no promise,” said Johnny.

“I will tell you any how, seeing it is you.—Henry Palmer saw Jerry Scott put his arm around Susie Porter's neck and kiss her. They were alone in the recitation room, and he slipped round and caught them unawares.”

“It cannot be possible,” said Johnny.

“It is so, for Bill says Harry told him about it.”

“Their parents should be informed.”

“O, do not say any thing about it, its only whispered round a little, it may die out without much fuss.”

“I think it my duty to tell them, or their parents, and have the report stopped before there is any more added to the slander.”

“What do you mean by saying added?” said Sim boldly, though his face colored as he spoke, for he well knew he had not told the story as he heard it.

“I simply mean this: I have just heard Harry and Bill tell the story, and neither one agrees with your's, and I am sure there is a great wrong somewhere, and I shall try and ferret it out.”

Johnny went to Susie and related the stories as he had heard them.

Susie listened with intense interest. Tears sprang to her eyes; her heart was full, yet with calmness she replied, “Yes, Jerry did give me a kiss; but,” said she, “it was a CANDY KISS yesternight, at the lyceum, during the intermission, while Mollie Day and I were talking, Jerry threw me a candy kiss with this motto round it, ‘*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*’ He saw by my looks that I did not know who did it, hence it called forth the remark that Harry heard to-day.”

I dare say neither one of those boys knew the meaning of the motto. It is in the French language, and when I tell my little readers what it reads in English, they will see what a rebuke it is to evil-thinkers; and with its meaning before them, “Evil to him who evil thinks,” I will leave those wicked boys to their own remorse of conscience.

AUNT MARYETTE.

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

HOW oft across our pathway comes the cloud of disappointment. Still through all the vicissitudes of mortal life, even in the most trying circumstances, there gleams a ray of hope that ere long our condition will be blessed with the ever-welcome sunshine of pleasure and prosperity.

That we may ever have the warmth, and love, and light of a pure faith, let us seek it in truth and contentment.

True wisdom and a pure faith will bring knowledge and understanding. Those having faith in the promises of God, in which alone is the true and sought for sunshine, obtain them without money and without price, for they are free to all, “both male and female, bond and free, black and white,” adults and children. The waters of salvation are freely flowing for the sons and daughters of men, and the voice of mercy calls, “Let him that is athirst, come.” If we will do the will of our Father, we will be entitled to a home where it will be forever day; sunshine unclouded by fears, undimmed by tears. Oh, how sorrowful must be the man, the woman, or the youth who has no hope of a better time, in which they may “rejoice to count their sufferings o'er,” having gained the freedom bought by the precious blood of the risen Redeemer.

And those who are without faith, how easy can we descry upon their faces, written in bold out-

lines, doubt and discontentment; they are seldom or never easy or at peace, but with wild and unreasonable ideas torment their own unsteady minds.

Oh! that you and I may escape the shadows of unbelief, and walk in the sunshine of truth; that we may labor with this intent and have success, is the prayer of
 FELIX.

SPRING, SCATTERING FLOWERS.

THE glad glad sunshine pours down his flood of golden light, and all things look bright, and beautiful, and gay.

The spring-time has come, and life is starting up in new and ever varying forms. With a lavish hand Spring scatters her flowers, and diffuses through the air their fragrant perfume. Her hand is dispensing blessings everywhere around us; our gardens, our conservatories, our every surrounding bear testimony to her generous-heartedness.

The All-wise Creator has provided wisely and bountifully for the necessities and comforts of man. The earth has rested under her wintry coat of frost and snow, and is awaked from her sleep to greet Spring, the morning of her year. No longer must "Velvetta Moth" remain contentedly in her chrysalis state; but prepare to shuffle off the coil of her worm-life, and take upon herself the higher character of "a winged beauty of the air." No more sluggard's whims for the "morning dozes;" but awake and around to catch the glimpse of opening day, and watch the bright sun drink up the nectared dew from leaflet and twig, from grass and from flower.—

Up and hear the merry lark carol forth his lovely morning song of praise, as he soars upwards; listen to his thrilling warble as he rises higher, higher, higher still, till he appears but as a speck in the clear firmament above.

The time for action is come. The birds, the bees, the living creatures of the forest, the field, the earth, the waters, are all astir with life and motion. Children, we must be active too.

Has God blest us with health, with wealth, with education, with friends, with the gospel, with a happy country to live in, with pleasant surroundings? Let us remember that *he will hold us accountable to him for the use we make of these gifts.*

The brooklets do not flow for themselves alone—they offer drink to all around. The trees do not bear for themselves alone—they furnish shelter and shade and fruit for others. The earth does not produce for itself alone—it furnishes food for all who choose to partake. The birds do not reserve their happy songs for themselves alone—they warble them forth that all may be

gladdened by them. The flowers do not put forth their charming beauties for themselves alone—they exhale a sweetness that makes the very air rich with perfume. Read what the children's friend, Mrs. Howitt, says of flowers:

"God might have made the earth bring forth
 Enough for great and small—
 The oak-tree and the cedar-tree,
 Without a flower at all.
 He might have made enough, enough
 For every want of ours—
 For luxury, medicine, and toil,
 And yet have made no flowers.

Our outward life requires them not;
 Then wherefore had they birth?

tains, the wide abyss of the ocean, are all the workmanship of his Almighty hand.

At his command day and night, the beauties of Spring, the glories of Summer, the rich profusion of harvest and the dread desolation of Winter succeed each other in regular order.

In him all the countless tribes of the earth live and move and have their being. When he sendeth forth his Spirit, they are created; when he openeth his hand, they are filled with good; when he hideth his face, they are troubled; when he taketh away their breath, they die and return to their mother dust.

But above all things, remember the Creator as the Heavenly Father who called thee into being,

and to whom thou art indebted for every blessing which thou hast been permitted to enjoy; thy health, thy strength, thy reason, the air thou breathest, the light which cheers thee, the food that nourishes thee, the raiment which clothes thee, the kindness of thy friends; these and all the other blessings of thy condition, flow from the liberal hand of him who alone is the giver of all good.

Remember that this Kind Parent and Bountiful Benefactor is also the continual spectator of thy conduct, and of the manner in which thou usest the benefits he hath so liberally bestowed upon thee; that each act thou performest, each word thou utterest, each thought thou conceivest within thy bosom, is known to him, and that for each he will one day require of thee an account.

Let then his presence be ever impressed upon thy mind; let thy devotions ascend to him with every morning's dawn, and every evening's close; accustom thyself to behold him in all his works; hallow his holy name, and, above all, in

every moment of thy life, let it be thy first study to do his will. Sweet then will be each prayer that rises from thy youthful bosom, sweet each accent of gratitude and praise.

Ever bear in mind that solemn admonition of tried experience and paternal love, "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth." Let us serve him with a perfect heart, and with a willing mind. "If thou seek him he will be found of thee, but if thou forsake him he will cast thee off."
 H. N. SNIVELY.

FAITH AND WORKS.

"'Tis not enough of faith to talk,
 A man of God with God must walk.
 If faith produce no works, I see
 That faith is not a living tree.
 Thus faith and works together grow;
 No separate life they e'er can know;
 They've soul and body, hand and heart—
 What God hath joined, let no man part."



To minister delight to man—
 To beautify the earth;
 To whisper hope, to comfort man,
 Whene'er his faith is dim;
 For whose careth for the flowers,
 Will care much more for him.

Nothing is purely selfish of all that God has made. Darling Hopes; will you not discourage then every selfish feeling that may arise in your breasts, and put those feelings far far from you as unworthy a place among the sons and daughters of Zion? I sincerely trust so. Be like Spring in the picture before you, scatterers of flowers of goodness and beauty everywhere, and so shall you be happy.
 UNCLE MARK.

REMEMBRANCE OF GOD.

"Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth."
REMEMBER that every thing which thou seest above, beneath, around thee; the sun, the moon and stars; the lofty moun-

Original Poetry.

BLESSING OF CHILDREN.

"The Master has come over Jordan,"
Said Hannah, the mother, one day,
"He is healing the people that throng him
With a touch of his finger, they say.
Now I shall carry the children,
Little Rachael, and Samuel, and John,
And dear little Esther, the baby,
For the Master to look upon."

The father then looked at her kindly
And said, as he tenderly smiled,
"Now who but a fond loving mother
Would think of a project so wild!
If the children were tortured with demons,
Or dying with fever, 'twere well;
Or had they the sores of a leper,
Like many who round us do dwell!"

"Nay, nay; do not hinder me, Nathau,
I feel such a burden of care;
And if to the Master I tell it,
That burden he'll help me to bear.
If he put but his hands on the children,
My heart will be lighter, I know,
For a blessing for ever and ever,
Will follow them each as they go."

Soon over the mountains of Judah,
Passing the vineyards so green,
With Esther asleep on her bosom
And Rachael her brothers between.
With the people who hung on his teachings,
Or waited his touch or his word,
Through the row of proud Pharisees hastening,
She pressed to the feet of her Lord.

"Now, why should'st thou hinder the Master,"
Said Peter, "with children like these?
Thou know'st that from morning to evening,
He is teaching, and healing disease."
Said Jesus, "Forbid not the children,
Permit them to come unto me;"
And he took in his arms little Esther,
And Rachael he placed on his knee.

The wrestling, fond heart of the mother,
Was lifted all sorrow above,
As he laid his pure hands on her children
And blest them in holiest love,
And said, while they leaned on his bosom,—
"Of such are the kingdom of heaven"—
While strength for all duty and trial,
That hour to her spirit was given.

H. B.

OUR LITTLE "HOPE."

Air—"Do They Miss Me At Home."

The dear little *Hope!* how we love it!
We welcome its coming with joy;
It is dearer to us than our pastimes,
Yes, dearer than plaything or toy.
It's contents are varied and pleasing,
The pictures are sweet to the sight;—
It makes us think more about goodness,
And trying to do what is right.

The poems are sweet and expressive;
The puzzles amusing indeed;
The stories and sketches are charming;
And wholly,—it's just what we need.
We are thankful we have such a paper,
So pure, entertaining, and good;
We know that it could not be better,
Yet bigger, we wish that it could.

PERLA WILD.

Our Scrap Basket.

H. O. Smith writes:—*Dear Bro. Joseph and Uncle Mark,* I wish to be good, and try to do all I can to help *Zion's Hope* along. It seems very hard to overcome temptation sometimes, but I will have to learn to overcome my faults. I was not baptized into the church till the last conference. Two of my little sisters were baptized with me. I shall try and be a better boy than I was before I was baptized, and I hope that my sisters will be better girls than they were. One of them is eight and the other eleven years old.

Ida Doty writes:—*Dear Br. Joseph and Uncle Mark,* I am very thankful that the little folks have a column to correspond with each other in. I was baptized when I was twelve years old. I was baptized with several others. I have not done right since I have been in the church; but I hope to do better in the future. We have our little prayer meetings every Sunday, when it is favorable.

Mary E. Kyte writes:—*Dear Uncle Joseph,* I thank you for the nice present you sent me,—the Voice of Warning. I am very proud of it, I assure you. Although some of my young friends got more costly prizes, I doubt whether they are more valuable as to their contents.

I can assure you, sir, that I tried very hard for that prize. You will guess so when I tell you that I go to school five days in each week, have a whole arm-full of books to study at nights, (and as I advance in school, the lessons get harder I fancy), then when at home on Saturdays, there are lots of chores to do for Mamma, so that I am busy all the time. But with all this, I get a little time to puzzle out enigmas, anagrams, &c., once in a while. Under these circumstances I am very well satisfied.

Again, at first I could not make out how to solve these problems, but as Uncle Mark told us, with patience we would overcome, so I have found it. I can do it much easier now. O I must not forget *Zion's Hope* Sunday School. I go almost every Sunday, weather permitting, and there we sing, "I love to go to Sunday School," I love to go, and I tell you, sir, that that is the truth.

D. C. B. writes:—*Dear Editors,* I will try and give you one piece of the history of my young life. I was ten years old when my father died. He left a dear wife, our mother, and seven dear children to mourn his loss. He is gone, he has gone to that good home where fathers and mothers and children shall never more weep. O! when shall we meet him again to part no more, in that happy, happy home?

Mary E. Gammon writes:—*Bro. Joseph,* I am much delighted in reading *Zion's Hope*. I find it to be a precious paper for young folks. I am in my thirteenth year. I lend my paper to my playmates, and they also think it to be very good. It is known to the office that mother sent for six numbers for the ensuing year. I will try yet for more subscribers, because I really believe that I will be rewarded for it.

Frances Front writes:—*Uncle Mark,* I will tell you why I write to you. I read your pieces in the *Hope*, and I feel acquainted with you. I am not a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints; but if God permits me to live until I get a chance to be baptized in his and his son's name, I intend to be. I think more will come into the fold when the Elders come along. Please excuse all mistakes; for I am a stranger to such work, this being my first letter; but I trust not the last.

Thomas Riley writes:—*Dear Uncle Mark,* I was baptized December 14, 1869. I think it a great privilege to send a few words for the Children's Column, for I think it such a good paper for our young minds. This is the first attempt. I hope to do better the next time.

Clarence Riley writes:—*Dear Uncle Mark,* I was baptized December 14, 1869. I am glad to have the privilege to write a few words for *Zion's Hope*. I am trying to be a good boy.

George L. Westenholm writes:—*Dear Uncle Mark,* I was baptized when I was ten years old, and I am now thirteen. I am delighted with the *Hope*, and in it I find many useful things. How pleased we all are when we receive the dear *Hope*. I hope you will continue to keep it well filled with good and useful instruction.

Adeliza A. Munro writes:—*Dear Editors of the Hope,* I feel it my duty to write a few lines for the *Hope*. I was baptized when I was twelve years old; I am now thirteen. We have a nice branch here of twenty-six

members, and we enjoy the gifts and blessings of the Lord. I hope we will all do right in his sight.

Edith M. Pruden writes:—*Dear Editors of the Hope,* I have just commenced taking *Zion's Hope*. I like it better than any other Sunday School paper I ever read. I like very much to read every thing in *Zion's Hope*, and especially the letters in the Children's Column. I have never been baptized; but I should like very much to be; but there are no Latter Day Saints where I live, and so I have no chance.

FORT MADISON, IOWA, MARCH 10, 1870.

ANAGRAM No. 17.

Mush eth canepparea fonis,
Rof Tansa siseru othwort
A etrga nymalsairt ot inw
Uyo, sanoslife' thpa ouyog;
Danfi yuodloshu nithe ned,
Ebodunf lifafuth, mri, dnaeutr,
Ryuoyjo lvil hnta kema danem
Ofthet boterlus eoy'vu dsdaephgotruh.
ISURIBV.

ENIGMAS.

No. 39.—I am composed of seventeen letters.
My 1, 2, 4, the name of a month.
My 7, 9, 5, 8, nearly all children have.
My 7, 6, 15, an insect.
My 13, 17, 16, 6, something of great use.
My 13, 9, 10, what saints should not do.
My 1, 12, 10 a nickname.
My 7, 3, 17, 11, what children ought not to do.
My whole is the name of the one that composed this Enigma.

No. 40.—I am composed of twelve letters.
My 3, 4, 6, is dug out of the ground.
My 4, 3, 3, 10, is a bird.
My 8, 2, 6, 4, is an animal.
My 8, 3, 3, 4, is a part of a house.
My 8, 4, 11, 12, 12, is an article worn by ladies.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, is a boy's name.
My 4, 3, 12, 6, is a flower.
My whole is the name of the composer of this Enigma.

No. 41.—I am composed of thirteen letters.
My 6, 7, 10, 8, is something that is congealed.
My 1, 12, 13, is an article of food for stock.
My 11, 7, 10, 9, is used for fencing.
My 6, 5, 2, 3, 7, is a very ferocious animal.
My whole is the name of a President of a branch of the Church of J. C. of L. D. S.

JOHN C. LELAND.

ANSWER TO ANAGRAM NO. 14.

Hark! 'tis the breeze of twilight calling
Earth's weary children to repose;
While round the couch of nature falling,
Gently the night's soft curtains close.
Soon o'er a world in sleep reclining,
Numberless stars through yonder dark,
Shall look like eyes of cherubs shining,
From out the veils that hid the ark.

ALFRED TEMPEST.

Answered by twenty-six correspondents.

ANSWER to Enigma No. 33, Faith, Letter, Vanity, Lee, Talent, Rachael, Levi, Lie, Charity, Charity never faileth.

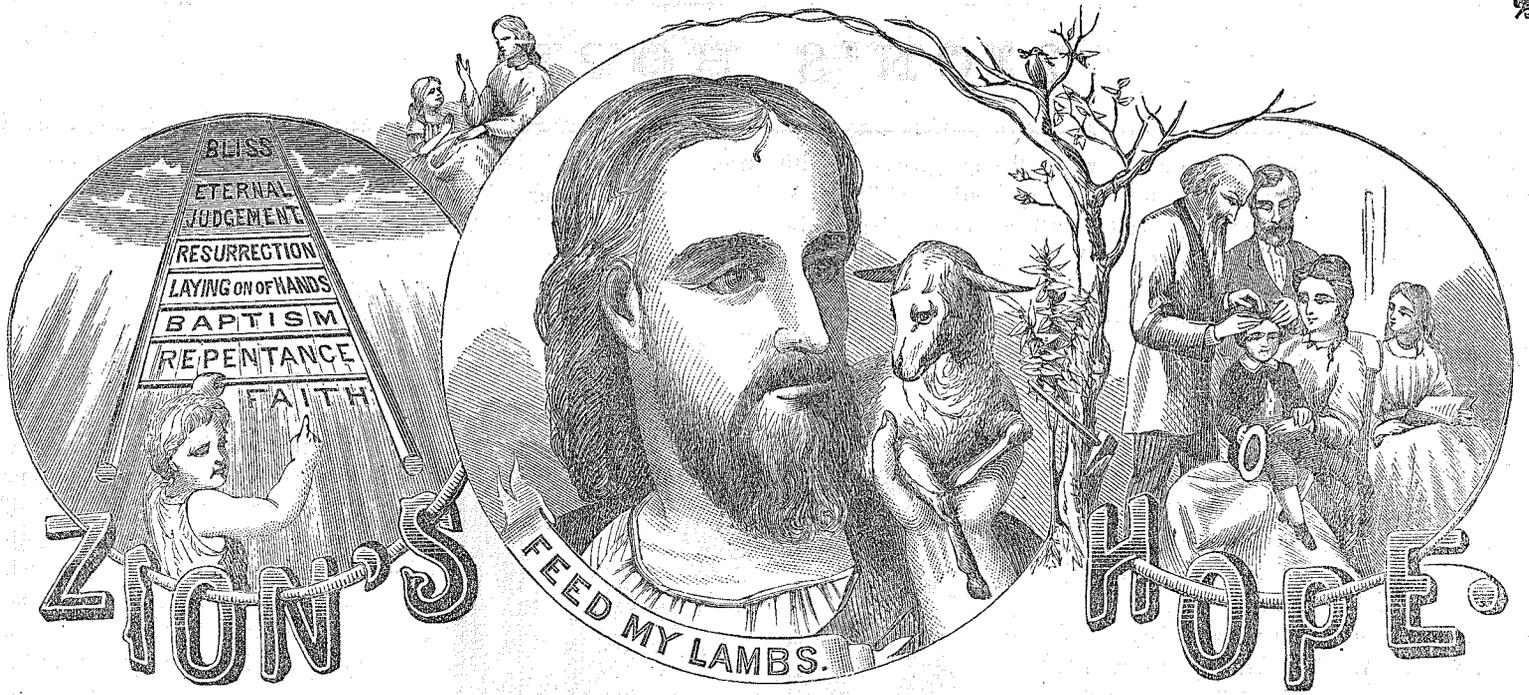
Answered by twenty-five correspondents.

ANSWER to Enigma No. 34, Rose, Ore, Horse, Pure, Droops, Are, Dora Shupe.

Answered by thirty-two correspondents.

A LESSON.—Wm. Henry Thomas, of Honey Creek Station, Iowa, has written to us a very pretty selection of verses from the word of God, consisting of the first eighteen verses of the 6th chapter of Ephesians. We recommend that all our Sunday School scholars learn these verses and recite them in their Sunday Schools, as the very excellent counsel contained in them will be very useful to govern our young Hopes now as well as in after life. We thank Willie for his epistle.

ATTENTION! READERS.—On last page of No. 17 of the *HOPE* is the offer of a prize, by the foreman of the *HERALD* office, for the best written article on "The necessity of children, whose parents are Latter Day Saints, being baptized at the age of eight years."—The foreman extends the offer to all classes, old or young. Send in your answers by the 10th of June.



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

Vol. I.

PLANO, ILL., MAY 15, 1870.

No. 22.

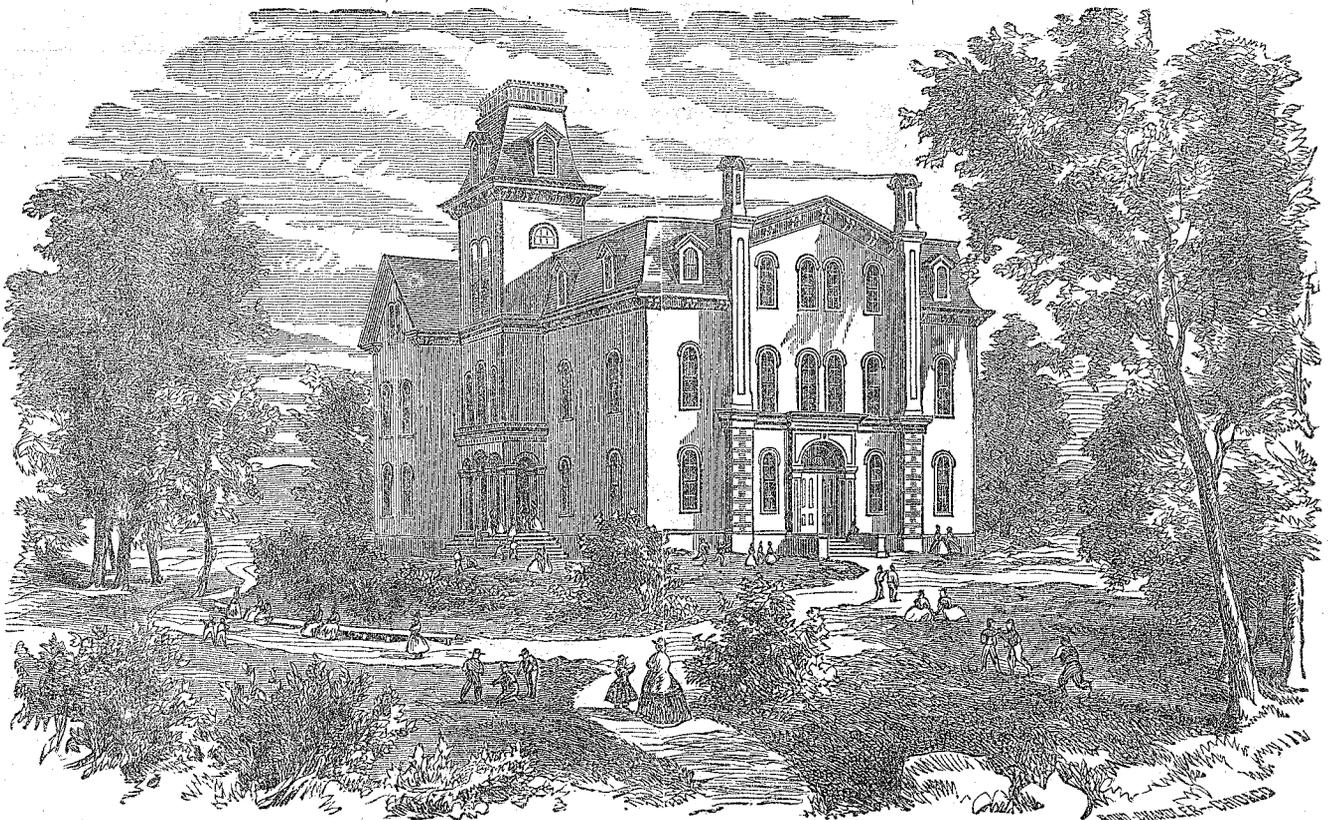
WARD SCHOOL, SYCAMORE, ILL.

THROUGH the courtesy of G. P. RANDALL, Esq., of No. 20, Portland Block, Chicago, Ill., we are enabled to present the first of a series of cuts representing, mainly, buildings for educational purposes, of which this gentleman is the Architect.

and is certainly a credit to the town. Some of our little Hopes who attend this school will be pleased to see our illustration of their school-building in ZION'S HOPE, and we sincerely trust that they will endeavor to render strict obedience to every proper demand of their kind teachers, and study not merely for the purpose of having to say how *much* they have learned, or how *far*

THE TRAVELLER.

IHAVE often noticed the request of Uncle Mark that all should aid him, and I thought I would try and do so by giving you a few leaves from my journal. I am a traveller, and as the leaves of other traveller's diaries are interesting to me, I trust mine will not be



The illustration accompanying this is a representation of a Ward School, in Sycamore, a handsome, thriving town nearly thirty miles from Plano. Sycamore is the county seat of De Kalb, and for beauty of prospect, for its neat yet handsome residences, its prettily arranged gardens, its many evidences of the thrift and excellent taste of its residents, it is pre-eminently *the* town of the county.

The Sycamore Ward school-house cost somewhere about twenty thousand (20,000) dollars,

they have gone in their books; but with a view to the great future of their lives. Children, your future depends very much upon the use you make of the present. Be careless now, and your future will be marked with ignorant blunders; be attentive and studious now, and your future will be distinguished by the joy that intellectual attainments give; be *good* now and hereafter, and you will have solid comfort in this life, and be crowned with joy forever.

UNCLE MARK.

uninteresting to others. I have been travelling on the western plains, and have visited the Camas. At the Little Cama we found a trading post. As we drove up, there were a dozen or more men, and three Osage's; one Indian and two squaws who came out swearing and talking, in such a manner as to make us think we had got beyond civilization.

We crossed the river and camped, and after supper made a large fire of dry logs. We were soon surrounded by the inhabitants, who were

discussing the subject whether the Indians were going to leave their lands peaceably or not. One man said it was his opinion that they would start some night and go through and massacre all before them; others sneered at the idea.

On the following morning, we again started on our journey, and crossed the bottom lands, which gradually became higher as we passed on in a westerly direction. Here we crossed the table lands, which were very finely situated and bid fair some day to make beautiful homes. Further on we came to high mounds, on the top of one of which we found the remains of a man partially covered with rocks. How he came by his death there, time or eternity must reveal.

After crossing the ledges we again came to a beautiful plain. We followed the Indian trail onward towards Turkey Creek, all in good spirits, until we came to such bluffs as made us despair of ever getting out again. We pressed on until we reached Turkey, and here we were sadly disappointed. We found small valleys surrounded by such ledges of rocks, that it was tiresome for man or beast to pass over them. Our little ones ran and climbed over them until almost exhausted, then came to camp and sought their rest early, and were doubtless soon in dreamland.

The men wandered up and down two days, tired and worn, when we again started back, hoping that all who wished to see the Camas would be wise enough to leave their families at home.

TRAVELLER.

IMPORTANCE OF PROMPTNESS.

THERE are but few, if any, of the traits of human character, of more importance than promptness. It is a habit that should be acquired by every one who expects to become good or great by his own actions.

A person that is prompt to act and prompt to think, is always a person of system and order.—But one who is always dilatory is also disorderly and untidy. The prompt and orderly little boy answers the voice of temptation with "No!" firmly and fearlessly. But the boy who is generally behind time, who never has his mind settled, does not answer promptly, but hesitates and is often overcome. There is a great power in prompt action. Many great victories have been won by the prompt action of the army. Many discoveries have been made, that would have been lost by delay and inaction.

Among all classes, either mercantile or religious, we find the man of promptness at the head.

At school the boy or girl who is prompt and studious, progresses far beyond the careless scholar, excelling in all the lessons and examinations. Among business men, those who conduct their affairs with promptness and dispatch, are usually the most prosperous. And in all places, and at all times, the habit of promptness is admired by every one who favors right and progress.

We should all strive therefore to acquire this good quality. At school we should commit our lessons perfectly, and repeat them promptly. At home we should perform our tasks patiently and well. At the dearest place, the Sabbath School, we should attend punctually, and be prompt in

all our agreements with good. And in all the associations of life we shall be respected for our own worth, discharging all our duties with promptness and decision.

SAMUEL.



HOMEWARD-BOUND; OR, WHY THE FOG WAS RENT.

BY BRO. J. S. PATTERSON.

IF my memory serves me aright, at the close of my last letter, I had turned away from looking on the wreck of our noble vessel, and had left the beach with a sigh.

On examination, we found we were on an Island, at that time inhabited only by wolves and the keepers of the lighthouse. We were without money, provisions, or clothing, and had no means of leaving the island, but by the boats by which we saved our lives. We waited, however, but five days before an opportunity presented itself to leave, when we reached Quebec by means of a ship passing up for that port.

We sold our boats, and one sail saved from the wreck, by which means we were enabled to purchase such articles of clothing as were necessary to enable us to make a decent appearance in public.

We then set about seeking a ship by which we might again reach our native land, the chief mate, myself, and another of the shipwrecked men, went together on board a ship named the William, bound for England, and agreed with the Captain to assist in navigating her home. Shortly after this we left Quebec, homeward-bound.

We passed down the Gulf of St. Lawrence with a fair wind and good prospects of a speedy passage home, but on leaving the gulf, the wind veered round to the east, and again a dense fog set in, and for two long weeks we could not see more than twice the length of the ship. At this time by dead reckoning and by the course we were steering, we judged ourselves to be drawing near the Island of Newfoundland. Night coming on, we still continued our course towards the north-east. At eight o'clock that evening, it be-

came my duty to take the helm for two hours, which I did.

As it drew near the end of the two hours, it became necessary to take in some sail, which was done. Some of the hands went aloft to furl the sail, while the chief mate went into the cabin to see if it was time to have me relieved from the helm, when, all at once, the fog seemed rent asunder, as by some invisible power, with the rapidity of lightning, and there was revealed to our astonished gaze the rugged cliffs of Newfoundland. We were rapidly approaching them, and apparently in such close proximity to them that, for a moment, I involuntarily closed my eyes, expecting again to feel that awful crash among the rocks that it had been my misfortune to experience a short time previously.

In a moment afterward, realizing the perilousness of our position, I stamped heavily with my feet on the quarter-deck; at the same time putting the helm down so as to put the ship about. The Captain and mate rushed on deck, the men from aloft slid rapidly down the backstays, the seamen from below were called up by the lookout forward, and by our united efforts we soon succeeded in getting the ship's head sea-

wards without striking the rocks or the shore, although we appeared near enough to "throw a biscuit ashore," as the sailors term it.

No sooner had we got this much accomplished than the fog closed around us as before, and we only succeeded in getting out into deep water again by steering to the exact opposite point of the compass from that by which we approached the shore. For two long weeks after this we were enveloped in the fog without intermission.

The wind changed, and in our favor, the fog dispersed, and in due time we reached old Albion's coast in safety.

On the night of the above-named adventure, although I knew nothing about the gospel and had very vague and undefined ideas of God, I yet felt assured that he who permits not even the sparrow to fall to the ground unnoticed, had stretched forth his wonder-working hand for our deliverance, but why it should be so, I knew not. In after years, when the truth reached my ears, and I became the recipient of the Holy Spirit through obedience to the commands of God, then I knew why the fog was rent asunder on that memorable night. And again, when I have been pacing the deck far, far out at sea since then, and been preaching the holy truths of the gospel to my shipmates; and when I have subsequently led them forth to the waters of baptism, and they have received God's Holy Spirit, and I have heard them testify to the truth of the latter day work, then I have known why the fog was rent; and now, when I travel over the land with willing feet to bear my testimony, and some precious soul comes forth, and asks for baptism at my hands, then also I realize why the fog was rent asunder for a short time on that eventful evening.

Dear young readers of the *Hope*; although you may not be able to remove the fog that often sur-

rounds the mariner in times of peril, yet if you remember your Creator in the days of your youth, you may become the instruments in his hands of removing the fog that envelopes the minds of many in regard to the glorious gospel of our Redeemer, and thereby add gems to those celestial crowns which you will possess when God will give such to all those that love his appearing.

THE CONTRAST.

WHEN the mail arrives, and letters for ZION'S HOPE are taken out of the snug little envelopes in which our little correspondents are fond of encasing them as neatly as possible, we are generally made glad by receiving some word of encouragement from the dear kind children for whom we labor; but not always. Some children, and I am sorry to add, some adults too, are very ready to find fault with what they do not understand, and think and write very conceitedly of what they would do if they were in the editor's place, and how they would do it.

The children of Zion should make up their minds not to be like naughty children of the world are,—fault-finding, quarrelsome, petulant or impatient. They should be kind, loving and charitable. Always believe the best you can about people, and remembering that the fruits of the good Spirit of our God are peace, gentleness, love, forbearance, do not forget that the fruits of the opposite spirit are strife, boastings, hatred and uncharitableness. Whether you speak or write, be careful not to cast reproach upon any one until they have been proven guilty, before a proper tribunal, of that which a wicked temper might induce you to charge them; and if they should even be proven guilty of wrong, remember then that Jesus died for us while we were yet sinners, and that we are called to be like him.

That you may have a pattern before you, I give you, following this, copies of two letters, the first one from a meek child who desires to follow in the footsteps of Jesus, and be full of love and good works; the second, from one who has permitted Satan to tempt him to be impolite, fault-finding and angry. I shall withhold the places of residence and names of both, so that there may be no personality in either case, and shall entertain the hope that God may bless and make the author of the first letter happy in doing good, and forgive the author of the second letter and help him to profit by this contrast.

LETTER FIRST.

“March 1st, 1870.

“Dear Uncle Mark:

“I would like to see one of the enigmas I sent you in the *Hope* if they are worthy, but if they are not, throw them aside, and let me know, and I will try again. The *Hope* is such a dear sweet visitor that I would like to see something of mine in it; but I know that Uncle Joseph and you are better able to tell what ought to go in than I am, and I am sure I should feel sorry if I knew that something better was kept out just to please me. All the children like the *Hope*, and we are trying to be good so that we may not disappoint you and our dear friends, and so that Jesus may love us and own us for his little lambs.

“When I kneel down to pray, Uncle Mark, I always ask the Lord to bless dear Uncle Joseph and Uncle Mark, and I hope you will pray for me.

“Your affectionate niece,
“H_____.”

LETTER SECOND.

“March 4th, 1870.

“Bro. Joseph:

“I once more seat myself to write you a few lines to let you know that we are all well at the present hoping these few lines will find you the same.—I have written several letters to you, sent three enigmas to you, but you hav'nt give a place in your paper for any of them for some cause or other. Mark Forscutt wrote me a letter stating that he thought well of my enigma now, but could'nt promise it a public appearance. I hav'nt seen it yet in any of the papers of *Zion's Hope*. Now I will send you one more enigma and if that aint printed, I shall not patronize such a paper, nor take it either. I will also send the answer to it, you can keep the answer of course.

“Yours in truth,
“J_____.”

We have published the contrast; which will feel the happier think you when they read their letters, the author of the first letter, or of the second?

And now to the authors. Dear H_____, continue on in trying to be good. Do not be proud of this notice nor tell any one you wrote the first letter. Thank God for his Spirit.

Dear J_____. I was grieved when I read your letter; but I shall not, neither will Bro. Joseph tell any one who wrote it. Try now and do better. Pray to God for grace and humility that he may find you worthy and bestow upon you his Holy Spirit too, and make you good and wise.

UNCLE MARK.

LITTLE THINGS.

Nay, slight not the little thing;
The blade of grass, the leaf, the flower,
Which gladden summer's fragrant bower,
Will cheer full many a weary hour,
And to the saddened heart sweet comfort bring.

Nay, slight not the little thing;
The acorn to the ground may fall,
Yet from its cell will nature call
The giant oak, so strong and tall,—
The leafy home where happy birds will sing.

Nay, slight not the little thing;
The drop of dew, the flake of snow,
May to a thing of beauty grow,
T' adorn this rugged road below,
And from our pathway oft a sorrow fling.

Nay, slight not the little thing;
A word of sympathy or love,
A word of sorrow may remove,
And oft to man a savior prove,
And from his heart deep hidden hatred wring.

Never slight a little thing
Of truth, of virtue, or of love;
But every chance for good improve,
And God's bright sunshine from above
To crown you, rays of golden light will bring.
SAMUEL BURGESS.

“YOU are made to be kind, generous, and magnanimous,” says Horace Mann. “If there's a boy in school who has a club-foot don't let him know that you ever saw it. If there's a boy in school with ragged clothes don't talk of rags in his presence. If there's a lame boy in school, assign him some place in the play which does not require much running. If there's a dull one, help him to get his lessons.”

DRINK DID IT!

“YOU wouldn't sign the pledge! and why wouldn't you, I want to know?” said a pert little fellow of twelve summers, as I passed through the play-ground.

“Well, because I wouldn't,” was the very illogical, but dogged answer of a boy of sixteen.

“Nor I either; I ain't going to be a slave to anybody; I'm going to be free, and do as I like, and when I want a drink, take it; and when I don't, why,—let it alone,” chimed in “Billy”—a boy endowed with more muscle than brains.

“Those who indulge in strong drink are the worst kind of slaves,” was the dignified rejoinder of Tom Maitland, the first speaker, “they are slaves to a bad habit, they are slaves to their worst enemy, the rum seller; and then, they are slaves to ‘OLD NICK,’ which is worse than all.—Besides; when he gets them, he wont let them drink cold water when they want to. Only just think of the rich man begging for just ONE drop of cold water to cool his tongue; and could not get it.”

“Listen to him!” said the boy of sixteen, “I wonder when he'll preach again! What is this the teacher calls him? ‘YOUNG CICERO?’ But where's Harry Thornton? He can talk to him.”

“Aye! where's Harry? He's some; he is!” came from the third speaker. But Harry Thornton was no-where to be found!

“What has become of him, does anybody know?”

“Yes, boys,” I answered, stepping up to the little group, “I know. Harry Thornton, I fear, has done coming to school. His father is bankrupt, and the baliffs have seized every thing he possessed; and Harry has gone into a store as errand boy.”

“I have been long and well acquainted with Mr. Thornton. We were at school together.—He was a very smart boy; got his lessons in half the time it took me to get mine; though he was always ready to help me out. He got along better after we left school than I did; for he was a good looking, jovial young fellow; and he married an angel of a young lady, with quite a nice sum of money; and then, he was smart, and got along swimmingly in his profession, so that he made both money and friends.”

“Please, sir, and where is Mr. Thornton now? and what has happened; and what did it?”—asked Tom Maitland all in a breath.

“I am sorry to tell you, boys, and I would not tell you, but that I think it may be a lesson to you, and, I trust, one which you will never forget.

“Mr. Thornton had the misfortune to form the acquaintance of some young men who drank a little wine occasionally, and, although he had no inclination for it, his parents being pious, sober folks; he took a glass at times just so as not to appear odd; and, alas! he got to like it. He got from little to much, from much to more, until he is, to-day, in a *pauper's hospital*; his family distressed; his fortune, character, and health gone; and himself both pitied and despised. Boys, I have told you just how it happened;—STRONG DRINK did it! Yes, Satan's most deadly weapon, strong drink, did it!”

X. A.

Poetry.



PREPARE TO MEET THE FOE.

We have been warned to shun all wrong,
And keep our armor bright;
Like faithful soldiers well equipped,
And ready for the fight.

To battle we should always go,
Whene'er the foe draws near;
And never turn our faces back,
Although our friends may sneer.

Press forward into Satan's ranks,
And strike a mighty blow;
For Jesus is our General,
Our cause is just, we know.

If we this glorious battle win,
We'll share our Master's joy;
Possessing all our works have earned,
"Where nothing can destroy."

Then let us prosecute the war,
Whatever it may cost;
For if our foe should gain his ends,
We are forever lost.

J. R. L.

Our Scrap Basket.

Nancy E. Montague writes:—*Dear Uncle Mark*, I love my paper much. I thought I would write a few lines for the children's column. I am going to try to work for *Zion's Hope*. I was baptized when I was in my ninth year. I want to live so that I can enjoy the blessings of God. I am but a little girl, yet I can serve God if I only try, and I am going to try to serve him.

Hyrum O. Smith writes:—*Dear Uncles Joseph and Mark*, I like to see so many of my little brothers and sisters writing in *Zion's Hope*, and I thought I would try and write a little too. I know that I have not done my duty since I was baptized, but I intend to do better hereafter. I have disobeyed my parents, but I intend to do better after this.

Geo. P. Dykes, jun., writes:—*Dear Bro. Joseph and Uncle Mark*, It makes me rejoice to hear from my little brothers and sisters through our little Sunday School paper, the *Hope*. I am much delighted with it. I was baptized when I was ten years old, and although I have not been living my religion as I might have done, I intend to strive to do better in the future. I mean to strive for a prize this year.

Mary Elizabeth Gammon writes:—*Dear Editors of Zion's Hope*, I was baptized into the Brighamite church when eight years old. I could not read then; but now I can. And I can read in the divine books of God that the God that created Adam is the God to serve and to worship, and not Adam himself, as the Brighamites do teach. The editors of *Zion's Hope* do believe the same as I do, therefore I do intend to be baptized into the Reorganized Church when Bro. E. C. Brand will visit Provo. I will be thirteen years old next August, and I shall try to honor my father and mother. My best respects to you, Bro. Joseph and Uncle Mark, and to all the readers of *Zion's Hope*.

Jeremiah Babcock writes:—*Uncle Mark*, I take the child's paper and love to read it. I am glad that you thought of us little ones enough to give us such a good interesting paper to read; for I do love to read it and to study out the puzzles and enigmas that are in it.

Libby Leeka writes:—*Dear Editors of the Hope*, It makes me rejoice to receive my paper, the *Hope*, and hear from my little brothers and sisters in the church.

I was reading in the children's column, and I thought that I could write something to help fill it out. I do love to read it. I was baptized in my eighth year.—I am now in my fourteenth year. I know I have made slow progress in the cause of the Lord, but I mean to do better. I want to do right, so that I can be saved. Little brothers and sisters, I would exhort you to do right, so that we may meet in Zion, and reign with the Savior a thousand years.

Sarah Jane Ballantyne writes:—*Brother Joseph*, I hope that you will continue to keep up the child's paper, and I wish that it would come oftener than it does. It seems so long to wait two weeks. I hope that all the readers of *Zion's Hope* are pleased with it, and will try to obey what they learn in it. My love to all the little folks although I cannot see them, I hope that I may some time.

Jane E. Lee writes:—*Dear Editors of the Hope*, I would like to say a few words to you. I love to read the *Hope*. I have made out all the anagrams, but have not been able to write them. I hope to take a part with the rest before long. I am eleven years old, have not been baptized, yet I have a great desire to be. I would like to have the little boys and girls of the *Hope* call me sister; but now I feel quite lonely. We have no good Sunday School, and only once in a while a meeting. I have believed it was needful to be baptized for two years. I heard Br. Geo. Newkirk speak on the subject. Christ is our pattern; he led the way into the water, and has promised to be with all those who do his will. I want to do his will so that I can claim the many precious promises. I want to have a right to the tree of life, so that I can enter in through the gates into the celestial city.

Gomer Rees writes:—*Dear Editors of the Hope*, I thought I would try and write a few lines for the children's column. I was baptized when I was twelve years old, and I am pleased when I read the letters of the little writers in the *Hope*.

William Henry Thomas writes:—*Dear Uncle Mark*, I have been reading the letters of my little brothers and sisters, and I think they are very good. I read that it would make Uncle Mark's head ache if there was copy wanted, and I feel to help my little brothers and sisters to write for our little paper as much as I can, then Uncle Mark's head won't ache.

I feel that I have not been as faithful as I ought to have been, but I am trying to do better. I feel very happy, and like very much to write for our paper. I always feel happy when I read *Zion's Hope*, and as Zion is a happy place, I feel to say that this paper is a great blessing to prepare us for Zion.

Read by night, and read by day,
The more we read the less we play;
The more we learn, we shall prepare,
For Zion, when the satans are there.

Theresa Miller writes:—*Dear Uncle Mark*, I have not seen anything in the *Hope* from this branch of the church yet, so I thought I would write a few lines to let you know that I for one am always glad to see the *Hope* when it comes to hand, and to read what the little boys and girls have to say in regard to the *hope they have within them*. I don't belong to the church yet, but I hope I shall some day. My mother belongs to the church.

ANAGRAM No. 18.

Tillet lichrend venre reaf,
Rfo teh Dori si vere aern;
Eh lilw ruadg ouy ayd yb yad,
Dna eh oevls ot areh oyu yrpa.
Eivtrs ot pelh haec herto vere,
Learurq htiw heac herto vener,
Yrt ruoy rapents ot yebo,
Ypar otGdo otglhit ruyoywa.

ENIGMAS.

No. 42.—I am composed of fourteen letters.
My 6, 10, 4, is what we use when we write.
My 5, 8, 7, 11, is the name of an inhabitant of the heavens.
My 5, 10, 7, is the name of a great body of water.
My 9, 2, 6, is a toy.
My 12, 13, 14, is what every male child is.
My 9, 2, 4, is the name of twenty hundred pounds.
My 5, 3, 2, 9, is a kind of ammunition.
My 3, 2, 11, 12, 10, is a very useful animal.
My 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 14, is what the Savior is for us.
My whole is the name of the president of our district.

No. 43.—I am composed of twelve letters.
My 12, 7, 5, 3, is an animal.

My 6, 2, 11, 4, is a girls name.
My 3, 10, 1, 5, is a city in Italy.
My 8, 2, 6, 5, is what a great many strive for.
My 9, 10, 3, 12, is a county in Illinois.
My whole is the name of the writer.

No.—44.—I am composed of twelve letters.
My 5, 7, 3, 9, is my uncles name.
My—4, 2, 8, 11, is a sign of drowsiness.
My 8, 6, 10, 1, is a freak of fancy.
My 12, 2, 8, is a tool.
My whole is the name of one who desires that *Zion's Hope* may prosper.

PUZZLE No. 2.

Man
I am
Making mischief
Wife.

ANSWER TO ANAGRAM NO. 15.

All is action; all is motion,
In this busy world of ours;
Like the currents of the ocean,
Man is moved by unseen powers.
Onward! Onward! onward ever!
Human progress none can stay;
He who makes the mad endeavor
Shall like chaff be swept away.

Answered by seven correspondents.

ANSWER TO ORIGINAL PUZZLE.

Think before speaking. Look before leaping.
Laugh after whining. Repeat after sinning.
Weep under affliction,
But not under restriction.
Live by good rules,
Keep away from fools.
And you are on the way
To heaven's blissful day.

Mary E. Matthews has but two words wrong.—Samantha Duncan, Theresa Miller, Hyrum O. Smith, Louisa A. Burnham, Geo. Derry, Gertrude O. Smith, Wm. Stuart, Sarah N. Brown, Helen Waldo, D. R. Shupe, Sarah J. Ballantyne, and Jane E. Lee, have each sent an approximately correct answer; but none of them, nor any one in fact, an answer precisely the same as that furnished by "Uncle Thomas" himself. We will forward the answers to him, and let him decide as to the prize, and will advise our little friends in the next *Hope* after we receive Uncle Thomas' answer.

ANSWER to Enigma No. 35, Hesper, Jet, Soprana, Patters, Ate, Hope, John S. Patterson.
Answered by six correspondents.

ANSWER to Enigma No. 36, Ray, Rat, Dora, Diary, Ida R. Doty.
Answered by five correspondents.

Now is the time to subscribe for the new volume to commence July 1st, 1870. Now is the time to renew your subscriptions. Now is the time to get up clubs. Read "Hope Extra."

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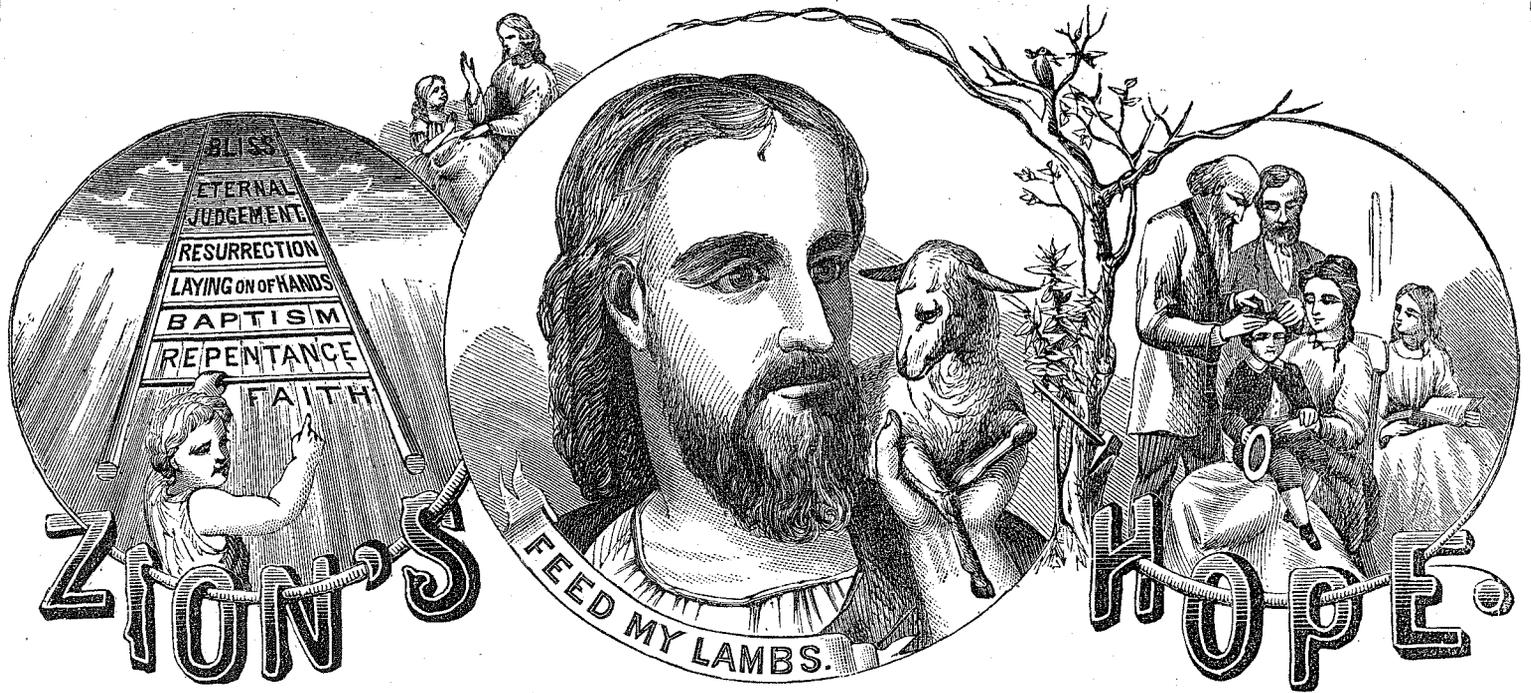
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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

Vol. I.

PLANO, ILL., JUNE 1, 1870.

No. 23.

JUNE.

JUNE, June; sweet month! What shall I say for you? One half the long, long year goes out with the glad sunshine of your departing days.

Already have the orchards and the fields put on their work-a-day dress. The air of freshness which characterized the April and the May-time of the year, lingers round the woods and near the meadows still; but the dusty roads, the grass-clad hills, the deep embowered vales full of cool and shady retreats, all bespeak that the earnest work of perfecting what the spring began is engaging the summer forces of the year.

Cheering is the spring; but the beautiful summer, how gladdening!

See how the sheep cluster under every available shade. Their woolly coats are getting much too warm for this glorious weather. How dirty and draggled they are looking too. Soon the husbandman and shepherd will drive them to the shady pool or broad stream, and wash them white and clean. He does this that he may shear them.

Look at the picture and you will see how they do it. Some of your uncles, dear readers, have spent days washing sheep before the shearing. Few of you who live in the towns and cities ever saw a "sheep washing," as it is called in the country.

The boys and girls are running barefooted now, and are not so afraid of getting their feet wet as they were in the cold winter and the spring time, but they love to go into the water to wade and play. Happy children! Blessed Lord, for giving the summer to them!

The month of June is the sixth month of the year, as we now reckon time. It is named June in honor of the goddess Juno, and was, in the

heathen mythology (what does that mean?) sacred to her.

There was a temple at Argos, in Greece, built in honor of Juno; and throughout Greece there were held festivals at stated intervals, at which some curious customs prevailed, one of which was a race between young virgins; the one win-

ning the middle of the second year of every Olympiad, was a grand procession to the great Temple of Hera, between Argos and Mycene. A vast number of young men, preceded by one hundred oxen, marched in armor to the temple. The oxen were sacrificed, and the flesh distributed among the citizens.

This sacrifice was called "The bed of twigs."

Much more might be said of this goddess of the ancients; but the readers of the HOPE can see by what is here presented, how superstitious the ancients were.

The goddess was called "meek-eyed," hence pleasant-eyed people are sometimes called "Juno-eyed."

So much for June. Let the hopeful readers of the HOPE who may feel curious to read about the ancient gods and goddesses of the Greeks and Romans, apply themselves to the history of that people.

LITTLE SUSAN.

WELL Susan, you have learned all your lessons, have you? I see your books are laid aside."

"No mother; my spellings are not learned yet. I was just now reading in my reader of a little bird that was kept in a cage, and, though very kindly treated, yet it mourned to be free; and at last it died. I have been thinking may be the little bird that Jenny Mason gave me is longing to go free. It won't eat hardly any thing, and never sings or chirps, only when it tries to fly through the wires, and then it cries such a sad, sharp cry, as though it was calling on some one for help. Wouldn't it be better for me to let it free than to keep it shut up in a cage? I never thought of it before, but I believe the poor little thing would be happier in the woods yonder than



JUNE.

ning the race was permitted to dedicate her picture to the goddess.

At Pallene, a similar festival was held, at which games were introduced; the victor in which was rewarded with a garment.

The Juno of the Latins, and the Herea of the Greeks seem to be the same.

One of the solemnities observed at Argos, held

in a small cage, and it is wrong for me to keep it."

"You are right my child; and I am very glad you have come to this conclusion yourself. I intended to speak to you about it to-night, as I saw the bird was pining to be free. I waited to see if you would not be thoughtful enough to notice the struggles and cries of your little prisoner, and kind enough to give it freedom. I am glad, too, that you consider what you read."

The little song bird was at once set free, and with a joyful cry it flitted to the nearest tree, just outside the garden gate, and there, perched on a swaying bough, it warbled a sweet, joyous song, as of grateful thanksgiving for the sweet boon of liberty. Little Susan's heart was full of joy, that sweet, calm joy which springs only from the consciousness of having done a good deed; and a bright, pearly tear trickled down her rosy cheek, as she turned toward the house with the empty bird-cage, murmuring, "The dear little bird is trying to thank me for letting him go free."

"Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy," repeated the mother as she pressed a fond kiss on the fair brow of her daughter. "You can now pray to God to bless you and give you such things as you need, with the sure hope of a merciful hearing, as you have shown mercy to the little song-bird."

Again little Susan sat down to her books, her heart still cheered by the rich melody pouring from the throat of the happy songster in the tree beyond the gate. Her spelling lesson was soon committed, and her books put away, and then Susan ran out in the orchard to gather clover blossoms, and watch the bees and butterflies, forgetting that her mother had told her to gather the eggs and fill with wood the little wood-box behind the stove in the kitchen. It was nearly dark when Susan returned to the house, to find her mother carrying in the last armful of wood, with baby Eddy clinging to her dress and crying to be rocked to sleep.

As Mrs. Reed sat down with the chubby two-year-old boy in her arms, the light of the calm-faced moon which had just sailed from behind a cloud, fell upon her features, and Susan saw with a sad, remorseful heart that her dear mother's cheeks were flushed crimson, and her eyes heavy and weary. And the little girl shrank away, and throwing her clover blossoms into the grass, she sat down on a rustic bench, her favorite retreat, to think.

She knew that her father was absent, and that her mother, a delicate woman, had the out-door chores to do, besides her common amount of household labor; and she knew, too, that it was washing day; and she had seen half a dozen pies in the pantry, besides a great loaf of sweet, light corn bread, her father's especial favorite, to be partaken of with rich cool milk from the cellar. Susan covered her face with her hands for very shame and remorse, although she was alone, when she thought how careless and thoughtless she had been; had not taken one step to help her poor, tired mother.

She sprang up, determined to own her fault, ask forgiveness and be more thoughtful, consid-

rate and merciful in the future, when she heard her father's voice greeting her mother in a kind cheerful tone, and asking for his supper; "going to town made one hungry," he said.

Susan thought her mother's voice sounded strangely unnatural as she replied, "Call Susan to set your supper; the milk is in the cellar on the table, in a pitcher; I baked a loaf of your favorite brown bread to-day. Oh! my head seems whirling, and I am getting faint! Lay Eddy in the cradle, won't you, husband?"

All through the silent night Susan's mother lay in a delirium of fever and pain. When the bright summer sunshine again gladdened and made beautiful the earth, she still lay unconscious of the weeping husband and daughter, who lin-



gered anxiously near her. Baby Eddy called in his sweet baby accents to "mamma;" but mamma knew it not. For seven long days and nights, the mother lay seemingly at the very point of death; and then God blessed her by the prayer of faith, and little Susan at last had the untold pleasure of seeing her mother's eyes rest in fond recognition upon her.

"O mother, dear mother, forgive me! I was very naughty! I was disobedient, and careless! I have wanted to tell you so much!"

The mother pressed her little girl's hand, and replied in a feeble voice, "You are forgiven, dear; but have you asked *God* to forgive you?"

"O yes mother, so very many times! But it seemed to me that he would not forgive me till you did! And you don't know all how naughty I was! I got to thinking what a good girl I was in freeing the little bird; that I was better than most little girls to be thoughtful enough to notice the bird's longings to be free, and in being kind and merciful enough to give it liberty. I was so busy thinking of this that I forgot to do as you bid me; and I am ashamed to say I never thought how hard you had worked, and how tired you must be! O mother, I was to blame for your being sick;—if I had helped you, you would't have had so much hard work to do alone, and

may be you would't have been sick!"—and Susan wept as if her little heart would break.

The mother spoke words of cheer and comfort, and the little girl's heart was consoled; but she learned a lesson that she never forgot. She learned to be more thoughtful of the happiness of others; to be sure to do as her mother requested; and to observe when her mother was very much fatigued, or had a great amount of work to do. She learned to help her mother, and in a short time was of much use to her. She was a little girl, only eight years old, but she could do a great many things to help her mother; and she was always ready and willing, and often anxious to do any thing she was able to. And her mother was spared to her, for which little Susan was very thankful. And she ever remembered to be kind and merciful, not only to birds and other of God's creatures that cannot talk and reason as we can, and know right from wrong; but more especially to her fellow beings; and above all to her kind parents, her younger sister and her little brother.

PERLA WILD.

SPRING-TIME THOUGHTS!

SPRING, bright and lovely spring, has again opened upon us!

It has been the theme of talented writers, and gifted poets for ages; and yet at each annual return, do we not feel as if it unfolded new beauties; scenery more grand and lovely? Does not our very being, seem to waken into new and more joyful life?

Is it possible that there are natures so gross, so lost to the grand, the beautiful around, that they cannot see the hand-writing of God upon every object of nature!

It is written upon the green sloping hills, the fields of waving grain, the myriads of herbs unfolding their tender petals one by one, the little violets modestly peeping from secluded nooks, looking so pure and lovely. It is written upon purling brooks, winding their way from the distant hills through vale and glen; and upon the tall graceful sapplings near its margin, swaying to and fro ever and anon bathing their newly attired branches in the sparkling elements below. It is found written upon every blade of grass, sparkling with the diamond-like dew-drops; upon the fruit-trees covered with their snowy blossoms. The merry little songsters of the forest tell there is a God. The busy bee sings the same song as he flits from flower to flower. The bright-eyed squirrel as he hops from bough to bough tells the same truth in his language.

Turn your eyes from earth to the heavens, and the same writing is found there. It is seen in the soft, fleecy clouds floating through the ethereal ocean of space—in the bright dazzling sun which shines forth in such splendor over all.

The gentle shades of night breathe forth the same tale of love. It is found in the bright and beautiful moon, rising in queen-like majesty; in the twinkling, silvery white stars, as they come forth one by one to deck the heavens, shining forth in far greater splendor than the richest diadem that ever decked a monarch's brow. All, all breathe forth the same sweet story that there

is a great, a good, an over-ruling being, who has blessed us with this return of another spring.

But the return of spring is not designed to solely shine forth in its beautiful plumage, as it were, for a short time, and then perish. No, it has a *higher* and *nobler* mission to perform, in preparing the germ of nourishment which summer shall complete, and without which, dependent man would perish.

My youthful readers; you are now in the spring-time of life—pure, innocent, joyous childhood. *Now* is the time to lay by stores of knowledge for the summer of life—to become useful men and women in the service of our Maker.—Idle not one moment of your precious time away;

tion of which we are pleased to present to the readers of the HOPE in the present number.

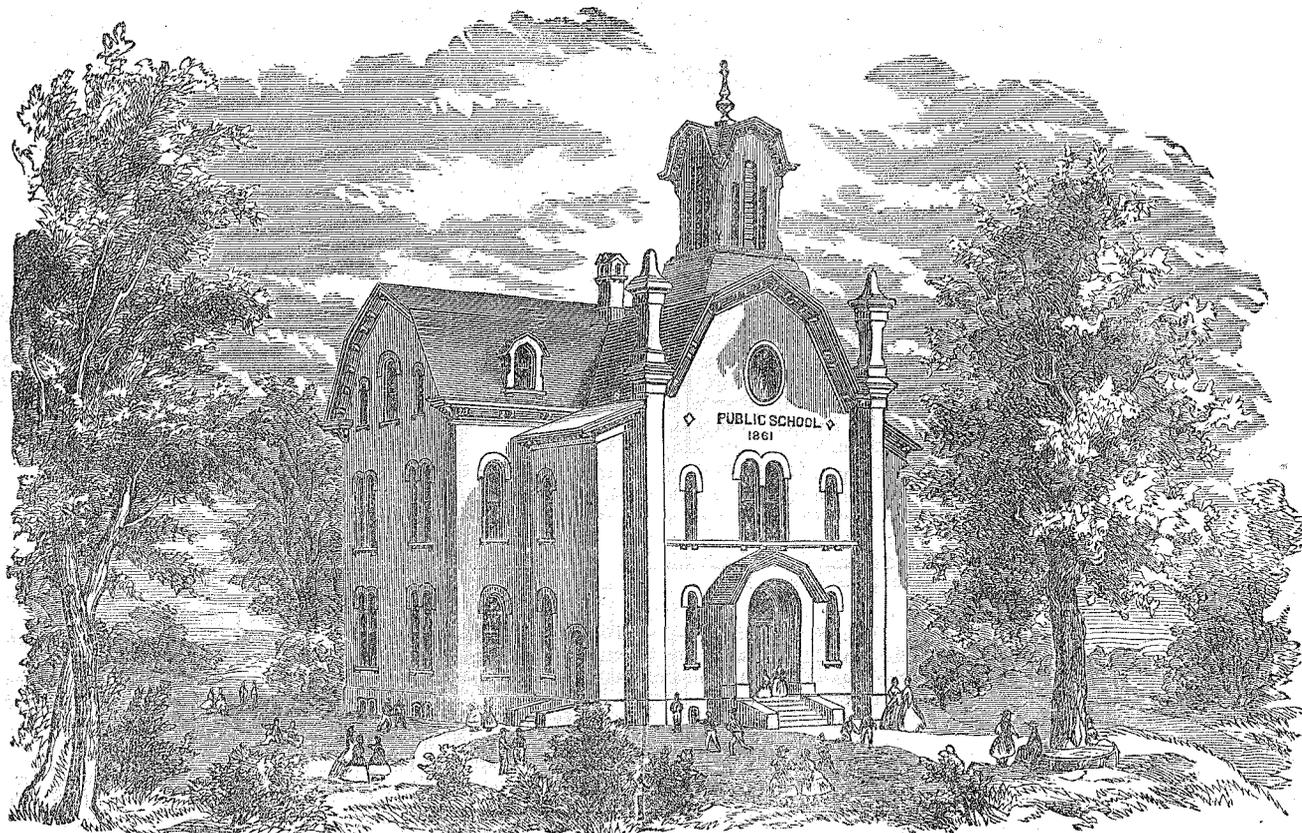
The people of De Kalb are pleased with their school building, which speaks well for its architect, Mr. Randall.

The little Hopes of fond parents are very highly privileged at De Kalb, to have so excellent a school building to attend school in as that here represented. They ought to be very thankful, and should resolve to profit by the many advantages they are favored with. We sincerely hope they will make an effort to learn, and by a close application to their studies, excel in learning, and do promptly and cheerfully their teacher's bidding. The present life is very short, even at its

OBEY YOUR PARENTS!

HOW many remember the story of "The Mormon Boy"? Think of the great blessings that were bestowed upon Joseph for being faithful to his profession. There is one thing, little readers, that many of you, although I hope not all of you are guilty of, and that is disobedience to parents. For example, Johnny starts to school, and his mother says, "Now Johnny, do not stop by the way; but hurry to school, for it is past school time now."

Johnny starts to school, and thinks that he will obey his mother; but by the way he meets his friend James, who says, "Come Johnny, let



for unlike the seasons which we regularly expect, we cannot look forward to the return of life's spring-time, when gone, it will be one among those things that is *forever* gone.

Seek diligently to store your minds with all the attainable knowledge possible of God's wondrous works. Learn to admire God's wisdom and power, even in the broken fragments of the rough stone at your feet.

Young and tender buds of Zion. We want you to grow up, laden with the rich fruits of the gospel, which, when diffused among the famishing world around us, will save many a precious soul from perishing.

We want you to store your minds with that divine light and intelligence, that you will shine with celestial radiance at the coming of our Savior, and thus fit you for eternal happiness in his royal presence.

EMMA.

WARD SCHOOL, DE KALB, ILL.

ON a recent visit to De Kalb, to preach the glad tidings of salvation, we were very much pleased with the external appearance of the De Kalb Ward School, a representa-

tion of which we are pleased to present to the readers of the HOPE in the present number.

The child that studies carefully, that speaks kindly, that deals mercifully, that obeys parents and teachers promptly, will be very apt to be prepared for any thing that may come in its early life, and will make a useful member of society when grown up.

Rude boys and slovenly girls often have a great influence over their playmates and schoolfellows; but it is a bad influence. It is better to bear the abuse of the bad because we will not be like them, than to follow any of their rude or wicked ways that we may have their good will. They may say you are "a cant," "a prude," "a proud boy," or "a proud girl;" never mind them—do your duty and God and the good will love you.

UNCLE MARK.

PEOPLE think it an awful thing that Judas betrayed Jesus. How many betray him for less than thirty pieces of silver! You think it was a terrible thing for Peter to tell such a cowardly lie, and skulk away from his Master. How many do the same thing, when they deny their religious faith—when they go to places where it is unpopular, and shrink from avowing it, or perhaps disavow it altogether?—*Chapin.*

us go and get some plums; it ain't time to go to school yet." Johnny says, "Yes it is, for mother told me not to stop by the way, for it was past school time when I started."

"Oh well," says James, "you need not stop by the way, for the plum patch is close by the road, and the plums are very nice, and sweet."

Johnny likes plums, and is at last prevailed upon to go to the plum patch, and does not reach school until recess.

A great many of the little readers of the *Hope* are coaxed to disobey their parents in just such a manner as I have related. When children disobey their parents, they not only sin against their parents, but they sin against their God. Some of my young brothers and sisters may ask, "Why should we obey our parents in all things?—does the Bible say so?"

Yes my little readers; the Bible does say so. If you will read the 20th verse of the 3rd chap. of Colossians, you will find the following: "Children, obey your parents in all things: for this is well-pleasing unto the Lord." Now you see why you should obey your parents. It is because it "is well-pleasing unto the Lord."

Some of the little readers of the *Hope* may say, "We do not have to obey our parents in all things,

for in Ephesians, Paul says, 'Children, obey your parents in the Lord.' From this we learn that we only have to obey our parents *in the Lord.*' This is just what I want you to do. When you obey your parents in all things that God's law does not forbid, you obey them in the Lord. Take "The Mormon Boy" for an example, he was faithful to his profession, and was blessed for it, and so will you all be blessed if you remain faithful to the teachings of the Lord. But those that remain in disobedience will not be blessed from on high. Z.

Poetry.

WORK AND THINK.

Hammer, tongs and anvils ringing,
Waking echoes all day long,
In a deep-toned voice are singing
Thrifty Labor's iron song,
From a thousand fly-wheels bounding,
From a thousand humming looms,
Night and day the notes are sounding
Through the misty fact'ry rooms.
Listen! workmen, to their play—
There's advice in every clink;
Still they're singing—still they're saying—
"Whilst you labor, learn to think!"

Think what power lies within you,
For what triumphs ye are formed,
If, in aid of bone and sinew,
Hearts by emulation warmed,
Mighty though ye woo and cherish,
What shall hold your spirits down?
What shall make your high hopes perish?
Why shall ye mind Fortune's frown?
Do you wish for profit, pleasure?
Thirst at Learning's fount to drink?
Crave ye honor, fame or treasure?
Ye the germs have—work and think!

Think! but not alone of living,
Like the horse from day to day;
Think! but not alone of giving
Health for pelf, or soul for pay!
Think! Oh, be machines no longer—
Think! 'twill make you fresher, stronger;
Link you to the great and good!
Thought exalts and lightens labor,
Thought forbids the soul to sink!
Self respect and love for neighbor,
Mark the men who work—and think!

Think!—and let the thought new-nerve you—
Think of men who've gone before;
Leaving 'lustrous names to serve you;
Your's the path they've plodded o'er!
Freedom fights and wins her charter
With the sword of thought—the pen!
Tyranny can find no quarter
In the ranks of thinking men.
Think! for thought's a wand of power—
Power to make oppression shrink;
Grasp ye then, the precious dower!
Poise it—wield it—work and think!

Hold your heads up, toiling brothers;
'Mongst us be it ne'er forgot,
Labor, for ourselves and others,
Is for man a noble lot.
Nobler far, and holier, higher,
Than vain luxury can claim,
If but zeal and worth inspire,
And true greatness be our aim,
Power to compass this is given—
Power that forms the strongest link
'Twixt an upright man and Heaven,
His noblest power—the power to think!

COURAGE!

KEEP up courage, and do not let your path get filled up with snares and stumbling-blocks, to keep you from entering into the kingdom of God. For if you do, your name will be marked out of the Lamb's Book of Life. The Savior keeps record of our conduct. Keep up courage, and do not let your foot-path get crooked, because it is a straight and narrow path that we have to walk in. Who marked out the path?—Jesus. By walking in that path, we will obtain everlasting life. Now is not that worth trying to live right for? If we trust in the Lord, he will surely bless us. O. A. LAKE.

Our Scrap Basket.

Oracy A. Lake writes:—*Dear Editors of Zion's Hope*, I have taken courage enough to write a few lines to let you know that I have not forgotten the *Hope* yet. I love it as much as ever; but I got discouraged.—Mother told me I must not get discouraged; but I could not help it very well. I wrote a verse to Uncle Jethro, to thank him for my book. I did not think it would be printed in the *Hope*. After it came out in the *Hope*, some made sport of it, some took by-words out of it. I told mother that I did think I would not write any more; but one evening I was thinking it over, and thought it would not be doing right if I gave up to my failures, so I wrote a piece on Courage, which I will send to you.

VINCENNES, Iowa, May 6, 1870.

We publish the little piece of Oracy's in the present number, and are thankful that Oracy has triumphed over her own feelings, and will hope that those who tried to make sport of her or discourage her, may feel ashamed of their sin and be led to do better.—Ed.

J. S. Weeks writes:—*Dear Perla Wild*, In the *Hope* for May 1st, I read your beautiful poem concerning the *Hope*, in which you express my sentiments as well or better than I can express them myself. I have often felt thankful for such a paper as the *Hope*. I would not exchange it for fifty of the papers that do not set forth the doctrine of the Son of God, and whose columns are not supplied with any original articles from the children that compose the Sabbath Schools. But our Sabbath School paper is generally filled with original articles, such as are written by the members of Christ's church and their children. The young saints by this means gain a knowledge of the art of composition, and learn how to set forth their views in a short, concise manner. I know that I am not an elegant writer, nevertheless I intend to embrace the opportunity afforded in *Zion's Hope*, to improve the little talent for writing that I have, hoping that I may exert some little influence for good.

Write often to the *Hope*, Perla, for I like to read your instructive articles. Pray for me that I may some day be sent to proclaim the gospel to the nations of the earth.

CASEY, Adair Co., Iowa, May 8, 1870.

Richard J. Varley, of San Bernardino, Cal., writes: *Dear Editors of the Hope*, I have not seen any thing written in the Children's Column from this place by the little readers of *Zion's Hope*. I will try to write, that my little brothers and sisters may see that I also take an interest in that most welcome little paper, the *Hope*, I think if every little saint will take an interest in reading it, they will be benefitted by it. I like it very much, and thank Bros. Joseph and Mark for their kindness in thinking of us little folks. Bro. Gillen has been here preaching, and has baptized forty-eight souls into the church. My hope is that our good little paper may always prosper.

Harriet H. Ackerley, of Prairie Du Chien, Wis., writes:—*Bro. Joseph and Uncle Mark*, I thought I would try and write again to you; I like to see so many letters from the little Hopes. I was born at Battle Creek, south of Salt Lake city, when the soldiers were marching to Utah; my home a wickup made of bulrushes, like those the Indians have. I am trying to do right, but I know I am not doing all I ought to do. Let us all try to be good children, and obey our parents. We must love one another, and be kind to our friends and to all people.

REWARDS TO COMPETITORS FOR UNCLE THOMAS' PRIZE TO PRIZE-PUZZLE.

De Soto, Neb., May 18, 1870.

Br. M. H. Forscutt:

Yours of the 10th of May containing answers to my prize-puzzle has just been received, and I now hasten to reply. As you stated, none were correct; but wishing to reward the ingenuity of the little ones, as four were nearly correct, I will make the following distribution of prizes:

To Mary E. Matthews, one copy best bound, new edition Hymn Book, hers being nearest correct.

To Dora R. Shupe, one copy common bound, new edition Hymn Book, hers being second best.

To Theresa Miller and Samantha Duncan, one copy each of the Voice of Warning, theirs being third best, and exactly the same.

Books will be sent as soon as they can be obtained. UNCLE THOMAS.

NEBRASKA CITY, Neb., May 21, 1870.

Editors *Zion's Hope*—Dear Brethren:

In the *Hope* of the 15th inst. you publish some verses of poetry, entitled "Little Things," and honor me by printing my name beneath them. Br. John Ritchie is the true author of the verses. I do not know how the mistake occurred.

Very Respectfully, Yours,
SAMUEL BURGESS.

ANAGRAM No. 19.

Tnelge esblsde tltle Balm,
Whoti oelvs ot ikps nda lyap;
Hnwe eth mesmsur' nswig earhdes,
Udoel tsi esrepuals golren ytsa.
Oosnroe' hte orfm tmaenla rdaspes
Sylirev sokel osepru nad twiwe,
Uhtogh gdregu ethahpt iniwchh ti sedtra
Sihiyrlc fdisune ybeth lnoged glihi.

ENIGMAS.

No. 45.—I am composed of twelve letters.
My 1, 2, 9, 10, 11, 12, is a kind of fruit.
My 4, 6, 8, is a color.
My 7, 5, 6, 8, is an article used in winter.
My 3, 5, 6, is a kind of liquid.
My 8, 9, 6, 10, is an animal that roams the western prairies.
My 7, 2, 9, 10, 11, 12, is a kind of wine.
My whole is the name of an High Priest in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.

No. 46.—I am composed of nineteen letters.
My 4, 2, 7, 8, 6, is a very pretty flower.
My 1, 2, 3, 19, is a useful animal.
My 15, 10, 17, 7, 19, is a useful article.
My 9, 10, 11, is a small animal.
My 13, 12, 18, is what is found in great quantities in Pennsylvania.
My 14, 13, is an answer frequently given.
My whole is what boys and girls should learn.

ANSWER TO ANAGRAM NO. 16.

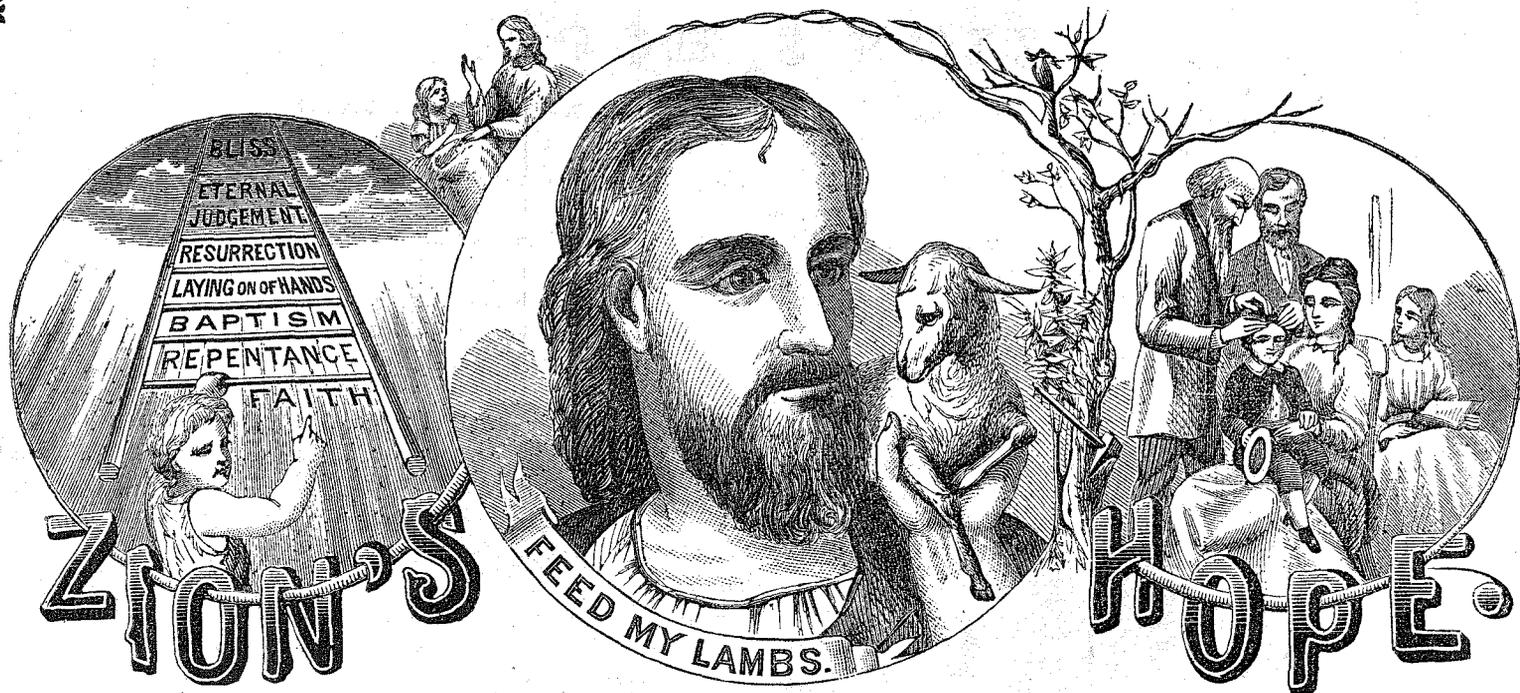
Be ye followers of me even as I also am of Christ.
Answered by eleven correspondents.

Answer to Scripture Riddle in Anagram form.

There was a man of Adam's race,
Who had a certain dwelling place,
A house completely covered o'er,
Where no man dwelt since nor before.
It was not built by human art,
No wood, stone, brick or lime, in any part,
No rock, no cave, no hive, nor den,
But curiously was wrought within;
Now if you know this man of fame,
Pray tell where he lived and what was his name.
The answer to the Riddle, is Jonah in the whale's belly.
Answered by seventeen correspondents.

ANSWER to Enigma No. 37, Jona, Brass, Wig, Sin, Gas, Wagon, Jason W. Briggs.
Answered by ten correspondents.

ANSWER to Enigma No. 38, Noah, Tattle, Lassa, Loon, Seal, Stoat, Aluta, Hoe, Steal, Hosea, Halt, Nao, Tea, Saloons, Ant, Salt, Eat, Thou shalt not steal.
Answered by nine correspondents.



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

Vol. I.

PLANO, ILL., JUNE 15, 1870.

No. 24.

ACADEMY OF THE SACRED HEART.

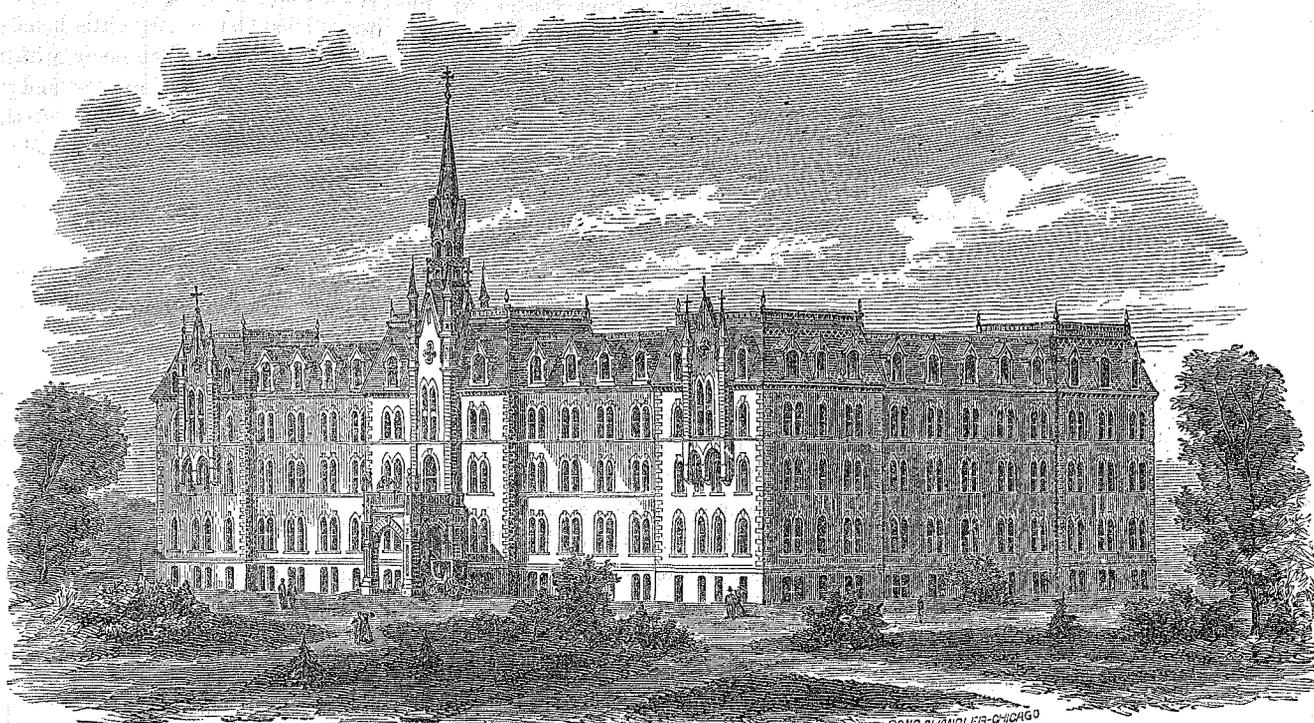
THE most popular and extensive of all churches claiming to be christian churches is the Roman Catholic; but yet it is one that millions denounce as entirely unchristian.—It has however a very excellent educational system, and facilities for tutoring the young equal if not superior to those of any other denomination in existence.

pleased to note the progress of education with any people, whether we agree or disagree with their faith. Hence our illustration of the Academy of the Sacred Heart.

We believe this building is designed for conventional purposes—this we do not regard with any favor—yet as a building it stands among the first of its kind in the United States.

It was designed by G. P. Randall, Esq., and built under the superintendency of T. Menard,

Children of Zion; let us awake to our duty too, and use all the means and talent we can command to spread abroad the glorious gospel of Jesus. Children can do something—can do much. Take others along with you to school.—Set an example before children who do not hear so much of the glorious gospel as you do, which shall prove that you are benefitted by a superior light, and you will be preaching a loud sermon by your example.



One at least of the acceptable writers of the HOPE received the chief part of her education at a Catholic institution, and others whose talents are of no mean order, who stand connected with the church to-day, were educated by the Catholics.

While however we do not credit the institution for all the good its advocates claim there is attached to it, we would avoid that narrow bigotry which makes men condemn Catholicism because it is called Catholicism, just as we deery against people condemning the faith of the Latter Day Saints because it is called Mormonism; and are

Esq., both gentlemen of Chicago. Mr. Randall states that "It has a frontage of two hundred and fifty feet, with wings extending back on each flank, and a large chapel in rear of centre between the wings. It is faced with Milwaukee brick and stone dressings, and is estimated to cost about \$400,000"—four hundred thousand dollars.

A magnificent sum to expend in perpetuating error, truly. How earnest and faithful to their ideas of right must be the people who will thus contribute for the establishment of institutions to spread their faith.

I WILL TRY!

THERE can be a great deal done by saying "I will try." Never say "I can't," or you will never accomplish any thing. If you see a boy that is always saying, "I can't" do that, and "I can't" do this," he is not worth much, but let "I will try" come in his place, and you will then see a boy that will accomplish almost anything.

Captain Miller was asked by his Commander-in-chief if he could take the enemy's guns? The

answer was, "I'll try, sir;" and he did try, and he succeeded.

Let "I'll try," be your motto, and you will be able to do wondrous things some times. Remember what Uncle Mark told us in Anagram No. 1.

"Let your motto be 'I'll try,'
And you'll conquer by and by."

If there come a hard puzzle, or anagram, or enigma, don't say "I can't get this puzzle," but let "I'll try," be your motto, and you will succeed.

HYRUM O. SMITH.



UNCLE ROGER AND RICHARD.

GOOD old Uncle Roger loved to converse with the young and sprightly son of his respected employer; for Richard Bently was always eager in his enquiries upon the subjects that formed the topics of conversation between them, and his replies often seemed to indicate thoughts very matured for a youth of but fourteen summers. Richard was constantly kind to the old gardener, too, and never permitted his tongue either in tone or word to so speak as would wound the old man's feeling's.

Many times, when arriving home tired with his studies at school, and anxious for a little pleasant conversation, Richard would step out into the garden, and draw from the fund of practical wisdom and honest pleasantness of Uncle Roger for his entertainment; and good old Roger always honored the draft.

One day, in the month of June, while Richard was at home spending his summer vacation, and while his father's employees were busy with the hay, he sought his old friend in the garden and attracted his attention by an expression of sorrow that the old gentleman had to work so hard in the hot sun, and for such a small reward as he received from Mr. Bently.

"Why Richard, I do not see that I have any reason to complain. The Lord is very kind and merciful to me and mine, and blesses us all with good health and strength, so that we can all work. My boys are growing finely, and are a great help

to mother at home; and my girls, just look at them in your father's hay-field there, are two as buxom lasses as any man need wish to have."

"Yes, yes, Uncle Roger, but it seems so hard for an old man of fifty to work for his living, and then not earn enough to support his family without their working too. Why see how the perspiration has rolled down you, and all this work just to earn enough food to last your family to eat in as many minutes as you work hours."

"Ah! Richard, do you not know that the good book declares that man shall eat his bread by the sweat of his brow? It is an honor to work, for the working man is happy in the thought that he has earned what he eats, and it is sweet to him."

"I know, Uncle Roger, that the Bible so declares; but does it not also say that this was put upon man as a curse? You seem to take it as a blessing—I do not understand how it can be a blessing and bring happiness if God designed it for a curse."

"I used to be puzzled with this same thought Richard, and when I spoke to the minister of the church I used to attend about it, he said we were to adapt ourselves to this world as well as we could; it was at best a world of sorrow and bitterness, and it was well, for it made us long for the better country beyond the skies; but this did not satisfy me."

"Why that is just how I have been taught to believe, and there-

fore look upon labor as being a curse belonging to this earth which we shall be free from if we reach heaven. But why are you not satisfied with this idea, Uncle Roger? I am sure it ought to be a pleasant thought to you that you will have all rest and no labor in heaven."

"I will tell you, Richard, why this view did not, and why it does not satisfy me. I read in the good book that God placed Adam in the garden of Eden to dress it and to keep it before Adam had fallen, and that as labor had to be performed to dress and keep the garden, when Adam enjoyed the favor of God, labor cannot be a curse. I sometimes think too that those who talk of labor as being a curse, try very hard to get rid of the curse before they reach heaven. I do not wish to be rid of it. My labor, too, I think to be very honorable, for the first labor God required man to perform, was that of gardening. I think of this when I am busy and toiling to make the garden nice and profitable, and to provide food for my family."

"Why, Uncle Roger, you are a most patient man, always making the best of everything, even your own hard lot. You did not explain to me why you were not satisfied with the hope of a heaven of rest beyond the skies."

"I will not say, Richard, that I have no hope of a heaven; but I do not find any promise of a home beyond the skies; neither do I expect the kind of rest in the heaven that I hope for which many seem to be seeking for. It seems to me

that some are looking for a heaven that will be fit only for idlers, I want to have a place in the heaven my Mary read of before family prayers last night, the heaven that Jesus had in view."

"Where was that, Uncle Roger, and when did Jesus speak of it?"

"It is that blessed place, Richard, where God lives. Jesus referred to it in a prayer you have often repeated, wherein he commences "Our Father who art in heaven," and says "Thy WILL BE DONE on earth AS IT IS DONE IN HEAVEN." *Doing* implies *labor*. Paul too teaches that his angels are 'ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation.'—In other words they *work* for God and for us."

"Ah! Uncle Roger, but does not the scripture teach us that there remaineth a *rest* for the people of God?"

"Yes, Richard, but you remember we sing that 'Labor is rest, if God is only there.' It will not be a ceasing from duty; but it will be a rest from that severe toil which makes us weary. We shall be in the service of God throughout eternity, and service implies a duty to perform."

"You spoke of family prayers, Uncle Roger, don't you feel too tired to pray sometimes, and go to bed without prayers?"

"I am sorry to have to confess, Richard, that I do sometimes feel so; but I do not often give way to my feelings. It is my duty, and if I love God, I will do my duty. Since I became a Latter Day Saint, I and my family have been taught that we must serve God faithfully and regularly, and we love to read God's book and sing and pray twice a day, morning and evening, together, and we are happier in our little home with the fear of God before us than many with whom I have lived who knew not that fear, and yet were blest with so much of this world's goods that they knew not how to use it. I do not like to omit my prayers."

"Well now, Uncle Roger, you have named it, I want you next time I get a chance to listen to you, to tell me why you are a Latter Day Saint; it always puzzled Pa and Ma. I must go now to my studies." H. HOPEFUL.

—From the Child's Paper.

THE LITTLE VOICE.

There's an odd little voice ever speaking within,
That prompts us to duty, and warns us from sin;
And what is most strange, it will make itself heard,
Though it gives not a sound, and says never a word

It is sure to upbraid if we act out a lie,
Nor will let the least evil pass silently by;
Nor is it less slow to command than reprove,
But praises each action of goodness and love.

'Tis the voice of the Lord that is whispering thus;
'Tis our Father who's speaking in mercy to us;
Who, knowing our proneness to wander astray,
Seeks thus to incline us his laws to obey.

Oh then let me listen with rev'rence and awe
To this voice of my God as my guide and my law;
Obey the stern watchman that's guarding within
To warn me of danger, temptation, and sin.

May *Conscience* and I live together in peace,
My awe of my honest companion increase;
That I may refuse not its bidding to do,
Whate'er it demand or bid me pursue.

A CHILD'S OBSERVATION.

PARENTS cannot be too careful in the language they employ, nor too considerate in their treatment of the young hopes that God has committed to their charge.

Children observe more extensively, think more connectedly, reason more consistently than many older heads give them credit for doing. Many who would deeply regret rearing a child that in manhood or womanhood would be continually discredited because they obtained a character for falsehood, themselves teach their children to speak falsely. Some do this by an inconsiderate method of speaking; others by a deceptive manner of doing—sometimes from habit—sometimes for the sake of ease in getting along with them. Of the latter class, the following incident is a very fitting illustration; and if it should fit any of our readers, we hope they will profit by the example, and hereafter be truthful with their little ones. Parents in the household of Zion should be ensamples to the children of Zion.

“Willie had just begun to go to school, but, strange to say, did not like it—for which reason I fear he can never become President of the United States. It was rather unfortunate, perhaps, that his first experience of school and of snow fell together. Temptation came to him in the shape of a sled, with red runners, and he fell an easy victim to it. So it was, that about school time he became subject to an accession of headache, which made confinement impossible, but did not at all interfere with his going out to slide after an hour or two at home.

“One glorious morning, in particular, he came to his mother with a ‘drefful’ headache—school was not to be thought of under such circumstances.

“‘Very well, Willie,’ said she, ‘if you have a bad headache, you may stay at home; but remember, you must not come afterward and ask to go and slide.’

“Not half an hour afterward up came Willie—his ‘drefful’ headache all gone—with the usual petition.

“‘No, Willie, you know I told you if you stayed at home I should not let you go out with your sled; and you would not have me tell a lie, would you?’

“‘I don’t want you to tell a lie, mamma, but couldn’t you just fix it, you know, as you do when you put me to bed, and say you are not going out, and then go?’”—[Ex.

MIRIAM AND MOSES.

THE following letter from Br. Hart on this subject is in agreement with some two or three others received since on the same subject; we hope therefore that this and our reply will answer for all who have written on this subject to us.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., March 13, 1870.

Br. Joseph:

While perusing the last number of *Zion's Hope*, my attention was drawn to the article, “Who Was She? The Sister or the Aunt?” It appears that Sister Emma Adamson is impressed that it was the

Sister of Moses, and not his Aunt, that watched over him as he lay hid among the flags, and was sent to fetch a Hebrew woman to nurse the child. But Uncle Mark supposes her to be the sister of his father, from the fact that she, (Miriam), went and called the child’s mother.

I think the following will prove to Uncle Mark and the readers of *Zion's Hope* that it really was the sister of Moses who watched over him, and not his aunt.

“And the name of Amram’s wife was Jochebed, the daughter of Levi, whom her mother bare to Levi in Egypt; and she bare unto Amram, Aaron and Moses, and Miriam their sister.” Num. xxvi. 59.

WM. HART.



We thank Br. Hart for the above.

Before this letter was received, we had not noticed an error of omission that occurred in the article referred to in HOPE of March 1st, wherein we are made to say, “It would be quite allowable to suppose that the mother of Moses was not the mother of * Miriam, when we read of her that she ‘went and called the child’s mother.’” The next paragraph shows that the true meaning was, “We do not present the foregoing as evidence that the woman was not Miriam; but as our reason for thinking she was not;” and if brother Hart will supply the following sentence where the asterisk * occurs, “this woman, and that this woman was not,” the true meaning will be found. Our disputed sentence will then read, “It would be quite allowable to suppose that the mother of Moses was not the mother of this woman, and that this woman was not Miriam, when we read of her that she went and called the child’s mother.”

The quotation of Br. Hart proves that Miriam was the sister of Moses—this we never disputed, except as the omission above supplied made us inadvertently to state—but the reference given by the brother does not prove that the woman who watched by the river’s brink was Miriam.—We stated in our last article on the subject, our reasons for believing that “the woman” was not “Miriam;” we see yet no evidence to the contrary. The question is not, Who was Miriam; but, who was THE WOMAN? Does the word declare anywhere that the woman who watched over Moses was Miriam?

The second chapter of Exodus contains the narrative of Moses’ birth. It teaches that a man of the house of Levi took to wife a daughter of Levi, and the wife bore him a son; the son was hid three months, and was then placed in an ark of bulrushes, where it was watched over by some woman referred to as his sister. If this was the sister of the “man of the house of Levi,” there is no difficulty; if the sister of Moses, when was she born, and how old must she have been to have watched over Moses and acted the womanly part this maiden acted? The scriptures speak of the birth of Moses as the next important event happening after the marriage of the man and woman of the house of Levi. If there was a number of years between their marriage and the birth of Moses, and if other children were born before Moses, the history both in the New Translation and in King James’ Translation is lamentably deficient and incomplete. For ourself, we would rather accept the conclusion we have arrived at than condemn, by a contrary view, the word as furnishing incomplete testimony. If, however, it can be proven by the word that Miriam was the woman that watched over Moses, we will fall back on the old idea, and so conclude.

It is the truth alone that will stand the test; it is truth that Br. Hart, Sr. Emma, and all of us are seeking in this matter, and it is a pleasant thought that attends those who believe firmly in the promise, “Seek and ye shall find,”

while it is also a reproof to those who will not earnestly and prayerfully study the word of God, that none but the seekers have a promise of finding.

UNCLE MARK.

TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

TRUE friendship should be prized more highly than gold, for it is rarer and more beautiful. Friendship is very often bought with, and sold for gold, but he who barter it away, makes a very poor bargain. True-friendship cannot be exchanged for gold, for if exchanged, it loses its truthfulness.

Along the edge of the ocean, many of us have seen high and rock-bound coasts, grand in their strength and majesty. These represent the great property of true friendship;—that is, stability.—From age to age, and century to century, these rocky cliffs stand firm against the beating waves of the ocean. Likewise, true friendship must remain steadfast against the storms of life, from the rising of life’s sun to its setting. Let us esteem our true friends as jewels worth preserving; and while we look for true friendship in others, we must not forget to cultivate the fruits of true friendship in ourselves. SAMUEL.

BURKITT beautifully observes, in his journal, that some persons would never have had a share in his prayers but for the injuries they had done him.

CLOSE OF THE VOLUME.

WITH this number the first volume of ZION'S HOPE will close, and we are disposed to hope, auspiciously for our Sunday School paper.

The expenses incurred in getting out this paper have been nearly equal to its receipts, affording but a very small margin towards supporting an editor, or bearing its share of the burden of an office; still the paper is a success, considering the prejudice we have had to meet.

At the commencement of the volume we had two hundred and thirty-one subscribers, now, at its close, we have nineteen hundred and two subscribers. Should this number increase in the same proportion during the next volume, we shall have a paying circulation. And why should it not do? The cost of the paper is only about one cent a week, and who is there that cannot afford by some means one cent a week for reading matter for each child? Surely none of the saints but what might and should make the effort. We are acquainted with one brother who has taken papers for each of his children from the first, and who intends to continue doing so, though none of them are old enough to appreciate the paper, as he purposes presenting them bound to each of his children as a contribution to their libraries.

TO OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

We are very thankful for the very able assistance that has been furnished us by our talented Perla Wild, Frances, Cora, Emma, Uncle David, X, T. J. Smith, John S. Patterson and others, and trust that their labor of love will still continue. Incidents of travel as well as the results of observation will be interesting, if given in a sprightly manner and not too lengthily. A number of articles sent us are unused, because not of the style of literature adapted to a Sunday School and home paper. Please write as often as convenient, and do not feel hurt if we should deem an article sent not suitable; but try again.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS AND SUPPORTERS.

The editors of ZION'S HOPE are missionaries in the cause of Christ as well as editors of this paper and the HERALD, and are frequently so much employed with the duties of their office and their several callings that they cannot always prepare copy sufficiently early to get your paper out on time. Should it ever be a few hours or days behind, think of this before you condemn.

We have striven to make the paper as interesting and varied as possible, and are satisfied that our labors have not been in vain. We have many words of encouragement from our friends, the aged and the young. Some little fault too has been found with us; but it has not deterred us from pursuing that line of policy which we first marked out, and which we still intend to follow, if the people to whom we owe responsibility in conducting their periodicals shall continue to sustain us in the editorial charge.

TO OUR LITTLE FRIENDS.

We are pleased with your prompt manner of filling up the correspondence column, and hope you will not be discouraged if we desire you to be sure always that you have something to write about before you write, and then write your ideas in as few words as possible. We wish to publish

all we possibly can, and not to have one of our correspondents' privileges hindered by the too great length of another correspondent. Instead of writing always in the form of letters, it would be a better way to write short articles of from ten to twenty-five lines each on some subject. Take any subject that pleases you, write about that carefully, and forward it to us.

We hope that every subscriber will try to obtain at least one new subscriber, and more if possible. See our list of premiums.

NEW ATTRACTION! MUSIC.

In our second volume, we shall occasionally present the readers of the HOPE with original music set to words suitable for Sunday Schools and the Home Circle. We hope every scholar and teacher of our Sunday Schools will learn music, if possible, that we may have a church of singers. As soon as the Hymn Book for the church shall be done, Uncle Mark purposes preparing a Sunday School Hymn Book with Tunes, and he does hereby ask the aid of the musicians and poets in the church. We do not wish our Sunday Schools to be behind any in the land, and do not intend they shall be, if the Lord shall bless us with the time, means and talent requisite.

Our Scrap Basket.

Geo. P. Dykes, Jr., of Unionburg, Harrison Co., Iowa, writes:—*Brother Joseph and Uncle Mark*, I am rejoiced more than ever with the *Hope*, and especially the children's column; I love to read it. I never read any other paper that I loved so well as I love the *Hope*. I am going to try to get up a subscription for it.

Gomer Lewis, of Caseyville, writes:—*Dear Uncle Mark*, I was baptized when I was nine years old, February 14, 1869. I have been a pretty bad boy; but I intend to be a better boy from this time out.

Louisa Burnam writes:—*Bro. Joseph*, I was baptized into the Reorganized Church of Latter Day Saints some two years ago. We lived then in Nebraska City. We left there this spring and came to this place. My father has since died, leaving us among strangers. There is but one family of saints near us. Br. Watson lives about one mile from here.

We take *Zion's Hope*. I think it is a good little paper, and I am glad to see the names of so many of my little brothers and sisters in its columns, who are striving to live in the faith.

UNION MILLS, Platte Co., Mo., April 12, 1870.

J. L. Avondet writes:—*Br. Joseph and Uncle Mark*, I am a member of the Church of Jesus Christ. There was six baptized last week, and there is six more to be baptized this week. Br. Muller is a president that we like. He was at Nauvoo in the time of Joseph the martyr, when Br. Marks was the president. I thank God now that I am a young member of the Church of Jesus Christ; I feel glad.

OMAHA, Neb., April 19, 1870.

ANAGRAM NO. 20.

Dna Ogd llahs epiw yawa lal sraet morf richt seey; nad ercht llahs eb on erom htaed, rehtien worros, onr gniyre, rehtien llahs ercht eb yan erom niap: orf eth remrof sgniht era dessap yawa. AAMIR BEYAR.

ENIGMAS.

No. 47.—I am composed of nine letters.
My 6, 2, 8, 5, is a girl's name.
My 8, 9, 2, 3, is to rend apart.
My 3, 2, 6, 5, is a gardener's implement.
My 8, 3, 5, 9, grows in forests.
My 3, 2, 1, was an ancient burnt offering.
My 9, 2, 8, is a verb.
My whole the name of one who loves *Zion's Hope*.

No. 48.—I am composed of nine letters.
My 5, 4, 7, 8, is a room in a house.
My 7, 2, 3, 1, is a great ruler.
My 5, 4, 6, 7, is something that comes from above.
My 9, 2, 1, 4, is an article used in making bread.
My whole is the name of the composer of this enigma.

ANSWER TO ANAGRAM NO. 17.

Shun the appearance of sin,
For Satan is sure to throw
A great many trials to win
You, as on life's path you go.
And if you should in the end,
Be found faithful, firm and true,
Your joy will then make amend
For the troubles you've passed through.
Answered by three correspondents.

ANSWER to Enigma No. 39, is May, Fear, Fly, Bell, Bet, Mat, Fret, Mary Alfretha Boyle.
Answered by ——— correspondents.

ANSWER to Enigma No. 40, is Ore, Rook, Deer, Door, Dress, George, Rose, George P. Dykes.
Answered by five correspondents.

ANSWER to Enigma No. 41, is Hail, Hay, Rail, Hyena, Henry Halliday.
Answered by four correspondents.

OUR NEW VOLUME.

Now is the time to subscribe anew for ZION'S HOPE, a Semi-monthly Sunday School Paper, published by the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, at the HERALD Steam Book and Job Office, Plano, Kendall Co., Ill. JOSEPH SMITH, Editor; MARK H. FORSCUTT, Assistant Editor.

It is important that our subscription list be enlarged. At least three times the number should be taken that now are, and there is no good reason why there should not be five times the number taken.

If each little boy and girl that takes the HOPE will go to work at once and obtain, at least, one new subscriber, and as many more as possible; if the Sunday School Superintendents, officers and teachers, book-agents and members, traveling and local ministry of the Church will each put forth NOW an effort to obtain a club, it can be done.

Parents, some of you give your children many times the price of the HOPE for that which profiteth not; can you not spare ONE CENT A WEEK for each of your children, and secure for them a good paper? If they are too young to read it now, they will be old enough some day, and would they not, think you, be thankful to you then for having provided for them the HOPE, which when nicely bound would be a very proper commencement for their future library.

Numbers there are who might surely afford ONE CENT A WEEK to send this little messenger to the family or child of a friend, a widow, a poor neighbor, or to those who know not the truth as it is in Jesus; and who shall tell the amount of good that might result therefrom? Try it.

TERMS:

Single copies, 50 cents per year. Ten copies and upwards to one address, or fifteen copies to separate addresses, 45 cents per copy, per year.

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" 10th " " " "	40

The good, kind friend of the children, "Uncle Jethro," when at Conference, told us to consider him a donor of from ten to twenty dollars for the purpose of purchasing prizes to encourage the circulation of ZION'S HOPE. We are sure the children will say "Amen" to our prayer that God will bless "Uncle Jethro." Who will stand by "Uncle Jethro" to help make out the amount required for the premiums offered?

Remittances by draft or post office order (on Chicago, we prefer) at our risk; but not otherwise.

The Subscription must be paid in advance, and can commence with any number.

Superintendents and Teachers of Sunday Schools, Book Agents and the Travelling Ministry, are requested to act as Agents for Zion's Hope.

POSTAGE is required by the new postal law, to be paid at the office of delivery.